



文德文集

2026——2027

BONA DIGEST

聖文德書院

St. Bonaventure College and High School



序 言

時光如流，匆匆不返，然而文字，卻能截住那奔騰的浪花，將瞬間化為永恆。一年一度的《文德文集》，正是同學以心為筆、以憶為墨，細細描摹的生命印記。展卷之際，但見往事紛至，舊影重現，或為校園一隅的歡聲笑語，或為師友之間的溫言暖語，或為成長途中那難以忘懷的轉身回眸。字裡行間，盡是青春最真摯的迴響。

昔孔子有言：「溫故而知新，可以為師矣。」回憶並非沉湎於過往，而是在重溫中汲取力量，在銘記中獲得啟迪。諸生執筆記錄所見所聞、所思所感，便是將那些易逝的時光碎片，煉成不朽的精神琥珀。當我們將珍貴的記憶形諸文字，過往便不再湮沒於歲月的塵埃，反而在反覆的書寫與閱讀中，越發清晰，越發閃亮。這份對生活的深情凝望，既是寫作的源泉，更是心靈的修為。



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古人云：「不思故有感，不求故無得。」回憶與銘記，恰是思考的起點。我們文德學生，雖未必著書立說，但若能珍視自身經歷，以文字留存生命中的感動與領悟，便是最可貴的自我完成。願諸君在回望中學會感恩，在書寫中懂得珍惜，將每一次記錄視為對抗遺忘的溫柔抗爭，將每一篇文章化作穿越時光的時空膠囊。

此集之中，有笑有淚，有聚有散，有童稚的天真，亦有少年的沉思，恰如一幀幀珍貴的青春剪影，留待日後細細回味。然編集之意，不僅在於保存，更在於啟發——願每一位文德人，皆能從同儕的記憶中看見自己的影子，繼而提起筆來，為自己的歲月留下獨一無二的見證。如此，則回憶不滅，真情永存，而寫作之樂，亦將伴隨終身。

聖文德書院校長
羅偉南

F O R E W A R D

A world of vibrant imagination, quiet reflection and boundless hope awaits within the pages of this year's Bona Digest. Reading through these pages offers an uplifting reminder of how much passion and resilience exist within our students. Every entry reflects a brave willingness to share deeply personal stories, turning quiet individual moments into vibrant sources of inspiration for the entire school community.

Through heartfelt accounts of sports day, tales of perseverance and reflections on our rapidly changing technological world, our young authors show us that true strength is forged through patience and growth. They teach us that overcoming obstacles, pursuing ambitions against the odds, and finding joy in every effort are the true stepping stones to greatness. These personal triumphs remind us all that dedication and hard work bring a profound sense of pride and self-discovery.

Beyond individual accomplishments, this collection highlights the brilliant light found in human connection, family roots, warm encounters and everyday acts of kindness. From nostalgic stories of hometowns to entries celebrating good people doing good deeds, these writings illuminate the warmth that binds us together. They serve as a comforting reminder that compassion, empathy and community spirit thrive all around us, enriching our daily lives in simple yet transformative ways.

Ultimately, this publication stands as a joyful celebration of the unlimited potential within our emerging young minds. Expressing one's true voice and sharing personal perspectives takes immense courage, and our students have met that challenge with grace, passion and authenticity. Their uplifting insights leave us feeling genuinely optimistic and hopeful, as well as deeply inspired by the bright future they are actively building.

Principal Law
St Bonaventure College & High School



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銘記與忘卻



陳映霖 (2025-2026年度 1A)

每個人的生命中，都藏著許多珍貴的記憶，它們像一顆顆閃亮的星，點綴著我們的人生。而我，則習慣將這些記憶，小心翼翼地收藏在一個特別的地方——我的抽屜裡。我的抽屜，就像一個小小的時光博物館，裡面陳列著各式各樣的時光標本，它們無聲地訴說著過往的故事，也提醒著我，時間的流逝是多麼的奇妙。

抽屜裡的第一個「標本」是一張褪色的照片。照片上，我和外公笑得好開心，那是在他老家門前的合影。記得那天，陽光灑在我們身上，暖洋洋的。外公慈祥地摸著我的頭，笑著說：「小寶貝，妳看，妳笑起來真像一朵花。」那時，我還小，不懂得珍惜，只顧著玩耍卻忽略了外公眼角的皺紋和漸漸佝僂的背影。如今，外公已經離開我好幾年了，每當我打開抽屜，看到這張照片時，心裡總會湧起一股酸楚。照片雖然褪色了，但外公的笑容和溫柔的聲音，卻永遠定格在我的記憶裡，成為我

心中永遠的溫暖。

抽屜裡的第二個「標本」，是一本厚厚的筆記本，裡面寫滿了我小時候的塗鴉和稚嫩的文字。那些歪歪扭扭的字跡，記錄著我童年的點點滴滴。有一次，我學著大人寫日記，寫下了：「今天，我吃到了一顆好吃的糖果，真開心！」還有一次，我畫了一幅畫，畫裡有爸爸、媽媽和我，我們手牽著手，在公園裡散步。看著這些，我不禁笑了出來，原來小時候的我是這麼的單純快樂。這些筆記本，就像一本時光機，帶我回到童年，讓我重溫那些無憂無慮的時光。

除了照片和筆記本，抽屜裡還有一些小小的物件，也承載著我獨特的記憶。例如：一個小小的貝殼，是我和家人去海邊玩時撿到的。貝殼的表面光滑，觸感冰涼，每次摸著它，我彷彿都感受到海風的輕拂。

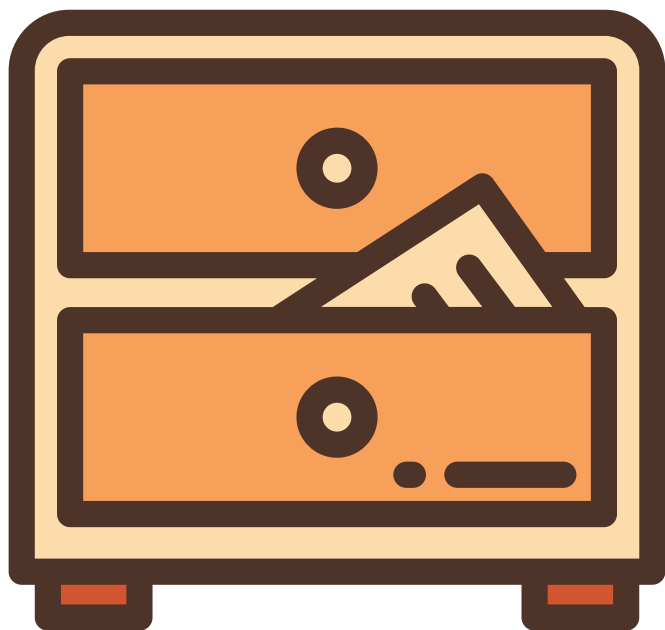
這些「時光標本」，就像一顆顆小小的種子，它們在我的心裡生根發芽，長成了一棵棵參天大樹。它們提醒著我，要珍惜身邊的人和事，要珍惜每一個當下。它們也教會我，無論遇到什麼困難，我都可以從抽屜裡找到力量，找到前進的勇氣。



我的抽屜，不僅僅是一個收藏物品的地方，更是一個收藏情感的所在。它承載著我的喜怒哀樂，也見證著我的成長。它就像一個忠實的夥伴，默默地陪伴著我，給我溫暖，給我力量。我相信，隨著時間的流逝，我抽屜裡會裝滿更多的「時光標本」，它們將會繼續訴說著我的故事；也將會繼續豐富我的人生。

文德文集

作文集



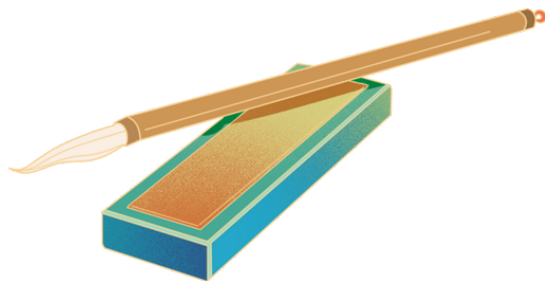
黎梓坤 (2025-2026年度 1B)

家中的書桌，有一個最深的抽屜，銅鎖早已鏽蝕，拉開時總會發出一聲悠長的嘆息。那裡沒有貴重的財物，只有一堆被時光浸染得微微發黃的物什——我的"時光標本收藏館"。它們並非刻意整理，只是歲月河流沖刷後，偶然沉澱下的石子，每一顆都封存著一段生命的切片。

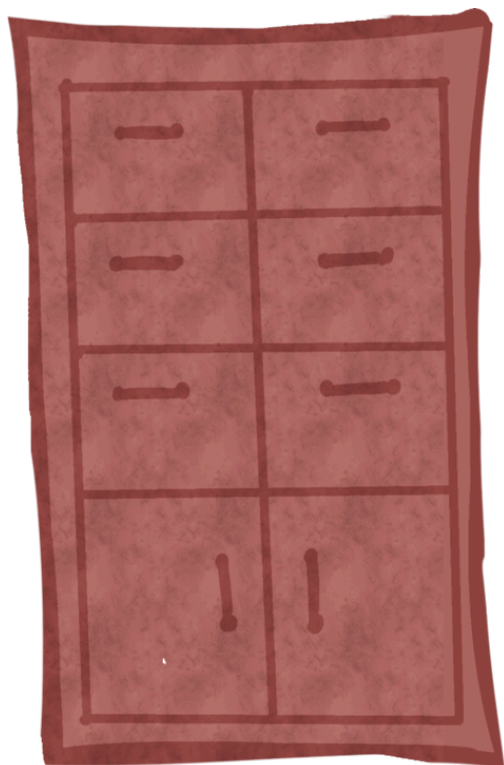
標本一是一枚鵝卵石，旁邊壓著一張模糊的班級合照。石頭的表面，還依稀可見用白色塗改液畫下的歪斜笑臉。那是小學畢業前夕，與最要好的朋友在海邊，我們將彼此的"信物"——兩顆幾乎一樣的石頭，鄭重地放進對方書包最深處，約定要永遠記得這一天。如今，我們已散落在不同的中學，有了新的朋友圈，那枚石頭靜靜地躺在這裡，像一塊沉默化石。它記錄的，並非僅僅是那段形影不離的時光，更是人生中關於"告別"的第一次預習。它提醒我，有些路注定要分開走，但抽屜裡這堅硬的觸感，證明了那段快樂，真實地存在過。

標本二是一張皺巴巴的、用紅筆大大寫著"67"的數學測驗卷。分數旁邊，還有幾滴早已乾涸發暗的水痕。那是小五上學期，我第一次在擅長的科目上遭遇慘敗。那個下午，我把頭埋在被子里，感覺整個世界都灰暗了。如今，我早已能輕鬆解出那些曾經如同天書的方程式，但那張卷子，我沒有扔掉。它是我"脆弱"的標本。觸摸它粗糙的紙面，我彷彿還能感受到當時的羞愧與不甘。它告訴我，成長並非一路高歌猛進，而是由這些跌倒後留下的疤痕鋪就。銘記失敗，有時比慶祝成功更能讓人清醒。

標本三是一疊外公手寫的毛筆字帖。墨跡已有些暈開，帶著淡淡的樟木和舊紙張的混合氣味。外公在世時，總喜歡在午後教我磨墨鋪紙，一筆一劃地寫"人"、寫"家"、寫"靜"。那時我只覺得枯燥，總想溜出去玩樂。如今，他已離開兩年，當我無意中翻出這疊字帖，那工整而勁道的筆畫，瞬間將外公溫和的聲音、書房裡流淌的陽光，以及那份沉靜得近乎停滯的氛圍，完整地召喚到我眼前。這疊紙，是傳承的標本，是血脈與情感穿越時空的物證。它讓我知道，有些愛，從未離開，是換了另一種方式陪伴。



我時常拉開這個抽屜，像一個博物學家，凝視這些生命的沉積屑。它們不是日記，沒有連貫的敘事；它們是標本，是時光在特定瞬間凝固成的琥珀。一枚石頭，封印了友誼的純真；一張試卷，風乾了挫折的苦澀；一疊字帖，珍藏了親情的溫度。



梁芍妍 (2025-2026年度 2A)

拉開那隻略顯斑駁的木製抽屜，一股陳舊的氣息撲面而來，藏著歲月的時光。這裡沒有昂貴的珠寶，也沒有驚人的秘密，只有一疊泛黃的照片、幾封字跡模糊的信箋，和一隻乾枯的蝴蝶標本，這些看起來不起眼的物件卻盛載著我的成長軌跡。

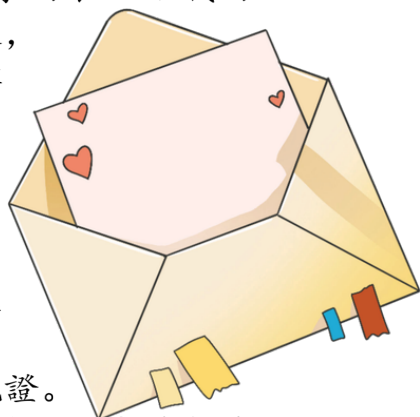
那隻蝴蝶翅膀上的紫藍色已褪成灰白，但它依然保留著展翅的姿態。這個蝴蝶標本是在我小學畢業那年和好友一心在後山上捕捉的。那時，我們舉著捕蟲網，陽光像金子一樣灑滿大地，溫暖而耀眼，我們在陽光的沐浴下奔跑，笑聲如同陽光般明亮燦爛。她說：「我們要把這一刻永遠留下來。」後來，她隨家人移民國外，亦未再相見。這個蝴蝶標本成為了我們友誼的見證，就像一座橋樑，連結著兩顆心，讓我們彼此倚靠。它不再飛翔，卻在時光中凝固成永恆的姿態。

翻開那疊泛黃的照片，思緒依稀回到那年。照片上的我還繫著兩條小辮，臉上帶著稚

氣的笑容，緊緊地依偎在父母身邊。父親的頭髮還未泛白，母親的眼角也沒有細紋。那年的春節特別熱鬧，像無數隻麻雀在一起吵鬧，外婆還在，穿著一件大紅色的棉襖，儘管衣服十分普通，但宛若仙女下凡，驚四座。我記得她親手為我煮了一碗熱騰騰的湯圓，甜得恰到好處。她摸著我的頭說："多吃點，長高高。"那雙手溫暖而粗糙，輕輕觸動了我的內心。如今外婆已離去，那碗湯圓彷彿在舌尖縈繞。照片背後有一行歪歪扭扭的字："願時光慢行，家人常伴。"現在看來這句話像無聲的嘆息，時光沒有慢下來，卻把瞬間變成永恆。

那幾封信被放在抽屜的深處，信封已經泛黃，邊角有些磨損，上面用工整的字跡寫著我的名字。輕輕地展開信紙，字跡雖已褪色，卻依然清晰。那是初中在外地求學的表姐給我的信，那時手機未在那個年代普及，人們通常靠書信來往。信中最難忘的一句寫到："妳要好好學習，我們約定要一起看更大的世界。"讀到這裡，我的眼淚不爭氣地流下來。每當迷惘的時候，看到這封信就像一盞明燈，指引我繼續前行。如今表姐在國外定居，這封信成了那個年代最珍貴的見證。

輕輕關上抽屜，我將這些時光標本重新珍藏。它們像無聲的語言，訴說著我的成長故事。



曾俊宇 (2025-2026年度 2D)

深秋的陽光斜斜切過書桌，在第三層抽屜的金屬鎖上投下細碎的光斑。我蹲在舊書堆旁，指尖扳開鏽跡斑斑的鎖扣——這個陪伴了父親半生的樟木抽屜，像一口封存時光的陶罐，猝不及防地在我面前傾吐出滿溢的舊歲。

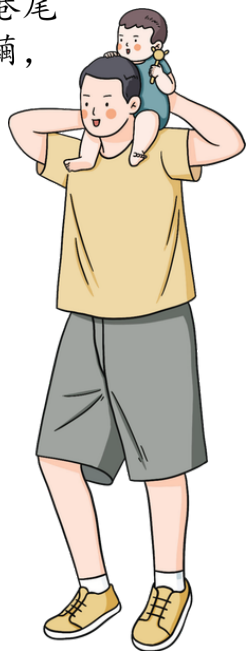
最上層壓著的是本泛黃的硬殼相冊，暗色的封皮上"友誼長存"這四個金字早已被歲月磨得模糊。翻開第一頁，兩張梳著羊角辮的小臉擠在褪色的槐樹下，左邊女孩嘴角沾著糖漬，右邊的我舉著半根融化的冰棍，背景裡老槐樹的葉子綠得發亮。那是一九九八年的夏天，我和林一心在巷口的照相館拍的。照片背後用鉛筆寫著"開心一整天，永遠不吵架"，字跡歪歪扭扭，末尾畫著個歪嘴笑臉。

我指尖摩挲著照片邊緣的折痕，驀然想起那個暴雨傾盆的午後。小升初的錄取通知書下來，我要搬去新城區，一心抱著這相冊追在搬家車後跑，涼鞋踩在積水裡濺起水花。她把相冊一股腦塞進我懷裡，紅著眼眶說每週都要通

電話，可後來不知是哪次爭吵，我們漸漸斷了聯繫。去年有同學說，她高中時隨父母去了國外，從此杳無音訊。這張照片成了我們友誼唯一的標本，在抽屜裡靜靜躺了二十四年，將那個蟬鳴聒噪的夏天永遠定格。

相冊下裹著塊藍布帕子，解開時聞到淡淡的樟腦香。裡面是疊得整齊的老照片，大多是黑白的，邊角捲著細微的毛邊。最上面那張裡，爸爸穿著洗得發白的中山裝，抱著繖襖中的我站在老四合院的迴廊下。他背挺得筆直，嘴角抿成嚴肅的弧線，可托著我後腦的手卻微微彎曲，像托著易碎的珍寶。

我記得爸爸總把我架在肩頭，去巷尾的糖糕鋪買桂花糕。他的手掌佈滿老繭，粗糙的指腹劃過我掌心時帶著暖烘烘的溫度。二零一二年冬天他住院，我隔著病房的玻璃看他，他插著氧管，卻仍努力用手指了指床頭櫃——那裡放著我小學時給他畫的肖像，畫裡他戴著歪歪扭扭的眼鏡，嘴卻笑得咧開了縫。後來整理遺物時，奶奶說爸每天都把那幅畫揣在懷裡，直到走的那天。這些照片被奶奶細心地用棉紙隔開，每一張背後都寫著日期和場景，像給時光貼了標籤，讓那些早已模糊的日常，在抽屜裡得以完整保存。



抽屜最深處藏著個鐵皮盒子，打開時彈簧咔嗒一聲輕響，驚飛了簷下的麻雀。裡面是些零碎的物件：半截用舊的鋼筆，筆帽上刻著我的名字；一本寫滿公式的筆記本，最後一頁畫著朵簡筆向日葵；還有枚生鏽的銅鈴，是小學運動會時的獎品。鋼筆是爺爺送我的十歲禮物，他說字是人的臉面，可我總用它在本子上畫小人；筆記本是一心的，當年她把錯題抄在上面送給我，扉頁寫著“我們要考第一”；鈴響起時，還能隱約聽見操場上傳來的喧鬧，陽光裡飄著粉筆灰的味道。

這些被時光遺忘的物件，在抽屜裡結成了細密的蛛網，將散落在歲月裡的碎片一一串起。樟腦香混著舊紙張的氣息漫上來，我忽然明白，所謂時間標本，從來不是靜止的物件，而是藏在物件背後的溫度——是爺爺掌心的老繭，是一心奔跑時的笑聲，是蟬鳴裡的奶糖味，是那些以為早已消逝的日常，在某個午後被重新喚醒時，依舊能暖得人眼眶發燙。

我把抽屜輕輕推回，銅鎖扣合的瞬間，陽光剛好落進鎖孔，折射出細碎的光。窗外的銀杏葉簌簌飄落，而抽屜裡的時光，依舊停留在那些溫暖的瞬間，等著某個不經意的時刻，再次被溫柔喚醒。



李清如 (2025-2026年度 3A)

銘記，是為了不重蹈覆轍；忘卻，是為了不讓仇恨困住前行的腳步。南京大屠殺倖存者李秀英，曾字字懇切地說：「要記住歷史，不要記住仇恨。」我們為甚麼要把「銘記」刻在心裡？因為那從不是泛黃紙頁上冰冷的數字，而是一個個鮮活的生命——是沒能躲過刺刀的老人，是被強行帶走的孩童，更像李秀英這樣，在絕望裡仍不肯低頭的抗爭者。1937年的南京，懷有身孕的她在避難時遭遇日軍暴行，拼盡全身力氣反抗，卻被刺得滿身是血，腹中的孩子也沒能保住；可哪怕九死一生，她後來還是毅然站出來，指證侵略者的罪行，甚至頂著壓力，跟否認歷史的日本右翼分子打官司。她的故事，從來不是一個人的遭遇，而是無數南京大屠殺受害者的縮影——記住她，就是記住那三十多萬同胞共同的血淚，記住我們這個民族永遠不能忘的過往。

其實我平時不算特別會記歷史細節的人，但每次想起李秀英，想起和她一樣的遇難者、

倖存者，心裡總會先沉一下，不是因為背過多少知識點，而是會忍不住想：她攥著刺刀反抗時，是不是還在盼著孩子能平安出生？那些沒留下名字的人，最後望過的南京天空，是不是和現在一樣藍？這些細碎的念頭，比任何歷史都更讓我觸動，也忽然懂了：原來歷史從來不是紙頁上的文字，是真真切切有人在裡面哭過、拼過、遺憾過。

或許有人覺得「銘記歷史」是件很高深的事，要背得出年份、說得出大道理才夠份量。但我一直覺得不是這樣——記住這段歷史，從來不是為了把「不重蹈覆轍」掛在嘴邊當口號，也不是為了顯得多有學識，只是為了守住這些不該被遺忘細節，是為了對李秀英們那樣的受難者，致以最樸素的敬畏。現在我們走在陽光下，能聽見校園裡的笑聲，能和家人圍坐

吃頓熱飯，這些稀鬆平常的日子，卻是他們當年拼了命也想護住的安穩。要是忘了他們在黑暗裡的掙扎，忘了他們沒能說出口的期待，好像就辜負了那份遺憾。所以「不重蹈覆轍」，從來不是喊出來的口號，而是把這份遺憾放在心裡——好好珍惜眼前的和平，不讓當年的慘痛再重演，這就是對他們最好的回應。

也正是這份遺憾，讓我後來慢慢懂



了，李秀英說「不要記住仇恨」，從來不是讓我們淡化傷痛。作為親身經歷過那場災難的人，她見過最殘酷的暴行，嚐過最深的痛苦，正因為這份切身體會，她才更明白：仇恨只會讓我們困在過去的傷痛裡，蒙蔽我們的雙眼。可先輩們當年拼盡全力守護的，從來不是要我們記住仇恨，而是為了換來和平！

而正是因為心疼那些逝去的同胞，正是因為把他們的苦難沉沉放在心裡，我才更不願意讓仇恨——這份沉重，變成困住自己的枷鎖。我無法準確形容這份感受，像是心裡總堵著些說不透的情緒，不是難過也不是委屈，就是想起他們時的一陣沉，我知道這不是我一個人的感受，是他們用生命刻在我骨子裡的東西。正因為懂這份沉重的重量，才明白中國人的忘卻仇恨從來不是沒記性，而是對苦難的敬畏，對和平的珍惜，是一種格外有力量的精神；我們選擇忘卻仇恨，不是淡漠，反而是用這種方式表達對他們最深沉的敬畏。不管是銘記苦難，還是放下仇怨，說到底，這都是我們對歷史最真誠的尊重。

別被仇恨的執念纏住腳步，帶著前輩的故事走。把這份銘記如落葉歸根般繫在心裡，「好好走，就夠了！」



吳芷澄 (2025-2026年度 4A)

我們拼命想要記住的終會模糊，而拼命想要忘記的卻往往成為最頑固的印記。

五年級的暑假，我纏著父親教我學自行車。學校裡的同學都嘲笑我不會騎雙輪自行車，我五年級還在騎帶輔助輪的。父親一口答應下來。

午後的太陽炙烤著大地，剛下樓我便熱出了一身汗。我緊攥著車把，雙腳剛踏上车踏板，身體就抖得像風中搖曳的蘆葦草。父親在車後面推著我，聲音被裹挾著熱浪的風吹得斷斷續續地從身後飄來："放鬆，人人剛開始學都是這樣的，摔了也不丟臉，往前看，別回頭。"我騎行了一段覺得車身一鬆，不由得往回看，就見父親不知何時鬆了手，在遠處看著，頓時恐慌襲上心頭，幾乎將我淹沒，我在慌亂中雙手捏緊了剎車，連人帶車摔了出去，正好落在了石子路上，滿地碎石瞬間將手掌刺穿，膝蓋也瞬時落地，鑽心的疼痛從手心開始蔓延，出現了好幾道血痕，褲子也破了黏在血肉上，火

辣辣的。我癱坐在地上，喊我爸，他沒有應聲，只靜靜地站在不遠處皺著眉頭看著我。委屈如細密的藤蔓爬上心頭，眼淚決堤直到眼眶再也不堪重負，滾燙的淚水砸在石子上，瞬時暈開一片深色。淚眼朦朧中，他還是沒有走過來扶我，只向前幾步衝我說："自己站起來。"那天我是痛著腿回家的，膝蓋上塗了一層棕色的藥水，乾了之後變成了深紫色，像一塊醜陋的傷疤，我躲在房間裡哭，我的父親似乎一點兒也不疼我，他跟別人的不太一樣，連我摔倒了、出血了也不願扶我一把。哭累了就漸漸睡著了，那一晚上沒有像以往一樣做漫長的夢，只有細碎的光從窗外灑進來，落在牆上安靜地陪著我。我暗暗發誓要忘記父親冷漠的樣子，常常躲著不理會他，避免與他接觸。最後我還是在六年級前的暑假悄悄學會了騎自行車，我在很長一段時間裡都不肯穿短褲，因為腿上是成片的、醜陋的、猙獰的、還未痊癒的疤痕。

上了初中，第一次離開家裡去住學校的宿舍，學校裡都是依依不捨的家長與孩子。只有我，在簡單告別後，家裡的車就頭也不回地絕塵而去，只留下嗆人的車尾氣。

宿舍在第五層，行李當然是要自己搬，當時箱子太重，在樓下沒站穩，連人帶箱子摔在了宿舍樓門口。周圍開始有同學圍過來，我下意識想等人來扶我，可突然回想起父親站在不遠處皺著眉頭冷漠的面龐及那句



"自己站起來"，我就咬咬牙，忍著胳膊的酸痛及周圍人看戲的目光，拍拍身上的灰，把一旁的箱子扶起來，一鼓作氣爬了上去。

再後來，不知是不是隨著年齡的增長，遇到的難事越來越多，考試成績下滑、搞砸小組作業、與同學發生矛盾，運動會眾目睽睽之下摔倒，每一次覺得委屈，想要逃避時，當時手掌和膝蓋的疼痛就如同實質，父親冷漠的眼神還歷歷在目，那句不帶任何溫度的"自己站起來"，時隔兩年還彷彿縈繞在耳邊。事情一樁樁一件件發生，我才恍然，我一直想要忘記的父親冷漠絕決站在遠處的身影，那並不是冷漠，他是想讓我知道，這世上沒有任何人會一直扶我起來，只有咬緊牙關自己站起來才能走得更穩、更長久。

現在每每路過當時學自行車的空地與石子路，太陽依舊如以往般炙熱、耀眼，可我再也不會想忘記當時的摔倒了，因為腿上淡淡的印記是我勇敢的徽章，是現在我心靈的鎧甲，我不會再逃避，不再等待他人的攙扶，我學會了面對，我學會了獨自面對每一次跌倒，我每一次跌倒後都會第一時間拍拍身上的灰，繼續勇往直前。



李櫟鋸 (2025-2026年度 4C)

我是一名土生土長的香港人。

在我幼年時，我與奶奶爺爺居住在一間狹窄而迫仄的寮屋。每逢颶風暴雨時，屋頂那生鏽的鐵皮總是愛搖起沙樂，拌著雨聲將雨水帶進我家中。這時，奶奶總吩咐我將塑膠桶放在滴雨的地方，以免弄濕地板，又將舊報紙塞在牆的縫隙裡，避雨水滲進家中。我透過鐵窗看見窗外的景色，大樹被狂風吹得搖搖欲墜，彷彿要被連根拔起，泥土也隨著雨水的沖刷，漸漸融合在一起，隨著水流沖去。

當我眺望山腳，密密麻麻的寮屋像積木一樣堆積起來，戶與戶之間的空隙少得可憐。每當傾盆大雨時，低窪地區更會被淹沒起來，人們那「雞毛鴨血」的動作像熱鍋上的螞蟻一樣。但儘管如此，人們總會在他人需要幫助時團結起來，向有需要的家庭借出他們僅有的物資，也將無家可歸者和流浪狗接到家中，渡過這艱難的時刻，讓冰冷的雨也帶著一絲暖意。

有的時候，我跟奶奶到菜市「買餸」。我

踏進街市，腳底就感到一陣冰涼，空氣伴著魚腥的氣味刺進我的鼻腔，整個菜市場像浸在「劈傻」的聲浪裡。幾乎每個來買菜的人都在與店主討價還價，聲浪更是一波接一波。而我也並不例外，我盯著那發泡膠上那醒目的紅字，扯起喉嚨喊：「梅姨，今天這菜怎樣賣？」梅姨大聲回應：「五蚊三斤，新鮮運到的！」我接著討價：「可以便宜點嗎？我一直都是來你這店舖幫襯的！」梅姨笑著回應道：「好吧，我看是你才便宜給你的。拿好，你奶奶還等著你的菜呢！」我將手上皺巴巴的港紙遞給梅姨，她找了我一些帶有銅臭味的港幣給我。隨後我大聲向梅姨道謝，也答應明天也來「幫襯」，轉身時還能聽到她喊：「路上小心呀！」

每當爺爺休閒地坐在沙發時，我總愛走到他身旁，好奇地指著報紙上的字問爺爺：「爺爺，為甚麼這些字這麼複雜，就不能簡單些嗎？」爺爺摸了摸我的頭說：「乖孫，繁體字有它獨特的韻味和底蘊，豈能隨便簡化？我以『書』字為例，下面是『日』字，而上面是『聿』（古代筆的意思），合併起來就有書寫、書籍的含意。你可不要小看繁體字呢。」隨後的每一天，我都會坐在爺爺身旁，慢慢地咀嚼那筆畫之間蘊藏的文化。

我長大了，到了赴外留學的年齡，那些從前兒時以為「瑣瑣碎碎」的事情，漸漸攢成了我對香港最珍貴的回憶。



的牆，隔開了街坊之間的熟絡和暖意，只剩下那「要買就留，不買就走」的冷漠。這還是我曾認識的香港嗎？

離開街市後，我本打算找一間士多買報紙，但當我翻找貨架才發現，書本已找不到繁體字的版本。店主說：「因為有大量內地新移民來港，出版社為了遷就他們，迎合市場需要，才將繁體字轉換成簡體字。」我摸著書中的簡體字，目光落在了「愛」字上——少了中間的「心」，顯得格外空洞。我發現隨著這時代的變遷，無論是人情味還是文字的情感，都在被時代漸漸地吞噬。

這一刻我清晰地感受到，時代變了，香港也變了。

我記憶中的舊香港，正在被時間的浪潮漸漸地侵蝕，曾經的人情味和文字韻味也隨著快節奏的生活被人們唾棄，甚至連談情說愛的時刻也騰不出來，取而代之的是金碧輝煌的繁星。曾經對香港的情，在此刻顯得尤其珍貴。但當世界在前面奔湧，我們又是否選擇繼續駐足，一直居住在那破舊不堪的茅屋，像井底之蛙一樣，在活動有限的井中感受著所謂的「溫暖」，而限制著我們前進的步伐，與世界脫節？

消失在我心中的舊香港，從前珍貴是沒有甚麼可攀比的，但也因我愛著這城市、這文化、這情，才令我覺得香港值得更多，輝煌的歷史也不應就此駐足。

當我以工作者的身份回到香港時，香港早已物是人非。

眼前的香港成了一片高樓林立，隨處都可看到富麗堂皇的燈飾在晝夜中閃耀，嶄新的建築拔地而起，繁華昌盛的模樣映入眼簾。從高處望下，馬路像纏繞著城區的發光絲帶，急速的車流聚集在一起成了光的來源。金黃的摩天大樓高矮交錯，卻又亂中有序，像代表香港與國際的金融貿易一樣，繁榮又昌盛。在我記憶中的寮屋，因土地和安全問題，被回收建設成嶄新而更穩固的樓宇，不會再出現滲水或漏雨的問題。可那些藏在寮屋裡的溫暖時光，也被這片繁榮的景象覆蓋得無影無蹤，尋不回半分。

我回到曾經的街市，卻發現早已翻新得一塵不染，每間店鋪都掛著統一的招牌，空氣瀰漫著樟香或薄荷的清香，曾經的攤檔也早已被時代淘汰。走到其中一間店鋪，我盯著那二維碼問：「這個菜是十元一斤嗎？可以便宜一點嗎？」那店鋪的店主皺著眉，費力地嘗試理解我說的話，然後用尖酸的語氣道：「你在開玩笑嗎？我這裡都是不收現金的，而且都是明碼標價的，沒有錢就不要浪費我時間。」我聽著那彆扭的口音，才知道這裡不少舊店鋪早已被新來港的內地人包攬下來。明碼標價的價錢牌像一道無形



蔡銘 (2025-2026年度 5A)

清晨，薄霧還未散盡，走在熟悉的老巷裡，腳下的青石板路早已被歲月時光磨得光滑，但耳邊卻再也沒有那聲清脆的叫賣聲"賣糖畫嘞"。

小的時候，每當到了週末，我總愛拉著爺爺的手，往那個巷口跑去。那兒總有一個賣糖畫的老人，搭著簡陋的小攤，老人頭髮花白，臉上的皺紋像那些被揉皺的紙一般，可拿起那根熬糖的銅勺後，整個人如同被點亮了一般。

他先在石板上刷了層油，然後手腕靈活地轉動，銅勺裡黃金般的糖漿如絲般地落下，先用細細的線條勾勒出大致的輪廓，再用飽滿的糖漿填充，不到一會兒，一隻憨態可掬的兔子就浮現在眼前。那時的我看得入迷，眼睛都不捨得眨一下。

"爺爺，我要那個大龍！"我指著剛做好的糖畫，聲音裡滿是期待。爺爺笑著掏出幾毛錢，遞給老人。老人接過錢後，則是小翼翼將錢收到鐵盒子中，隨後便拿著糖畫遞了過來，"

小心燙呀，小朋友。”老人帶著沙啞的聲音說道。

那糖畫，又甜又脆，糖漿在嘴裡慢慢化開，甜味一直滲到了心裡頭。我一邊舔著糖畫，一邊聽著爺爺與老人的聊天。老人說他做糖畫好多年了，從年輕的時候就跟著老師傅學，那時候，這個手藝非常受歡迎，滿大街都可以聽到叫賣聲。

可不知從什麼時候開始，巷口的人漸漸少了。老人的小攤前，也不再像從前那樣擠滿了孩子。有一次，我又去找老人買糖畫，卻發現小攤早已不見了。我問爺爺，聽說老人身體不太好，子女也不希望他再出來勞累忙活了，”這手藝，怕是要沒人做咯。”爺爺嘆了一口氣說到。

再後來，城市發展得越來越快，老巷周圍蓋起了高樓大廈，寬闊的馬路也取代了狹窄的小巷。但每當走到那兒時，耳邊偶爾還是依然迴響著那聲”賣糖畫嘞”，想起老人專注的神情，想起那糖畫在嘴裡頭化開的甜味，但那熟悉的叫賣聲卻真正的消失了，如同被風吹散的霧一般，再也尋不到蹤跡。

而現在，超市裡頭有著各種各樣的糖果，包裝十分精美，口味也豐富多樣。可我總覺得還是多了點什麼，少了那糖漿在



石板上流淌時的晶瑩靈動，少了那一聲聲穿透人群的叫賣聲，少了那巷口裡承載著煙火氣的人情味。

那一個個叫賣聲，不僅是一種生意上的吆喝，更是傳統的民俗文化的一個鮮活載體，那獨具匠心的民間智慧，包含了太多太多的藝術。但叫賣聲的消失同時也折射出這些意義深遠的傳統民俗在逐漸消失，讓這城市失去了獨屬於它的風貌。

如今，我走在那車水馬龍的新路上，周圍的人行色匆匆，車流呼嘯而過。我多麼渴望再聽到那一聲“賣糖畫嘞”。或許，在這發展迅速的時代裡，我們也應適當停下腳步，回頭看看那些本不應該消失的東西，它們是連接未來與過去的紐帶，更是代代相傳的民族文​​化。只有我們真正的珍視這些，才能在這快速發展的時代的洪流中，守住獨屬於我們中華民族的魂與根。



周振瑗 (2025-2026年度 5A)

暮色逐漸吞噬著村莊的輪廓，我站在老宅的門前，風從空曠的煙囪口穿過，發出鳴鳴的聲響，卻再也等不來那縷熟悉的炊煙。

小時候的記憶裡，還要從清晨的炊煙說起。那時我們一家還生活在村落中，炊煙就像清晨的號角。天剛蒙蒙亮，外婆的身影便在廚房裡忙前忙後，她往灶裡添一把炭，噼裡啪啦的聲響過後，青色的炊煙便從煙囪中探出頭來，像個好奇的孩子，左望右望，一點點攀升，將整個村落都籠在一層輕薄的白紗裡，喻示著一天的勞作要開始了。那炊煙裡裹著食物的香甜，鑽入尚未清醒的我的鼻腔。我總愛站在廚房的門檻上，看炊煙與晨霧交纏，直到外婆將熱氣騰騰的麵條端出，大喊“吃早飯嘍”。

而正午的炊煙是熱烈的，太陽懸在天上，為每個辛苦勞作的人增添了幾分悶熱。我一般在這時剛結束與同伴的嬉笑打鬧，歡騰地飛奔回家，便能看到，灶膛裡的柴火燒得更旺了，煙囪中湧出的炊煙彷彿是金色的，與陽光融為

一體。母親在灶台前忙碌，鐵鍋與鐵鏟碰撞出清脆的聲響，香味從廚房飄向十里八鄉。鄰居家的炊煙也升起來了，幾縷不同的煙火氣在空中交匯，把村莊變成一個巨大的蒸籠。

這日落的炊煙最是動人。夕陽把天空染成橘紅色，炊煙便在這時爭先而出。外婆與我都喜歡坐在院子中的躺椅，有一搭沒一搭地聊著天。她告訴我這炊煙啊，每一縷都藏著莊戶人的念想。小那時我還不懂，只覺得炊煙伴隨著我的一天，以及我的一整個童年。

可不知從何而起，炊煙開始淡了。先是有幾戶人家拆了土坯砌成的灶台，換上了不鏽鋼的燃氣灶，煙囪裡再也冒不出那帶著草木香的煙了。接著，越來越多家庭走出村莊，去城市裡選擇拼搏。灶台冷了，那片曾被炊煙滋養的土地，漸漸長出了荒草。

我最後看到童年的炊煙，是幾年前回老宅祭祖時，母親執意要燒一次土灶，火光太起來時，躲在煙囪中的煙便又出來了。那一刻，我忽然懂了外婆說的話，這消失的炊煙，是一代代村落中的人們生活的印記，承載著時光的溫度，飄向空中。

如今，城市的霓虹璀璨，卻照不亮我對那縷炊煙的思念。它好像被鎖進了歲月的抽屜，成了故鄉的印記。似乎有些消失是必然的，世界仍在前進，但那些承載著溫度的痕跡不該被遺忘。它是我們的根，是我們在向前走時，也要多回頭望的念想。



風還在吹，可那消失的炊煙去哪兒了呢？
或許是飄入了我的記憶中，成為我心中最珍貴的印記。



文
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作文集

許凱喬 (2025-2026年度 5A)

整理舊物時，衣櫥底露出一角藏青色。我顫抖地抽出，那毛衣洗得發灰，袖口磨出了細密的毛邊，針腳在歲月裡洇成模糊的青。我的指尖順著那些歪扭的綠遊走，想回憶起母親坐在藤椅上晃動，愜意地織著它的模樣，可記憶似蒙了水汽的玻璃，越擦越模糊。

人似是總與記憶較勁。我把母親蒸的桂花糕偷偷藏在瓷罐，想留住那線清甜；把母親離世前寫的關心字條收在木盒，想握住她指尖的溫度。糕點已經蒸發，我仍捨不得扔的空罐還在；字條已經暈開，我仍能背出每個字的位置。我本以為守著這些物化便能留住那刻的回憶。可如今想起母親的語調，只剩下零碎的尾音，像漏風的窗戶發出斷續的雜音。我拼命想要記住的過往，終會在時光裡慢慢淡去光痕。

某年秋天，我和母親吵了一架。她發現我藏起的退學申請，手抖得似秋風中的落葉，聲音嘶啞地指著我問：「你便這麼不願上學？我養育你十數年，你便是這樣回報我？」我哽咽

地哭喊：你根本不懂我想要甚麼！只一味地以你自身的願望強硬地操控著我。語畢。她忽地捂住胸口倒下，臉色蒼白似雪。後來我才知道，那天她剛從醫院拿了診斷書，是肺癌末期。我愧疚悔恨當時我的衝動話語，痛恨自己將此製成利刃刺向至親，成了她致命的一擊。我拼命賣力地抹去那個回憶，可我越想忘記和逃避，細節便越清晰，是她散落的髮絲粘在額頭的汗濕；是飄落在地上的申請書被秋風翻動；還有我摔門而出時背後傳來陣陣虛弱的咳嗽聲。我拼命想忘記它們，佯裝若無其事，它們卻生了根，駐足久根在牆壁裡，在暗夜裡映出更分明的輪廓。

母親在一個和平時一樣的清晨，留在了昨天。清理她的房間時，枕頭多出了一封信，是她來不及送給我的。信裡歪七歪八的字跡透出她當時病重的虛弱："媽知道妳喜歡寫小說，可媽媽命不久矣，希望妳能讀書成才，找份體面的工作照顧好自己。要是不想上學，媽也不逼妳，只要妳好好的生活。"頃刻我才明白，那天她胸口發痛，未必是因為病情，更像是我的不孝和話語，創開她愛我的心。

我曾拼命握住她的物品，記住她的模樣和相處的時刻，可這些具體的畫面漸漸模糊。反倒是那天的爭吵，那封未寄出的信，成了記憶裡最清晰的座標。原來忘卻與印記本不是兩條平行線，它們在某個節點繞在一起，像毛衣的

線圈，抽一根，便牽動整個過程。後來我重拾課業，考上了大學讀文學。我把那張紙頁已經泛黃的信夾在筆記本，每次翻開都彷彿看見她像從前一樣坐在藤椅上，織著毛衣，微笑著看我寫小說。那件舊毛衣被我小心補好，冬天穿在身上依然暖和。

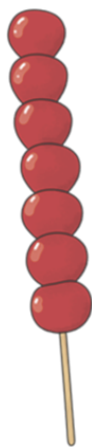
原來我們拼命想要記住的回憶會化作骨血裡的力量，即便具體的模樣已然模糊，也始終支撐著我們往前走；而那些拼命想忘卻的記憶，大抵是提醒我們曾如何被深愛著，就像舊毛衣上的歪扭針腳並非瑕疵，而是母親盡心竭力想要留給我的溫暖。如今衣櫥裡的舊毛衣依然完好躺著，筆記本裡的信箋散發著激勵我前行的力量。我不再執著於記住和忘卻，因為它們早已交織成生命的紋理，在每個寒冬臘月悄悄告訴我，愛從不是完美的剪影，而是帶著傷痕的溫暖，是模糊了細枝末節卻從未消散的惦念。就像母親掌心的月牙，摸起來是凹下去的痛，可那弧度裡，全是她沒說出口的溫柔。



文德文集

作文集

新年習俗



譚伊彤 (2025-2026年度 1B)

如果要用一個詞語來形容我家的過年，那一定是「甜」。不是糖果的甜，而是一家人圍坐搓湯圓時，從掌心暖到心底的那一種甜。

農曆十二月二十九日的晚上，我家有一個不成文的習俗——一家人一起搓湯圓。其他家庭的湯圓可能是在超市買的，但我們家一定是自己做的。媽媽說：「湯圓要一顆一顆親手搓出來，新的一年才會有圓滿的開端。」

那天晚上，飯廳的燈總是開得特別亮。爸爸負責揉糯米糰，他力氣大，麵糰在他手中像聽話的白雲，一下子變得光滑有彈力。媽媽準備餡料，紅豆沙是她花了一個下午的時間熬的，甜而不膩。我和弟弟負責包，把豆沙藏進白糰裏，再小心搓圓。弟弟總是包不好，餡料常常漏出來，變成「火山爆發」，媽媽笑著說：「這是笑口常開，好兆頭。」

今年我們還多了新花樣。弟弟用紅蘿蔔汁做了橙色的湯圓，我用抹茶粉做了綠色的。媽媽看著五顏六色的湯圓，笑得眼睛眯成了一條

線，說：「以前小時候的我，外婆只會做白色的，現在你們有那麼多顏色。真好！」那一刻，我忽然明白了，習俗不是一成不變的。紅白湯圓變成彩色，不變的是全家人擠在廚房裏，手黏黏的，心暖暖的。時代在變，我們包裹餡料的手勢沒有變，期待一家人團圓的心情沒有變。

大年初一早上，熱氣騰騰的湯圓端上桌，咬開軟糯的外皮，紅豆沙緩緩流出來。那是家的味道，是新年最溫暖的開場。

而我始終相信，所謂的年味，從來不是那些轟轟烈烈的習俗，而是這些細碎、重複、帶著掌心的小動作。它們一代一代傳下來，在糯米粉的香氣裏，在硬幣清脆的響聲裏，靜靜訴說著——我們是一家人，我們會一直在一起。



王晨晨 (2025-2026年度 1C)

如果問我新年的味道是什麼，我會毫不猶豫地說：是廚房裏彌漫的年糕香，是圍坐在一起的歡聲笑語，是那一年中最溫暖的習俗——團年飯。

除夕傍晚，廚房裏熱氣騰騰，那是長輩們忙碌的身影。根據傳統，年夜飯的每一道菜都承載著吉祥的祝願：整條魚的象徵年年有餘，金黃的蛋餃如元寶般預示「財元廣進」。而在桌子正中央，那口翻滾著熱湯的火鍋則是民間習俗中「圍爐」的核心。古人曾於桌下放置火爐，四周鋪設錢幣，如今這份儀式演變成了一家人不分長幼，環坐在一圈的親密時刻。

這頓飯最溫暖之處，不在於珍饈美饌，而在於那份久違的「陪伴」。席間，平日威嚴的祖父露出了慈祥的笑容，忙碌一年的父母放下手機，離家求學的哥哥也分享起遠方的趣聞。大家推杯換盞間，將一年的辛勞化作談笑風聲。奶奶一邊往我碗裏夾菜，一邊輕聲叮囑要多注意身體，那話語如同暖流湧入心田。當長

輩遞過紅色的壓歲錢時那紅包的質地微溫，裏面不僅裝著祝福，更包裹著長輩對晚輩那份沉甸甸，不求回報的愛。

飯後，全家人圍在客廳守歲。屋外是銀裝素裝的清冷世界，屋內卻因為這份凝聚力而春意盎然，電視裏的熱鬧節奏與家人的低聲細語交織成最動人的樂章。這頓團圓飯像是一個情感的港灣，為疲憊的身心充飽電。對我而言，這種溫暖是新年的靈魂，它讓我們明自無論世界如何變遷，總有一盞為你守候的燈，總有一桌熱騰騰的飯菜，象徵著家人的心始終緊緊相依。

這份延續千年的習俗，讓冬日不再寒冷，也讓新的一年擁有最溫暖的開端。



林巧如 (2025-2026年度 1D)

我的家鄉在廣東省汕尾市，這是一座煙火氣息十分濃的小城。這裡並不是十分繁華的地方，卻有著最樸素的熱鬧和最滾燙的人情味。這些平凡又熱鬧的感覺深深烙印在我的心底。

我的家鄉過年，最少不了就是做「甜粿」，一到臘月，家家戶戶便會不斷進出廚房，互相幫忙製作「甜粿」。大人們會圍坐在大灶台邊用著熟練的手法揉面、入籠。蒸熟後，一開蓋那些蒸氣便會四處飄，飄滿整條小巷，那一刻，熱氣騰騰的新年便具象化了！

除了香甜的「甜粿」，汕尾在春節還有最熱鬧的做大戲呢！村口的空地一大早就會有人搭起戲臺，他們需要搭起一個大棚，可想而知那過程十分艱辛，但是他們為了大家有個難忘的新年，他們從來沒有抱怨過，而是更費力去搭建。

傍晚時分，鑼鼓一響，整個村子都活躍起來了，家家戶戶都帶著一顆興奮的心，邁出輕快的腳步走到戲臺前看臺上的演員水袖翻飛。

那塌面壯觀無比呢！場內閃著五光十色的氛圍燈；臺上有著嘈吵熱鬧的大戲；台下人山人海。那段時光大家就像一家人，遇到精彩的段落，大家一同鼓掌喝彩，陌生的面孔也因這一場大戲而變得親切。

「甜粿」的甜，甜在舌尖，暖在心頭；大戲的鬧，鬧在街巷，樂在心中。這兩個小小的習俗，藏著我最珍貴的回憶。家鄉的新年雖然沒有華麗的裝飾，卻有著最真誠的善意。這份既溫暖又樸實的年味，無法去到哪裡，都會留在我心中，讓我深深眷戀著這個充滿人情味的地方。



黃彥朗 (2025-2026年度 2A)

推開家門，最先撲進鼻腔的，是那股甜得發膩又暖到心底的紅糖香。我家的年味，就藏在奶奶那口老銅鍋熬出的糖畫裡，這是我們家最溫暖的新年習俗。

奶奶總會把那口蒙著薄灰的銅鍋從儲物間搬出。鍋沿上的紋路，是爺爺年輕時親手敲出來的，每一道都刻著歲月的溫度。她先把大塊的紅糖敲成碎末，倒進鍋裡，再添上半勺清水，然後就坐在小板凳上，用一把木勺慢慢攪動。火苗舔著鍋底，紅糖漸漸化成琥珀色的糖漿，香氣從鍋縫裡出來，勾得我和弟弟直咽口水。

「別急，糖要熬得透亮才好畫。」奶奶的聲音裹著暖意，她的手在火光裡微微顫抖，卻始終穩得很。等糖漿熬到能扯出細細的糖絲，她就抬起一勺，在撒了米粉的案板上手腕一轉，手腕一壓，手腕一提，龍的鱗片、鳳的羽毛、兔子的長耳朵，就順著糖絲落在了案板上。我和弟弟總愛搶著要「龍」，奶奶就笑著

說：「都有都有，我的孫兒們都是龍。」

有一年冬天特別冷，奶奶的關節炎犯了，連握勺子都費勁。我和弟弟正坐在灶邊，看著她皺著眉揉膝蓋，心裡揪得慌。我小聲說：「奶奶，今年我們不做糖畫了吧？」奶奶卻搖了搖頭，把我的手按在她的手背上：「傻孩子，過年哪能少了糖畫？這糖畫裡，藏著我們家的年啊。」那天，她硬是咬著牙，給我們畫了兩條最大的龍，糖絲拉得又細又亮，像兩條在火光裡飛的金龍。

今年的糖畫又要出鍋了，我看著案板上漸漸成型的糖龍，忽然明白，有些習俗之所以溫暖，不是因為它有多隆重，而是因為它把一家的心像糖紙一樣緊緊纏在了一起。



林美怡 (2025-2026年度 3A)

日曆被紅筆劃下一個個圈，內心的那份喜悅與期盼漸漸按納不住，早已蠢蠢欲動——新年快到了。溫度越來越低，但年味卻越發的濃。大街上已經掛起紅彤彤的燈籠，年味在人群的擁擠與歡笑中發酵。美食街上早已停滿各式各樣的小攤，小販們趁著月色，大聲地吆喝著、叫賣著，裹著糖霜的糖葫蘆在月色與燈光交織下折射出晶瑩剔透的美，讓人垂涎欲滴。

新年的到來，預示著團圓美滿和人們對未來懷揣著的美好期許。過年最熱鬧的時候，莫過於全家人圍在一起包餃子。廚房瀰漫著新鮮的餡料香，案板上擺放著白白的面皮。每個人都挽起袖子，有說有笑地包著餃子。

奶奶捏著餃子皮，佈滿皺紋的手靈活地在餃皮中起舞。餃皮安靜地躺在手心，放上一勺肉餡，再用指尖沾上水，塗抹在皮的週邊。接著，對折面皮，捏緊中間，再從右邊開始，用拇指與食指輕輕捏住邊緣，一折一迭間，一個飽滿圓潤的餃子便做好了，活脫脫像一個白白

胖胖的福娃娃，靜靜地躺在桌上笑。

但真正的趣味，卻才剛剛開始。過了半晌，奶奶從一旁拿起早已準備好的硬幣：「來，看看今年哪個幸運兒可以吃到這枚硬幣！」霎時間，廚房更熱鬧了起來，大家你一言我一語的，討論著這枚象徵幸運的硬幣。

熱騰騰的餃子接二連三的被端上桌，餐廳中飄著餃子的香味。大家包得各式各樣，有的圓鼓鼓，有的小巧玲瓏，我包的餃子歪歪扭扭的倒在一起，卻也藏著滿滿的期待。

大家一口一口地吃著，每個人的內心都充滿激動與期待。突然，我的牙齒碰到一個硬硬的東西，我驚喜地吐出來，正是那枚硬幣！

真正好玩的不僅僅是包餃子、吃硬幣，藏在更深處的還是對來年美好生活的盼望。新春佳節，窗外的風依舊很冷，但屋裡每一個角落都藏著化不開的暖。春節，是中國人血脈中對生活的熱愛，這份熱愛如餃子的熱氣般騰騰。



李潼 (2025-2026年度 4A)

爆竹聲中一歲除，春風送暖入屠蘇。千百年間，春節作為中華民族最隆重的傳統節日，承載著闔家團圓的期許、辭舊迎新的祈願。時代浪潮翻湧，年俗在歲月變遷中褪去舊貌，煥發新顏，那些刻入民族血脈的文化內核，卻始終在時光裡熠熠生輝。我們於除舊迎新的儀式中回望傳統，在時代變遷的浪潮裡探尋年俗的現代意義，讓古老的節日文化在新時代綻放別樣光彩。

年俗的變遷，是時代發展的必然印記，亦是文化傳承的鮮活體現。曾幾何時，掃塵祭灶、貼春聯，守歲拜年，每一項年俗都包含著質樸的儀式感。臘月二十四灑掃庭除，拂去塵埃，掃除一年不順，是「辭舊迎新」的最初模樣；除夕之夜全家圍坐包水餃，守歲至天明，燈火通明間，是「闔家團圓」的溫情守候；大年初一身著新衣走街串巷，拱手作揖道賀新春，傳遞著「禮尚往來」的處世之道。這些代代相傳的年俗，如細密的針線，將親情、鄉情

民族身份的標識，文化根脈的延續，讓我們在辭舊迎新中回望來路，於文化傳承中堅定自信，這便是年俗跨越時空的永恆價值。

年俗的現代意義，更體現在與時俱進的創新活力中。非遺技藝與年俗結合，剪紙窗花融入現代設計，皮影戲演繹新年故事，讓傳統年俗新潮有趣；春節文化走出國門，海外華人的舞龍舞獅、貼春聯，讓中國年成為世界共享的文化盛宴，彰顯中華文化的包容魅力；「低碳過年」成為新風尚，少放煙花爆竹、綠色出行拜年，讓年俗融入生態環保理念，為「除舊迎新」賦予更豐富的內涵。傳統與現代相融相生，讓春節始終與時代同頻共振。

辭舊迎新，是歲月輪迴，亦是文化傳承；時代變遷，是形式革新，亦是精神延續。年俗如鏡，映照出中華文化的包容與堅韌，也折射出中國人對美好生活的永恆追求。縱使時光流轉，那些刻入骨髓的文化基因，融入血脈的精神內核，始終是年俗不變的靈魂。

站在新舊交替的節點，我們守護年俗文化根脈，亦擁抱年俗現代創新。讓傳統年俗在變遷中煥發新生，讓春節文化魅力浸潤人心，我們便能在辭舊迎新的美好時刻，汲取前行力量，書寫新時代的文化華章。這，便是年俗於變遷中，留給我們最珍貴的現代意義。



與家國情懷縫入歲月錦緞，成為中國人心中最溫暖的文化記憶。

而今，科技進步與社會發展重塑著春節的打開方式，年俗形式悄然更迭，精神內核卻從未失卻。昔日登門拜年，化作微信群裡的語音祝福，視頻通話中的笑臉相見，縱隔千山萬水依舊能傳遞「心意相通」的溫情；傳統手寫春聯，添了機器印刷的精美款式，街頭巷尾的「福」字貼紙風格各異，不變的是「迎祥納福」的美好祈願；年夜飯不再局限於家中餐桌，餐廳酒樓的團圓宴，冷鏈物流的家鄉味，讓遠在他鄉的遊子亦能感受年味，這份「歸心似箭」的鄉愁與「團團圓圓」的期盼，從未因形式改變而褪色。從線下到線上，從傳統到新潮，年俗在變遷中適配現代生活，如同老樹發新枝，在時代土壤中扎根生長。

年俗的現代意義，在於凝聚人心的精神力量，更在於滋養文化自信的深厚底蘊。春節年俗是中華文化的具象表達，貼春聯時，筆墨間流淌漢字形神之美，經典佳句承載著對美好生活的嚮往；守歲之時，長輩講述的民俗故事，將勤勞勇敢、團結向善的民族精神代代相傳；拜年的聲聲祝福，不僅是人情禮儀，更是「和樂美滿」、國泰民安的集體期許。在快節奏的現代生活中，年俗如同一根紐帶，聯結分散各地的家人，讓奔波的人們停下腳步，感受親情溫暖、團圓珍貴；在文化多元的當下，年俗是

楊文璐 (2025-2026年度 4A)

「爆竹聲中一歲除，春風送暖入屠蘇。」
隨着爆竹聲衝進我耳朵，煙味迎面灌進我的鼻腔，我就知道新年到了。可時光流轉，歲月更迭，年俗在傳承中迎來了新的模樣。

從前的新年，沒有現代科技，過年是充滿煙火氣息的。小時候最期待的事就是看爸爸燒炮仗。以前的炮仗沒有精緻的包裝，一個個小炮仗用引線串起來，就像一串串紅透了的小番茄，不過這炮仗可比小番茄長多了，它就像它那震耳欲聾的聲音一般豪邁，這剝了皮的「小番茄」赤裸着身體，頭頂的引線在春風蕩漾下一晃一晃，好像在挑釁我。不知是寒風的冷澀還是炮仗的恐嚇，我像觸電般肩膀一縮，身體抖了一下。那時我住在二樓，哥哥就舉着一根長長的竹竿伸到樓下，爸爸就將那條炮仗掛在竹竿上，我心裡溢出的好奇心壓過了弱小的恐懼，我兩手緊緊地捂着耳朵，臉湊到炮仗前。爸爸用他那粗壯的手推了推我的胸口，皺着眉頭：「你行遠點啦，個頭差點撞到炮仗啦！」

我一下被推出了一米遠。我還不死心，像一頭牛一樣向前衝，爸爸搖了搖頭，又寵溺地笑了笑，就一手頂住我的頭，一手擺弄炮仗。擺完炮仗了就大叫一聲：「燒炮仗啦！」這時你就會看到有幾顆小小的腦袋從陽台伸出來，他們用雙手捂住耳朵，像極了樓下的我。爸爸拿起火機——「嗒」的一聲，火苗竄了出來。我心中的恐懼好像又悄悄地跑了出來，心臟快要跳出來了。「吡」的一聲引線點着了，我嚇得發了狠了，忘了情了，只顧向前跑，跑到了五米遠的地方時，好奇心伸出小手拉住了我，我停住了腳，站定着盯着炮仗。樓上的小朋友比我還害怕，只留一隻眼睛放哨。「砰砰砰」這一聲聲震耳欲聾的鞭炮聲，響得小鳥不由地為他歡呼，孩子為他尖叫，甚至連汽車都「嗶嗶」地為他助威。大年初一炮仗燒完了，轟轟烈烈的新年就來了，那時的新年充滿了煙火的年味。

時光帶走了舊日的煙火味，卻帶來了更文明、更環保的新年。

現在的城裡都放電子炮仗，隨著科技的發展，電子炮仗越來越有年味。它是有燈光效果的鞭炮，它能發出又紅又黃的閃光；它也有煙味效果，通過科技材料的混合製作出無污染的煙；它還有音效，模擬真實炮仗聲。這時我就變成了那「點」炮仗的人，「噠」地一聲開關打開，原本圍在電子炮仗周圍的一圈小朋友，

嚇得發了狠了，忘了情了，拔腿就跑，在電光火石之間就竄出了五米遠，巨大的鞭炮聲也把在近處的我嚇一跳。炮仗燒光了沒有留下一絲污染的煙味，只留下了一群像從前一樣咋咋唬唬的小孩子。他們熟練地擺弄電子煙花、電子燈籠、電子蠟燭等，孩子童真的笑聲迴蕩在院子中，這個年也充滿年味。

時光流轉，年俗也在變遷。曾經，過年時噼裡啪啦的炮仗聲，承載着溫情，也承載着一代人咋咋唬唬的回憶，更承載着無盡的期盼——期盼新人，期盼美好，期盼未來。如今，電子炮仗少了几分污染，却多了几分文明與環保。變的是年俗的形式，不變的是新年的期盼；變的是炮仗的形態，不變的是朝陽似火般的年味；變的是過節的方式，不變的是心中的溫情與牽掛。在傳統與現代的交替中，年俗的變遷帶來了更文明、更環保的方式。在追求綠色、減少碳排放的現代，電子炮仗不僅能讓我們感受過去節日的熱鬧，又能守護環境的清新。它既代表着對過去炮仗文化的尊重與傳承，又代表着對現代環境的負責與敬畏。年俗的變遷映出了理念的提升，傳承的創新，時代的光彩。



許凱喬 (2025-2026年度 5A)

年關的煙火聲裡裹夾著兩重滋味，一還是舊時光的余溫在肌理中潛行，如陳年酒漿在陶甕中輕輕晃動，一還是新歲的清風正叩擊門扉，似初春細雨欲滲透凍土。當街頭紅燈籠與霓虹燈在暮色中交迭成暈，年俗這顆盤根錯節的老樹早已在時代的土壤裡萌出新枝。它流動在生活肌理中的活態記憶，在除舊與迎新的張力間守護著穿越時空的精神底色——那是對生命迴圈的敬畏，對人倫溫情的執守，對文明根脈的認同。

臘月的染缸藏著歲月的顏色，祖母年前煮楓葉水染布，木槌擊打聲穿過晨霧，說要讓日子染上正紅。她指縫留著洗不盡的色素，卻仍執意給我系親手染織的紅腰帶，玉扣的針腳如未盡的話題。母親網購訂好的緞面紅布，電熨斗熨平皺褶時喃喃自語：「新時代的紅，也總得有老日子的溫度呀。」目光落在植物染的標籤上，與祖母看著楓葉布成色時的神情同樣執著。如今年輕人用數碼印花把家人名字印在紅

圍巾上，上面的圖元顆粒藏著對溫度的另種注釋。無論楓葉沉紅、機染亮紅、還是圖元暖紅，本質都是對歲月的染色，讓平凡浮生因這抹紅有了儀式感，如寒枝梅花以一點豔色點亮寒冬。

掃塵日的晨光斜斜切進窗戶，不同時代的手在光影中交迭。祖母攥著竹枝掃帚，從屋樑到地面才才掠過，竹葉颯颯拂去灰塵，用布團擦淨雕花窗格的每道溝壑，指尖摩挲過木頭的溫度，仿佛在撫平時光的皺褶。而今我打開陳櫃，雜物被輕輕迭好放進公益箱，動作柔得如釋放蝴蝶。碎紙屑從陳櫃縫裡飄出，簌簌聲像誰在輕輕歎息，又像終於與過往和解的鬆動。物理清掃其實與精神梳理本是一回事，是把未竟的憾事、錯過的瞬間當作窗臺積塵。拂去了，才能看見陽光穿過琉璃在地上織出閃閃的金網。那網格分明是新歲遞過來的請柬，蓋著重新開始的篆章，熨得人心發暖。

守歲的燈光照見不同時代的剪影。祖母說，從前鄉下點燈守歲，長輩會挑開燈芯燈花以挑開來年困厄。油燈昏黃中，她曾看見曾祖父捆年畫的花，母親納鞋底時線軸轉動的微光。後來換日光燈，長明光影裡，父親寫春聯的筆尖劃痕，與油燈下的年畫和針線同樣篤定。如今人們點亮智慧燈串，手機調節的漸變光暈中，有人直播掙年節回家的車票錢，有人在線上許願牆給陌生人送祝福。燈火形態萬



變，可油燈下的期盼，日光燈下的溫暖，霓虹燈下的共情所照亮的都是人們對身邊人彼此的溫柔注視，如群星在黑夜中交換眨眼的閃爍。

拜年的足跡丈量著時代的精神座標。從前棉鞋踩過田埂積雪咯吱作響，竹籃麥芽糖紙颯颯，紅紙包幾毛的壓歲錢沉甸甸，似能鎮住歲月流轉。而今螢幕裡畫面時不時卡成靜止的剪影，姊姊舉著手機對著廚房，背後窗戶映著倫敦街角的飄雪。她手忙腳亂的翻動鍋裡的餃子，展示著新學的餃子湯底煮法。笑聲夾雜著電流雜音：「皮總是煮破，沒有媽媽做的結實呢！」跨洋的信號雖有延遲，可那些眼神裡的惦念和從前走田埂時心頭的溫暖，其實一模一樣。我們在這舉著米酒，他們在那頭舉著香檳，螢幕裡的酒杯輕輕相碰，雖相隔千里，卻聽見了同樣的清脆聲。原來不論走多遠，牽掛從來都能穿山過海，穩穩落在彼此心裡。

站在年關渡口回望，年俗原是奔湧的河，沖走枯枝敗葉，讓新溪更清澈。河岸風景雖改，但一代代人用溫情打磨的記憶和如河底卵石始終溫潤。無論河道如何改道，總朝著一個方向奔湧：對團圓的牽掛，對生活的熱忱，對文明的篤信，都讓我們無論走多遠，都記得有些記憶在回望處閃光，有些人在歸途上等候。而回家，永遠是年俗最動人的終點，是所有變遷中不變的精神原鄉，亦是靈魂深處永遠亮著的那盞燈。



鄧皓 (2025-2026年度 5D)

歲序常易，華章日新。當舊年的最後一縷暮色流入燈火，新年的第一縷晨光漫過窗櫺，春節便以它千年不變的溫柔，如約降臨在每一個中國人的心頭。年俗，這一承載著民族記憶與情感寄託的文化符號，在時光長河裡緩緩流淌，在時代浪潮中悄然變遷，卻始終以最柔軟的方式，守護著我們心靈深處的歸屬感與儀式感。在新舊交替的輪回裡，我們不必執著於固收陳舊的形式，而應在變遷中，重新讀懂年俗生生不息的現代意義。

年俗從來不是靜止的標本，而是流動的詩意。它誕生於農耕歲月的煙火，成長於百年街巷的喧囂，在千百年的傳承裡，沉澱為刻在血脈裡的文化基因。曾經，它是爆竹聲中辭舊的熱烈，是筆墨紙硯寫就的祝福，是圍爐夜話相守的溫情，是走親訪友傳遞的牽掛。那些帶著歲月溫度的習俗，如同散落在時光裡的星辰，點亮了一代又一代人關於新年的記憶，也構築起中華民族獨有的精神家園。我們眷戀年俗，

眷戀的從來不是某一種固定的動作，而是藏在習俗背後，對平安的祈願，對團圓的渴望，對新生的期盼。

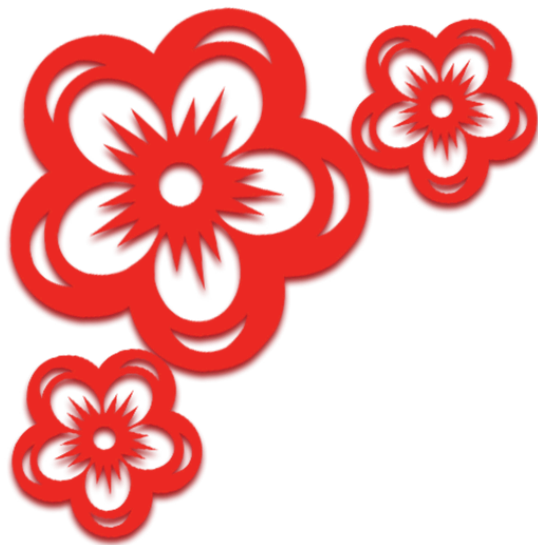
時代的腳步從未停歇，年俗的模樣也在悄然改寫。城市的夜空不再被煙火照亮，傳統的勞作被便捷的生活取代，面對面的相聚被跨越山海的連線銜接。有人感慨年味不再，有人惋惜傳統遠去。可事實上，年俗從未消失，它只是以更適配當下的姿態，重新紮根在我們的生活之中。變遷不是遺忘，而是傳承；革新不是放棄，而是延續。年俗的生命力，恰恰在於它能順應時代，在堅守內核的同時，長出新的枝葉，綻放新的光彩。

如今的年，少了幾分煙火喧囂，卻多了幾分溫情從容。不必再有繁瑣的準備奔波勞碌，卻能擁有更多陪伴家人的時光。不必再受限於路途的遙遠，卻能以科技為橋，把思念送往每一個牽掛的地方。不必再拘於古老的儀式，卻能以更簡約、更真誠的方式，安放內心的期許。電子祝福裡藏著真切的掛念，雲端團圓中載著深厚的情意，簡約年夜飯裡，依舊盛滿家人相守的溫暖。這些新的年俗，褪去了陳舊的外殼，保留了最純粹的情感，讓春節在快節奏的現代生活裡，依然擁有撫慰人心的力量。

除舊迎新，是年永恆的主題。舊的是過往的遺憾，疲憊與紛擾，新的是希望、勇氣與嚮往。年俗的現代意義，正是在這樣的辭舊迎新

中得以彰顯。它提醒我們在忙碌的生活裡停下腳步，回望來路，珍惜當下。它讓我們在時代的變遷中守住初心，不忘來路，不負歸期。它讓每一個平凡的人，都能在新年的儀式感裡，獲得重新出發的力量。無論形式如何更迭，年俗所承載的家國情懷、人間溫情、生命期許，始終是照亮我們前行的一抹亮光。

歲月流轉，年復一年。年俗在變遷中傳承，在傳承中新生。它像一條不息的河流，穿過歷史的山川，流向未來的曠野，始終滋養著中國人的精神世界。在這個新舊交替的時刻，我們不必追懷逝去的形式，只需守住心中的溫暖與熱愛。以嶄新的姿態告別舊歲，以滿懷的憧憬迎接新年，在時光的更迭中，感受年俗的溫度，領悟傳承的力量，這便是除舊迎新最動人的答案，也是年俗贈予我們最珍貴的現代意義。



喻凡珺 (2025-2026年度 5D)

每年農曆新年，無論城市還是鄉村，總會瀰漫著一股特別的氣氛：街角的花市、商場的春聯、電視裡的賀年節目，還有家中長輩忙著準備團年飯的身影。這一切，仿佛都在提醒我們——新年來了。然而，隨著時代的變遷，許多傳統習俗逐漸簡化，甚至消失。有人感歎年味變淡，但我卻認為，年俗的形式雖在改變，其核心卻未曾遠去，反而在現代社會中，被賦予了更深層的意義。

除舊迎新是新年習俗的核心精神。傳統上，我們會在大掃除中掃走一年的晦氣，在貼春聯中祈求來年的平安，在爆竹聲中驅避邪祟。這些儀式，不僅是物理上的清理，更是心靈上的洗滌。今天，我們或許不再燃放爆竹，但「除舊」的意義卻轉化為一種心理上的釋放：在年終回顧過去一年的得失，學會放下遺憾與執著；而「迎新」則是一種對未來的期盼與規劃，是我們在急忙生活中難得的自我反思，難得靜下心的思考。

以「團年飯」為例，這是一家人團聚的重要時刻。過去，團年飯是興盛的象徵，也是對過去一年辛勞的慰勞。如今，雖然許多家庭選擇外出用餐，甚至有人因工作或學業未能趕回家中。但科技的進步讓我們可以透過視像通話雲端團年。形式變了，但那份牽掛與關懷，依然透過螢幕傳遞團年飯的意義，早已不僅是桌上的菜餚，而是那份「無論多遠，也要一起吃飯」的心意。

當然，我們也不能忽視年俗在現代社會中的挑戰。

隨著生活節奏加快，許多傳統習俗的瞭解越來越少，甚至視之為「老套」。但若我們願意用心去理解，便會發現這些習俗背後，蘊藏著先人對生活的智慧跟對家庭的重視。譬如「守歲」，不僅是熬夜迎新，更是珍惜與家人共度時光的展現；「賀年歌」聽起來千篇一律，卻是一種集體記憶，喚起我們對節日的歸屬感。

在這個變化迅速的時代，年俗的意義不在於一成不變地複製過去，而在於如何將傳統精神融入現代生活中去。我們可以保留那份家庭的珍惜，對未來的期盼，對彼此的祝福。同時以新的方法、方式去表達，去傳承。正如「除舊迎新」所啟示的：放下舊有的框架，接納新的可能，才能讓年俗在時代的洪流中，不被淘洗去過去的光輝，依舊煥發生機，承載著過去

的情懷。

新年，不僅是一個節日，更是一種情感連結。當我們在接受中重新審視年俗，便會發現那份屬於家的溫暖、屬於文化的根，終未離開。只要我們用心感受，年味，一直都在。



Stellar Sportsmanship at SBC

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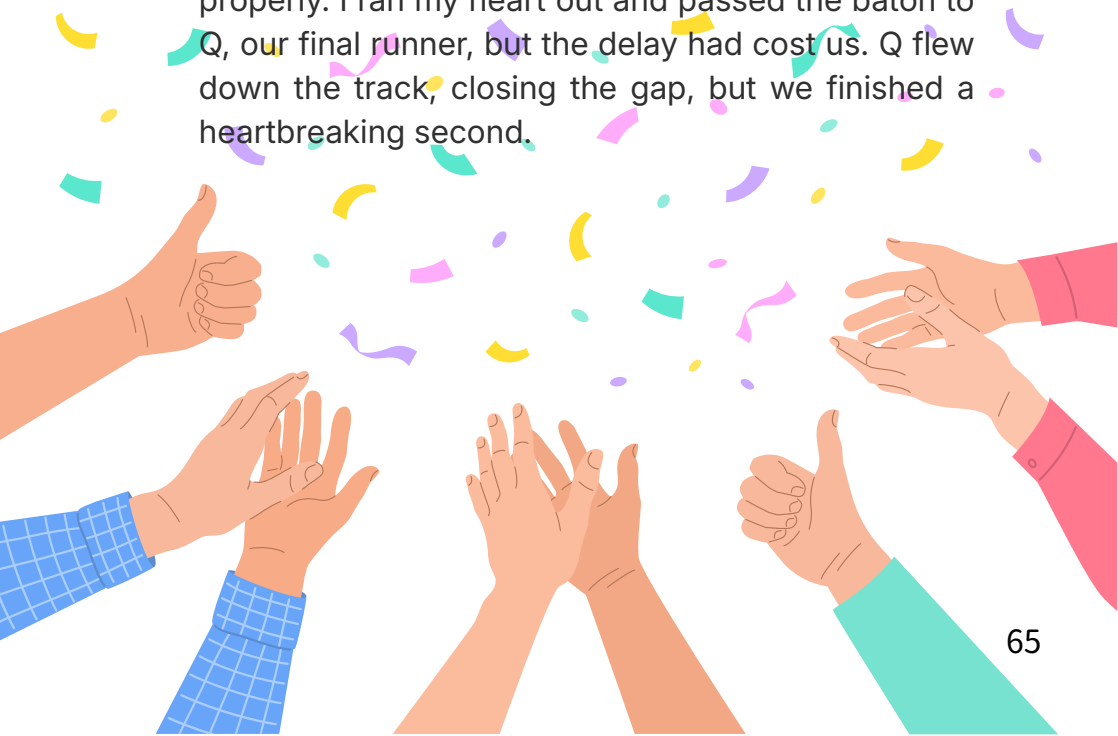


CHAN HO YAU (2025-26 2A)

The True Meaning of Victory

The roar of the crowd was a distant hum compared to the pounding in my chest. I was the third runner in our crucial 4x100m relay, the event we were certain we could win. As I saw my teammate sprinting toward me, I focused entirely on the baton. The exchange had to be perfect.

I started running, my hand stretched back, waiting for the solid slap of the baton. It came, but in our frantic rush, the pass was clumsy. I fumbled for a second that felt like an hour before gripping it properly. I ran my heart out and passed the baton to Q, our final runner, but the delay had cost us. Q flew down the track, closing the gap, but we finished a heartbreaking second.



Devastation washed over me. "I'm so sorry," I stammered, my head hung low. "I ruined it for everyone." I expected disappointment, maybe even anger. Instead, I was met with immediate reassurance. The second runner, Tavia, patted me on the back. "Are you kidding? That was the fastest I've ever seen you run!" Q, still catching his breath, added, "You gave me a fighting chance! We did this together."

In that moment, the pursuit of first place vanished, replaced by something far more valuable. We huddled together, not as a team that lost a race, but as a class that had shared a struggle. My mistake became the very incident that solidified our unity. It taught us that our bond, built on support and shared effort, was stronger than any trophy.



KONG GWAN ZAK (2025-26 2A)

A Thunder of Support

I will never forget the sound of our class cheering during the final relay race on sports day. It was this sound that built our unity.

The class relay was the most important event. As the race began, our first runner, Harry, stumbled a little at the start. He was immediately behind; because of this slow start, a wave of anxiety spread through our class. We saw the other teams pulling ahead, and the hope of winning seemed to fade. The consequences of a poor beginning were severe.

At that moment, our classmates who weren't running decided to act. They stood up on the bleachers and started to shout. They cheered for our runners more loudly than anyone else. They didn't just have a simple conversation; they created a thunder of support. Their mission was to motivate our runners not to give up. This was the assistance our team desperately needed.

Therefore, an amazing thing happened. As our second runner heard the roaring cheers, he ran faster than ever before. Then our third runner, Alvin, who was the most determined boy in our class, passed another opponent.

The sound from our class became even louder. It was a powerful force, pushing our team forward. As a result, what seemed like a certain loss turned into an exciting chase.

When our final runner crossed the finish line in third place, the entire stadium heard our celebration. We had won! We had finally broken Class A's curse and shaken off last place! The financial value of a prize was not important. The real win was the shared joy and pride we all felt. Our reliance on each other had created a long-lasting bond. The footprint of that race is forever in our memories. We stopped being just classmates and became a true team, all because of the powerful roar from the stand!



LAM KIT LONG (2025-26 3C)

An Unforgettable Sports Day

Our sports day was held on 13th October at Kowloon Bay Sports Ground. In the morning, the sky was grey with a persistent drizzle. I kept glancing up, hoping the rain would stop. I didn't want the events to be cancelled.

I was particularly anxious because I joined the 800 metres race. Fortunately, when it was time for my race, the rain finally stopped. Therefore, my classmate and I started doing warm-up exercise. My friend Leo decided to have a quick run on the track as practice. Just as he picked up speed, he slipped on the damp surface and twisted his right ankle.

Leo was quickly taken to the medical room. I felt worried and helpless. Before he left, he looked at me and said, 'You have to run for me! Try your best!' When it was time for the race, I stood at the starting line and was full of confidence in the competition. I could almost hear Leo cheer for me in my mind. As the race began, I focused intensely on the track ahead. Each lap reminded me of my friend's encouragement and I pushed myself harder.

After crossing the finish line, I not only felt a wave of exhaustion but also a sense of accomplishment. I rushed to the medical room to check on Leo and promised him that we would race together next time. I wished him a speedy recovery, grateful for our friendship and the unforgettable incident on that day.

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Drop by Drop, Water Carves the Stone



MAK YAT LONG (2025-26 4A)

Perseverance Pays Off

As the saying goes, "No Pain, No Gain." However, many people think that they have done a lot but still have not gained anything, causing them to think that persevering for a goal is meaningless. Even worse, some have pessimistic thoughts every time they think about chasing a dream. But these desperate thoughts changed that day when a young teenager proved that perseverance pays off.

Long ago, a young boy named Apollo was once the dumbest student in class. He always got the lowest score in class. He was mocked by students who often told him to drop out of school. Apollo never had interest in studying, so even when he tried to study for hours, he always ended up falling asleep, or just pursuing other entertainment. The only thing Apollo was interested in was music. He enjoyed creating his own songs and was obsessed with music, but his mother would always yell at Apollo to focus on academic performance more than his "little" interest. Even his classmates laughed about his interest and him that he would never succeed.



Despite the discouragement, Apollo never got upset or felt like giving up. Instead, he decided to pursue his interest in music and started focusing. Apollo spent more and more time on improving his songs, learning music theory, and asking his music teacher for advice. Over time, he started dreaming about becoming a famous musician and music producer, so he went on a trial of learning new instruments. His passion grew stronger as he continued. He even started to upload his pieces on social media to grow fanbase.

As his popularity grew, he wanted to do something big — collaborating with a famous music star named Michael. He was confident that, with his large fanbase, he would surely be able to invite him. So, he wrote a formal email to the manager of the star. He told the manager how happy he would be to meet Michael and perform on stage together, even offering a large portion of the revenue for the performance.



As he confidently waited days for the reply, disaster struck. The manager rejected his offer and invitation, even secretly mocking Apollo's dream of music, thinking it was childish to even have one. Apollo became desperate once again. He thought in his head, "Is it all worth it? Did I waste it all? Am I not popular enough?" He began doubting himself. Until, one day, a small band invited him to perform on stage. They also said that they had had a passion for music for a long time, just like Apollo. Although the small band's fanbase was not as big as Michael's, Apollo still accepted their invitation.

Before the day of the performance, Apollo slowly practiced his instruments, mainly the guitar. He started regaining small bits of trust in himself. He would practice all day until he was drained. When it came to the day of the performance, he stood up on the stage confidently as he slowly smiled and was ready to go. At first, nothing special really happened. The crowd wasn't having too much of a reaction. Apollo was afraid that his skills were not good enough. On the other hand, the band never became concerned, and continued trying their best to hype the crowd up. Suddenly, a special guest entered the stage — it was Michael! The crowd went wild immediately as Michael showed up with an aura. Apollo and the band gradually build up the energy by performing at a faster pace, trying to maintain the hype from the crowd. Until the final peak of the show, it ended with a huge metal guitar riff, filled with the audience's applause.

After the show, Apollo quickly ran into Michael and was curious why he was there. Michael answered that he didn't mean to reject him. It was the manager's fault for being rude toward Apollo having a dream. But Michael didn't think it was childish to have a dream, so he decided to tell the band to invite Apollo for a performance, just so he could show up and surprise him. Apollo smiled and was thankful for being invited to such a big performance.

In the end, he became one of the most famous musicians and music producers. The news described him as the symbol of perseverance, changing people's pessimistic thoughts and lives as his music played. Apollo was proud that he never gave up on his passion and dream, because who would ever have thought that perseverance would have such an impact on people's lives, including Apollo's, helping everyone to remember his history and journey.

CHAN CHAK YEUNG (2025-26 5B)

Never say NO to challenges

In a town, nestled between a lot of buildings and a manufactured smart city, there was a 13-year-old child called Marco with clumsy limbs and self-doubt. He watched a tiny white ball moved with a speed that defied logic, pinging and ponging in a rhythm he couldn't grasp. He discovered that he had a passion for playing table tennis. Even though he had not played this sports before, he found entertainment and pleasure on table tennis. The swift movements, the sharp sounds of the ball bouncing ignited a fire within him.

Initially, Marco was just an amateur playing casually with friends who shared his interest. He struggled to master the basic strokes, often missing the ball or hitting it off the table. Yet, each failure forced him to grow stronger. He watched countless videos online, learning skills from professional players and absorbing their techniques. His free hours transformed into a rigorous training schedule, where he practised his serves and footwork tirelessly. He faced numerous challenges. The school's table tennis team was renowned for its skill. The players were confident and fully experienced, and Marco felt intimidated just inspecting their practice. But instead of shying way, he approached the team's coach Mr. Tsang. He was keen on training young talent and nurturing them.



Under Mr. Tsang 's guidance, Marco learned the intricacies of the game. He discovered the importance of strategy, specifically of mental resilience. Every practice session was grueling, yet he was invigorated by his coach. Marco spent hours training his skills, his hands blistered from the paddle, but his spirit was persistent and unyielding. He transformed his small bedroom into a training space, hanging motivational posters and setting up a timetable for his practice and rest. As months passed, Marco's work began to pay off. He secured a spot on the school team, a dream he once thought unattainable. His teammates, initially skeptical, soon acknowledged his dedication and began to support him. Together, they practised late into the evenings, each match teaching Marco something valuable. He learned to communicate better and embrace the spirit of competition.

The day of the regional tournament arrived, and Marco felt like he had butterflies in his stomach. The gymnasium buzzed with energy as teams from various schools gathered. He remembered his journey of practising numerous hours of table tennis. He stood at the edge of the court, paddle in hand, heart racing. The first match was intense, but with every serve, Marco felt more in control and confident.



As the tournament progressed, his skills shone through. He won match after match, his confidence building more substantially. In the finals, he faced the champion that was just only a few steps of him. The match was a nail-biter - each point had to be fought for. However, he was fueled by his determination to edge out a victory, securing the championship for his school. The crowd erupted in cheers, but for Marco, the victory was more than just a trophy. All of his work will pay off. It symbolizes him transforming from a timid boy to a confident and disciplined athlete. He realized that mastering a skill was not just about the end goal, but about his growth along the way.



After the tournament, Marco became a role model for younger students at his school. He started a table tennis club at his school and was eager to share his love and passion for the sport. What began as a personal challenge is now blossoming into a passion that inspires others. Marco's life has transformed. He is no longer just a face in the crowd, but a beacon of perseverance and hope. He has learned that when fueled by relentless diligence, passion could reshape not just a backhand but an entire life.



KONG SAI YAN (2025-26 5B)

Pain behind the success

Leo felt the smooth, cool wood of the violin beneath his chin. It was like a promise. But the sound wasn't music when he first played; it was like an angry cat. His hands were numb and uncertain.

At the age of twelve, Leo decided to learn to play the violin. Everyone told him it was one of the hardest instruments. Soon, he believed them. For weeks, it was just screams. His shoulders and hands ached from gripping the strings. Sometimes, he was so frustrated that he wanted to quit.

But Leo was stubborn. He made a promise: practise thirty minutes every day, no complaints.

So, while friends played soccer, Leo was in his room, repeating scales until he could play the music clearly. He wrote simple songs and played them for his family, sang lullabies as they fell asleep. Some days were good with progress; others were bad with screaming. He kept practicing hard despite the difficulties he encountered every time he played the violin.

Days turned into months, and months turned into years. Screams turned into clear, warm notes. Scales made him fast and confident. He could play a song from start to finish without mistakes. The song opened a door for him.

Two years later, his teacher asked him to play at the school concert. Leo was worried. On that night, under the stage lights, he saw hundreds of faces. His hands were cold and sweat trickled down his spine. He couldn't control his terror.

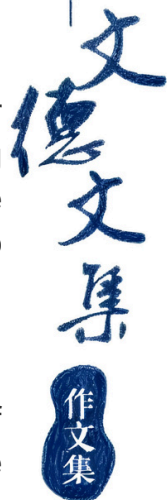
Trying to calm himself down, he put the violin under his chin, took a deep breath, and played. The song was beautiful though it was sad. He forgot the people in front of him, and poured his practice into music. When finished, there was silence, then applause.

After a while, a child approached him, with a pair of sparkling eyes, "You're amazing. I want to play like that."

Leo smiled, "You can. It takes time, a lot of time"

His life changed. He was no longer just a kid trying violin; he is a musician. Long, hard work gave him skills, hopes, and understanding that perseverance yields real result. He knows that if he keeps trying, even difficult things can become easy.

He left the stage, heart pounding with excitement. His family was there, faces beaming. His mother hugged him and whispered, "All those hours I knew it would lead to this." Leo knew every scream, ache, and doubt was worth it.



Bonateens' Best



YUE YU SIN (2025-26 1A)

The Story of My Hometown: Guangzhou

Guangzhou is my amazing hometown. Every time I wander through the old streets, I have flashbacks from the past: days when I was still a little kid running around in the playground, hoping that my childhood could stay like that forever and that time would not pass so quickly. In a blink of an eye, I'm now a young adult who wishes to go back to the past and stay like that a little longer. I really miss my childhood.

Ever since I was a little kid, my parents always took me to the playground near the village. I was always the energetic one who would ask other kids to play with me. I made lots of memories there.

I remember the last time I ever played in that playground because my parents said we were going to live in Hong Kong. Tears streamed down my face because I had made so many memories in that playground and I did not want to leave. So, I had an idea. I took a toy lock and wrote, "I'll come back soon." And just like that, 8 years passed. I always thought of that lock and the playground, always dreaming about the things I did back when I was a kid. Those times were the best of all.



Now, every time I visit that old place, the memories always flood back. I always look for my special lock. I always find it on the back of an old bench, a little worn, but the words are still clear. It always brings back old memories and reminds me that no matter how far I go, Guangzhou will always be my safe space, my home, and those memorable days will always be in my heart.



FUNG PO YAN (2025-26 3A)

The Story of My Hometown

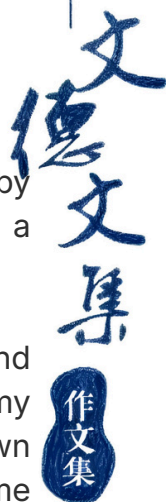
My hometown is a special small city.

It is a place where the busy street of the town is nearby the fields of the countryside. I was born in such a place.

I grew up in a big house, which had three floors and was always full of life because I lived there with my relatives. The house was so big that we had our own small garden area, my family and I would spend time there planting simple flowers and vegetables. Those were a happy times.

Just outside my house was an ice cream shop. The shop owner had children the same age as me and so we became good friends. The shop was my favourite spot to play and hang out at; the children and I would spend hours playing games together.

Across from the ice cream shop was a stationery shop, which I loved going in my free time. It was a small shop, but it had many things, from exercise books and drawing books to colourful pens and even cute toys. I remember one special time I went there to buy a gift for my elder sister because it was her birthday and I bought her a soft plushie. She was surprised upon receiving the gift, but it was soon followed by a smile.



Another place I loved was a restaurant nearby. It had a lot of different cuisines. I love their mushroom soup the most; it has a creamy texture and fragrant aroma. My family and I often went there for lunch or dinner, talking and enjoying our meal together.

Those are some of my happiest memories. I also remember the times my dad would bring my family to places on his motorcycle. I could feel the wind caressing my face, and when I looked up, the sky was often blue and sunny, making me relaxed.

My mum would often make delicious treats for me and my elder sister. Her cupcakes were the best! They were sweet and tasty, One times, when we both helped her make them and succeeded in making them good looking, it felt like a celebration.



My favourite memories are of playing with my sister and the friends I made there. We played hide and seek. When it was my time to be the seeker, I found everyone except for one, which was my sister. We searched everywhere, but we still had no idea where she was. Then, I went inside my bedroom and heard a sound from the closet! To our surprise, my sister was inside. No wonder no one could find her!

Time never stops for anyone. However, there is always a “home” for you, taking you back to the happier times full of nostalgia and innocence.

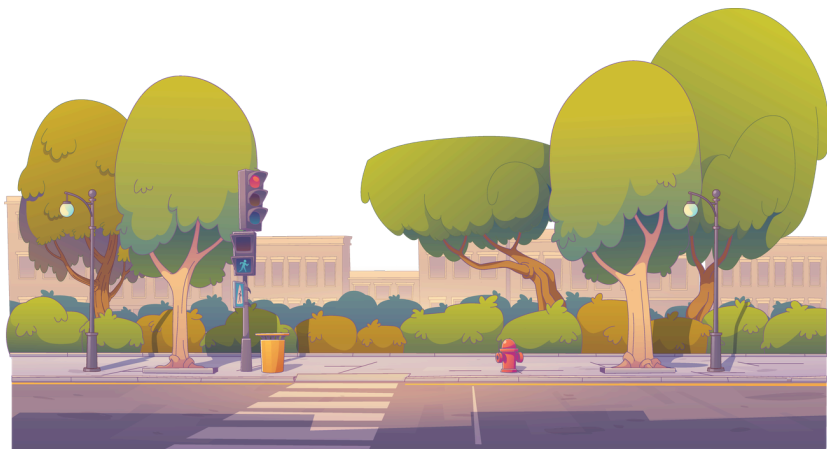


TO CHUN YIU (2025-26 4A)

The Story of My Hometown

Under the brightly lit lanterns hung all across the streets and with a cosy cup of warm coffee in hand, a rich and familiar scent wafted under my nose as I took a sip of my hometown's local specialty brew. It was bitter throughout but sweet at the end, just like my story with my hometown.

Savvy street vendors beckoned pedestrians to come closer, to see wondrous and delicately hand-crafted trinkets, or to smell the savoury aroma of short-ribs braised in spices and herbs. I walked down the street observing these interactions happening everywhere around me. The people's eyes glimmered with enthusiasm, reflecting deep in their hearts the wide smiles, cheerful expressions and joyful attitudes.

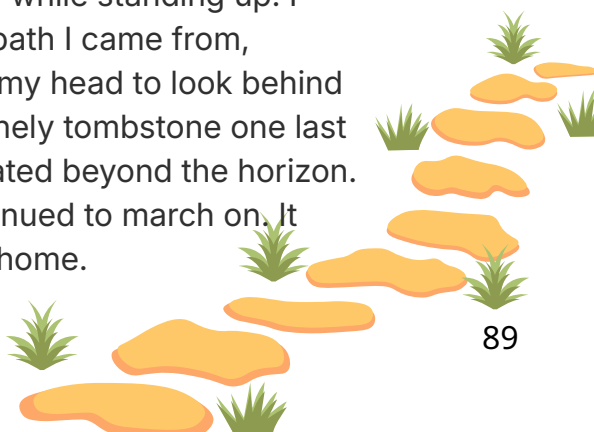


Taking a left turn, I entered a dimly lit alleyway void of a beating heart. The atmosphere was frigid like a tundra, with stale air everywhere. 'Now this is the town I remember,' I muttered under my breath. My footsteps pitter-pattered on the puddles of murky water only to stop in front of a dainty, run-down shop. The ornaments on the door jingled as I slowly strode into the decrepit building. The old man inside raised his head, looking at me eye-to-eye, before his eyes became wide as marbles. 'You're that boy, right? The one who was sent away 15 years ago,' the elderly man said as his voice shook in disbelief. I only nodded to his question and looked around like I was trying to search for something or someone. The old man immediately understood. A tear trickled down his cheek and he said, 'You won't find her here, not anymore. Perhaps try the northeast of the town.' My heart suddenly dropped. Northeast of the town? But there was only one thing there. I thanked the man for the information and was about to head out the door when he called my name. I turned around only to catch a piece of white rabbit candy thrown my way. 'I remember, your usual.' His wrinkly face was smiling as he saw me out the door.

After walking a short distance from the old shop, I came across a giant oak tree up a small hill. I raised my hand and gently touched its bark, feeling the rough surface and also etch marks—etch marks left by me and my merry band of friends. Recalling past memories, I saw myself running around the tree, playing tag, chatting, napping. My hands grasped the tree tight, refusing to let the tree go, refusing to let the memories go. But the past is already the past, I told myself, desperately so.

Approaching the northeastern part of the town, the weight in my heart weighed down my footsteps. My legs buckled under the boulder, my mind throbbing and foggy. I was finally able to walk past the front gate, and in the distance the sun shone just above the horizon, reflecting its radiant light on the carved stones. Blades of grass covered the ground above, to hide the grimness of what's hidden six feet below. I walked in front of one such glistening stone which read, "Here lies..." I knelt down and placed the piece of white rabbit candy onto the polished marble plate. I clasped my hands together and offered my prayers. My mind wandered back to the promise we had made, to make the town a better place for you and me. You were there to support me when I was at my lowest, when my own family despised me, yet the town welcomed me with open arms. If only you all had not sent me far away, perhaps I would have seen your final moments too. Your bright smile, your caring hug whenever things got hard at home. I missed it all, and I missed the town too. That was why I came back, but perhaps I was just too late. At least I was back home, to where I belong.

Being lost in such deep thoughts, I nearly forgot how to stand as I wobbled while standing up. I walked back through the path I came from, stopping mid-way to turn my head to look behind my shoulder. I gave the lonely tombstone one last gaze before the sun retreated beyond the horizon. I looked forward and continued to march on. It was time for me to return home.



CHEUNG MIU HON (2025-26 2A)

Technology Changes My Life

Technology has changed my life in a lot of ways. It is hard to think of a time when things were different because now technology is part of almost everything I do.

One big change is in how I learn. School used to be just sitting in a classroom with my teachers and classmates. Now I can take online courses and learn about anything I want. I have watched lessons from people in other countries and learned things my teachers could not even teach us. I do not even have to travel anywhere to do that. I just turn on my iPad and click on a video and start learning. It feels like the whole world is open to me.

At home, technology makes everyday things easier. We have a smart speaker that helps us with things. My mom uses it to set timers for when she cooks. My little brother asks it questions when he's curious about something. We can turn lights on and off just with a single word. It sounds like a small thing, but it makes everything easier.



Another big change is how I stay close to people I love. My grandma lives far away, so I do not get to see her often. However, we video call each other every now and then. When she shows me her garden on the screen or tells me a story, it feels like she is right next to me. Those calls mean the world to us. They help us stay connected even when we are far apart.

Technology is also a big part of how I have fun. I watch shows, listen to music, and play games. However, I also use it to be creative. I have made little videos and shared them with my friends. It is cool to see what I can create with a phone and ideas.

Technology is not perfect, but for me, it has helped me a lot. It helps me learn, makes life easier, and keeps me connected to people I care about. I love that.

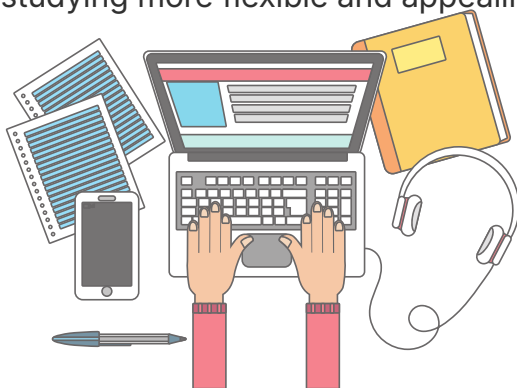


TSUI HO GUEN (2025-26 5B)

Technology with Magical Power

We live in an era shaped by technology. It is no longer a cold invention but a warm part of daily life. It brings convenience, connects hearts, and opens a new world for me. Technology has truly changed my life in many amazing ways.

The biggest change appears in my studies. In the past, learning relied merely on textbooks and teachers in class. When I came across problems, I had to wait until the next day to ask for help. Now, online courses break the limits of time and space. With a computer or just a phone, I can take classes from excellent teachers at any time. When I struggle with difficult knowledge, I can watch videos repeatedly until I understand it. Many learning apps help me practise English, memorize words, and correct exercises efficiently. Technology turns every moment into a chance to learn and makes studying more flexible and appealing.



Technology also makes daily life much more convenient. Smart devices are ubiquitous. They are all easily accessible to me with zero distance. A smart watch tells me the time, records my steps, and reminds me to rest. With mobile payment, I no longer need to carry any heavy wallets. Instead, I can pay by simply scanning a code when buying breakfast or stationery. At home, smart home appliances help my family save time and energy. These small technological gadgets make life easier, safer, and more comfortable, letting us enjoy more happiness in simple days.

The most touching change is that technology connects people. Some of my relatives work far away. In the past, we only communicated through phone calls, which could not pass on real feelings. Now, video calls let us see each other's faces clearly. I can show them my school projects, share my joys and troubles, and celebrate festivals together through the screen. Distance no longer separates us. Technology turns longing into warm company.

After school, technology enriches my life as well. I can read countless e-books, watch useful videos, and enjoy soft music to relax. It not only brings fun but also helps me see a bigger world and develop more hobbies.

Technology is like a bright light in my life. It improves my studies, simplifies my life, and deepens my relationships. It gives me more opportunities to grow and explore. I believe technology will keep creating surprises, and my life will become better and better with its magic power. 93

FUNG KWAN HO (2025-26 3A)

A Warm Encounter

Throughout our lives, we encounter so many different people. Maybe we feel a wave of sonder every once in a while, especially since everyone is so different, with some souls colder than others. We may let the hostile interactions get to us, but the warm ones will always leave a deep impression in our hearts. There was this one time when I was in a mall where I had a warm encounter.

It was in the middle of the day, and the mall was flooded with an ocean of people. I remember going out that day to unwind a bit from all the stress from school. I walked from shop to shop, occasionally buying random trinkets I liked. I had entered this store that sold a plethora of plush toys. The store was quite enthralling to me, as if a whole monolith of rainbow-coloured products were laid in front of me. I perused the whole store for a few hours before coming out of it with two large plastic bags filled to the brim with plush toys. I felt so happy at that moment, even though the happiness was somewhat ephemeral.



When I decided to continue walking around the mall after my very expensive splurge, I noticed a huge gathering of people in a nearby area. Not wanting to deal with being squeezed like sardines and whiffing body odours, I chose to walk in the opposite direction. What awaited me instead was a whole wave of people stampeding in my direction. Being pushed and tossed around by these rude and inconsiderate people, I accidentally dropped one of my shopping bags. The carefully packed plush toys spilled out like a waterfall and started rolling everywhere on the ground whilst being stepped on by all the unknowing people.

In the midst of all the chaos and pandemonium, a woman pushed her way through the crowd and came over to me. She was short and was carrying her toddler. She didn't seem to speak Chinese or English, which added to the complexity of the situation and overwhelmed me even further. She said some words in—which I assumed to be—Japanese, which I did not understand at all.



Despite so, she knelt and started picking up the plush toys on the ground and handed them to me. She was very calm and composed whilst I handled the situation without any sense of sangfroid. When she was done, she used what little English vocabulary she had in her mind and asked if I was okay whilst stuttering a bit. I nodded my head gently and replied with some basic Japanese I knew, saying "Arigatou" as a sign of my appreciation.

Looking back now, it was not a very lengthy interaction, but it was definitely one that touched my heart and stayed with me, even until now. I was so confused and lost, but a random lady whom I did not even know was willing to extend a helping hand and disappeared soon after without asking for any form of repayment. She reminded me that kindness still exists in this world and that there will always be someone who is willing to help you. Also, I think that it was quite impressive of her to do that whilst carrying her toddler in her arms, once again emphasising the power and strength of a mother.

It would not be an overstatement to say that this encounter has changed my views on the world completely. I wish to also do what this lady did for me and help someone else if they ever seem to be in need.



CHO MAN KIN (2025-26 4B)

A Warm Encounter

As I got off the bus, I regretted not listening to my mother as another gust of freezing air made contact with my face, making me feel less like I was on the streets of a city, and more like I was transported to the perpetually cold North Pole. And the regret only grew with each second that passed without the winter coat my mother told me to bring.

With home far away, I could not simply walk back, less so with how low the temperature was, so I continued forward towards my destination, hoping that either the wind would decrease in its ferociousness, or that the sun would grace me with more of its rays. Suddenly I felt something warm on the back of my neck. I looked back, and I saw my friend pushing a hot sweet potato onto the back of my neck with a cheeky grin on his face.



As we sat on a bench that provided some protection from the wind, I bit into the tender flesh of the sweet potato, savouring not only the sweetness of the treat, but also the warmth it provided. When I asked him why he was there, he explained that he joined an organisation that decided to give out steaming hot sweet potatoes to random strangers on the street that seemed like they needed it on this cold day to give back to the community. I was about to ask him if his family forced him to join the organisation when I saw that he had a warm smile, and decided not to ask that question, as even if that were the case, it would not change the fact that he was feeling a sense of contentment from helping random strangers on the street. Instead, I asked a different question. "When is the next charity event your organisation will be hosting?" He looked at me like I was a completely different person, as if I was about to say I was joking or something akin to that. He said that it would be the following Saturday and that he would enjoy my company there as he started to leave since he still had to help people other than me, and kindly bid me adieu.

After I started back towards my destination, I discovered that I no longer felt any cold. "Maybe the sweet potato he gave me heated both my body and soul!" I joked to myself as I continued to walk, knowing that it was the work of both this sweet potato and my friend's kindness that truly cured me of this ailment of frost in this truly unexpected yet warm encounter.



Good People
Good Deeds



WONG SIN YIU (2025-2026 1A)

A Nice Gentleman

Every day and evening, I passed by a black t-shirt gentleman who worked as a cleaner and sold newspapers for some extra money. I never noticed him until that day ...

One April evening, I saw a young woman in a black dress. She looked pale and tired. Then, she collapsed in front of our eyes. She was unconscious. People around the scene took out their phones. Some were recording and some were calling the police. However the scene was so shocking that no one actually called for help.

The gentleman rushed to help her. He put his hand into his pocket and grabbed his wallet. He ran to a convenience store and bought peanut candy and a tuna sandwich. It cost thirty dollars, way out of his budget. He didn't complain. Instead, he shoved the peanut candy into her mouth. She regained consciousness after a few minutes.



Then, disaster struck—Her face turned bright purple and her lips were pale. She was holding her neck and making strange noises like trying to gasp for air. Later on we found out her throat was closing quickly - she was allergic to peanuts. Instead of helping, we were killing her.

While everyone else froze in panic, the gentleman calmly rushed to the pharmacy and bought a three-hundred-dollar EpiPen. Personally, I don't know how he could afford that. However he ran as quickly as he could and injected it into her body. She gasped for air after a minute. She was confused but gladly alive.

Not long after, the paramedics arrived. They put her in the ambulance and sent her away. Before she was rolled into the ambulance, she whispered, 'thank you' to the gentleman. He just nodded, wiped the sweat from his forehead, and walked back to his stack of newspapers.

That night, I couldn't stop thinking about him. He was just an ordinary cleaner and newspaper seller. Thirty dollars was already too much for him, but he spent three hundred without a second thought — just to save a stranger's life. 'Why?' popped up in my head. He was truly a hero.

I learned that heroes don't need to be in special suits like policemen, doctors or firefighters. A hero could just be a poor man selling things, unseen. At the right moment, they shine like a true hero.

SHI YIFEI (2025-2026 1A)

The cleaner who saved my mid term day

The cleaner at my school, Mrs. Chan is an unsung hero. I will never forget her. she works in the hallway of our building and one small deed of hers changed the way I see kindness forever.

It was the Tuesday morning of the midterm exam week. I woke up late and ran to the MTR. I was trying to do my My Smart ABC when I was in the MTR, rushing to review the Math formulas. I was in such a hurry that I dropped my whole Math review book in a big puddle outside the station gate. The pages were all wet. The ink was smudged and I was panicking. I sat on the bench outside the school crying because I knew I could not study for the Math exam without the book. The other students just walked past me and no one stopped to help .



Then, Mrs. Chan came over with a clean towel. She didn't laugh at me. She took the wet book and dried the pages with the towel and said, "don't worry, I will put the pages under the fan in the staff room. Okay?" She then gave me the extra Math exercise book she kept for the students who forget theirs. She said, "You studied hard! The midterm exam will be okay."

When I finished the Math exam, I went to thank her. She just smiled and said school is not just for studying, it is also for people to help each other. Her small act taught me that kindness is not about being famous or rich. It is about stopping when someone is hurt even if you don't know them. Mrs. Chan didn't have to help me but she did. Now when I see students in trouble, I always stop just like she did. The world is better because of the small, quiet people like her.



JONG SING YU (2025-2026 2A)

The Shoemaker Who Wanted More Than Shoes

On a quiet street lived a shoemaker named Uncle Lam. He was not rich or famous. His tiny shop smelled of leather and glue. Every day, he sat on a low stool, fixing shoes for a few coins. No one called him a hero, but I learned that heroes don't always wear capes.

Uncle Lam's extraordinary deed began quietly. One rainy day, a boy named Ka Lok came with torn shoes. Tears mixed with rain on his face because his family could not afford new ones. Uncle Lam took the shoes, stitched the tears, and glued on new soles. When Ka Lok asked how much, Uncle Lam smiled. "No charge," he said. "A child should not walk barefoot in the rain."

Soon, more children from nearby subdivided flats came with broken shoes. Uncle Lam never asked for money. He used his own savings to buy leather and thread. At night, after fixing paying customers' shoes, he worked on the children's shoes by dim light. His fingers were calloused, yet his stitches were always neat.



One day, I asked him why. He said, "When I was young, I had no shoes. A stranger gave me a used pair. That changed my life. Now, I am that stranger for someone else. Kindness is not about how much you have. It's about what you give."

Over three years, Uncle Lam repaired over two hundred pairs of shoes for free. He never told anyone outside the neighborhood. But on cold mornings, children walked proudly in sturdy shoes, each pair carrying Uncle Lam's quiet love.

The lesson Uncle Lam left in my heart is this: You don't need to be great to do good. You only need to see a need and act. Uncle Lam taught me that kindness requires only two things: a willing heart and a pair of hands.

He changed our corner of the world not by shouting, but by stitching one shoe at a time.



YUE YAZHONG (2025-2026 3A)

An Inspiring Encounter

This is a story about a very ordinary taxi driver, so ordinary that naming one difference between him and other taxi drivers will be a very difficult task, but that's only for the ones who didn't get to know him. If you really spent your time, sat down, and talked with him, you will find yourself speaking to a smart, responsible and respectable person. What gave me the confidence to say this? Read the story, and you'll find out.

It was two years ago, I was enjoying my summer vacation back in my hometown, Henan. Lying on my bed, watching my iPad, and eating ice cream was what my days were like. Until finally, my dad decided that this just simply would not do. 'If you keep wasting your time like this, you'll find yourself fused with the bed!' That's what he said to me, and thankfully, I was smart enough to know that what my father said was completely true. 'You're right.' I said as I got up from my bed. 'We are going on a trip with the family, you need to "touch grass".' My father said with a genuinely worried tone.



So naturally, the next part of the story involves me and my family waiting for a taxi. After waiting for a few minutes, we got a taxi and started heading to the spot. The place we were heading to was Yexian, a small but beautiful city that's not too far away from my house but still has some distance. The driver was very quiet, he didn't play any music or the radio in the car, and the interior of the taxi was very clean. When we arrived at the ancient temple which was the tourist spot we were going to, there were tons of people so mom and dad left me in the car and went to buy tickets themselves. They were not worried about me being in the taxi alone, since the ticket booth was nearby. After 15 minutes or so, I got bored and they still had not come back, so I started chatting with the taxi driver. 'Hi! You wanna chat?' I said as I leaned forward to the front seat, it was very awkward and I noticed that, but I did not really have any other way to start. Surprisingly, he answered with a very friendly tone, 'Yeah, sure.'

So I started asking questions like 'Why did you want to be a taxi driver?' 'Because I liked car racing when I was a kid.' he replied. 'Why didn't you become a racing driver then?' I asked.



He laughed, then said, 'Well, not everyone can be a racing driver.' 'You need a lot of money for the training' . 'That made me a bit sad.' I replied. 'Why is that?' he asked. 'I've always wanted to be a biologist and go to every single country to study every single animal in the world, but now I think I just won't have enough money.' I said with a depressed tone. 'Listen here, kid.' Said the driver right after I finished my sentence. 'A dream doesn't need to be fulfilled to grant you happiness, I dreamed of being a racing driver, but I didn't manage to do that, and I'm pretty sure that I never will. But I still always watch car racing shows and that still makes me happy because I still love car racing.' Said the driver. 'So whether you can do it or not is not the point, but whether you still love it or not.' He added.

I was a bit lost with the sheer amount of information I just received, so I just sat there and stopped talking, until my parents came back two minutes later. As I stepped out of the taxi, I turned back and waved at the driver, he smiled and drove off. That day, I learned a valuable lesson, a dream isn't beautiful because it can make you money or something, it's beautiful because you chased it , loved it ,and changed your life with it.



SIU HOI CHING (2025-2026 4B)

Good People, Good Deeds

In your daily life, who is your hero? Family? Teachers? Or anyone you are familiar with? For me, the hero whose selfless deed changed the world around us, and taught me about the power of humanity with kindness is Mr. Choi, a science teacher when I was in Form I. Although he was just an ordinary person, his extraordinary deed, and the lesson I've learnt won't be forgotten in my heart.

In Secondary I, before we knew each other in this brand-new place, I got embarrassed when I had to communicate with others. During Science lesson, Mr. Choi introduced himself and assigned all of us into groups. One day, Mr. Choi told us to switch on the Bunsen Burner, which my groupmates could control by themselves.

However, I said cowardly, "It's my first time operating a Bunsen Burner, I'm terrified of burning my hands! Is anyone able to help me?" When I felt completely helpless, Mr. Choi taught me with patience and kindness, and gave me the courage to take the first step. At that moment, I felt such warmth from this, no one isolated me when I was having trouble pacing myself with my groupmates.

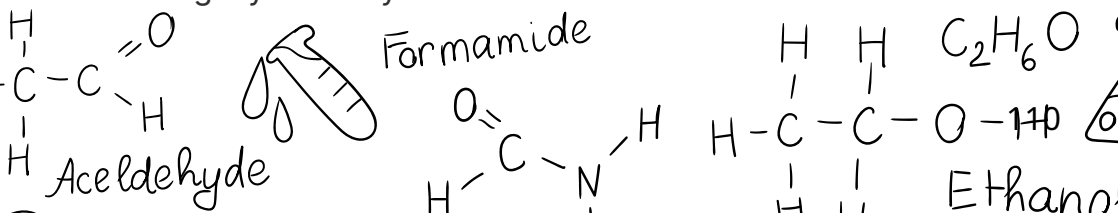
I didn't perform well in the exam, I was totally desperate and thought negatively about the result, still Mr. Choi comforted me tenderly, "Don't overthink it. Failure is just a lesson, not the end of the road. Our life is a journey, there will be numerous challenges in the future. Never stop striving for your dreams! No matter how tough it gets, fight until the end!" His encouragement inspired me to keep going, focus on my strength, and build tenacity in the face of adversity. He taught me the most significant lesson in my life even though I was going to give up in that moment.

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At the year-end award ceremony, many students and class teachers gathered in the school hall. However, it was also a farewell to Mr. Choi. When teacher emeritus was shown on the screen, my heart was filled with reluctance. I couldn't forget every moment with him in the junior secondary school period. They are my most precious memories. Although I didn't express my gratitude to him in person, I am truly grateful for having Mr. Choi as my science teacher in Form I. He encouraged all students to ask questions and never scolded anyone for making mistakes.

Last but not least, although Mr. Choi had retired with honor, his empathy, dedication, and patience, are the characteristics and traits I want to pass on. These are the legacy from my hero!



AU YAT WAI (2025-2026 5B)

The Warm Light of a Small Shopkeeper

'Ugh, I missed it! What can I do now?' I shrieked ferociously. 'If I had completed my work earlier, I wouldn't have missed it!'

On a rainy evening last winter, it was my last school day. I stood at the bus stop, shivering with cold and frustration. Unfortunately, the sky posed a furious face, and rain started pouring, with signs of lightning and thundering. What made me even more pessimistic was that my phone was dead, and my wallet was left in the classroom. The street was nearly empty, and the wind bit through my thin school uniform. I thought I would have to walk three kilometers in the rain, until a soft voice called out to me.

"Hey, kid, are you okay?"

I turned around without any hope, and saw Auntie Mei, the owner of the tiny convenience store at the corner. She was holding an umbrella, her hair dotted with raindrops. 'You look lost. Come in, get warm,' she whispered with a warming smile, pulling me into her shop without waiting for my reply.

Inside the small shop, there was a smell of hot tea and instant noodles. She sat me down softly, handed me a cup of warm ginger tea, and asked what had happened to me. When I explained, she didn't hesitate. 'Don't worry about the money. Let me call your mom first, then I'll get you something to eat.'

While she was on the phone, she heated a bowl of noodles for me. My tears couldn't help but run down my cheeks. I tried to thank her and offered to pay her back later, but she waved her hand. 'I've seen you passing by every day, always with a heavy schoolbag. You're just a kid, and this weather is terrible. Anyone would do the same.'

When my mom arrived an hour later, she insisted on paying for the food and the call; but Auntie Mei refused to take any money. 'Just promise me you'll stay safe next time,' she said with a kind-hearted smile. As we drove away, I looked back at the shop's warm yellow light, glowing like a little beacon in the dark rain.

At that moment, I realized that heroism is not always about grand gestures or famous people, like Iron Man, Spider Man, or Mister Fantastic. It is often about ordinary people like Auntie Mei, who choose kindness even when they don't have to. She does not know me, but she chooses to care for me. She does not expect anything in return, but she gives me warmth when I feel helpless.



This small act of kindness has changed how I see the world. It has taught me that humanity is a choice to help someone who is lost, so as to share a cup of tea with a stranger, to give one warmth without asking for anything back. Auntie Mei's light did not just keep me safe that night; it ignited a fire in my heart to help those in need. Now, whenever I see someone in need, I will become that light for them, just as what she did with me.

True goodness, I have learned, is not about being perfect or famous. It is about being present, being kind, and choosing to care about—even in the smallest ways. No matter how terribly you are entangled in, there is still somebody who would render help to you.



CHEN POK WA (2025-2026 5C)

The Quiet Hero in Our Neighbourhood

When I was little, I used to think heroes were the people in movies with capes, superpowers, and grand speeches. They were the ones who saved the world, fought monsters, and were cheered on by crowds. That all changed because of Uncle Ming, the grey-haired old man who runs the tiny, cluttered grocery store downstairs in our building.

Uncle Ming is quiet and keeps to himself. His shop is barely bigger than a closet, with shelves stacked high with instant noodles, canned soup, and dried herbs that smell like sun and rain. The floor creaks when you step on it, and the old fluorescent light flickers every ten minutes. Most people just rush in to grab what they need and leave without a second glance. But I know his secret.

It started last winter, on the coldest night of the year. The wind was howling outside, and the power went out suddenly in our entire building. The lights died, the heaters shut off, and the building plunged into darkness. Panic spread fast, especially among the elderly residents living alone. Without heat, the temperature in the hallways dropped fast, and the dark felt heavy and scary.



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Then, I saw Uncle Ming. He was wrapped in a frayed wool coat, carrying armfuls of candles, lighters, and small battery-powered lamps. He knocked on every door, one by one. For the elderly lady on the third floor who has trouble walking, he didn't just leave a candle – he lit her a small stove, made her a pot of hot ginger tea, and stayed to chat with her until her granddaughter arrived home. For the young single mum on the fifth floor with a crying baby, he gave her extra batteries for her phone and a warm blanket from his own shop. He even checked on the stray cats that live in the alley behind the building, leaving out bowls of warm rice and water for them. He never once complained, even when his hands turned red from the cold.

As the sun began to rise the next morning, the power finally flickered back to life. The building hummed with the sound of refrigerators and heaters restarting, but the atmosphere had changed. Most neighbors went back to their busy lives, but I noticed small things. The elderly lady from the third floor brought a plate of homemade dumplings down to the shop. The young mother left a "Thank you" card in the doorframe.

I walked into the store that afternoon. The floor still creaked, and the light still flickered, but the air felt warmer than ever. Uncle Ming looked up from his newspaper, gave me a small, humble nod, and went back to work. I realized then that a hero isn't defined by a cape or a spotlight. A hero is the person who brings light when the world goes dark, expecting nothing in return. From that day on, I started keeping an extra flashlight and some spare change in my bag, hoping that one day, I could be someone's Uncle Ming.



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