

Beneath the bluish-violet sky of a British night, I couldn't help but think of the scene of my first step on the English land.

The place that I have lived in since I was born, I shall leave. I miss that place and the people I love. It feels rather outrageous to see my motherland become a "habitat" for maniacs and criminals, seeing ridiculously news every day from thousands of miles away.

Night, ah yes, night, a moment for me to communicate with myself. Olive taught me to treasure moments with the people I love, sharing the stories of her father-in-law. Have I left without any regret? Have I tried my best spending time with the people I care? I began to think. "Yes, perhaps." "Yes." "Yes."

"This place is no longer safe for people to live." "Mmm, perhaps." Two voices in my head discussing. "Anyway, it doesn't really matter to me, to be honest," I mumbled. I felt sorry for my homeland, that it and its people shall not suffer this. "But what can I do?"

"Hello, I'm Angus. I'm from Hong Kong." This is my identity, and no one shall take that away from me.

I love our language, I love our culture, I love our place...

-by Angus Wong, X9