



### Space Trash: Why Does It Matter?

By Yuhao Yeh (5F)

*"I'm a rocketship on my way to Mars on a collision course, I'm a satellite, I'm out of control."*

— Queen, "Don't Stop Me Now"

A rocketship colliding in the middle of space while travelling to Mars – that makes no sense at all, right? If you think so, I hate to say it, but you're wrong.

Humans have been leaving junk in space since 1957, and the amount of space trash has soared with increasing human activity out there, starting with just over 2,600 pieces orbiting the Earth in the 1980s to over 130 million pieces in 2025, posing a huge threat to humanity. If space trash is not dealt with, the consequences could be not just detrimental but catastrophic.

Pieces of trash bump into each other more easily when there are more of them, each collision producing tiny fragments. These microscopic pieces continue to collide, resulting in a collision cascade. This phenomenon is known as Kessler Syndrome, and it is notorious for the harm it can cause to spacecraft. All this space debris acts like a barrier, endangering every spacecraft that passes through it. With that, the opportunity for humans to safely explore space is put at risk – how can we travel and explore the void if we can't even leave our planet safely?

Space trash will not only deter our ambitions in space, but also affect our lives on the ground. We tend to think that the atmosphere will always function as the final safeguard—most spacecraft do burn up during re-entry. But the chance of you waking up to the solar panel array of a Starliner at the end of your bed is not zero. An average of 80 pieces of debris survive re-entry and supersonically reach the ground on Earth every year.



**ClearSpace-1 in action**

Source: SpaceNews

Humans must've taken action to deal with this hazardous debris, right? Well we have, but not much. The limited action can be attributed to the public's low awareness and the cost required for organisations to take action. There are significant legal and physical implications around this issue.

To prevent the number of unused satellites in space from accumulating, the US Federal Aviation Administration has implemented a five-year rule, ordering all satellites to de-orbit within 5 years of decommission. A few organisations have also developed debris removal vehicles, like the European Space Agency's ClearSpace-1, which grabs defunct and retired satellites and safely

de-orbits them. Companies like Astroscale are also working on technologies that use magnetic capture systems to retrieve and remove non-functional satellites. These efforts aim to mitigate the growing problem of space debris, ensuring that Earth's orbital environment remains sustainable for future satellite operations and space exploration.

Space debris hinders our ability to explore deeper into space and poses significant risks to scientific discoveries and even lives on Earth. The next time you think about humanity's achievements in space, such as moon landings or spacewalks, take a moment to consider the junk we've left behind up there, and the ongoing threat it poses to everyone.



# My Experience with NotebookLM: Functions and Use Cases

*A refreshing alternative to ChatGPT and other AI-powered bots*

**By Matthew Lee (5A)**

Do you find it infuriating to use ChatGPT or Deepseek for revision because they constantly provide irrelevant or fabricated information? We've all experienced the same situation where we can't get the chatbot to provide what we need. NotebookLM is worth a shot if this is the case.

## **Overview**

NotebookLM, a free generative AI provided by Google (subscription available) and powered by Gemini has multiple purposes, ranging from revision to research. Unlike ChatGPT, NotebookLM requires users to provide their own sources, such as texts, PDFs, or webpages, and extracts relevant information from them to answer users' queries. It doesn't answer questions based on its pre-trained database, eliminating the risks of providing irrelevant or false information, as answers are based purely on provided sources. Currently, NotebookLM supports both English and Chinese (Simplified and Traditional), but you'll need a VPN to access it since it's not officially available in Hong Kong.

## **Functions**

**Question Answering:** You can provide prompts or ask questions related to the sources you provided. NotebookLM can then generate a succinct or detailed response according to your requirements, while citing the source of its answers, largely preventing AI hallucination, which we all fear.

**Timeline generation:** This is especially useful for users whose sources include events in chronological order. For books, NotebookLM automatically summarises the sequence of events, making following the gist of the story effortless. Since I chose History as my elective subject, NotebookLM also helps me summarise the order of historical events, greatly reducing the time I would spend sorting them out by hand.

**FAQs:** This function automatically generates short questions related to your sources, and it comes in handy when you're trying to study and want to test your understanding.

**Audio Overview:** Out of all the functions NotebookLM provides, I found this the most interesting and useful. Based on the sources you provided, and with the click of a button, NotebookLM generates a podcast within minutes. Two hosts talking about the content on your upcoming tests and exams — isn't this just great? You can download and listen to the podcast while commuting, allowing you to passively consolidate your memory and reducing the time you'll need to revise at your desk. What's more, this podcast is interactive, meaning you can join the conversation and ask questions to the two hosts, as if you were asking a teacher. They'll give unique responses for every question.

## **Personal Experience**

I've used it on multiple occasions, including preparing for a History test and a book sharing. For the test, I generated a few podcasts to deepen my understanding of the factors and impacts of various historical events. The two podcast hosts were informative and had a multifaceted analysis of historical events, greatly increasing my grasp of the content. For the book sharing, I asked NotebookLM to generate questions based on the book to ensure I retained important details, allowing me to answer questions from the audience confidently.

## **Conclusion**

All in all, I strongly encourage you to try out NotebookLM. We—especially junior form students—often receive digital notes from our teachers, so using NotebookLM to assist your revision will undoubtedly increase your productivity and save you valuable time.



# Experiences in Western Europe – Britain and France

By Samuel Tse (4B) and Joshua So (5F)

London is the first ever place I visited in Europe.

I can still remember the unique charm of London's neighbourhoods. An early morning stroll took me to uptown South Kensington. Red brick houses stretched along the entire street. Snow white trims adorned every part of the houses— the windows, the balconies and the pillars— standing out against the dark brown bricks. They dated back to Victorian times, yet they didn't seem old; their colours seemed to have never faltered— no sign of paint peeling, no sign of discoloured walls.

I had often been told how glorious these historic buildings were, and having now experienced them first hand, I can attest that they are indeed nothing short of the magnificence I had anticipated. The architectural grandeur of Westminster Abbey was particularly amazing. Intricate carvings on the stone facade exuded a pale, weathered glow; the pointed arches of the grand doorways stood in silence and the Gothic spires pierced the sky. The chimes of nearby Big Ben echoed across the Abbey.

Sacred, just sacred, I murmured under my breath.

We've all encountered the stereotypes of the French and of Parisians — that they're rude and will frown upon you if you try to speak a word of French—or if you don't! Countless blogs and articles characterise the country and its most famous city as overrated tourist destinations. My experience, however, couldn't have been more different.

In August 2024, I travelled to France with my parents, who didn't speak a word of French. Whenever my parents spoke English, the waiter or shopkeeper would indeed scowl akin to the stereotypes on the Internet, but, if I spoke French, people's faces lit up, and the tone of the conversation immediately warmed. Soon, I discovered that something as simple as "bonjour" would be enough for the locals. No matter how bad my grammar or accent was, they were thrilled to see foreigners attempt to communicate with them in their language.

When we visited the quaint French town of Honfleur, the hotel receptionist spoke to me for an hour, happily switching between French and English whenever the French got too hard for me— something I had obviously never expected, given the alleged hostility of the French to non-francophones. During this one conversation, I picked up so much French vocab and grammar, and even learnt a little about French politics and the structure of the French Government. I learnt that just a little effort at the local language goes a long way.



## Globalisation

### Communication, Cooperation, and Connection Across Nations

By Brian Cheng (5C)

Globalisation has emerged as a buzzword nowadays, appearing in newspapers, on corporate websites, and even in university brochures. But what exactly is globalisation and how does it influence our everyday life?

Globalisation refers to the merging of various social fields across the globe, like technological innovation and cultural exchange, which normalises and accelerates international communication, cooperation, and connection. Globalisation affects us far more than we might imagine; it changes the food we eat and the products we purchase. In this article, let's explore several highly-globalised fields that are obviously relevant to us.



## **Transportation Transformation and Communication Connection**

Transportation and communication are the foundations of globalisation. Some believe that globalisation started as early as 2000 years ago, when the Silk Road connected different countries by trading their local goods, allowing one civilisation to reach and interact with another. As the transportation and communication industries grow, globalisation becomes more prevalent, which in turn boosts these industries, creating a relentless positive feedback cycle. This has, in turn, resulted in thriving aviation and shipping industries, complex and highly efficient international transportation networks, and rapid advancement in communication technology.



**The Silk Road, which was said to be the start of globalisation**

Source: English Plus

Globalisation in transportation has delivered us unprecedented convenience. An arduous voyage that once took weeks can these days be done in a day, and overseas goods can be shipped to our front doors in mere days. Globalisation in communication has allowed global citizens to be connected like never before. We can search for any information online whenever we like. Development of different communication platforms allows us to chat online, make phone calls, conduct virtual conferences, and communicate without geographic boundaries.

## **Food Fusion**

The first question many of us ask when deciding what to have for lunch might be “which cuisine would I prefer?”, but back in the past, this would have been an impossible question to ask, as multinational cuisine did not exist. Yes, the McDonald’s and Sushiros near your home are products of globalisation. These multinational companies have brought foreign food culture to our local societies. The emergence of fusion cuisine by mixing multiple cuisines in a dish shows the cohesion between cuisines of different cultures—another characteristic of globalisation.



**Sushiro, a Japanese restaurant chain, has more than 30 shops open in Hong Kong**

Source: Sushiro HK

## **Global Groceries**

Purchasing exotic products is no longer ‘fancy’. By pressing a few buttons on Amazon, eBay or Taobao, we buy products from far-flung places and transfer them to our homes within days. In the bricks-and-mortar world too, in shopping malls and supermarkets, foreign brands and goods are ubiquitous.

To the global economy, this phenomenon is extremely beneficial. Booming global trade lets capital and goods flow between countries without hindrance, generating profits and growth for the global market.

For everyday citizens, this phenomenon opens doors to a wider range of products and services, improving living standards and consumption intentions. It also creates job opportunities as large global companies set up offices and employ locals to manage their local businesses.

Globalisation is an irreversible 21st century phenomenon, bringing people across the world much closer, permeating and shaping every aspect of our lives. We must capitalise on globalisation to build a more connected, cohesive, and inclusive global society.



# Story Zone

When orchids brighten the earth,  
Darkest winter has turned to spring;  
May this dark grief flower with hope  
In every heart that loves you.

- On the Death of the Beloved by John O'Donohue

## Mother

By Jayden Lee (5C) and Harry Wong (5F)

A fluorescent hue filled the room, devoid of life, the only sound coming from the faint beep of a heart monitor. His mother lay motionless on the hospital bed. Her breath faint, her heart beating, her eyes closed, a body that functions but no longer feels. She was there, yet she wasn't. Jason sat down beside her, staring into that pale face, a silent tear trickling down his own.

"Why... why must you go so early?" His words echoed across the room, soft and ragged, but to no reply.

The scene from the afternoon replayed endlessly, the car ride to the mall, the screeching tyres, the fear in his mother's eyes as she shoved him to safety—it wouldn't stop. It just wouldn't stop. Jason buried his face in his palms. They were cold, colder than the nights he spent at his desk, revising in the dead of night. Back then, his mother would always bring him a cup of hot chocolate, or tuck him in when he inevitably fell asleep. Now, she never would. Tears streamed down his face, running like a river to the ocean, and he let them fall, drifting into sleep beside her body.

"Wake up, sleepyhead!"

That was the first thing he heard when he came back to his senses. He took a long hard look at his mother once again, the same person who was cold a moment ago. A quick glance around his surroundings revealed that, instead of the cold, lifeless hospital, he had returned to his bedroom.

"What're you looking all confused fo—"

Before his mother could finish the sentence, Jason leapt forward to hold her in his embrace, tears filling his eyes.

"Hey now, what's gotten into you? Did you have a nightmare?"

His hands shivered, his eyes fixed on what he thought he had lost. Jason opened his mouth, but no words came out.

"Come on now, we don't have all day! How about I get you a treat from the mall to cheer you up?" His mother's words, soft as an embrace, brought him back to reality. He climbed into the car, and they sped off with a weird sense of déjà vu.

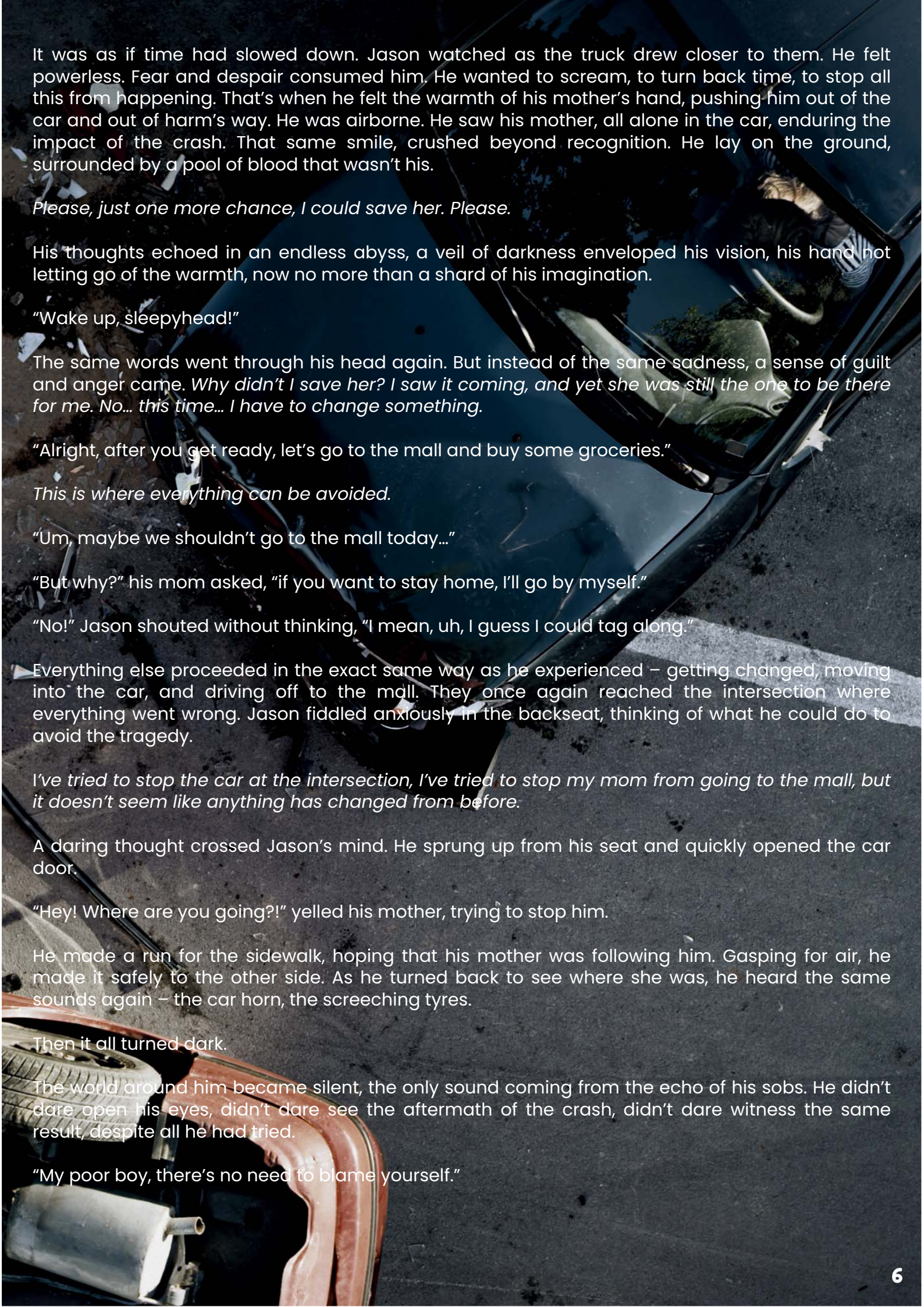
They drove to a stop at an all-too-familiar intersection. Fragments of a vivid memory that felt like a dream flooded into his mind. A blaring truck horn, the sound of tires screeching, and the pool of crimson red blood.

*No...no...no!* Jason realized what was going on— these "memories" weren't a bad dream, they were glimpses of the future.

"Mom! Stop!" Jason yelled, just as the light flashed green. The car came to a screeching halt, as its passengers watched a semi speeding into the intersection from the right.

"That was close!" said his mother, as she turned to check on her son. What she didn't realize, her back turned, was that the truck had slammed on its brakes, a manoeuvre that resulted in a complete change of its direction. That's when Jason heard it all over again— the truck horn, the skidding tyres.





It was as if time had slowed down. Jason watched as the truck drew closer to them. He felt powerless. Fear and despair consumed him. He wanted to scream, to turn back time, to stop all this from happening. That's when he felt the warmth of his mother's hand, pushing him out of the car and out of harm's way. He was airborne. He saw his mother, all alone in the car, enduring the impact of the crash. That same smile, crushed beyond recognition. He lay on the ground, surrounded by a pool of blood that wasn't his.

*Please, just one more chance, I could save her. Please.*

His thoughts echoed in an endless abyss, a veil of darkness enveloped his vision, his hand not letting go of the warmth, now no more than a shard of his imagination.

"Wake up, sleepyhead!"

The same words went through his head again. But instead of the same sadness, a sense of guilt and anger came. *Why didn't I save her? I saw it coming, and yet she was still the one to be there for me. No... this time... I have to change something.*

"Alright, after you get ready, let's go to the mall and buy some groceries."

*This is where everything can be avoided.*

"Um, maybe we shouldn't go to the mall today..."

"But why?" his mom asked, "if you want to stay home, I'll go by myself."

"No!" Jason shouted without thinking, "I mean, uh, I guess I could tag along."

Everything else proceeded in the exact same way as he experienced – getting changed, moving into the car, and driving off to the mall. They once again reached the intersection where everything went wrong. Jason fiddled anxiously in the backseat, thinking of what he could do to avoid the tragedy.

*I've tried to stop the car at the intersection, I've tried to stop my mom from going to the mall, but it doesn't seem like anything has changed from before.*

A daring thought crossed Jason's mind. He sprung up from his seat and quickly opened the car door.

"Hey! Where are you going?!" yelled his mother, trying to stop him.

He made a run for the sidewalk, hoping that his mother was following him. Gasping for air, he made it safely to the other side. As he turned back to see where she was, he heard the same sounds again – the car horn, the screeching tyres.

Then it all turned dark.

The world around him became silent, the only sound coming from the echo of his sobs. He didn't dare open his eyes, didn't dare see the aftermath of the crash, didn't dare witness the same result, despite all he had tried.

"My poor boy, there's no need to blame yourself."



Jason's heart froze, his mind racing through all the possibilities. I've gone insane, this can't be happening. Slowly, reluctantly, he opened his eyes after what seemed like eternity. He was in a dark room, a collage of photos lay lifeless in a corner; photos of him and his mother. And there she was, a ghostly figure hovering over the photos, wearing the same soft smile he had known for his whole life, looking at him.

She drifted over, her translucent body looking frail as ever, and they locked in a tight embrace, a bridge between the living and the dead. Her arms wrapped around him, light as a feather, just as they always had. Her body was cold as stone, yet, at the very moment, Jason felt a sense of warmth spreading through his heart. Something he thought was lost forever. He didn't want to leave, he didn't want to lose her again, but finally his mother let go.

"Just give me one more chance, I can save you, I can...", the words got caught in his throat, he wanted to say he was sorry, that he could change the inevitable fate, but deep down he knew it was impossible. He couldn't tell himself that same lie.

His mother watched with apologetic eyes. There was a moment of silence, and then she spoke, a gentle voice brushing his ears, her hands soothing his. "You are the best son I could've ever asked for and I'm sorry I have to leave so soon. I'm sorry I won't be there when you get into university, or when you marry and have my grandchildren, but don't berate yourself, it's not your fault. Think of all the years we've spent together, the laughter we've shared, the times you've come to me crying after being pushed at the park."

Moments flashed before his eyes. He had nearly forgotten them, those blissful moments of his childhood.

"Promise me one thing – remember me by the joy we've had. Not in vain, not in agony, not in guilt, just by all the fond memories, free from the pain you're currently in."

Jason looked at the ground, his body trembling like the kid he once was, he knew what he had to do. His gaze landed on his mother's hands, small and boney, but comforting his own as always. He lifted his head, holding back the tears, and released his hands from hers. As suddenly as she had appeared, the figure of his mother began to fade. She became paler, not the sickening kind, but in the way a whiff of smoke fades into the night sky. First the hands and feet, then the torso, and lastly, the smile that had guided him through every rough decision. And she was gone.

The room was empty again, all that was left were the photos, now scattered on the floor. In the depths of Jason's heart, there was grief, there was sorrow, and now, there was acceptance. He looked at the photos, at memories forever encased within the layers of ink, took a deep breath, and let the floodgates open. Only this time, the tears tasted bittersweet.

When Jason woke up, he was back in the hospital room. Rays of sunlight seeped in through the gaps in the curtains, breathing life into the once lifeless room. He stood up from his chair, walked to the window, pulled back the curtains, and stuck his head out into the cool winter air. Jason shivered.

He no longer heard the beep of the heart monitor, his mother had passed away in her sleep. As if hearing his thoughts, a golden gleam penetrated the layers of evergreens, illuminating the windowsill Jason lay on, filling his heart with a familiar sense of apricity—a word she had taught him—soothing him as she once had.

*Thank you mom, for everything.*



# The Mirror That Showed the Truth

By Maverix Poon (4F)

This mirror was unlike any other in the shop. Its frame was blackened with age, the glass slightly warped and bent, as if it had witnessed centuries of untold secrets. Natasha found it hidden in the corner of a dusty antique store on a rainy afternoon. Her eyes were eerily drawn to it despite its unassuming, artless appearance.

"Careful with that one, Miss," the shopkeeper murmured. "It doesn't show what's on the outside. It shows what's inside—funny, isn't it?"

Natasha laughed nervously, assuming it was just a witty sales pitch. However, she bought it without thinking twice, believing it might add some character to her mundane dorm room back at medical school.

While she was hanging it on her wall, she noticed something strange—so strange that her face turned pale.

Her reflection wasn't quite right.

At first, the differences were subtle. When she smiled, her reflection frowned instead. When she turned away, the image lingered for a moment longer than it should have. Over the next few days, the changes became more noticeable. The face staring back at her was still hers, but it became distorted—its eyes were hollow, and its expressions were sorrowful and melancholic.

The mirror seemed to reflect her inner turmoil. Natasha spent her days acting fine when she was indeed "not fine," as she had to handle the immense stress from her friends and professors. She was tortured by the never-ending classes, exhausting part-time jobs, and a social life that felt increasingly overwhelming, draining her last reserves of energy. The mirror knew all of her deepest secrets. It displayed the late nights spent studying that were her most depressing moments, the constant self-doubt that crept in during silent moments, and the times she screamed into her pillow, overwhelmed by loneliness.

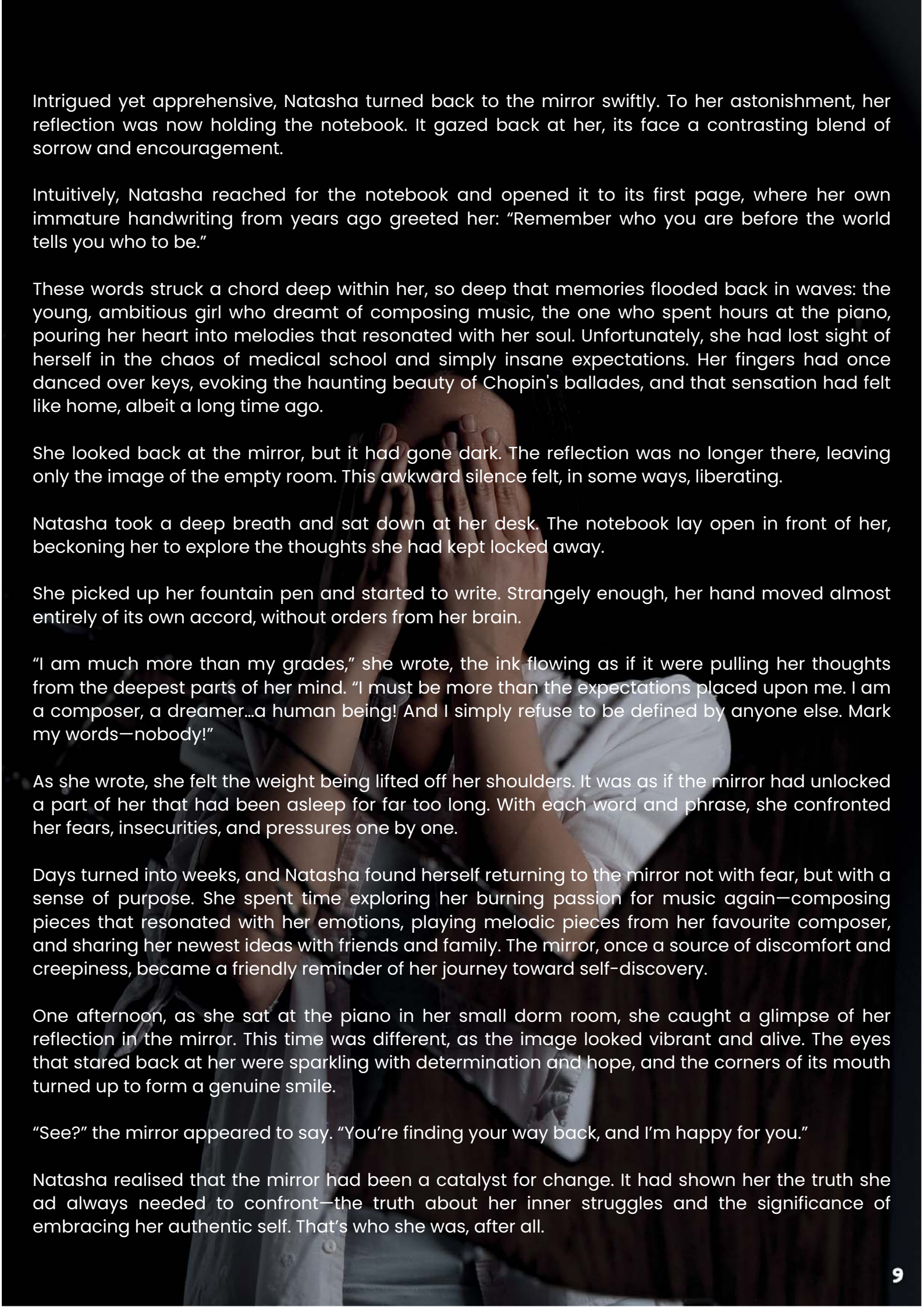
Each time she glanced at the mirror, it showed her what she was trying to hide: the skipped lunches and dinners, the tears she shed in the shower, and the sheer emptiness and guilt behind her forced smiles in front of others. The reflection was like a dark echo of her inner struggles, unsettling her greatly.

One evening, after a gruelling mid-semester exam, Natasha stood in front of the mirror with tears streaming uncontrollably down her face. Being a medical student who had always aced her grades, the weight of her own expectations felt almost unbearable, as if she was drowning, with the water level rising after each exam.

"Seriously! What do you want from me?" she whispered, her voice was hoarse, almost cracking under the weight of her own emotions.

The reflection did not give a verbal response. Instead, it raised its hand and pointed toward her desk. Confused, Natasha turned to see it cluttered with textbooks, half-finished assignments, and a notebook—a notebook she had filled with her fears, frustrations, but most importantly, her dreams.



A person with dark hair, wearing a white button-down shirt, is shown from the chest up. Their hands are pressed against a dark, reflective surface, likely a mirror. The background is dark and out of focus.

Intrigued yet apprehensive, Natasha turned back to the mirror swiftly. To her astonishment, her reflection was now holding the notebook. It gazed back at her, its face a contrasting blend of sorrow and encouragement.

Intuitively, Natasha reached for the notebook and opened it to its first page, where her own immature handwriting from years ago greeted her: "Remember who you are before the world tells you who to be."

These words struck a chord deep within her, so deep that memories flooded back in waves: the young, ambitious girl who dreamt of composing music, the one who spent hours at the piano, pouring her heart into melodies that resonated with her soul. Unfortunately, she had lost sight of herself in the chaos of medical school and simply insane expectations. Her fingers had once danced over keys, evoking the haunting beauty of Chopin's ballades, and that sensation had felt like home, albeit a long time ago.

She looked back at the mirror, but it had gone dark. The reflection was no longer there, leaving only the image of the empty room. This awkward silence felt, in some ways, liberating.

Natasha took a deep breath and sat down at her desk. The notebook lay open in front of her, beckoning her to explore the thoughts she had kept locked away.

She picked up her fountain pen and started to write. Strangely enough, her hand moved almost entirely of its own accord, without orders from her brain.

"I am much more than my grades," she wrote, the ink flowing as if it were pulling her thoughts from the deepest parts of her mind. "I must be more than the expectations placed upon me. I am a composer, a dreamer...a human being! And I simply refuse to be defined by anyone else. Mark my words—nobody!"

As she wrote, she felt the weight being lifted off her shoulders. It was as if the mirror had unlocked a part of her that had been asleep for far too long. With each word and phrase, she confronted her fears, insecurities, and pressures one by one.

Days turned into weeks, and Natasha found herself returning to the mirror not with fear, but with a sense of purpose. She spent time exploring her burning passion for music again—composing pieces that resonated with her emotions, playing melodic pieces from her favourite composer, and sharing her newest ideas with friends and family. The mirror, once a source of discomfort and creepiness, became a friendly reminder of her journey toward self-discovery.

One afternoon, as she sat at the piano in her small dorm room, she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror. This time was different, as the image looked vibrant and alive. The eyes that stared back at her were sparkling with determination and hope, and the corners of its mouth turned up to form a genuine smile.

"See?" the mirror appeared to say. "You're finding your way back, and I'm happy for you."

Natasha realised that the mirror had been a catalyst for change. It had shown her the truth she had always needed to confront—the truth about her inner struggles and the significance of embracing her authentic self. That's who she was, after all.



A few days passed. One evening, she stood in front of the mirror and spoke aloud with confidence, "I am finally worthy of pursuing my dreams!"

But as she spoke, the mirror began to shimmer ominously. An unsettling feeling washed over her. Her image started to distort until it faded into hazy shadows. A chill crept down her spine as she noticed the expression on her doppelgänger's face shift from genuine encouragement to something much darker.

It seemed to pulse and vibrate vigorously, as if it was alive. Natasha couldn't look away, so she stepped closer, with a sense of astonishment mingling with curiosity. The reflection whispered, "What are you willing to sacrifice to find your true self?"

The question lingered in the air, heavy and haunting. She felt her heart race rapidly, with no signs of calming down. Was it asking about her dreams? Her sanity? The very essence of who she was? Such questions looped at the back of her mind.

Her room became colder, and the shadows within the mirror deepened. The reflection began to morph, shifting through images of her past—moments of sheer delight intertwined with utter despair, laughter overshadowed by tears. Each image felt like a cruel reminder of what she had endured and what she still faced, or even worse, what she would continue to face even if she found her true self.

As Natasha stood frozen like a lifeless statue, the mirror's surface rippled again, revealing a glimpse of a future not yet written. She saw herself on stage, pouring her heart into a performance, but the applause was drowned out by a cacophony of voices—doubts, fears, and expectations. It showed her that whether she embarked on the journey to find her true self or not, those foes would always be with her, constantly launching stealthy attacks.

"Can you withstand the weight of your truth?" the mirror hissed softly.

Natasha stepped back, her breath quickening. She realized that the mirror was not merely a reflection; it was a gateway to the depths of her soul, revealing the cost of self-discovery. It was not a gift; it was a transaction.

With a trembling hand, she reached out to the mirror's frame. The room felt alive with possibility, the genuine joy that had sparkled in it for the past few days now heavy due to the recent changes in her reflection.

"Tell me, who am I?" she whispered, the question lingered in the air, shaping itself into a dissonant melody, unlike the ones she adored.

The mirror darkened once again, swallowing her reflection entirely. The room fell silent abruptly, and she stood alone. Holding her breath, she found herself caught between the girl she had been and the one she longed to become.

In that moment, she understood that the path to self-discovery was laden with uncertainty and sacrifice. The mirror had shown her that finding oneself means confronting uncomfortable truths and accepting the shadows that come with the light.

As she turned away, she couldn't shake off the feeling that the mirror was still watching, waiting for her to return. The echo of the mirror's final question lingered in her mind, a melancholic reminder that stuck with Natasha as she strove to become herself.



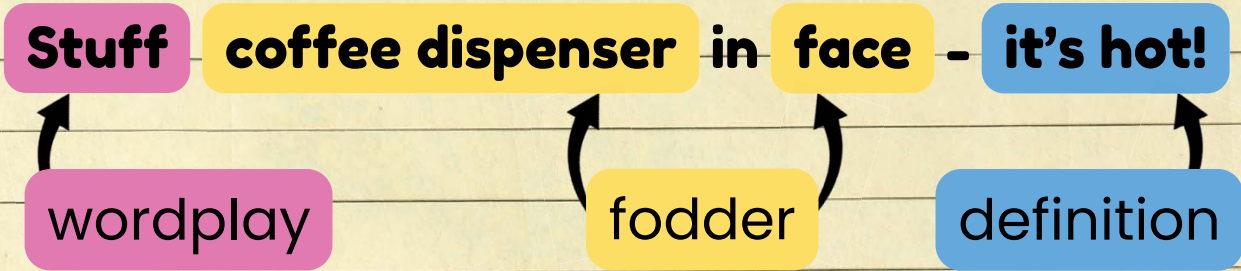
Natasha realized that true freedom lies not in the absence of struggle, but in the courage and audacity to embrace one's authentic self, shadows and all. As she stepped away, she murmured, to herself? To the mirror? To the room? She wasn't sure, yet she said, "To know oneself is to dance with the darkness. Embrace it with all you've got, and only then shall we truly shine."

# Brain Teaser

## Cryptic Crosswords

By Linus Chik (5F) and Chris Wang (5F)

Cryptic crosswords is a little bit different from normal crosswords. Each clue is a riddle carefully crafted with wordplay, which requires deciphering and little bit more thinking. For example:



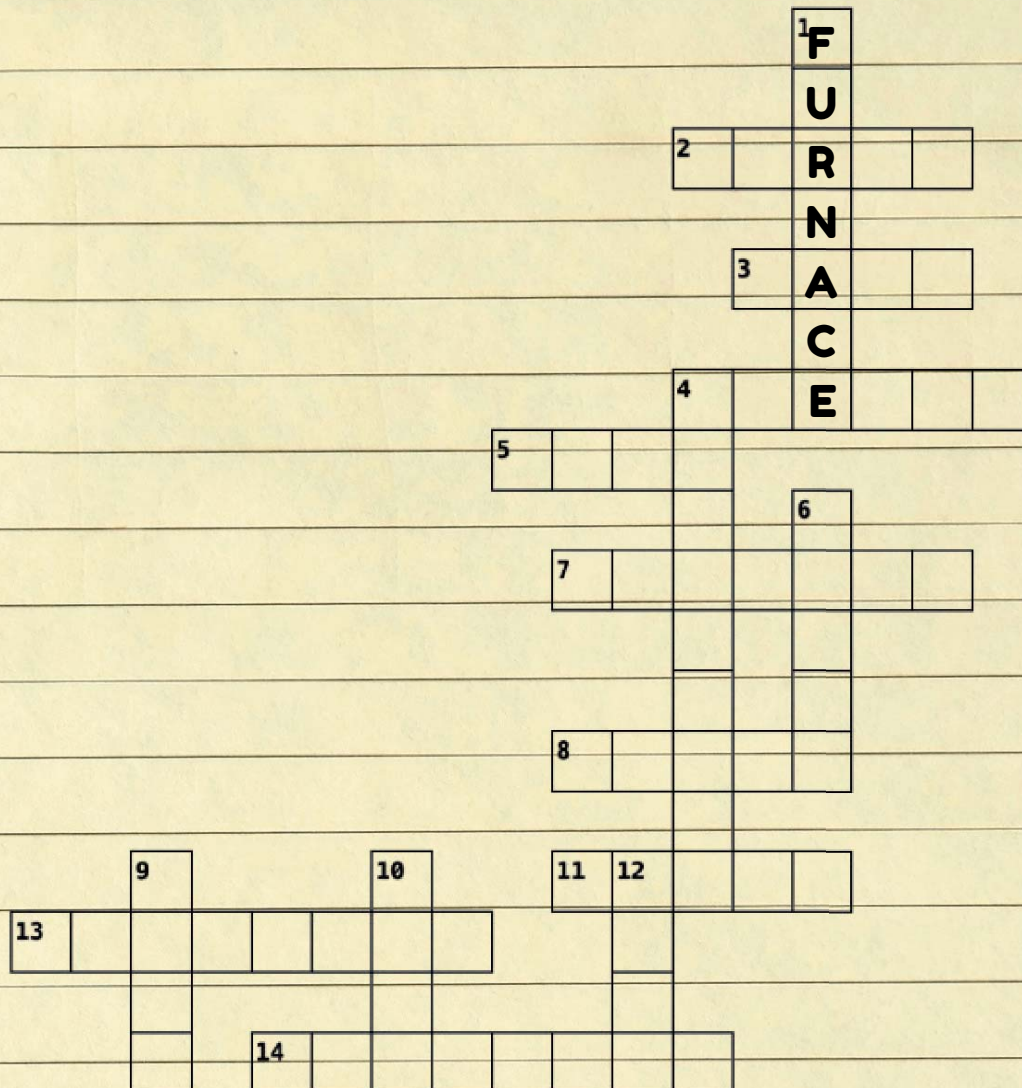
We have to modify the fodder according to the wordplay until we get something the definition can describe. Here, we first need to find a synonym for "coffee dispenser" - "urn" and stuff it into the word "face", resulting in "furnace" - something that is hot!

Now it's your turn to try. The definitions of the clues are in **bold**.

ACROSS	DOWN
2. There - dancing <b>character in "M3GAN"???</b>	1. <i>Stuff coffee dispenser in face</i> - <b>it's hot</b>
3. Dear leader confines <b>member of nobility</b>	4. <b>Politicians such as Kamala Harris and Joe Biden</b> sent up in TriStar-comedy
4. <b>Smart</b> part of Padre's system	6. It appears after regularly adding <b>a number</b>
5. <b>One of Hawaii's many</b> redistributed leis	9. Hawaiian-greeting backfiring without a <b>Spanish greeting</b>
7. <b>Feeling</b> unusually on time after snagging bagel	10. Drowsier after regularly dropping <b>amount of medication</b>
8. <b>Beer's ingredient:</b> yellow teas stirred	12. <b>Instrument</b> regularly got broken
11. Rose after the start, interrupting my <b>stroll</b>	
13. Doctor with opinion after fifth cancelled <b>visit</b>	
14. <b>Check on</b> misshapen ears, feet	



1. FURNACE  
2. THREE  
3. EARL  
4. DEMOCRATS  
5. ISLE  
6. DIGIT  
7. EMOTION  
8. YEAST  
9. HOLA  
10. DOSE  
11. MOSEY  
12. OBOE  
13. DROP IN ON  
14. SEEAFTER



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4B Tse Shing Yau, 4B Wong Pak Yin, 4F Chui Cheuk Kiu Isaac

4F Poon Zi Long, 5A Lee Sung Hei Matthew, 5C Cheng Chun Kit

5C Lee Hei Yui, 5C Lee Ho Ting, 5F Chik Kin Hei

5F So Joshua Chun Him, 5F Wang Chris Sen Yu, 5F Wong Pak Hei

5F Yeh Yuhao, 5F Yim Wai Lun Warren

**Chief Teacher Adviser:** Miss Yu Ka Yan, Florence

### Teacher Advisers:

Miss Hui Ming Yee, Lisa

Mr. Lo Chin Lam, Roger

Mr. Stephen Woods

Miss Lee Yun Yun, Tracy

Mr. Kan Kevin

Miss Arshu Thapa Magar



## 看見看不見

## ——聖保羅書院視障學生訪談

中三甲賴裕東 中三丙魏子欽 中三戊傅泰元

視覺障礙學生——一個大家「耳熟但未能詳」的群體，甚至部份人可能對他們存在誤解。本校自1970年代開始接收視覺障礙學生，他們大多數來自心光盲人院暨學校，至本年度已經錄取近50名視障學生。而本校更於2007年為香港首位視障教師提供實習機會，實為融合教育的先驅。

為了更深入了解視障學生在學習、升學就業方面的情況，本報邀請到兩位視障學生接受訪問，分別為五甲班的鄭資同學及校友楊展匡先生。

### 學習的困難

鄭同學表示，需要經常閱讀或繪製圖表的學科，可能對於主流學生比較容易，但是視障學生往往需要用大量時間去閱讀或繪製圖表。在繪製時，要使用特定的膠片去令紙張出現凹凸，繼而用手撫過，檢查方向。為了在測考時準時完成，平日亦需要多練習繪圖技巧，以達至「熟能生巧」，兼具速度和準確度。

楊師兄則表示高中的數學其中一個課題是與三維立體角度有關，視障學生比較難去理解。一些常見的問題可以通過「死記」去解決，但到文憑試的時候，一定有題目是平日不曾接觸過的，只能「技術性」放棄此部分的分數。



鄭資同學(圖左)與本報編輯合照

### 特別的教材

鄭同學表示，他的視障情況不算太嚴重，只需要將學習材料放大至四開紙(A3)的尺寸已經可以閱讀，而且在近年電子化教學普及下，越來越多教材有電子版，視障同學能利用電子器材輔助學習，對視障同學來說更為方便。



## 和心光學校的分別

楊師兄表示，兩者學習環境大為不同。心光學校的規模比主流學校小，一班只有十到十二個同學，而且同學大多都是視障學生，因此老師的支援比較有針對性。若是從支援力度方面來看，本校悠久的融合教育歷史令其支援比其他學校更為充足，但與特殊學校仍有一定距離。

## 考試的安排

鄭同學表示，因為視障同學的閱讀速度較慢，而且閱讀圖表方面十分耗時，因此會有比一般學生多一倍的時間作答，但其實仍不太充裕。視障同學也可以選擇使用電腦或點字機作答，而非傳統的紙筆模式。他們亦不會像一般同學在禮堂裏應考，而是到心光學校等專屬的考場。

## 生涯規劃

楊師兄表示，聖保羅書院相較其他學校開放得多，無論視障同學選擇哪一個選修科，老師都會盡力配合及提供支援，幫助他們理解不同的課題。但據他所知，有些心光學校的同學轉到其他主流學校後被刁難，有老師嘗試向視障同學施壓，希望他們放棄「無法勝任」的理工科目。



楊展匡師兄(灰衣)與本報編輯合照

另一方面，視障學生亦需提早作準備，去應付升學就業及未來的生活。一般同學很可能到大學才選定發展方向，但作為視障人士，本已「輸在起跑線」，因此需要在中學的時候作出計劃，甚至積極參與實習才能避免落後於人。

## 對社會的寄望

楊師兄表示社會普遍認為視障學生應集中精神在學業上，不需要耗費時間參與課外活動，因此政府大部分支援只停留於學術上，這令不少視障同學的發展被束縛，較難去找到合適自己的課外活動，拓展自我。他希望政府可以進一步提高視障學生課外活動方面的支援。

鄭同學則表示社會上仍有不少人對視障人士有偏見或誤解，認為視障人士不能從事科創行業，例如資訊科技或人工智能，甚至歧視視障人士，認為他們應該從事按摩等工作。他認為政府需要繼續加強公共教育，向大眾傳達正確的觀念。

小編期望通過本次訪問，讓更多人了解到視障學生的困境和需要，無論在相處、學習上能體諒及理解，而不是戴著有色眼鏡或誤解去看待他們。同時亦希望政府能在高等教育及就業方面多作支援，社會各界包容接納，達至共融、和諧的理想環境。



# 學會新面目：專訪新學會會長

中四丙陳鈞澤 中四戊曾梓朗

## 前言

相信各位同學在這一年裏，參加了大大小小的學會活動，但大家有沒有留意到，本年度學生會新增了十五個全新的學會？本報訪問了三位新學會會長，讓一眾同學也來了解營運新學會的經歷，一同感受每項精彩的活動背後，學會上上下下的堅持和努力。

## 廣東歌學會 — 中四丁賴雋銘

### 有甚麼契機促使你成立廣東歌學會？

不少廣東歌的歌詞能夠振奮人心或者改變一個人的決定，可惜廣東歌在學校的傳播度不算高，所以我希望借此推廣廣東歌，使更多人能夠接觸到廣東歌。加上我身邊也有一群喜愛廣東歌的朋友，大家一拍即合，決定一同創立這個前所未有的學會。



照片來源：聖保羅書院廣東歌學會社交媒體

### 在任期間，你覺得最具挑戰的是什麼？

我們在創立初期時，不太肯定廣東歌受眾多寡，也不知道同學會否對廣東歌感興趣。同時我們亦擔憂沒有人回應我們的推廣活動，例如：看到廣東歌學會的社交媒體影片流量出現了大幅下降的趨勢，我們便會盡快尋找解決辦法——改變上傳影片的時間，以繼續吸引大家觀看及留意廣東歌學會的消息。

### 過去一年中，最讓你印象深刻的學會活動是哪一次？為什麼？

最令我印象深刻的學會活動莫過於與輔導學會合辦的「身心健康日」。因為我們這個學會今年才成立，而「身心健康日」一直以來都是由輔導學會一手包辦，所以我們很珍惜這次合作機會。我們和輔導學會的幹事由一月開始計劃活動，例如：準備禮物、討論活動細節、以及相關推廣，前前後後籌劃了三個月。

這次活動讓我感受相當深刻的原因是，活動的對象不限於自己學會的會員，而是全校的每一份子。另外，因為不少師生欣賞學會設計富有廣東歌特色的文件夾、鑰匙圈以及所籌備的活動，不僅令學會的知名度大為提升，亦是對我們一直以來努力付出的肯定。

### 對學會的未來發展有什麼計劃或願景？

我們希望有機會在六月或七月的時候邀請到廣東歌歌手到本校作交流，讓同學能在考試後紓解學習的壓力，共同走入廣東歌的世界。而下年度我們期望能夠舉辦更多與廣東歌相關的活動。同時，在社交平台方面，我們除了輯錄廣東歌的音樂影片外，也會作其他新嘗試，例如自己拍攝影片等，請大家來年繼續支持廣東歌學會。



## 動漫學會 — 中三甲馮晞揚

### 有甚麼契機促使你成立動漫學會？

其實成立動漫學會是一個很偶然的決定。在學期初的時候，我跟現時的學會幹事很想在學校舉辦活動回饋同學，可是一直沒有頭緒。直到某一天，我們其中一位建議大家嘗試成立一個新的學會。這個方法不僅可以讓我們做自己喜歡或者感興趣的事情，也可以讓其他同學受惠，於是我們便開始計劃成立學會的事宜。現今十分流行動漫文化，我們偶然發現學校直到現在都沒有動漫學會，於是我們便立刻決定成立動漫學會。

### 過去一年中，你們舉辦了甚麼學會活動？

我們在上學期舉辦了一個動漫欣賞會。一般在星期二的午飯時間，我們會在特別室用網上串流平台播放學會會員預先選好的動漫影片，讓同學感受到觀看動漫的樂趣。

下學期，我們參與了學生會於學生雙周舉辦的「學會嘉年華」。當天帶來了受同學們歡迎的動漫書作展覽，同時亦設計了配對遊戲，讓同學增加對動漫的認識和了解。與此同時，我們更參考了著名動漫《爆旋陀螺》，舉辦了一場小型但刺激的爆旋陀螺比賽。是次比賽有不少同學參與，他們在練習、改裝陀螺、以至真正比賽的時候，玩得樂也融融。



照片來源：聖保羅書院動漫學會社交媒體

### 你如何平衡學業和學會事務？

我會好好編配時間，先完成自己的學業，再處理學會事務。例如我會善用上學和放學的交通時間，盡量完成動漫學會的事務，讓自己回家後可以專注於學業，例如做功課、溫習等。而且動漫學會的幹事非常能幹，減輕了我不少工作量。

### 對學會的未來發展有什麼計劃或願景？

我和學會幹事希望下年度能繼續營運動漫學會。我們現在看到寶可夢卡牌遊戲成為了一個熱門的遊戲和話題，所以我們希望下年度有機會以寶可夢作為主題，舉辦寶可夢卡牌遊戲的比賽。同時也希望能在下年度繼續推行曾舉辦的活動，並加強相關的宣傳。

## 飛行學會 — 中四己楊承熹

### 有甚麼事情使你被飛行吸引？

我本來就十分嚮往於天際翱翔，喜歡那種放鬆、自由的感覺。而我有幸在中一時參加了學校舉辦的模擬駕駛飛機體驗，那時我真正感受到駕駛飛機時難以言喻的經歷，對飛行的興趣更為濃厚。另一方面，我從小就認為當飛機師是一種很酷的職業，而要背負保護飛機上乘客安危的責任很具挑戰性，若能做到，這對於我來說是一種光榮。



### 有甚麼契機促使你成立飛行學會？

在這幾年裡，我一直保持對飛行的興趣。例如我會參加飛行相關的機構舉辦的課程，去學習有關飛行的知識，加深自己的認知。雖然我掌握了不少飛行的知識，但學校裡並沒有渠道與志同道合的同學去分享及交流。因此，我聯同幾位既有能力，又同樣熱愛飛機或飛行的朋友，一同成立飛行學會。

### 過去一年中，你們舉辦了甚麼學會活動？

我們在上學期舉辦了一個有關飛行的入門講座——為同學們提供了有關飛行的基本資訊，當中包括飛機飛行時的空氣動力學、如何與機場的控制塔進行溝通、航空法律以及投身於航空界的前景等，使同學進一步了解到飛行的相關事宜。

而下學期，本會把握學校舉辦「科學周」的機會，為同學們安排了一個製作液壓升降台的工作坊，讓他們從中學學習到液壓系統的原理。我們會先講解液壓系統的運作，以及飛機如何用上這一個系統。然後讓參加者自行組裝系統，讓同學學以致用。

### 對學會的未來發展有什麼計劃或願景？

有同學以為飛行學會只是教導同學如何駕駛飛機，但是我們的活動並不止於此，我們會由駕駛飛機延伸至其他相關知識。例如飛機師駕駛飛機時，不僅要懂得飛機引擎的工程理論，同時亦涉及航空法律及相關的商業考量。另外，我們亦會定時於社交媒體上載有關飛行的冷知識，希望同學除了從參加我們的活動以外，也能透過其他方法去學習有關飛行的知識。

長期目標而言，我們希望能夠帶領同學參加校外有關航空的比賽，展示他們所學習到的成果。而就短期目標而言，我們期望將來能夠帶領會員參觀機場、民航處等航空相關的機構，並舉辦模擬駕駛飛機的活動，讓大家親自體驗操作飛機的樂趣。



照片來源：聖保羅書院23-24年度學生會社交媒體

### **結語**

了解過這些新學會的創辦歷程，相信大家都能感受到每個學會活動背後，學會會長及幹事們的心血和熱誠。借用一句廣東歌歌詞「只要相信夢定能飛」，祝願各學會發展蓬勃，也期望那些擁有不同興趣喜好的同學們能鼓起勇氣，成立新學會，成就自己的夢想。





# 怪獸家長

中三甲雷欽淇

中三戊高陽

當你拖着疲憊的身軀，完成一整天的課，從補習班回到家，正打算犒勞一下自己時，瞥見角落的五線譜，驚覺不一會兒鋼琴老師便要登門授課。這一刻，你的心情是怎樣的？

父母替你安排的課外興趣班、補習班，把你的時間表排得密密麻麻，甚至比他們自己還忙碌，時間表像那些青面獠牙的惡魔，一個個伸出邪惡的魔爪握住你的咽喉，令你無法喘息。教育本應讓孩子長出羽翼，學會飛翔；然而，這些家庭以愛為名，將孩子囚禁在一個看似無比安全其實毫無自由的牢籠裡。

在二十一世紀，那些對孩子過度干預，將孩子視為攀比工具的家長被稱為「怪獸家長」。當他們肆無忌憚地無理斥責孩子，不近人情地要求孩子做得更好，把孩子放在絕對的中心時，教育便演變成一場沒有硝煙的戰爭，而孩子則成了受害者。怪獸家長透過包辦作業、代理同儕社交等手段，為孩子築起一道堅不可摧的牆，將一切挫折隔離在外。這樣看似給了孩子足夠的安全感，卻扼殺了他們獨立的機會。在上海某小學，曾出現家長僱用保姆全天伴讀，只為即時幫孩子擦汗遞水的令人咋舌的案例。這種看似「無微不至的關懷」，實際上剝奪了孩子嘗試新事物、犯錯的權利。長此以往，孩子會變得越來越依賴他人，慢慢喪失獨立思考、自主解決問題的能力，只懂得坐享其成。步入社會時，往往會因不懂處理問題而崩潰。

除此之外，怪獸家長還常常以感情為枷鎖，將孩子困在己所想的康莊大道上。「要不是為了你，我會這樣嗎？」「我也是為了你好。」這類經典話術屢見不鮮。日本教育學家岸見一郎指出，在日復一日的「犧牲者敘事」下，孩子會產生所謂的「罪惡感」，將家庭裡的一切都往自己身上攬，例如認為家人的痛苦都是因自己而來的等等。隨之而來的是千鈞重負的壓力，以及變得像機器一樣只懂追求成績；在無法完成父母的期待後，最終演變成新聞裡的學生自殘事件。

可能有人會說：「怪獸家長不管怎樣，確實讓孩子的成績名列前茅，考上了心心念念的名牌大學，成為了人中龍鳳。由此看來，怪獸家長對孩子的幫助無庸置疑。」誠然，在學期間，他們的孩子學業表現無比亮眼，然而這只是一戳就破的泡沫。哈佛大學曾進行一項長達二十年的研究，發現被怪獸家長培養出來的孩子，在三十歲以後的職業成就顯著低於自主成長的學生。試想，當一個人從小到大都處於父母的保護下，他又怎能面對突如其來的挫折？當一個人的人生前二十年都是別人幫他做決定，他又怎能在波濤洶湧的社會中獨立自主？當一個人處於高壓環境長達二十年，他又怎能拿出良好的精神狀態來應對生活種種挑戰？

或許，真正的成長不在於履歷上的光鮮亮麗，而在於跌倒後自己爬起的倔強；不在走上父母鋪就的坦途，而在於即使荆棘滿佈，仍敢於走出自己的路。怪獸家長築起的高牆，終有一天會崩塌，但被折斷的羽翼，卻未必能再度翱翔。教育的本質，終究是點燃一盞明燈，而非填滿一個水瓶。而且這盞燈，必須由孩子親手點亮。



# 為何我達不到父母的期望？

## ——破解當代家庭困境的**四個關鍵**

中四乙郭俊彥 中三丙吳宇翔

在競爭激烈的社會中，學生往往承受著家庭的高度期望——父母希望孩子學業優異、未來找到穩定體面的工作。這種望子成龍的心態雖然出於關愛，卻會無形中為孩子帶來沉重的心理負擔。在這樣的壓力下，學生容易產生焦慮、自我懷疑，甚至影響身心健康。面對這種情況，學生需要掌握有效的應對策略，才能在家庭期望與自我發展之間找到平衡。

### **與父母建立良好的溝通渠道是首要關鍵。**

很多時候，父母對子女的嚴苛要求其實源自於對未來的擔憂，或是希望孩子能彌補自己當年的遺憾。然而，這種期望沒有考慮到孩子的實際能力和興趣。學生應該學會主動與父母坦誠交流，誠懇地表達自己的感受和想法。例如，當學業壓力過大時，可以試著告訴父母：「我知道你們是為我好，但現在的課業量讓我感到吃力，我需要調整一下節奏。」這樣的溝通不是反抗，而是幫助父母更清楚了解孩子的狀況。同時，學生也要試著理解父母的立場，認識到他們的出發點是愛與關心。如果直接溝通的效果有限，不妨邀請老師或其他長輩從中協調，往往能獲得更理性的對話機會。

**培養良好的自我管理也能有效減輕壓力。**許多學生的焦慮其實來自於面對繁重課業時的無力感。這時，制定合理的學習計劃就顯得格外重要。學生可以嘗試將大目標分解為具體可行的小任務，按照輕重緩急安排每天的學習內容。例如在考試期間，優先複習重點科目，將次要的活動暫時延後。值得注意的是，時間管理不是要把所有時間都用來學習，而是要學會在學習與休息之間取得平衡。適度的運動、興趣愛好或社交活動不僅不會影響學業，反

而能讓大腦獲得必要的放鬆，提升整體的學習效率。當學生能夠掌控自己的時間，自然就能減少因拖延或忙亂而產生的壓力。



照片來源：網絡

**心理素質的培養不可或缺。**面對高標準時，學生容易自我否定。這時要學會接納自己的不完美，理解每個人的成長節奏不同。與其設定不切實際的目標，不如專注於每天微小進步。當感到壓力時，可以嘗試深呼吸、正念冥想，或是將煩惱寫在日記裡。這些做法能幫助自己釐清思緒，穩定情緒。如果發現自己長期處於焦慮或抑鬱狀態，千萬不要羞於尋求專業的幫助。一個健康的心態不僅能幫助應對當下的壓力，更是終身受用。

### **勇於探索自我，找到真正適合自己的發展方向。**

父母若堅持要孩子走傳統的路徑，很容易忽略了孩子的個性與興趣。學生可以透過參與社團、嘗試不同領域的活動來發掘自己的潛能。當找到真正熱愛的事物時，那份熱情往往能轉化為堅持和動力，甚至可能成為未來的職業方向。重要的是要用實際行動向父母證明自己的選擇，甚至在某個領域取得具體成果，這樣才能獲得他們的理解與支持。畢竟，真正的成功不該是活成別人期待的樣子，而是活出屬於自己的精彩人生。

面對家庭的期望與壓力，每個人都需要找到適合自己的應對方式。無論是改善溝通、提升效率、強化心理素質，還是探索自我，最終目的都是要在理解父母關愛的同時，不迷失自己的方向。記住，健康的親子關係不是單方面的順從，而是在相互理解的基礎上共同成長。當學生能夠以積極正面的態度面對這些挑戰時，家庭的期望就不再是沉重的負擔，而是推進的助力。



小說創作——

# 聽見下雨的聲音

中四甲李穆沂

中四丁黃麒瑋

夜雨淅瀝，雨滴正拍打著一所不起眼的便利店的簷篷。女孩站在簷篷下，望著灰濛濛的天空；指尖捋著濕漉漉的髮絲，再將微濕的碎髮別至耳後，模樣顯得有點狼狽。

稍頃，少年從便利店徐徐地走出來。他瞥了瞥正在避雨的女孩，猶豫了一下，然後撐開手中的黑雨傘，把傘挪到女孩頭上，說：「你去哪兒？我送你。」女孩看著少年，有些愕然；但很快便微笑道：「我家就在前面，麻……麻煩您了！」「沒關係。」少年爽快地回答。

在短短十來分鐘的路程，他們了解到對方的基本資料以及興趣愛好。女孩家境優越，在她爸爸的公司當主管，是個勤奮的富二代；而少年是個普通的店員，住在女孩高尚小區幾條街外的一個老舊出租單位。

兩人在女孩的家門別過後，少年就拿著傘離開了。女孩唇角微微上揚，目送少年離開，直至他消失在拐彎處，才若有所失的轉身步入家門。

第二天女孩下班回家，經過便利店，猶豫了片刻走了進去。「歡迎光臨——哦，是你呀！」昨天給女孩撐傘的那個少年，此時正站在便利店的服務台裡。「對呀，真巧呀，又碰到你了——哦對了，請問你們家有沒有X牌的牛奶巧克力呢？」女孩禮貌地問。「有呀，就在前面第二排貨架上。」

如是者，第三天、第四天、第五天……女孩連續三個禮拜都在同一時間出現。兩人在每天短短十分鐘裡有說有笑，聊得越來越投契。終於有一天，少年靦腆地低著頭，問道：「今晚……有時間一起吃個飯嗎？他的語氣透露著他的緊張，彷彿生怕被拒絕。「好呀，那——今晚七點，我們在便利店門口見吧！」看著女孩窈窕的身影走出門口，少年頭腦一片空白，只是朝著那背影揮了揮手——或許是他根本沒想到女孩會這麼爽快答應；又或許是他過於激動興奮。

說是晚上七點，但兩人在六點半不約而同地出現在便利店門口。兩人相視而笑，都顯得有些忸怩。

「嗯——我知道附近有一家很好吃的日式拉麵店，不知道你喜不喜歡呢？」少年略帶緊張地問。「我都可以呀。」「那我們走吧！」

晚飯後，就在少年打開他那個輕飄飄、空蕩蕩的錢包時，女孩搶先開口道：「我已經付過帳了。我們走吧。」「哦……哦哦，那……謝謝了。」少年有點尷尬。當他們走出餐廳時，外面突然下起了雨。「啊！天氣預報明明說今天不會下雨的……」女孩望著黑漆漆的天空，有點失望。此時，那把黑雨傘又出现在了女孩的頭頂。「我們走吧！」女孩望著少年溫柔的模樣，臉紅了。兩人緩緩走出餐廳，在傘下繼續著剛才的話題，你一言我一語，不知不覺已經走到了海邊。此時，雨也剛好停了。

兩人坐在海邊的草地上，互相輕靠著。他們聊了很多很多……直到草坪上只剩兩個黑漆漆的背影。



照片來源：網絡



「每當我不開心，或者有心事的時候，都會來這裡坐，來這裡放空。看著茫茫大海，煩惱也會暫時忘卻！」女孩突然認真的說。少年遙望無際的海，輕輕的說：「真的嗎？那我們可以常來這裡坐呀！」女孩神情複雜地看了少年一眼，別過頭，用幾乎聽不到的聲音說：「如果你能這樣一直坐在我身邊、陪我看海的話，那有多好！」「怎麼了？」少年只聽到她喃喃的聲音。「沒什麼。」女孩連忙道。

「不早了，我送你回去吧！」兩人慢慢離開海邊。路上，女孩變得沉默，像是有什麼心事一樣。而少年也不知道應該說些什麼，只是默默地陪伴著女孩。一對黑影在昏黃的路燈映照下，走過了空蕩蕩的行人路，走過了便利店的門口，走到了女孩的家。

「那麼……下次再見咯！」少年道別。女孩的目光停留在他臉上，驀地摟住少年。少年怔怔地站著，一動不動。一切來得太突然。數秒後，女孩緩緩地鬆手，勉強擠出笑容，略顯悵然地說：「我今晚很高興，謝謝你！快回去吧，時候不早了。」少年似乎未能消化女孩突如其來的舉動，只是呆呆的點頭。

目送少年離開後，女孩才緩緩打開家門，裡面傳來中年男子的聲音：「都十一點多了，跟同事吃飯吃到這麼晚的……對了，上次跟你說的那個新來的經理……」直至門被「啪」的關上，才停止了那喋喋不休的聲音。

奇怪的是，自從那天後，女孩去便利店的次數越來越少。從天天去，一個禮拜五天、再到兩、三天……最後竟然十天沒去。即使偶爾光顧，也只是匆匆買完東西就離開，並沒有像從前那樣和少年愉快地聊天。這讓少年感到非常納悶，甚至懷疑自己是否做了令女孩反感的行為或者說錯了話。可他始終鼓不起勇氣去問女孩。

就這樣過了快兩個月，這天女孩終於又來便利店了，身旁還有一個中年男子。只是這次，買東西的是中年男子。付款時，女孩全程低著頭，站在中年男子後面。

「等下在餐廳裡記得好好表現！」中年男人嚴肅地跟女孩說。少年看著她，心事重重。



照片來源：網絡

的樣子，再加上女孩最近很少來便利店，心情就凝重起來。好奇、加上對女孩的擔心，少年決定去中年男子口中的「餐廳」一趟。

晚上七點，儘管天色不好，但少年還是到了那餐廳——他們坐在餐廳的室外區域，與他們一起的，還有一個西裝革履的男人。少年坐在附近一個角落偷聽。「我說啊……他真是非常厲害……國外名牌大學回流……年紀輕輕，能力出眾……哈哈……」「您過獎了，是您和您的女兒看得起我，我才能有幸……」兩個男人的對話非常愉快，唯獨女孩一聲不響。少年大約猜出了其中隱情。他嘆了一口氣，頹然起身離開。同一時間，女孩似乎察覺到有什麼，她轉過頭去——看到了那個遠去的熟悉的背影。她多麼想追上去，可是她知道自己不能。應該說，從一開始，她就預料到這個結局。

天又下起了雨，伴隨著陣陣雷鳴。可這次，少年並沒有撐起手中的黑傘，他甚至把那傘隨手扔進路旁的垃圾箱，任由風雨吹刮，好洗去臉上不願被人察覺的痕跡。

那天以後，少年辭去了便利店的工，搬到了更遠的地方；而女孩，再也沒有在便利店出現過了。



# 保羅人·文——「渣馬」遊記

中五甲盧添翼

我一直相信，在多年以後的冬天，即便已經畢業，只要看到那塊佈滿皺褶的號碼牌，腦中定能記起今年參加的「渣打馬拉松」，那場人生之中最長的長跑。

或許是年少輕狂，桀驁不馴，又或許是心血來潮，數月前我毅然選擇參戰「半馬」。當時的我抱著半開玩笑半認真的心態，顯然沒能意識到二十一公里意味著多遠的距離，直到瞧見冊子上的路線圖，我心中只覺發怵。但木已成舟，只能祈禱及說服自己只是杯弓蛇影，「半馬」沒有想像中的那麼長。

比賽當天的早晨寒風刺骨，我和好友一起站在起跑線前，四周人聲鼎沸，萬人空巷。起跑時人們歡呼，眼前的人群望不到盡頭。受空間所限，我和好友只得像是漂浮海上的幾朵浪花，隨著人流慢慢向前走。我開始意識到這場馬拉松絕不可能像德軍的閃擊戰那般，迅捷地在短時間內完成。這更像是曠日持久，耗時耗力的地壕戰。雙腳隨著時間流動，像吸了水的海綿一般越發沉重。我有些慌亂，但能做的只有轉移注意力，繼續向前跑。轉彎、上坡、再轉彎，路線圖在腦海中一次又一次閃過，我咬牙跑過第一個「三公里」，往後的每個「三公里」似乎越來越長。唯有給水站讓我如同久旱逢甘露，他鄉遇故知，隨著甘甜冷水入口，能暫時沖刷掉腿上沉重的鉛，讓步伐都輕快不小。

不知跑了幾個「三公里」，人流逐漸稀疏，視野變得開闊，景色優美，令人心曠神怡。這是我從未預料到的。我才意識到：吶喊助威的人群、別出心裁的路線、清爽宜人的涼風、嘆為觀止的景色、連同路上與好友的歡聲笑語……這些事物賦予了長跑不一樣的意義，它們讓這「半馬」充滿激情與活力，讓人陶醉其中。感受著自己的雙腿的擺動，看著告示板上跑過的公里數不斷增加，才驚覺它並非一道我不可能跨越的鴻溝。好勝心漸漸滋長，鼓動著我提速，奔向終點。最後的一公里，我拼了命的衝著，一開始還遙不可及的「半馬」終點，如今卻近在咫尺！



照片來源：網絡

當奮力衝過沐浴在陽光下的終點線，我卻感受不到勝利的快感，有的只是身心俱疲，手腳乏力，那一刻的我只想著找個地方坐下來，喝水喘息，痛快地洗澡，換上乾淨溫暖的衣服。「難道每一個運動員，在成功過後都有這樣的感受嗎？」我不禁心生疑惑。而我人生第一次「半馬」也在一片喧鬧聲中劃上句號。

這次經歷像一場奇幻冒險，它雖沒有小說中那些驚心動魄的情節，可一路的點滴趣事，所見所聞都隱約反映出這不只是枯燥乏味的跑步。它鮮活精彩，富有無盡的激情活力，像是有一顆砰砰跳動的心臟裝在循規蹈矩的機器裏面。當我回味這一切時，一個新的問題又在腦海中出現：「這真的是我一生中跑過的最長的賽事嗎？」我知道，人生的長跑比賽仍未結束呢，終點在何處我心知肚明，可要多久才能跑完呢？又能跑多遠呢？我卻無從稽考。



# 保羅人·文——失魂記

中三丙黃舒儒

太陽在天空中高高的掛著。我休閒自在地坐在家中的沙發上，沉醉在手機熒幕中。鈴鈴鈴！鈴鈴鈴！家中的電話傳來刺耳的鈴聲。我慢條斯理地起身接聽。緊接而來的便是媽媽憤怒的聲音：「允行！你不是承諾了帶爺爺去複診嗎？你為什麼會在家中？爺爺可能迷路了，現在不知所蹤。我已經報警了！你快點來找他吧！」



照片來源：網絡

今天，正是爺爺到醫院複診的日子，而剛巧放假的我，便自然擔起帶爺爺到醫院的責任。可是當我起床看到外面猛烈的太陽，和床頭那散發著光芒的手機，我後悔了。「外面那麼熱，出去肯定滿身大汗，還不如在家中打遊戲呢！況且，爺爺也不是小孩子，應該懂得怎麼去醫院吧！」想到這裏，我便跟爺爺說：「爺爺，你應該懂得怎麼去醫院吧？」說罷，爺爺呆滯地點了點頭便向門外走去。而我，一直在玩手機，直到接到媽媽的電話。

這時的我，才想起了爺爺患有阿茲海默症，經常忘記自己要做的事。我立刻動身到外面尋找爺爺。內心的愧疚感猶如一滴墨水落入水中，不斷擴散。「我為什麼沒有陪伴爺爺到醫院？如果他發生意外那可怎麼辦？我為什麼要那麼自私？我為什麼就不能遲些才玩遊戲呢？.....」

慢慢地，天空漸漸變暗，下起了細雨，也下著我的落寞、失落。我仍舊焦急地尋找著，希望可以看到爺爺的身影。我不斷張望，不斷詢問途人，不斷仔細看著街上的行人。不久之後，我便看見一個熟悉的身影。我立馬發瘋似的追上去，一邊喊著：「爺爺！爺爺！」的確是爺爺。「孫啊！我買了你最喜歡吃的糕點。」爺爺晃了晃手中塑料袋。爺爺忘記了要去醫院，卻沒有忘記給我買最喜歡吃的糕點。我緊緊地擁抱著他，嘴裏不斷喃著：「爺爺，對不起！對不起！.....」

找到爺爺後，我立即打電話給媽媽，「沒事就好！找到就好！要是他真的失蹤了、受傷了、甚至出了什麼意外，我們該怎麼辦啊！」媽媽雖然沒有責備我，但這些話都像利刃，直插在我心頭。

這樣的我，是多麼不負責任，只顧個人享樂，無視了爺爺的病情。一直以來，我不負責任，都有他人為我補救。無論是媽媽請假為我把功課送到學校，還是同學願意跟沒有帶雨傘的我一起撐傘，令他半邊身子被淋濕，這些都造成他人的犧牲。看著警察在雨中指揮交通、地盤工人努力工作，清潔工人打掃積水.....無論在多麼惡劣的環境下都努力著，我才明白到，負責任是每一個人的本分。回想自己，因為個人享樂而不陪爺爺到醫院複診，我是多麼的自私，多麼不負責任呀！責任就是建築的根基、大樹的根部，它未必起眼，甚至可能看不到，卻不可或缺。

看了看爺爺憔悴的面容，我默默地下決心，要好好地照顧爺爺，也要做好自己的本分，負起我的責任。





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