



# HKTA THE YUEN YUEN INSTITUTE NO.3 SECONDARY SCHOOL EXPRESSIONS

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## Apex of the heart—that roller coaster ride

by Manlangit Donna Izabel (alumnus)

If the past six years of my life in YY3 could be put into a few words, it would be 'that roller coaster ride', it only happens once and is a roller coaster of emotions. Like many people, I was a person who shrivelled in fear just at the thought of roller coasters. It was a metallic clanky ride that could break down any minute, possibly giving me a PTSD that I did not ask for.

The beginning of my life in YY3 started off like the momentum of a roller coaster; it's exhilarating, scary and nobody is ever ready for the drop. Being in a totally new environment from Primary School, it was the time of our lives to find out what we want to be, our greatest years of personal discovery. I wasn't sure if I could handle being a secondary school student just yet. Unexpected things always arise in this hormonal transition period and things don't always go as we expected.

The first drop; the feeling of your heart dropping out of your chest when the ride dives down at a faster pace than you can comprehend. It might also be the

feeling of failing a subject that you have always been good at; we all have these unique experiences, albeit painful they may be. Most times, you'd think that it was the worst idea to get on the roller coaster, until the second drop comes followed by a circular spin, and you feel it. The adrenaline rush and exhilaration, screaming at the top of your lungs, joining a sports team or the debate club, winning competitions that seem impossible and being able to do things that make you grow, you would start to think about how rewarding it feels to be a secondary school student.

At the end of that ride, there's a finishing touch of a snapshot you can reminisce your joy, almost at-the-verge-of-tears expression and disbelief that the experience is finished. We only have one-shot at living our lives as secondary schoolers and we tend to take it for granted. Secondary school is like the apex of the heart; they share similar functions for giving opportunities to different parts within yourself to live and breathe. It is the time to let go of your inhibitions and blossom into the person you want and ought to be, it is the time for you to put your hands in the air and have a good time.

## Journey to HKU from YY3

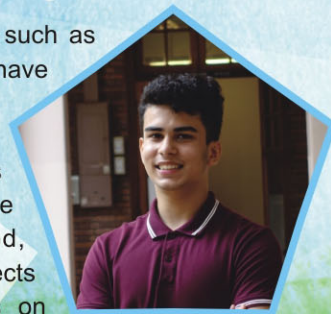
by Singh Harmanjit (alumnus)

Secondary school was a crucial part of my life although it passed by in a blur, I got to meet a lot of people that I will remember for the rest of my life and participate in various activities. I wasn't the brightest student during the first few years of secondary school and used to focus a lot on sports and other activities. Hence, I was amongst the 10 students in my class who scored the least in exams. However, as time passed and I got older and wiser, I realized the only way to get into university is to work on my academics and the time I would miss playing games and sports would be rewarded to me in University.

The one thing I failed to do was to comprehend how hard it would be to get back on track with academics as I was lagging very far behind. Doing better in Mathematics was definitely a challenge for me because I had ignored the fundamental lessons learned at the start of secondary school. Yet, I tried to spend extra time on practicing Mathematics and asked for as much help from teachers as I

could. I was doing well in subjects, such as Liberal Studies and English, which have become my advantages. I put a considerable amount of effort into them so that I could get good grades in DSE. I set up a study schedule during the DSE revision period, alternating core and elective subjects every day with a lot of emphasis on Mathematics and Liberal Studies. Consequently, I was able to get good grades and entered HKU.

The major takeaway from this short article is that there will be a lot of difficulties you will face in the process of taking DSE and entering University and these difficulties will come differently to each person. However, all of you can overcome these difficulties if you TRY YOUR BEST. All you have to do is to be passionate and determined.



# The muddy footprints

by 6A Desierto Josaya Josh Quinones



Opening my eyes, I heard a faint beeping sound. It was getting louder and louder until I woke up and saw somebody calling me at 3 am.

“Who in their right mind would call at this time?” I asked myself. “Hello, who is this?”

“This is the chief of police,” the man answered. “Detective, we need you here in the Hong Kong Museum of Art. It’s an emergency.”

I then quickly got up, put on my trench coat and got a cab to the museum. There were police everywhere. As I went inside the museum, the police officers led me to the crime scene.

“Ah, detective! Glad you could make it,” the chief of police said. “Three pieces of artwork were vandalized last night. All big masterpieces were destroyed in one night. The cameras were all down as well. This seems pretty well planned.”

The paintings were damaged pretty badly. Each one was scratched from the top down. There were also footprints on the table to the paintings. But, something was odd. The footprints looked too uniform. I also saw a window right above the tables. So I thought, the suspect climbed down the window with muddy boots and walked to the paintings and started damaging them, but I still needed more evidence.

“Why destroy the paintings? Why not take it?” I thought to myself.

As I was investigating the paintings, a man in a suit approached me. I assumed he was someone with high status looking at his watch and his gold pen tucked in his front pocket.

“Detective, this is Mr. Braxton, the owner of the museum,” the chief informed me.

“Hello detective, nice to meet you,” Mr. Braxton greeted.

“Mr. Braxton, may I ask you a few questions in private?” I asked.

“Sure,” he replied.

We went to Mr. Braxton’s office where it was absolute silence. Everything on his desk was also very organized. Then I started asking questions.

“Mr Braxton, how did you find out that the paintings were destroyed?” I asked.

“Well, the museum closes at 9:30 pm. I stayed in this office until 12 to do some paperwork,” he said. “I went to check in with Harold, the security guard of the room with the paintings. Then I noticed the paintings were damaged. Nobody could possibly enter the room because it uses a fingerprint scanner. Only I could open the door. When I went inside, there were footprints on the tables and on the floor. The window up top was also open. But, I think it was the gardener.”

“The gardener?” I questioned .

“Yeah, the gardener,” he repeated. “He’s the one who takes care of the garden outside, and looking at the muddy footprints, who else can we point our fingers to? Also, I don’t think he likes me a whole lot.”

I was convinced that the gardener was behind all this. Snapping his fingers while we were talking, Mr. Braxton seemed pretty confident. But, the gardener wasn’t there that day, so I talked to the security guard next.

“Mr. Harold?” I asked.

“Yes, that’s me.” the security guard answered.

“Mr. Harold, did Mr. Braxton check on you at about 12 am?” I asked.





“Yeah, he was just saying goodbye,” he replied.

“When does your shift normally start?” I continued.

“ I usually start working at 9:15pm when the museum is about to close,” he answered. “Come to think of it, I've been doing this job for about a year now and Mr. Braxton told me something peculiar. He said, “I want you to guard this room tonight,” I was a bit confused because I know that already. He probably just wanted to clarify it as it looked similar to the one over there.”

As the security guard was imitating Mr. Braxton, he did something very strange. He snapped his finger while saying it.

“Wait, what did you just do?” I asked.

“I'm sorry?” he replied

“You snapped your finger,” I replied.

“Oh, right,” he said. “Mr Braxton has this habit of constantly snapping his finger. He also does magic, I think that's pretty cool.”

“Right,” I replied. “How about this gardener, does he relate in any way with Mr. Braxton?”

“ They don't quite go on too well.” he said. “Mr. Braxton thinks that the gardener is responsible for the death of his wife. I don't know why he wouldn't just fire him.”

“Thank you, Harold,” I said. “I got all the evidence I need.”

I quickly went to the crime scene and saw the chief of police talking to Mr. Braxton.

“ Mr. Braxton,” I said. “You are arrested for vandalism of multiple artworks.”

“What?” Mr. Braxton and the chief exclaimed.

“ Yes,” I continued. “Mr. Braxton wanted to take revenge of the gardener. He believes that he was the reason for the death of his wife, nobody believed him. He didn't want to fire the gardener as he believed that it wasn't much of a punishment.”

“Are you sure it's him?” the chief of police asked.

“ Certainly,” I answered. “As I was talking to Mr. Braxton earlier, his office was very organized. This gave me a sign that he might have OCD and looking back at the crime scene, the footprints were way too uniformed. He used another pair of boots to apply mud on. Then, he came in the door. He knew that the gardener didn't have access to the room so he opened the window to show as if the gardener broke in from there. Then, he started planting the footprints on the table as that would be the place someone would stand after climbing in from the window. After that, he continued marking footprints on the ground to the paintings and started damaging them.”

“How about the security guard?” the chief asked. “Wasn't he guarding the room? Surely he would notice someone entering.”

“Hypnosis,” I continued. “Am I right Mr. Braxton? That excessive snapping earlier you were hypnotizing me to believe that the gardener was the suspect. You hypnotized Harold when the museum closed as it was quiet, perfect for hypnotizing someone like you took me to your office that was entirely quiet. You told him to guard the room similar to this one so that you could do your dirty work unwitnessed.”

Mr. Braxton was handcuffed immediately. I wore my coat and got a cab home. I jumped on my bed feeling relieved. Then, my phone rang.

“You have got to be kidding me!”

# On the verge of collapse

by 6A Lee Ki Chin Abby

"My God!" With a scream, a good morning was broken.

"Oh, how... how could that be possible!" The security guard Andy, who was sleepy because of staying up late on duty, doubted what he saw in front of him and raised his hand and rubbed his eyes again.

Without any hesitation, Andy took out his mobile phone and called the manager in a hurry. Having connected the call, before the manager could make a sound, the security guard said, "Hello, is that Mr. Boris? I'm Andy."

"What happened? Can you speak slowly?" The manager replied slowly in a languid tone.

"The painting was destroyed! Mr. Boris!" said Andy.

"What? I'm going to the museum now!" After hanging up, Boris grabbed his suit coat and left home.

On the way, Boris reported the case to the police. An hour later, Inspector Sharp arrived at the scene of the crime.

Sharp put on his gloves and went over the scene. There were a lot of suspected traces, and Sharp couldn't make a judgment at the moment.

"Hello, Boris. I have a general idea of the situation. I hope you and others will fully cooperate in my investigation." Sharp took off his gloves and looked at Boris.

"That's for sure, Inspector Sharp. We will fully cooperate with your investigation." Boris replied with a standard smile.

"Good. Let me have a look at the CCTV recording. It always tells us something." said Sharp.

"Of course. But CCTV was out of work a few days ago. So we may not get any information." Boris replied cautiously.

"Was it? I'll watch the recording first. Can you get all your staff together for me? I have some questions to ask them." said Sharp.

When Boris took Sharp into the control room, he called in all the staff. Sharp went out of the monitoring room directly after confirming that the CCTV was damaged. He went up to Boris and looked at the staff in front of him.

"Sorry to take up your working time, but the door to the crime scene was not destroyed. This means someone used the key to enter the crime scene. So the suspect is among you." said Sharp.

"I think so, Inspector Sharp. But the suspect can never be me. I'm Simon, the gatekeeper of the museum. There was a heavy rain last night. I could hear the rain and thunder when I was mopping the floor. But I finished all my work at half past nine and left the museum." Simon looked back very seriously.

"Half past nine? It seems that this is an important time point." Sharp said.

"Inspector Sharp, I'm the discoverer of the crime

scene, security guard Andy. I was patrolling the museum all night last night and I didn't hear anything unusual except the thunderstorm. But I've only been in the museum for a week and I can't have done it." Andy frowned.

"You are the discoverer. You're smart enough to tell Boris first. So Boris, tell me your timeline." Sharp turned to Boris.

"Alright, Inspector Sharp. I didn't leave the museum until 10p.m. Last night, before I left, everything was fine. I got the call at seven fifteen in the morning." Boris replied.

"Well, I have recorded all your time points. So how about you? Lady? Could you tell me about your timeline?" Sharp asked.

"Hello, Inspector Sharp. I'm Alice, the Manager's secretary of the museum. I have worked here for five years. I left the office at eight last night. Until I came back at nine o'clock this morning, I was told about the damaged painting." Alice answered carefully.

"Well, I have a preliminary understanding of you. First and foremost, the key. Who touched the key last night?" Sharp asked.

"I'm the only one with the key and it's still in my office now." Boris replied.

"Ok. I found footprints on the ground. These footprints obviously belong to a man. According to Simon, the cleaning was finished at half past nine. Boris left at 10 o'clock last night and found nothing unusual. So the footprints were left after ten o'clock. So Simon's timeline wasn't fake. And Simon was the first to say the timeline, so I believe he is innocent." Sharp said.

"Thank you for believing me, Sharp." Simon looked at Sharp with his grateful eyes.

"You're welcome. I'm just being realistic. Can everyone in the scene let me measure the size of your feet?" Sharp took out the ruler.

Everyone agreed. After working with Sharp, he found that only Andy's foot was bigger than the footprints left at the scene of the crime.

"It rained heavily last night. So people who entered the museum from outside were bound to leave muddy footprints. So this is definitely the footprints left by the saboteurs. Andy's footprints are bigger than those in the crime scene. So Andy can't be the destroyer." said Sharp.

"The suspects have been narrowed down to two people. It's Boris and Alice. Boris is the most suspicious right



now. Do you have anything to say? Boris?" Sharp asked Boris.

"I have worked here for ten years. It's impossible to damage the Museum items. And I won't get any benefits for doing that!" Boris argued.

"But how do you explain the footprints?" Sharp asked.

"I don't know." Boris sighed.

Sharp is also observing Alice's look while talking to Boris. He noticed that a little discontent flashed on Alice's face as Boris argued.

Sharp did not continue to ask questions. This made Alice, who was ready, freeze.

Sharp's head flashed through everyone's timeline and evidence from the scene. He seemed to know who the saboteur was. Sharp smiled.

Looking at Sharp, a little anxiety flashed through Alice's heart. She said, "Mr. Sharp, since the footprints were left by men, the crime should have nothing to do with me."

"Is it? But I don't think so." Sharp shook his head.

"What do you mean?" Alice looked flustered.

"Don't you really know what I mean? Are you kidding me? The destroyer is you - Alice!" Sharp said.

"You have no proof! I didn't do it!" Alice argued.

"Naturally, people can't wear shoes smaller than their

own feet. But on the contrary, people can wear shoes bigger than their own feet. The traces of the first half of the footprints are obviously seen, and the traces of the second half are not that clear. This indicates that the shoes worn by the wearer do not fit. In addition, the size of the footprints exactly matched Boris' feet. This shows that the saboteur's intention is to shift the blame to Boris. Of all the employees, only you work for the longest, so you know Boris best. As a manager's secretary, you can know where the keys are. And as an insider, you know exactly when the CCTV broke down. So you think you won't leave a trace after you destroyed the painting. But the rain last night divulged the truth." Sharp said slowly.

"Oh. You found out, Sharp." Alice didn't hide anything.

"Why did I do that? It is because I have been squeezed endlessly in these five years! In these five years, not only did my boss cut my salary, he also assigned me to do extra work. The manager couldn't understand my pain. When I'm on the verge of collapse, Boris doesn't want to feel better!" Alice began to roar.

"Alice, how can you do this to me?" Boris couldn't believe it. He looked at the woman in front of him, but his heart was full of shock.

"What I do depends entirely on your attitude towards me!" Alice closed her eyes and her tears kept running.

The farce was finally over. Under Sharp's supervision, Alice entered the police station.

# Money makes Hong Kong go round? Spiritual fulfilment matters!

By 5D Saghir-Ahmed Sahar Saghir

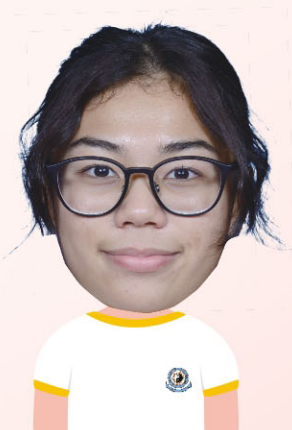
We all know the famous saying, 'Money makes the world go round,' but in this case I also believe money makes Hong Kong go round despite a number of side-effects being materialistic. For example, you get a huge ego; you care more about possessions than your family and you just love showing off your luxurious life. If that didn't explain the meaning of 'materialistic', here comes another meaning - either being money-oriented, only concerned with material possessions or feeling embarrassed to wear or own the cheap clothes in the closet.

In my opinion, Hongkongers are pretty materialistic because they fancy the high-end branded labels which could be completely useless, ranging from Louis Vuitton, Gucci, Givenchy to Chanel. Whenever you hear people's conversation, it's all and just about MONEY! How much do you earn a month? At what price you are going to sell your flat? Is your car the newest model? Basically it's a gesture to show off their status and pride. One's desire is never-ending. The more these people possess, the stronger their desire will be. At the end of the day, such a limitless greed will drag these lost souls into an abyss of emptiness.

Indeed, being money-minded comes with a price. With all the expensive shopping, rents, and cars they own, these

people can literally be in debt. Never are they satisfied with what they possess, and their 'to-buy-list' just goes on and on. They must shop till they drop! Research also shows that being materialistic often leads to depression, anxiety and more importantly, losing your beloved ones in life. Rather than the materialistic pursuit, the gems of Hong Kong, such as the spectacular views, the gourmet, our friends and family and even our culture deserve to be cherished more. To me, I'm grateful to reside in Hong Kong, this culturally diverse city, where I can speak to people from various nationalities. It's far more fulfilling to communicate with like-minds spiritually than acquiring material goods.

Material items may make you thrilled only for a while, but in the long-run your family and friends will be the ones who could truly be there for you during tough times. Don't sacrifice your health or lose yourself to be slaves of money!



# Cheers for changing the work culture

By 5A Yang WuYing



These days, putting money at the top of all other tasks in life is deeply rooted in the working class because most people prefer working on a grindstone to enjoying an easy life after work. From the perspective of the top management, the hard work and determination to get the job done is deeply appreciated. We are very grateful to have such a capable team in

the company, and this work culture can be detrimental in a way that no one can imagine.

Because of the rapid development of our city's economy, nowadays the competition between different companies has become extremely fierce. In order to increase productivity, most companies encourage employees to work longer hours, which results in many people leaving the office late every day and this has probably become a common practice in most companies except ours. Our business values our employees as the company's most important asset, so we take their health very seriously. We are pleased to announce that if you regularly leave the office at the required time, you will not be considered as being lazy or incompetent.

Non-stop working can increase productivity, but there are always two sides to everything. The advantages of working overtime cannot outweigh its disadvantages. Considering the negative effects of overtime work, employees can also suffer from the physical effects of working long hours. In addition, heavy workload will become a great burden for employees. If employees can't finish their assigned work within the working day, they will worry about being removed from the company, which can cause anxiety and even become a long-term problem for others. The reason is that they can never relax because of the physical and psychological conflicts.

You can increase productivity by working continuously, but every coin has two sides. The advantage of working late cannot obscure its disadvantages. The negative effects on health are the main problems caused by overtime work.

When we talk about health, we not only relate it to people's physical health, but also relate it to psychological aspects. There is no doubt that working long hours will take its toll on employees' health. In addition, heavy workload will become a huge burden on employees. Employees will be scared of losing the job if they are unable to complete their assigned work. This can cause anxiety and may even become their long-term torment. This is because their work pressure can never be relieved, because they sacrifice their spare time after work to do extra work. Physical and mental health deteriorates.

Since we do not want our staff to be physically tired or even have emotional problems, two measures were suggested to improve the current situation.

First, the advice to all members of the organization is to set standard working hours. Staff are strongly advised to adhere to planned working hours in a standardized office environment. There will be no special treatment for working 24 hours a day or just barely exceeding standard working hours. This policy prevents subordinates from being forced to work late and ensures that employees have leisure time to relax.

In addition, another option is to organize regular leisure activities and after-work parties. As mentioned above, employees lack opportunities to relieve stress. By providing leisure activities and gatherings, such as casual dinners and karaoke events, employees can develop friendships and thus build up good working relationships. This helps reduce the problem of excessive stress and reminds employees that our company does not need to work unnecessarily long hours.

To sum up, in order to achieve sustainable development of the company, we want to promote the concept of creating a pleasant working environment, while emphasizing the importance of maintaining good physical and mental health during appropriate working hours. The old Chinese proverb says "Work while you Work, Play while you Play" will never change, and we hope that all of our valuable employees will benefit from proper working hours and leave the office on time!



# My memory bank

Maira Saleem 4D (07)

This is my camera. Its brand is Leica, a company from Germany. I would say I can live without my smartphone but not without this camera. The reason is because this camera contains all the memories of me and my loved ones together since I was born. For the first few years of my life, my dad captured pictures to keep them as memories to look back in the future, but then I insisted to keep this camera and started to capture all the good and bad days I've gone through with my loved ones including my friends and family. It has been 19 years I'm using this camera and I can't be more grateful to share my memories with my family, as well as its quality is just perfect, it's neither too old nor new, just right! No matter how many cameras are better in quality than this one, I will still prefer this all the time!

# My grandma is still alive in my heart

Now this is not mine but my grandmother's Walkman. My grandmother was the closest to my heart and so this Walkman will always have a special place in my heart. When I was young around 4 years old, I used to sit on my grandmother's lap and listen to her recording herself singing because she had a beautiful voice and she had a passion of singing. I still remember no matter how energetic I used to be, after hearing her angelic voice I always fell asleep automatically, insane right? Unfortunately when I was 12, my grandmother passed away. This is the only keepsake I had of her and so I kept it with me. Right now I'm 23 years old and I still listen to this Walkman to remember her every night. I love my grandmother. I can never afford to lose this Walkman.



# Vintage Memories

Subba Reva 4A (10)

This vintage film is very meaningful to me because it contains pictures of my parents from the 80's and 90's. The film camera belonged to my mom, who took pictures all the time. She still likes capturing pictures of her daily life. Going through the pictures is like going through the memories of my mom's younger years through her eyes, which gives a very nostalgic feeling. The pictures are also pleasing to the eyes as they are of vintage quality. My mom gave me the film camera as a gift and I want to continue filling the camera with pictures of my younger years to keep as memories.



# Epoch



This Walkman is very meaningful to me because it was gifted to me by my dad when I was young. He had given me a few cassette tapes of his favorite songs. Although our taste in music is quite different, I still gave them a try. I also decided to listen to songs of my own likening in the Walkman. Because I didn't have a phone back then, the Walkman was where I listened to music most of the time. Even though my taste in music has drastically changed from when I was young until now, sometimes I listen to audio cassettes with music from back then in the Walkman to relive my younger days.

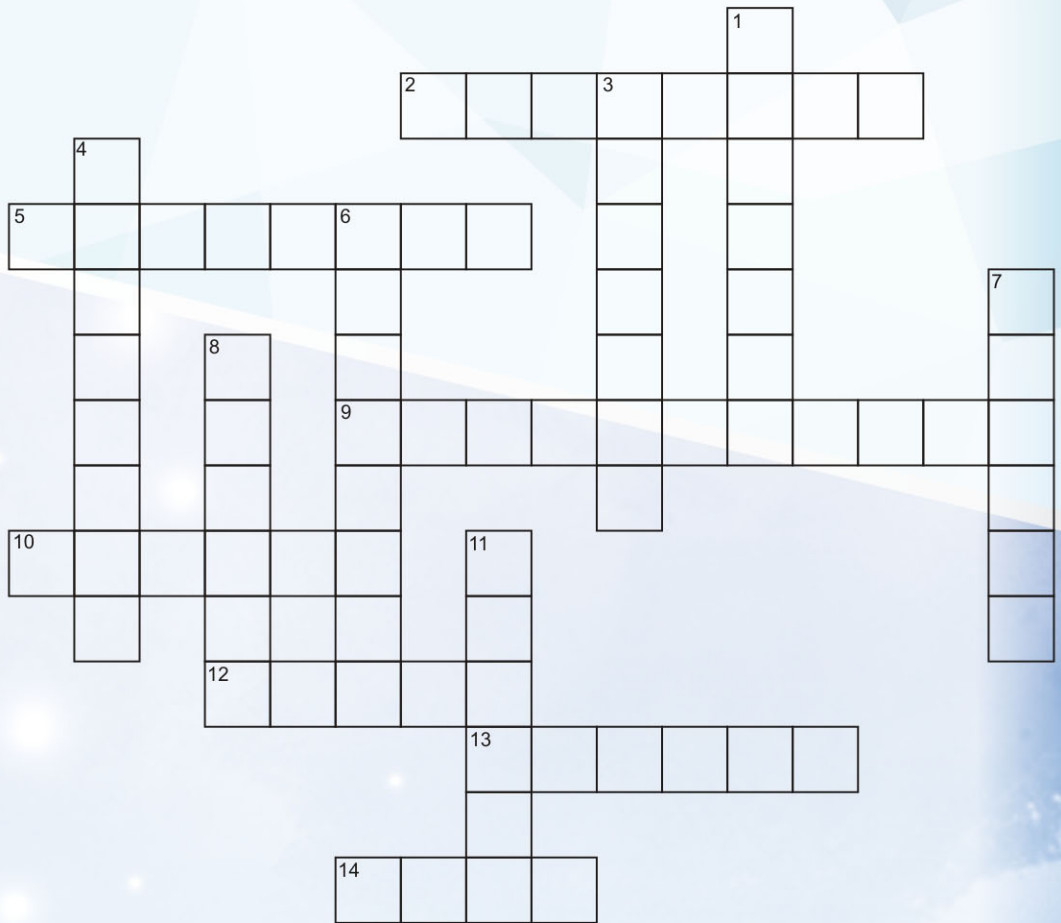
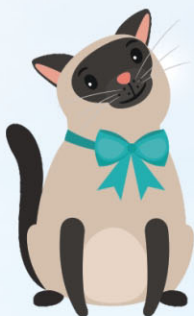
# Crossword Puzzle

## Vegetables


Due to the COVID-19 pandemic, everyone has to stay healthy. One of the ways is to eat more vegetables!

To take part, complete the mini-task, take a photo and email it to [yy3mail@hktayy3.edu.hk](mailto:yy3mail@hktayy3.edu.hk) with the subject 'Crossword Puzzle' by **30<sup>th</sup> April 2021 (Friday)**.

A fancy gift will be awarded to you!



### Across

- 2. 
- 5. 
- 9. 
- 10. 
- 12. 
- 13. 
- 14. 

### Down

- 1. 
- 3. 
- 4. 
- 6. 
- 7. 
- 8. 
- 11. 

## Contact information

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Contact number: \_\_\_\_\_ Level: P. \_\_\_\_\_

School name: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_