

**What a hellish trip--
a journey to
Hangzhou and a
lovely school trip
survival guide to an
ambivalent city-the
good, the bad and
the ugly**

BY Leo

It's a foggy day in Iwo Jima—no, in Hangzhou. Buses were traveling at high speeds. The road is like the beautiful waves of the sea around Guadalcanal, and it's the most hellish day out of all the students who leave their comfort zone for a half-hobbit tour to Hangzhou. But, as the old saying goes, "the good news is..." you have this travel guide, which means you won't die on an abominable trip. The Student Lifesaving Electronic Guide, published by Mr. Chicken University Press, *What a hellish trip—a journey to Hangzhou and a lovely school trip survival guide to an ambivalent city—the good, the bad, and the ugly*. In the future, this guide will save the lives of most of the students on the way to Hangzhou.

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Transportation:

Most MYP students love their heartwarming school, OCAC. As Ms. Huang (MYP Coordinator) stated, bus travel will be different, and for safety reasons, we try not to take transportation such as trains or planes. The author of this guide strongly recommends that you take the train or plane. First of all, you will spend a lot of precious time traveling by bus. Secondly, it is quite terrible for those who are susceptible to road fluctuations. Go by train: woo (travel at great speed, comfortable) plane: zooooooooooooooooommmmmmm Play Pacific Rim or eat chips. Here's a warm reminder: the highspeed from Suzhou to Hangzhou never did run smoothly, and this is the most reliable feeling for 8th graders: "It's a foggy day on Iwo Jima, no, in Hangzhou. Buses undulate at high speeds. The road is like the beautiful undulations of the sea around Guadalcanal." Buses rise and fall on the bypass. The bypass is like the undulations of the beautiful sea around Guadalcanal. My belly was like a sock full of marbles, and from that moment on, I began to praise our wonderful, gorgeous, trustworthy school. Part of the road is like waves under a storm and can be the most dangerous part of a torturous bus trip. By the way, if you're sitting in the stuffy coach, you'll find it hard to sit in a comfortable position—what a shame! The scenes around the bypass are basically

farmland, forests, and endless boring scenes, save for the scenery of Hangzhou.

Most of us spend a comfortable journey filling our stomachs with jelly and chips, watching videos, and playing games.

So, let's start our biblical journey.

Food:



To everyone's dismay, the first meal in Hangzhou was creepy, hazardous, and life-threatening: pickled cowpeas tasted like Vogon's plants, and the sprouts closely resembled goblin hair. The fish was like a live catfish soaked in vinegar, and under the "benevolent" gaze of the chef, we tried this colorful fish, and my first reaction was: I would really fancy the poem written by Paula Nancy Millstone Jennings (a poet master who wrote *The Worst Poem in The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*). I don't recommend you try "Vogon's Plants" and "Unknown Fish." First, they taste like soup buried in a pyramid. Second, many students loathe these dishes: "It tastes awful!" My friend said.

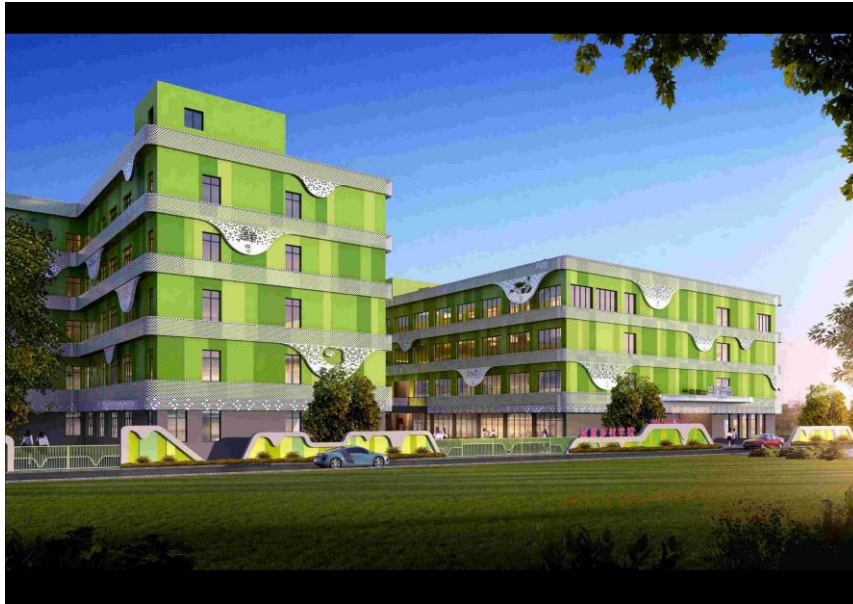
Picky eaters may try Hangzhou's fish balls; after the first bite, the taste of the Azure Sea and saltiness take complete control of my tone. Another fantastic delicacy is the traditional boiled chicken (I only have a shallow taste). The chef would slice the chicken before it was served to the customers.

If you don't like bitter drinks, try not to order green tea; drinking green tea without eating anything will affect your stomach. After a big meal, drink a cup of Longjin tea—a fancy drink to drink for your health. It's a pity I didn't bring the green tea back to share with you. Additionally, tea in Hangzhou was intoxicating, just like alcohol has on carbon-based life.

The lunch on the third day was a complete tragedy: the treats were really greasy and dry, and I could barely empty my lunch bag without the company

of a puny little kitten. During my afternoon hike, my close friend and I were subjected to minor food poisoning. That's because we only ate unhealthy snacks for lunch (however, we ended up covering the entire distance without staying in the supply car). Here's an important hint: avoid eating snacks for lunch; dry food can cause digestive issues, and even fast food was better than the snack products in Hangzhou.

Camp:



It's a shame that many of us are complaining about the Lanli research base camp. The environment in the dormitory was OK, and the living area is divided into two categories: military camp and star-level rooms. Again, our magnificent school chose the barracks. The barracks consisted of six bunk beds. We were told to hand in our phones at half past nine p.m. and lie down at ten p.m., and something strange happened after 11 and everyone in the room woke up just as the nightingales at midsummer night began. Guess what they were doing? They held a silent party without making any suspicious noises to "alert" the teachers patrolling in the corridor.

The bed was as hard as Vorgon's spaceship, and on my first night, my head "collided" with the guardrail of the bunk bed three times. That's why I woke up three times in the middle of the night. The only sound I heard was the "ZZZZZZZZ" sound coming from everywhere in the dorm.

Lanli Camp is located in the Lanli Scenic Area, a little far from Hangzhou. The sunrise I saw every morning is spectacular; the white clouds suddenly faded when the marvellous sun came up, shading the fields and the green patches with golden sunshine. If I stayed in a hotel in the city center, I couldn't; I couldn't see the magnificent view of the sunrise; I couldn't even breathe the

fresh air of the beautiful suburbs. Only a school trip can bring you here, an idyllic camp.

The good, the bad, and the ugly in Hangzhou

The author has said that 'Hangzhou was an ambivalent city' in the first paragraph. After this epic school odyssey, I have figured out the good, the bad, and the ugly of this city:

The good:

The XiXi wetland was splendid; hiking in Xixi is like idling in the vegetable salad. Spring is the 'rush hour' for trees and plants, birds and insects, streams, and rivers. Moss crept out from the fissures of the rocky road, and the whispering breeze brought the fairy tales from OZ. Ducks sit silently in the verdant pool, waiting for fish to sprout.

Sometimes the path leads us to a narrow, precarious bridge: 'Let's make believe we are Indiana Jones.' 'or somebody who discovered El Dorado.' We didn't find the golden city, but a wonderland ran into our eye sight: colorful flowers, grass slopes, twittering birds, and a musing cat.

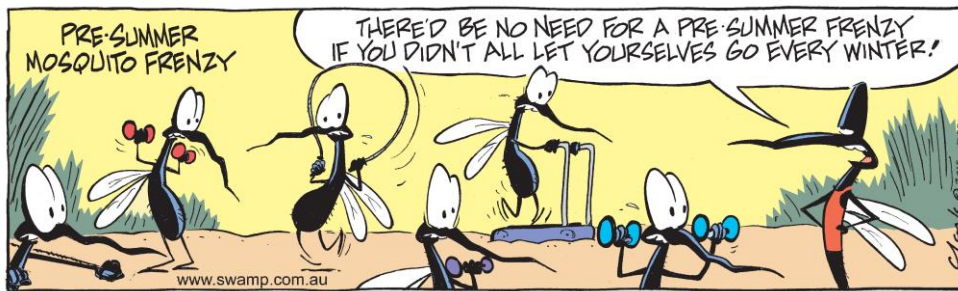


The Qian Tang Jang path was somewhat modern and highly developed; there you saw skyscrapers and the moderate Qian Tang river twinkling under the sun. Boats and ships were sailing quietly on the steady 'glass surface'. According to the lunar calendar, the waves of the Qian Tang River reach their peak on August 18th, raiding the shore with mighty strength. The broadening river gave me a broadening horizon; there I saw the endless blue-violet sky and fading stars!



Two marvelous places.

The bad:



wherever I went

Grumpy, grumpy bees bumped on me.

wherever I went

Fat, creepy mosquitos danced around me.

wherever I went

Ugly, filthy flies pestered me.

thou couldn't imagine the diversity and variety of the insects on west lake Path, they sting and sting and sting and sting and sting and sting and sting and sting and sting and sting and sting and sting and sting and STINIINIININNNINNINGGGGGGGG!!! Hint: Do prepare some mosquito repellent!!!!

I've underestimated the combat effectiveness of the insects in Hangzhou before they wreaked havoc on my skin. It is true that we shouldn't hold high esteem for ourselves on any occasion. Even humans, we, were 'mostly harmless' to the alien civilizations in the hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy.

The ugly:

Why are bins so important? People can throw their garbage into the bin. Why did people throw garbage everywhere on the West Lake Mountain Path? Because there are no bins. So, bins are very important.

Epilogue:

It's a sunny day in Hawaii—no, in Suzhou. Buses were moving at high speeds. The road is like the paddling Pacific Ocean, and it's the happiest day for all the students who return to their comfort zone after a half-hobbit tour to Hangzhou. But, as the old saying goes, "the bad news is..." you no longer need this travel guide! which means you win! The Student Lifesaving Electronic Guide, published by Mr. Chicken University Press, *What a hellish trip—a journey to Hangzhou and a lovely school trip survival guide to an ambivalent city—the good, the bad, and the ugly*. In the future, this guide will become the best guide on your bookshelf!