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文化大赛颁奖部分花絮

第二届“太古-瑞华杯文化大赛”圆满落下帷幕。上周六, 获奖同学们于瑞华中文学校领取了他们的奖品。让我们再次祝贺每位获奖的同学! 并为所有参赛的同学喝彩!



2022暑期主任已聘

经应聘人申请, 校委会评议, 瑞华校长任命2022暑期主任如下:

- 2022年瑞华夏季学校(Summer School)主任 - 张冰
- 2022年瑞华夏令营(Summer Camp)主任 - 史力红



绘画大赛佳作欣赏



8-9岁组

一等奖: 吴意恩 《温暖的家》

11. 作者姓名: Ian Wu (吴意恩)
年龄: 9岁 (2012年8月生)
作品1 题目: 温暖的家
尺寸: 16 x 20
材料: 油画
创意概述: 家是我们最温暖的港湾, 本作品以家中一角为创作对象, 描绘温暖的午后, 暖色的家。



英文创意写作优胜文章赏读



Senior 1st Place - "The Willow Tree", Emily hu

Elana sat by her sister's bed, listening to her faint breaths as she slept. Reika had been sick for weeks, afflicted with a sudden illness.

One moment, she had been full of her usual vigor, and the next, collapsed on the floor, pale and feverish, a nasty rash spreading on her wrist. She took to her bed immediately.

The next day, Reika was uncharacteristically quiet. Her once-luminous eyes were dull, and her glossy black hair hung limply, as if all the life had been sucked out of her, leaving behind an empty husk of a girl.

The healers came immediately, but nothing they gave her could stop the fever, nor the rash, which spread further each day.

She had been drifting in and out of sleep since, and each time she fell asleep, Elana was afraid that this time, she might not wake up, and Elana

would never again hear her bubbling laughter or see her emerald eyes filled with light.

"The rash—it's different. It seems to weaken her immune system. We fear it may be making way for another, more deadly, virus. It's unnatural, this illness," murmured the healers, their voices tinged with pity.

"Her path is clouded with shadows," whispered the soothsayer, her gaze full of sorrow.

"Our little flower's wilting," sobbed her parents, their expressions without hope.

But Elana would not let go of Reika. She *would* save her.

There was only one person who might be able to save Reika—her grandmother.

A witch.

Elana did not remember anything about her grandmother. She was a witch, after all, and witches were exiled, only given permission to visit if a descendant was born.

Her grandmother was rumored to be the most powerful of all the witches. Which meant that she might be able to cure Reika of the illness which devoured her strength bit by bit, like termites gnawing at wood—unnoticeable, until it was too late.

She stood up, gently squeezing Reika's limp hand, and whispered, "Don't worry. I will find a cure for you, I promise that." She hesitated, and added, "I'm going to see Grandmother. I won't be long."

With a new determination kindling inside her, Elana walked out of Reika's room, and went to find her father.

"No," he repeated firmly.

"But, Father..." she implored.

"I said, *no*. It's not worth it."

But Elana wouldn't give up on Reika—not Reika, with her energy and enthusiasm. Not Reika, who had comforted Elana when she was upset, who had been with her since the womb. She would find her grandmother, no matter what—for Reika, her beloved twin.

Elana snuck out at night, a small sack of supplies slung over her shoulder. She walked, towards the rising moon, its cool glow bathing her, until she could no longer see the village. She walked, not stopping to rest even when her legs ached and her feet hurt. She walked, thinking only of Reika. Finally, she reached a cave, illuminated by a few glowing candles, and entered.

Her grandmother, an old woman with white hair that reached her waist, was sitting on a wooden stool, knitting a sweater.

"Ah! I see I have a visitor today. And my granddaughter, no less. What a lucky day for me! What brings you here today, dearest Elana?" she asked, her voice rippling across the room, a beautiful and melodic sound.

"Reika—my sister—is terribly sick, and she's getting worse. The healers tried, but it didn't work. I was hoping you could..."

Her grandmother furrowed her brows, gazing intently into the sweater's stitches. "Oh dear... I'm afraid that... what your sister has cannot be cured. Even I do not know what it is, only that it is beyond my skills and expertise."

Elana's heart plummeted. "But, there *must* be something you can do!"

Her grandmother hesitated, and after a long moment, said, "There is... but, as your wish involves a matter of life or death, the sacrifice will be great. I don't want you to have to..."

"Do it," Elana demanded. "I'll do *anything* for Reika."

"Are you certain?" her grandmother asked warily, after explaining the terms of the trade.

"Yes," she declared, the surest she had felt since Reika became ill.

Her grandmother's eyes filled with tears as she said, "Very well, my dear Elana. I can see no way to sway you from this path. Just know that you cannot have any regrets. I am glad to have met you, my granddaughter."

Reika woke up with a start, and realized, upon looking down at her hands, that her rash had completely vanished, with not a trace left. She felt her forehead, and the fever was gone, too! "Elana," she cried with joy. "Elana! Come here!"

"I'm sorry, my dear," came a melodic voice. "She sacrificed her life for you, to save you." The voice belonged to an elderly woman with

pure white hair.

Reika lurched to her feet. "No! No! She can't have. *She wouldn't have!*" But it wasn't true. There, collapsed on the floor, her face deathly pale, was Elana. Reika knelt down, cradling her sister. "Elana, what did you do?"

Elana's eyes opened, gazing intently at Reika, full of love and warmth. She whispered, "Reika, my time in this world is over. But know this: I love you, and I always will." She smiled at Reika, her eyes fluttering shut.

Reika wailed, "But why? Why, Elana?"

The elderly woman—her grandmother, Reika realized—placed her hand gently on Reika's shoulder, and murmured, "She wanted you to live." It was as simple as that.

So Reika did. *Elana was many things—a friend, a sister, a hero, but most importantly, she was kind and selfless—everything I could ever ask for. I must ensure that her sacrifice was worth it. I will live.*

Outside the house, a young willow tree bloomed for the first time, embracing the sunlight, its slender branches swaying towards the house, as if it were listening.

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