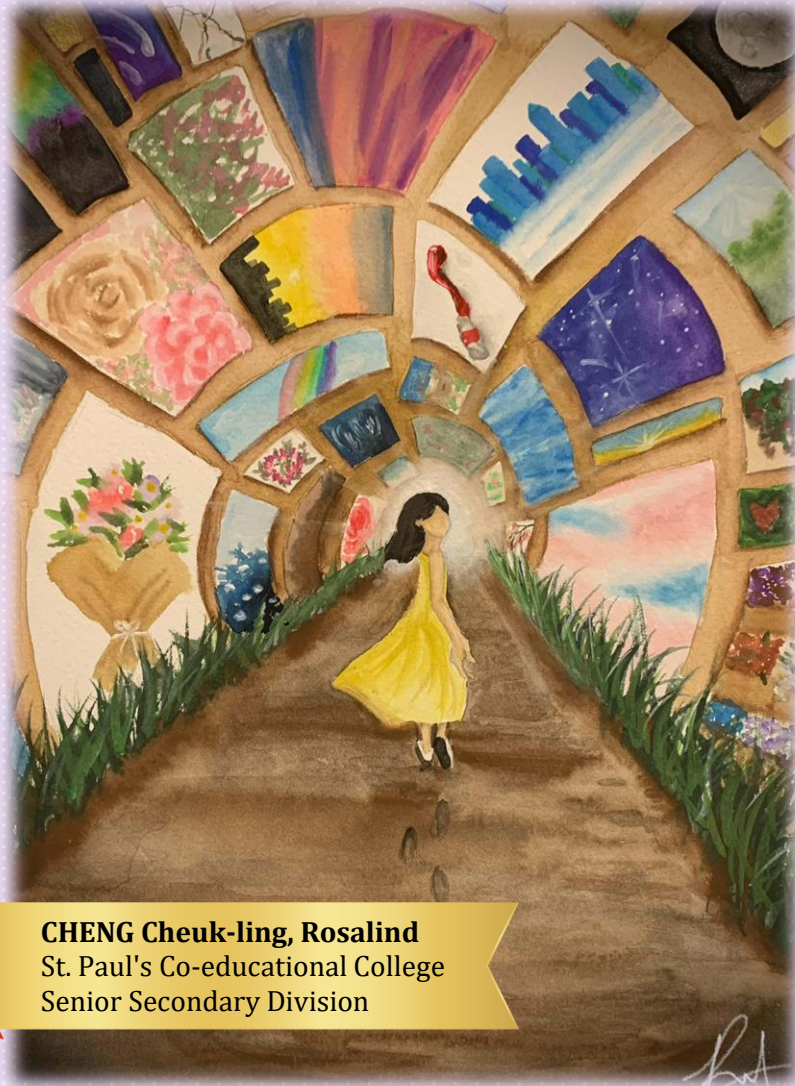




# "SOW in Love" Letter Writing Competition Outstanding Award



**CHENG Cheuk-ling, Rosalind**  
St. Paul's Co-educational College  
Senior Secondary Division



Dear ten-year-old Rosalind,

Rosalind, you must have many questions about receiving a letter like this. All I want you to know is that I understand you, and I want the best for you, which is why I am writing my deep-down thoughts to you. Ada Adams once said, "There is a light at the end of every tunnel, some tunnels just happen to be longer than others." Your dream of being an artist is being fulfilled now on my end, so I need you to work hard and be optimistic.

Rosalind, I have been you. I am being you. I continue to feel the frustration and how the pit of your stomach burns when people tell you art is solely a hobby. We do not hear this often, yet your struggle to break free from social expectations is acknowledged, and the effort you put into painting each stroke on a canvas is appreciated. Today, you may feel ashamed to tell everyone what you are proud of, but in the future, everyone's eyes will light up at your photo albums— the colourful art that is made of the blood, sweat and tears you have put into creating. So, stand with your head held high and be passionate about what you are doing. Power through the tunnel of your life.

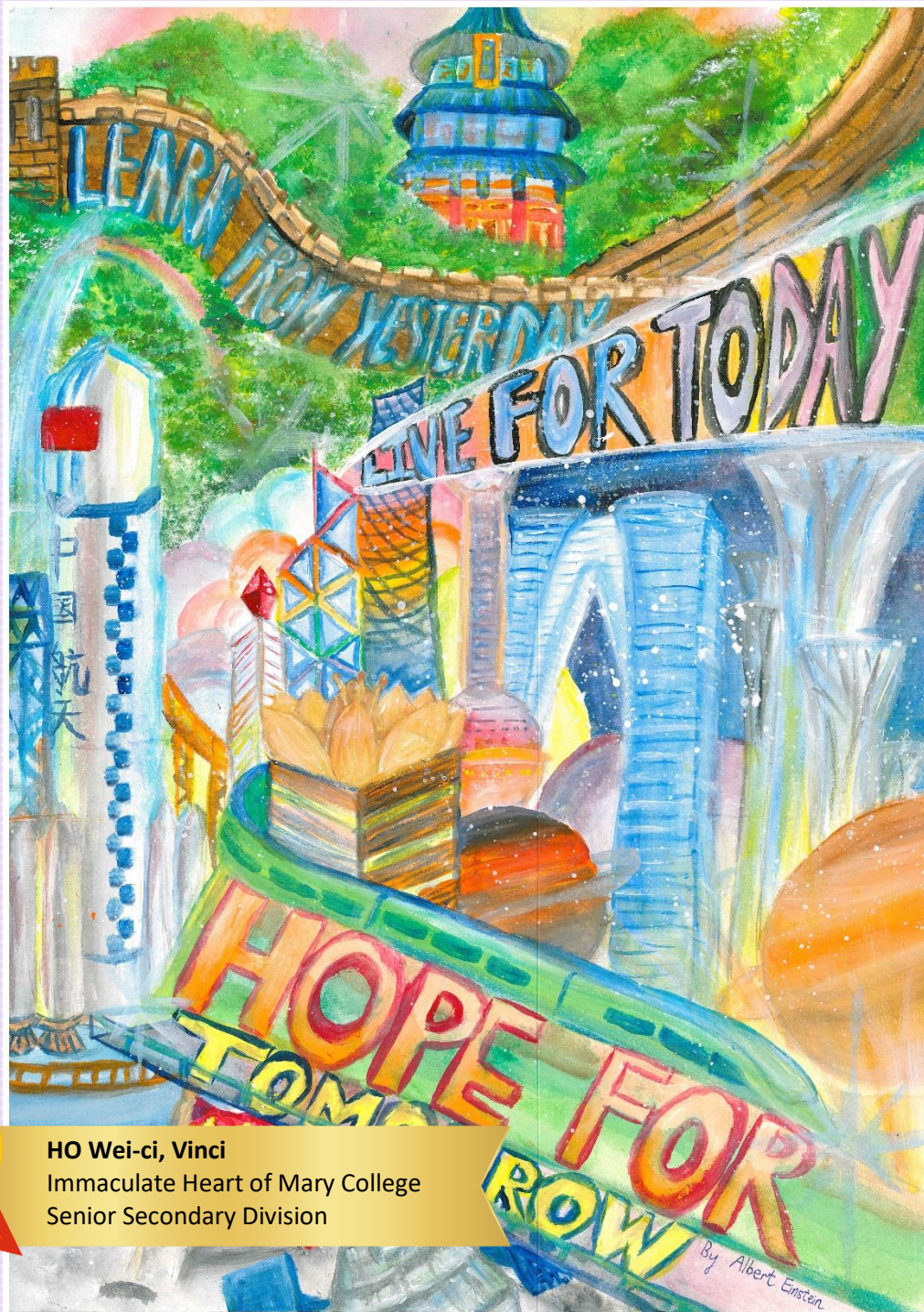
Rosalind, you are so young, yet you have faced many criticisms. It is not easy- I know that all too well. Please do not be too heavily affected by the comments, like I was. Just focus on yourself and stay true to who you are. In the future, you'll become me, whose relatives no longer look down on you and roll their eyes. We will reach the light one day— our tunnel is just a little longer.

Love,  
16-year-old Rosalind,  
The Future You





## “SOW in Love” Letter Writing Competition Outstanding Award



**HO Wei-ci, Vinci**  
Immaculate Heart of Mary College  
Senior Secondary Division



My Dearest Motherland China,

In the embrace of your ancient wisdom and the splendor of your present achievements, I find my heart overflowing with love and gratitude for you. You are the embodiment of a rich history that spans millennia, the guardian of breathtaking landmarks, and the vanguard of a future brimming with limitless technological marvels.

China, your history is a tapestry interwoven with tales of triumph and resilience. From the great emperors who forged an empire to the scholars who illuminated the world with their profound insights, your legacy is one of enlightenment and greatness. It is in your footsteps that I walk, drawing inspiration from the wisdom of the ages.



As I gaze upon your majestic landmarks, I am filled with awe and wonder. The Great Wall, an enduring symbol of strength and unity, stands tall, whispering tales of valor and determination. The Forbidden City, with its intricate architecture and opulent grandeur, transports me to a bygone era of imperial majesty. And your natural wonders, from the serene beauty of the Li River to the awe-inspiring heights of Mount Everest, remind me of the unparalleled splendor that graces our land.

But it is not just your past that captivates me, it is the boundless potential of your future. China, you are at the forefront of technological advancements, a trailblazer in innovation. From artificial intelligence to space exploration, you push the boundaries of human achievement, inspiring us to reach for the stars. Albert Einstein's words, "Learn from yesterday, live for today, hope for tomorrow" resonate deeply within me as I witness your relentless pursuit of progress.

My beloved Motherland, my heart is eternally woven into the fabric of your being. I am grateful for the privilege of calling you home, for the lessons you have taught me, and for the indomitable spirit that courses through my veins. I promise to honor your legacy, cherish your traditions, and contribute to your continuous growth and prosperity. I will not forget the quote by Charles Dickens, "In love of home, the love of country has its rise."

With unwavering love and the utmost respect,  
A H.K. student

”





## “SOW in Love” Letter Writing Competition Outstanding Award



**LAU Pak-hin**  
Immaculate Heart of Mary College  
Senior Secondary Division



Dear Charming Bells,

As I sprinted down the bustling central streets, my heart was captivated by the sight of a casual piece of gray. It strolled down the center, wise and distinguished, releasing a flood of cherished memories like an old film reel. Ah, how could I ever forget you?

Growing up with you defined my childhood. Your charming bell was the first sound that greeted my bleary eyes each morning. Your unwavering strength carried me to school. The gray panels became my guardians, shielding me from the rain and wind.



Over the decades, you have traversed the same old rails countless times. You have witnessed the fall of old buildings and the rise of new ones. You have observed the slow transformation into a fast and flashy world.

Over the decades, you have traversed the same old rails countless times. You have witnessed the fall of old buildings and the rise of new ones. You have observed the slow transformation into a fast and flashy world. Yet, you, majestic as ever, have remained unchanged. You continue to serve faithfully on these different yet familiar paths, leaving a perfect shade of gray on the freshly paved roads.

Listening to the hum of your motor reminds me of the journey I embarked upon and the fascination you sparked in me for engineering and understanding how things work.

As I find myself in my usual spot, I once again embrace the familiar sensations: the cool breeze in my hair, the tranquil cabin where time seems to slow down. You are a fragment of what used to be, a testament to a bygone era, an incredible record. Amidst a hasty and colorful world, you walk the streets in beautiful black and white and green. Please visit these old windows once more. I hope to see you again tomorrow.

Thank you for always being here, a memory cherished by everyone. I recall a quote by Herman Melville: "We cannot live only for ourselves. A thousand fibers connect us with our fellow men." Thank you for your presence, connecting each one of us in our community.

With love,  
A Secondary School Student

