

Guide

Causeway Bay, Hong Kong

words by Lee Cobaj

photo by Saskia Wesseling

I grew up in Hong Kong, went to school here, and when I returned to live in the city three years ago it felt like coming home. "Why do you live in Causeway Bay?" my friends ask. "It's so busy!" That's why I love it. I love the life of it, the hum and whirr of the crowds, the ding-dinging of the trams, my secret alleyway shortcuts, and the feeling that I have everything I could ever want at my fingertips. Within a five-minute walk from my apartment there are ten-storey malls, street markets, foot massage parlours, tiny temples, wooden sampans, tai chi-friendly parks, and LED screens as big as five tennis courts. I can hop on the MTR subway and hit the city centre in seven minutes; shake, rattle, and roll east to west across the island on a century-old tram; or hop on a mini-bus and be at the beach in half an hour. And then there's the food – so much food – everything from street-side skewers of octopus tentacles to glossy roast ducks hanging in windows to slick Japanese, French, Thai, and Italian restaurants, all hidden inside higgledy-piggledy streets and skyscrapers. Why do I live here? Who wouldn't want to?

