

New



Territories

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# New Territories

Oct 2

Travelers began to drape themselves across a bank of seats near baggage claim as Hong Kong authorities made their 269th arrest and fired their 1,407th tear-gas canister, 923rd rubber bullet, 192nd beanbag and sixth round of live ammunition of the civic holiday. Still dark outside, lights put a dull pattern on the floor polish. Power cords of charging phones dangled like bootlaces. No one spoke.

The first bullet to hit a protester in 17 weeks of unrest was removed at Queen Elizabeth Hospital from the chest of a teenager the police had shot at close range in the New Territories the afternoon before. Throughout the night, MTR stations and bank branches were vandalized and burned. In a speech celebrating 70 years of Communist Party rule, Xi had warned *No force can stop the Chinese people and the Chinese nation from forging ahead.*

By sunrise, the air was thick and the tower blocks quiet. The retracting doors of the Airport Express parted with the sound of a wet broom and closed the same way. At customs, *Four days—leisure* had won an officer's terse nod without attesting *Journalist.*





In Tsing Yi, retirees exercised in the shade. A waitress at the street-level eatery of a shopping complex wiped a tabletop and set down a metal cup of steaming milk tea. Sidewalks showed where bricks had been pried loose for projectiles, leaving unsolved puzzles underfoot. A bird squawked twice and took off from a banana tree.

Oct 3

Haze streaked low over the bay beneath the Gold Coast Hotel and graded into reluctant beryl above a strip of ridges on Lantau Island. Lean joggers loped back and forth together on a paved trail terminating at one end in an artificial peninsula, listed on Google Maps as a *scenic spot* called Golden Dolphin Square, where three of the gilt animals spring monumentally skyward. A worker in white coveralls spent a long time restocking a refreshment machine.



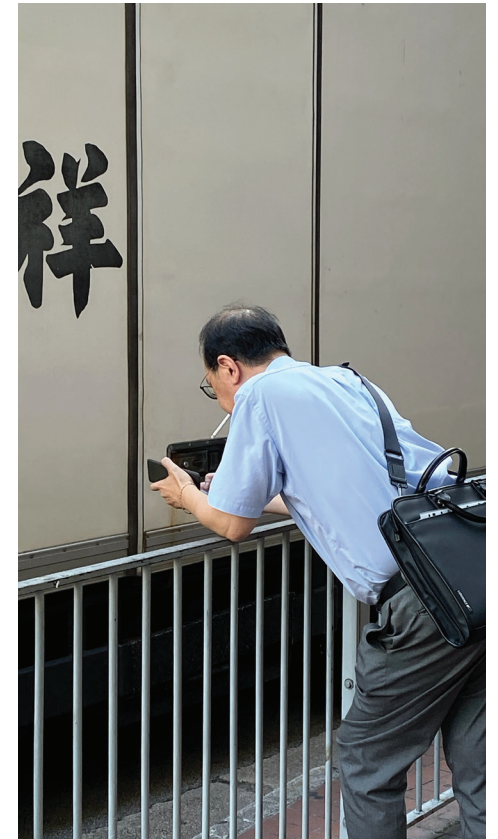
The Legislative Council made plans to apply an emergency statute for the first time in 52 years, allowing face masks to be banned in public gatherings. A push alert said the U.S. Justice Department would begin collecting migrants' DNA, another that Trump wanted China to investigate the Bidens.

In a newly opened luxury mall in Tsim Sha Tsui, whose construction had been delayed over the developer's alleged conflicts of interest, shoppers tried on taffeta skirts and quieted their restless babies. A barge carrying gravel plowed west across Victoria Harbour into the sun.





*We are talking about a place in the body where the heart lies, said a cardiologist calling in to RTHK to discuss the protester's chest wound. His voice was a ball of wire. Where the lung lies, where the subclavian artery lies. It would be remarked later that the public broadcaster was controlled by the syndicate and couldn't be trusted.*





Night drew in slowly. An unseen dog barked from a fishing boat. On the lower deck of a vessel docked at a jetty a man sat in a blue plastic chair and looked at his phone.

Pausing over their plates, a group of diners listened to a middle-aged server tell them about her son. He was good-looking, smart, in his early twenties, but had gotten badly into debt and hadn't worked or left the house for a year. The heavy fish in a bag on the table behind her stopped thrashing.



Oct 4



A woman in sunglasses and a purple skirt used the steps on Old Bailey Street to descend the hill where what was once the colonial Central Magistracy sits. She passed beneath the blue awning of The Flying Pan (*BREAKFAST / OPEN 24 HRS*) and continued on. Rows of unbloomed lilies leaned out of buckets and a man wearing flip-flops pulled a hand truck over a curb.

Students distributed paper surgical masks on an elevated walkway in Wan Chai hours before Carrie Lam announced the face-covering ban would take effect at midnight. Some masks were placed at intervals on the ground for passersby to help themselves. They looked like boxes of envelopes. Later, protesters would begin setting up roadblocks by dumping flower pots into traffic.

In the dim honeycombed courtyard of Montane Mansion in Quarry Bay, young tourists with collapsible selfie sticks posed for pictures, some smiling, others not. A barber in a ground-floor shop seated a client.

Lines started to form at ATMs and subway stations to close, alerts flickering across the system map as though tracking a storm front. Stocks on the Hang Seng index dropped sharply and dinner plans were canceled. Laundry hung from window sills like lowered flags. As commuters worked their way toward a crowded street exit, one said to her companion in English *You can really only argue with the people you love, can't you?*



## Oct 5

The metro system didn't reopen in the morning. Lam said the clashes overnight proved the mask ban was justified. A court injunction was denied.

The tally had doubled. A 14-year-old was in serious condition after being shot in Yuen Long. Footage shared online showed the officer, out of uniform, being kicked and beaten on the ground after opening fire. There's an explosion, and the camera tracks him running in flames toward a cluster of orange barriers. The handgun is laying on the pavement at the bottom of the frame. The boy must be there too; out of view, he is bleeding from the thigh. The officer recovers his weapon from some protesters scrambling after it. There is blood on his face and down the front of his white shirt. Then the second bomb lands.

A photo posted separately showed a mangled car without a bumper and *PLAINCLOTHES* spray-painted on the passenger door.



舒適



The 135-year-old Hong Kong Jockey Club said it was canceling services at its two racetracks in Sha Tin and Happy Valley. At an intersection in Tuen Mun near the turnoff to Castle Peak psychiatric hospital, laborers returned to the roadwork that had occupied them during the week.

Airport traffic slowed over Tsing Ma Bridge. Nearly half the cars were taxis carrying travelers without other transport options. There was little news.

A tall man in the security queue in Terminal B wept openly as he removed his jacket and folded it over his bag in the plastic bin. He looked back and waved, wiped his right cheek, and waved again. The hot bright sky stayed colorless all day.



PHOTOGRAPHS

Rich Bellis: pages 5, 6, 13, 19, 20, 25, 28-9

Devon Hong: pages 9, 12, 15, 16, 24, 32

