

My Past Life

as a Ninja

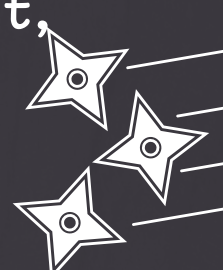
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What if dreams are not a figment of our imagination,
but a moment of our past life?

It was a windy winter night, the leaves were rustling. I
was dressed in this bizarre, tight-fitting suit,
desperately trying to figure out where i was.



In front of me, stood a majestic temple. I'd never
seen such architecture in Hong Kong. Nerves nibbled at
me while I entered. In a heart-stopping moment, the
floorboards creaked. I turned around hesitantly and
saw a young boy dressed in traditional Japanese
clothing.

At that moment, it was as clear as day, I was his
father.

