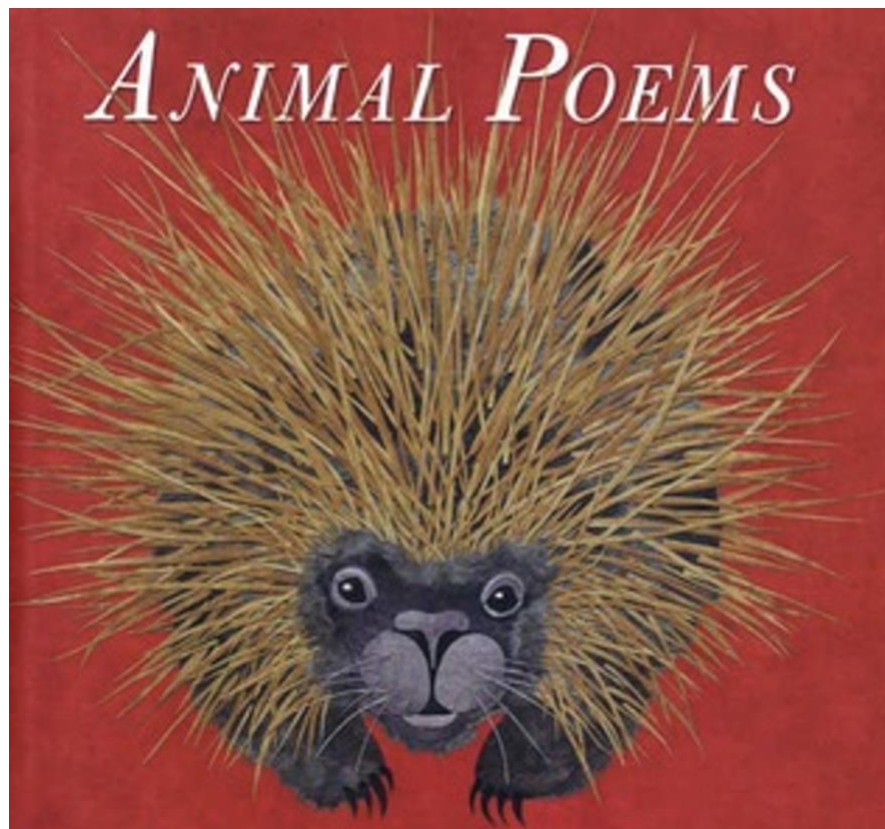


AN ANTHOLOGY OF



By 4A Students



A Silent Guardian

In Guangzhou's bustling streets, a dog lies still,
With fur a golden hue, a gentle thrill.
Amidst the market's hum, tables stacked high,
This loyal friend rests beneath the open sky.

A moment of calm in the city's embrace,
A silent guardian in this busy place.
Chung Fa's heart, where stories unfold
This dog, a quiet tale, in the city's mold.



Log Dog

I saw a little chubby dog.

It reminded me of a stubby log

The chunky dog's ears stood as it stayed stationary

And I wonder whether its thoughts are merry.

While many people pet it, it didn't bother

It stayed still, like there was no other.

With its little doggy feet, and its little doggy tail,

It waddled on and on

Without any fail.



A Furry Friend's Secret Life

A furry friend, a gentle soul,
With eyes of emerald, taking control.

A silent hunter, sleek and sly,
A playful pounce, then watching by.

A purring rumble, soft and deep,
As secrets of the night they keep.
A whiskered face, a twitching tail,
A feline grace that will not fail.

Through sunlit naps and moonlit prowls,
The reign supreme in silent growls.

A cat's domain, a cozy scene,
A purrfect life, serene and keen.



Twinkling Like Stars

Cute little paws as little as an egg.

It smiles as bright as the moon.

Collar and leash which make sure it's safe.

It's big and round eyes twinkling like the stars.

With the excitement it couldn't hold in

It lets go with a 'woof' and a hop.



The Lost One

Shadows stretch across the floor.

Lingering cold to the touch.

Echoes of your tiny sigh.

Empty where your bowl still lies.

Paws I will never feel again.

Yearning turns to constant pain.

Collar hangs without its mate.

All your toys now decorate.

Time won't mend this hollow pain.



Soft Snow

Summer is warm, winter is cold
And during both there're hearts made of gold
Walk on the street then there you'll meet
A friend for life, a friend you'll need.
Eyes so pure, fur so bright
Like it's heart, all is right.
It looks at you when you look at it,
Looks full of hope, all right no fright.
Comfort when met, tears when gone.
As man we feel, as if man it feels.
And all it wants, is like man, a home.
Then with all this we must not miss,
Love, care, respect is what we all get.



Lost Cat

I remember like it was yesterday
Walking back home – then-rustle-rustle-rustle
I looked at the bushes. And there it was – a cat
A cute, fluffy, little cat
All alone with its family nowhere near it
I picked it up
Patted it
And took it back home to take care of it
I remember like it was yesterday.



The Cat in the Cat Café

Walking along the street, I saw a store.

A store that said, The Cat Café.

When I opened the door,

Lots of greeting cats galore.

After ordering a drink,

A cat saw it and wanted a sip,

I told the cat that it was too bitter.

Drink water instead, it's just better.

I left the café, satisfied,

I should come back someday.



The Drowsy Cat

In the park is a drowsy cat
Lying down so flat
Dozing like a mat
Should I give him a pat?

Slowly, I crouch down
I touch his gleaming fur
He slowly wakes with a yawn
And give a soothing purr.

His fur, so soft and silky
The fur's pattern is so pretty.
It absorbs the heat of sunshine
And warms the heart of mine.

He gently comes and rubs against me.
He seems to like me, he looks quite happy
Since then, I'd visit him whenever I'm free
And friends we ever shall be.



Whispers of a Feline

In the stillness, a soft purr calls,
With fur like clouds, this feline entralls
Blue eyes glimmer, deep and wide
A loyal friend beneath the skies.
Perched on high, a lookout bold,
In cozy corners, tales unfold.
With playful leaps and gentle grace,
This cat, my joy, my safe embrace.

Name: Hung Tsz Yu, S4A (16)



The Airborn Brat

In the calm ocean town, the salty smell fills the air. Many come to enjoy the view, though others come for a taste of fresh culinary delights. But one action can change it all. Without warning, your head might get something unpleasant on top. The food you've been craving, might get snatched!



Me and My Buddy

Waiting, waiting, waiting ... Me and my buddy waiting for food to catch. We're hungry and we can find other food but we wait for the bigger food. Hours pass, still no fish. We're about to give up, but many fish begin to pop out. We start catching them all until our bellies are full. This teaches that patience can give you more enjoyment in life.



Ruler of the Snowy Jungles

In deep jungles, where shadows creep,
The tiger wakes from a slumber deep.
Its fur as white as winter's breath,
A living king that conquers death.

In its land where all can thrive,
All must bow before its might.
None dare challenge its eternal reign,
For fear it brings forever pain.

Through ancient groves where spirits dwell,
Its thunderous roar casts a timeless spell.
The wild bows low, its power limitless,
The tiger's rule, set to be endless.



It's Hard to Be a Bug

It's hard to be a bug because you may get flattened.

It's hard to be a bug, but don't be frightened.

It's hard to be a bug, but you're not alone.

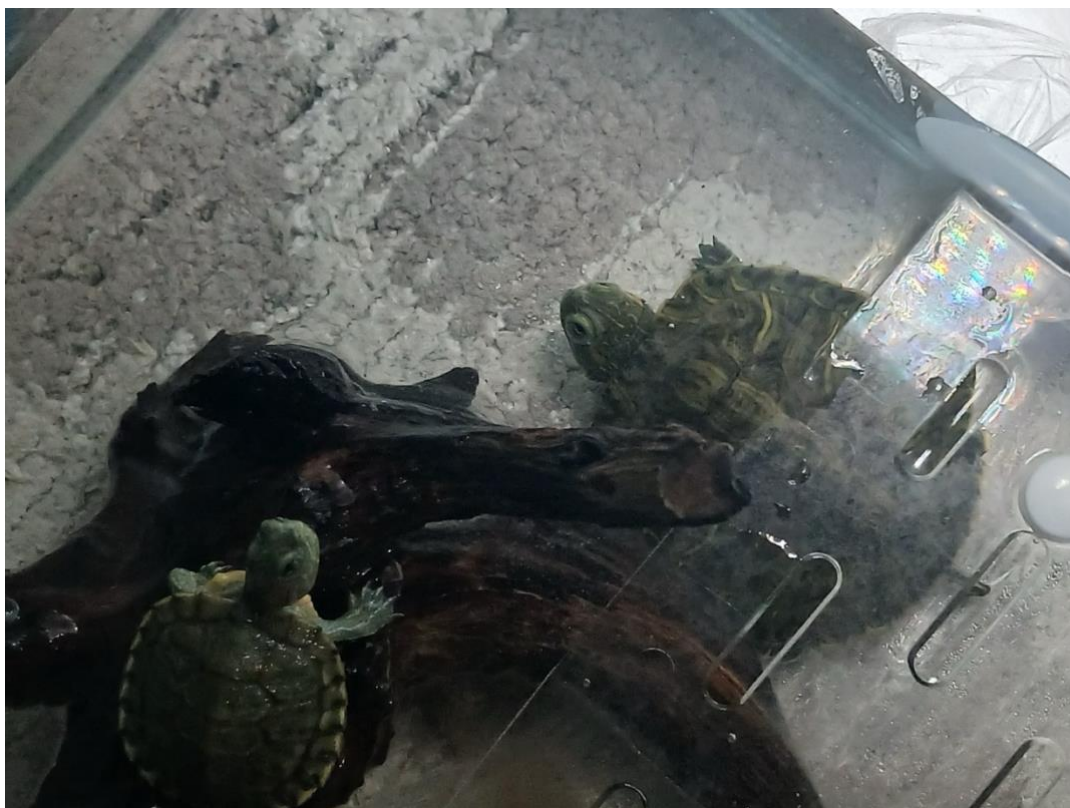
It's hard to be a bug, but you can find a home.

It's hard to be a bug, look out for the bug spray.

It's hard to be a bug, as if you're looking for a needle in a bale of hay.

It's hard to be a bug, try make friends with other bugs.

It's hard to be a bug, but you may deserve some hugs.



Lazy Turtle

The turtle who does absolutely nothing.
My turtle that my brother bought.
All it does is remain in one spot
To lay down to have a thought.
Or maybe to dream of having some eggnog.
Whatever it may be,
My tiny little green pea
Looks like it will always be in a state of ease.

Ricafort Terrence Jay Pineda, S4A (21)



The Pup and the Boy

In a sunlit yard a boy and his friend, a pup with a wag,
their laughter would blend. Chasing the breeze, they'd run wild and
free in a world full of joy, just as it should be.

Through fields filled with daisies, they'd frolic and play. Each
bark a sweet echo, brightening the day. But one fateful night,
temptation drew near. A feast unattended, so close yet so dear.

He gobbled too fast, his spirit so bright. Then drifted
away into the still night.

Though gone from the Earth, their bond will endure,
A love everlasting, forever pure.



The Thirsty Pigeon

In the sky so clear and blue,
Lived a pigeon, not a few.
But one bird felt thirsty, oh so much,
Dreaming of water's cooling touch.

She saw a sign, "Ah, what a sight!"
A glass of water in the light.
She dove right down, quick as a whip,
Hoping to take a nice, cool sip.
Crash! Oh, what a sound!
The poor bird hit the sign and tumbled to the ground.



Asian Koel

I wake up to yet another symphony.

Turning to my side, I see ...

my alarm hasn't rung yet.

It's only 5:20 am. Who would be the composer of this 'symphony'?

My neighbor? A plane? My body?

It lets out another familiar bitter symphony.

"Hoo-ah! Hoo-ah! Hoo-ah! Hoo-ah! Hoo-ah!"

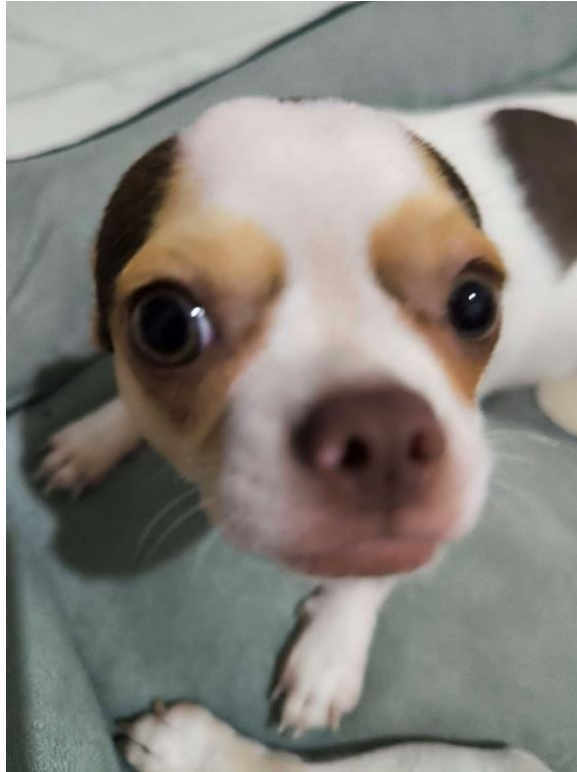
There's no doubt as to who it is.

I turn to look outside my window, and

there it is.

Every spring, every year, it calls without fail.

The Asian Koel.



Playful Friend

Dogs, man's best friend,
Always playful and energetic,
Like he's radiating happiness, it never ends
Throw a ball and comes back with it, like he's magnetic
"Come! Let's play!" He barks without end
He's so cute, only feel positive emotions
A day goes by, still full of energy
Dogs, my best friend.



Bird

Born to be free, forced to be chained

Shall no wing unfurl in silent flight

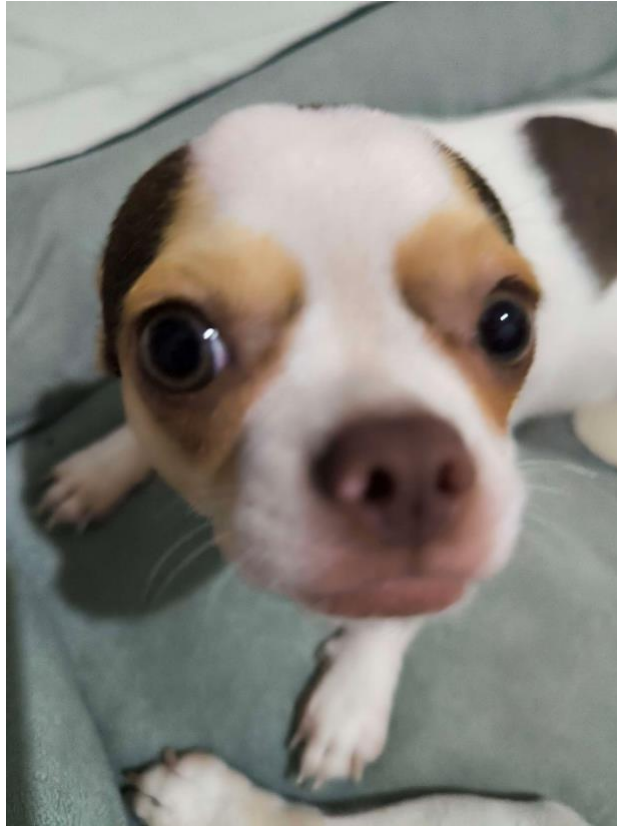
Chasing the sun, feel the breeze.

No cage to keep. No bounds to hold.

Seek the freedom in the sky, feel the connection of other wings

Trade them for secure life.

Is it all worth it?



Dog's Daily Life

They are called man's best friend,
Always with you until the very end.
Always running around at the park,
They cure your loneliness with just one bark.
Lying in bed as they snore,
They will always wait for you to return by the door.