

**Singapore HeritageFest 2009**  
**“Arte (factually) Speaking” Story-Writing Competition**  
**Shortlisted Entry (Upper Primary Category)**



Contest ID: 159  
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School: Fairfield Methodist School (Primary)

Artefact: Pandas  
Museum: Singapore Art Museum

Kung the Panda

The panda in Aang’s bedroom glowed brightly. Aang, on his cosy bed, slowly opened his eyelids tiredly. The mysterious glow had woken Aang up. He dragged himself out of bed towards the glowing object. He found the panda he had bought from the toy store not far away lying on his desk. It was the glowing object.

With his sharp eyes, Aang discovered that the panda was expanding in size. It was getting realistic, just like a life panda. Suddenly, it stopped growing. Aang immediately turned on the lamp that was placed on a table beside his bed. The panda had stood up. "Hi there! My name is Kung! You are now my master, and I will serve you. You are allowed to wish for anything you like and I will give it to you," it said, smiling cheerfully.

Aang introduced himself to Kung. In Aang’s heart, he kept wondering how a panda could be his servant. Kung explained that he was a magical creature from a magical land far far away. He was sent to Earth by the king of the magical land to serve humans in need of help. He ended up at a toy store in this poor village.

Aang immediately understood. He nodded his head and grinned playfully. With a heart full of greed, Aang wished for a billion dollars. A book suddenly appeared in Kung’s hands, and Aang soon realised that it was a book of rules and one of the rules was that money was not to be wished for. Aang was angry. His cheeks turned crimson red. "I hate you! Go away!" Aang yelled at the top of his lungs. Kung weakly crumbled to the floor as he shrunk slowly. Tears streamed down Aang’s cheeks. He rushed over to Kung, shaking him. He apologised sincerely but still nothing happened. Kung just lay still; his eyes open and face expressionless. All night, Aang cried non-stop. He picked up the book of rules and realised that if a master was to mistreat the creature sent by the king, the creature would turn into a doll and its spirit would go back to the magical land. Aang made a decision to take care of Kung like his favourite toy from that day on. He was confident that Kung would revive one day.

Years passed, Aang was already seventeen but he still took care of Kung. He was working and making lots of money. As Aang came home one day and lay of his cosy bed, on his desk lay Kung growing brighter second by second.

(427 words)