

Freedom is without Bounds

6D (2017-2018) Wong Tsz Ho



As Ms. Young's son Chris Wong says, 'freedom is without bounds. Bounds is without freedom.' I, as a bird, you can call me Mary or 'Hunchingberg' (as this is what Mr. Smith used to call me, which means noisy little creature in English), can only experience the latter. In front of me are nesting bars and a little door that I can barely get out. As Professor Mia Wong once said, 'unclip the wings of your children'. I can never feel it, as I am just a wimpy little pet bird. Or you can say, I have my own duty.

One blazing morning, Mr. Smith gets out from his stuffy little room and brings a pot with him. He carefully puts the pot in front of me, trying not to ruin my symphony, nor to ruin my 'beautiful nightmare'. He raises his cracky voice and says, 'Wake up! Hunchingber. Get ready for today!' Aftermath the chores, he goes to work with his own car. I continue to peck, and peck, and peck, until I look up. The door suddenly creaks with an unwilling tone. I realize the 'bar' is open.

'Time to have some beer and beverages!' I tell myself.

I immediately try to stuff myself in that less-than-one-inch door, hoping to find some 'outsiders'. There, at the corner of the room, I see Chris Wong. His fluffy little body wriggles around the corner. It slithers. It crawls and it sneak back to his 'home', a small blackhole. From that pit hole, I hear Chris Wong sneezing and at the same time, sings, 'What a pity Hunchingberg, no freedom, no room, only a rooftop flat.' A wind, of a sudden, creeps in from nowhere. It blows away the sun and the silver lining. I, actually, feel the same way.

I am not an illiterate. I am a good poet. On the tables lies a paper and beside it is a soft pen. I pick it up and write:

‘What a pity, Hunchingberg,
Living in tiny Luxembourg.
Dwelling in a flat with no sound,
Every day I go round and round.
In the flat, I fickle and winkle,
Watching others happily giggle.
Nothing is left except a hole –
This is all my life as a whole.’

The writing will never end forever and ever. as I got out of the cage, an idea pops out from nowhere. It is time to meet even more counterparts. Happiness fills up my soul. I, again, look at gazing blaze, like the direction of the sunflower, cowardly looking at it without any songs, just like a boyfriend meeting his girlfriend. Suddenly, a chill dashes through my tiny little bone. In front of me stands a detour sign on the road, ‘Go home or not?’

Then, I hear Ms. Young says with a warm and soft voice, ‘Go home! You artsy-bitsy.’

I pondered like birds in the sky. To go home, or not to go home, this is not a question, but a command. Chris Wong slowly allows his head out of the tiny little corner, that is what he sings,

‘Bird, I ain’t no freedom, but I free myself. Freedom is without bounds. Bounds is without freedom.’

The moment I realize I am wrong, I haven’t done what a bird should do. ‘Who cares?’

Responsibility is not my cause,' I told myself before.

This is totally wrong.

A robber sneaks in without a sound. Hopefully, I have a clever ear, asking me to come in. Reading to battle. The robbers shout, 'I just want to get a few things to fulfill my dream.'

Without further ado, I flash, I dash, I squash. The window shows a tiny hole. From the hole shines the light of hope. I, with my continuous peck and 'bark', you robbers, ring out! Get out! You people estranged to freedom.

And so, I come back, what a miracle comeback! Like Napoleon protecting Europe, I frankly smile. The sun shines in and says,

'Dear Hunchingberg,

You have achieved freedom.

Your esteemed friend,

The son of God'

It blazes with a trail of light that delivers me from evil. Then I add in the poem I wrote:

'You wimpy little bird, you know nothing,

just a piece of chain tied with string.

You wimpy little bird, freedom is without bounds,

bounds is without freedom, robbery, let's go a few rounds.

Picking up the suit, feeling your thirst,

sometimes you are right, but responsibility comes first.'