

The Art of Layering: How Literature Enriches Life



By Mrs. Morgan Judy

When I was in middle school, the school cafeteria served this amazing chicken soup. It wasn't just a meal; it was a small luxury I looked forward to — pale golden broth, tender chicken, spirals of pasta, perfectly cooked vegetables, and just the right hint of herbs. That soup became, for me,

the gold standard — something I still measure every bowl against. Years later, when I had my own kitchen, I set out to recreate that life changing soup, thinking it would be simple: boil a chicken, add a few ingredients. But the result was a disappointing, flavorless chicken water.

I eventually realized the magic wasn't in one ingredient or step, but in the careful building of flavors. In my early attempts, I carefully cut off all the little bits of fat and skin, thinking they were unnecessary — even a little gross. But without them, the broth stayed thin and pale, missing the depth and warmth that made it unforgettable. I came to understand that what I had dismissed as disposable were actually essential.

In the same way, studying literature teaches us to notice the components, textures, and nuances that shape human experience — especially the ones we might be tempted to overlook. It's not just about reading stories; it's about building empathy, creativity, and a way of seeing the world that enriches any profession or path we choose.



Literature connects us across time and space. Whether you become a doctor, artist, or analyst, this deeper appreciation for complexity makes you better at what you do.

Without the humanities, you can still be technically skilled, but it's like making soup by simply boiling chicken and throwing away the parts that carry the flavor. You end up with something functional, but lacking in the richness that makes it meaningful. Literature adds the substance that transforms raw skill into something memorable and impactful.

Just as great soup is more than the sum of its parts, a meaningful life is more than just technical expertise. The humanities help us see beauty in difference and complexity. They add creativity, connection, and purpose — the ingredients that help us become not just better professionals, but better people.



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Behind the Mic: A Voice for the Graduates

By Adam Tsai, Grade 11



Being chosen as the host for our high school commencement was a big honor and a moment I'll never forget. At first, I was excited, but then I started to feel nervous. Speaking in front of so many students, teachers, and families felt like a big responsibility. I wanted everything to go smoothly and ensure everyone had an unforgettable night.

This experience taught me how to be more confident in public speaking and how to stay calm under pressure. Most importantly, it reminded me how special it is to be part of the HWIS community. I'm proud I got to help lead such an important event for our school and the G12 graduates.



To get ready, me and my partner, Iris, practiced a lot. We worked together on the script, rehearsed our lines, and made sure the transition between performances went well. In addition, we had to make sure we stayed calm and focused despite any unexpected events occur during the event.

On the day of the ceremony, the atmosphere was full of emotion. Everyone was dressed up, taking pictures, and feeling proud. As we stood at the podium to introduce the performer and the following events, I felt a mix of excitement and pressure. However, once I started speaking, my nerves settled gradually, and I just focused on my lines.

Hosting the ceremony gave me a new perspective and experience. I noticed how important the moment was for the G12s—celebrating years of hard work, friendship, and growth. It felt good to play a role in such a meaningful ceremony.



Beyond Limits: A Field Trip of Fear and Friendship



By Yuan-Yuan Hung,
Grade 9

On March 17 and 18, we went on a field trip to Taoyuan and Miaoli. Our first stop was Taoyuan, where we challenged ourselves with extreme sports to test our limits. With the guidance of the coaches, we learned how to participate safely. My heart pounded as I jumped from a three-meter-high pillar, and the

encouragement from my teachers and classmates motivated me to reach the top of the facility. The moment I crossed the finish line, I felt an overwhelming sense of pride. I had conquered my fear of jumping and walking on a narrow bridge. We create very unforgettable memories by crossing a lot of obstacles.

Then, we went to create more memorable moments with our classmates in Miaoli. We ate a delicious dinner at the hotel's restaurant with our friends. We started to head to the shopping center; we had a lot of fun there. The climate is when sleeping with your friends. For me, it is a very amazing night; we share thoughts and feelings with each other. We played games, watched movies, and sang songs together.

The next day, after eating a delicious and tasty breakfast. We walk to amusement parks, and we play at a lot of exciting facilities. We rode roller coasters and bumper cars with our classmates. There are a lot of interesting things in the building. The bumper car is my favorite part of this field trip. It's very safe but still thrilling, which all of us love. We bump into each other, and this is the fun part of this activity. Although this wasn't my first time going on a field trip, this was definitely the most memorable time with my classmates. I think it's not just about the places we went to; it is about who you are with. 🌟



Love in Every Handprint: A Canvas of Connection



By Ethan Ku, Grade 11

One of the most heartwarming — and slightly chaotic — events we've had at school was what I like to call the Parent-Child Shirt Painting Event. That's not technically its name, but it makes it sound more engaging.

Picture this: a room filled with excited kids, smiling parents, and buckets — I mean buckets — of pink and green paint. The idea was simple: parents and kids painted their hands and arms, then stamped them onto a grey jersey, creating a wearable masterpiece of love, teamwork... and maybe just a little bit of chaos.

I was a student helper for the event, which basically meant I was on standby with wet wipes, Polaroid cameras, and the patience of a saint. Watching the parents and kids work together was something special. You could see it in the laughter when paint dripped, how carefully they positioned their hands, and how proud they looked when they stepped back to admire their shared creation. It wasn't just an art project — it was a snapshot of their bond. Some parents painted like they were restoring the Mona Lisa. Others were more freestyle. One dad slapped paint on like he was marinating a turkey. No regrets. Maximum enthusiasm.

Then came the Polaroid photos. Some were perfect. Others looked like underwater scenes or ghost parties. And just when I thought I'd seen it all — boom — my mom smeared green paint on my face. No warning. No mercy. That moment? Captured forever in an overexposed Polaroid labeled Motherly Love. Afterward, parents and kids wrote heartfelt letters to each other — quiet, magical moments of love. The jerseys, the photos, the letters — messy, beautiful reminders of what really matters. 🌟

