

Olivia, 9, Léman International School Chengdu



Down in the Dumps

Rachel, 11, Léman International School Chengdu

I started off as a beautiful, fancy soda pop can filled with the tastiest drink ever made. I was kept in a big wide refrigerator that had hundreds of cans piled up together. We were all identical. Shiny orange coats, sparkly silver caps and most important of all, the big bold letters that said, 'World's best drink ever!' I was proud of myself. I was honored to have such a high rank.

Until one day a huge monster with five long legs grabbed me and pulled me out of my big house (it was really the refrigerator). I was terrified. The five legged monster led me to an even scarier gigantic monster. I was afraid it would eradicate my big, proud letters! It didn't though and I was confused. What could the monster want from me? The monster carried me to a huge table and gave some strange looking green things to yet another monster! I was completely astonished! What was happening to me?

Suddenly, my sparkly cap was popped open (ouch!) and the big monster sucked out all of my tasty drink! With my cap still stinging, I tried with all my might to wriggle out of the monsters grasp. But of course, I couldn't.

Now that I was trapped by a gigantic monster, all I could do was wait and pray that nothing bad would happen to me even though I had a feeling that there was going to be a disaster. I waited for what seemed an eternity, and then the monster finally put me down. But instead of putting me back in my big, comfy refrigerator, it just threw me

on the ground. Unfortunately, the monster had traveled to the park so I fell right in the middle of a playground. I was so depressed. Why is my life like this? Why? After getting kicked, stepped on, and jumped on for a few days, I definitely wasn't the fancy, shiny soda pop can I used to be. I looked more like a dirty scrunched up piece of used paper that was tossed aside without a care. I hated the feeling! Dirty and stinky. Totally disgusting! I had never felt like this before! I was filled with despair, tears rolled down my can as I wept uncontrollably.

A few more days passed and now I had completely changed! Before I knew it, a huge shadow fell over me. It was another monster! I was doomed! The monster picked me up and put me with a bunch of other broken up and heart broken bottles and cans. They were just like me! Taken out of their homes and destroyed by monsters! We were taken to an enormous place filled with stinky bottles and cans that had the same life as us. It was a horrible place! I knew that I would never survive it! Never less, the big bad monster threw us there and so the rest of my life was filled with dirty and sticky bottles. Even I, the once beautiful and shiny can was torn into pieces. I felt crushed, lonely and helpless.

Year 2084

Adia, 13, Léman International School Chengdu

Sunday, November 26, 2084

A dystopian world; where all the water you drink is murky, all the green you see is coloured plastics, and all the air you breathe is polluted. My world, my life, this is what came to be. My grandmother told me of a wonderous creature that came with her time, they were what was called 'Elephants', they were five times the size of me, had long trunks and majestic white tusks, which held the purest ivory, it almost seems impossible to have an animal so big and beautiful.

My shoes scraped the pavement and I headed to school embedded in a thought of a world where everything could be perfect. I dreamed of what it would be like to breathe fresh air and swim the lakes and oceans with no care in the world.

I looked around me and saw what a mess this world came to be, buildings littered the floor and I couldn't even make out a single blade of grass. There were so many people crowded in the narrow pavements and I couldn't even make out a single face.

I entered the gates, I received glares from my fellow classmates, it was fine. I was the only one convinced in this town that the world can change, some call me a dreamer, but if you can dream it why can't you do it?

When I walked into the main building I went into the pink coloured halls and took my chair down with my fellow classmates. Class started, teachers lectured, lessons went by, then it was time for geography. My favourite subject,

unlike math which is always the same, and history which is the past, geography had an impact on my life.

My teacher started, "With the rate of how the world is growing, the world's population will increase by another two billion when you guys start having children."

My hand shot up.

She ignored me, "Today we will be focusing on which countries have the densest population."

I kept my hand up, and she kept on talking.

I said I loved this class, I take it back.

I used my other hand to support my raised one.

It was finally the end of class in which I caught my teacher's attention from the other sixty students in the room.

"Yes Sara?"

"We keep on talking about what will happen, how can we fix it?"

My teacher stared at me blankly, and from that moment I determined myself to change the world one step at a time, there was nothing holding me back.

The King of Lincadia

Danyal, 16, Léman International School Chengdu

Within a crater of the moon
Stood at quarter past noon
On the Friday the tenth,
In a small, silver tent,
The former king of Lincadia, in his glory and his might
Now trying his best to fit in a spot so tight,
His fall from grace owed itself to many things
As the King was now the galaxy's strongest weakling,
His people had left him, stranded him here,
Dropped him off the rocket and, poof, disappeared,
And here we see him shivering, searching for a flame,
Be it in the form of his people or his once fair dame,
She now sits on one of Saturn's meteorites,
Sending him messages in the forms of clips and bytes,
He sends her a message, once every Sunday,
She answers back a year later, usually in April or May
Their conversations are made up of banter and rants,
Such as "your spelling's gotten worse" or "God, I hate these pants"
It allows the former King to carry on and on in his misery,
As he explores the lunar surface, which really isn't that busy,
Perhaps a twitch in his peripherals may draw his attention
for a time,
But this celestial body isn't as fun as this rhyme,
The days are long, cold and unforgiving,
While the spoiled king spends them mumbling and cursing
his people, his friends and companions and others,
All who banded together to throw his name in the gutter,
But the King of Lincadia was once the King after all,
He may be fat, unattractive and not very tall,
But he has the will and the courage to go on,
Until the end of time, and even further beyond,
His maiden is the same, an iron will intact,
She began her journey recently to finally make contact,
With the King she loved so much and so dearly,
In what state will she find this man of royalty?
Dead, alive, a little bit of each?
So close, he is, but yet far out of reach.
However, he waits, as the moon forms high tides,

On the surface of the Earth, where he used to abide.
He wonders if his people are happy, partying away,
Or if that corrupt banker he imprisoned is in prison to stay,
Or if the baker he freed would remember his name,
If he went back to Earth with his fair dame.
Well, at quarter past noon, in a year's time,
The dame arrived, silent like a pantomime,
She tapped the King, who was asleep, on the corner of his
shoulder,
And gestured at him towards the rocket as the moon got colder,
He got up in ecstasy and embraced her; a tear escaped his eye,
It floated up into the void, never again to dry,
He looked at her, having long-forgotten how to speak,
Her presence, lasting seconds, caused his humanity to leak,
They departed in an instant, a year's journey worth taking,
To return to Lincadia, and give it back its king,
They returned faster than anticipated, greeted by the people,
Who saw them and yelled "who are they, so small and feeble?"
The king could not speak and the dame was silent too,
Watching their people rallying, staring at the two,
"Who are they? Where'd they come from? Why are they here?"
The anger they had anticipated was instead replaced by fear,
The King pointed at his palace, which stood in front of the
crimson sun,
And then finally uttered the words "now you've had all
your fun,
I am your king and have returned from the moon,
And by the looks of this anarchy I haven't returned too soon"
His voice was still raspy, so not everyone heard,
But it was enough to tell them it was as they inferred,
They all let him through, surprised and perhaps ashamed,
As they had gotten rid of him, and with ease back he came,
He marched up to his palace, through the crystal doors and
towards his chair,
Traces of lunar residue following him, following him
everywhere,
He took a seat, looked up and saw all of his citizens,
Looking down at the ground, their reflections staring at them,
The king looked up and gave a small smile,
"Now who should I send to the moon for staining the tiles?"