



Chester Liao Y. Ong

A treasure chest is hidden within the walls of this school. The destruction of one's self invariably enlightens one's resolve to find the key. The treasure chest is opened, and what you find is a pen and paper with your name on it. Surprise, surprise. You are the author of your own story.

What's the best part about this?

It means you get to write the ending, which gets to be filled in a library full of leather-bound books with the smell of rich mahogany!

Ateneo, thank you very much.



John Ivic E. Ong

A (little) ball of sunshine that bears a gleam of light through the cracks; a mover and shaker that encourages, inspires, and hopes amidst the darkness. How many smiles has he created? How many days has he brightened? Sometimes I wonder if the sun toppled down from the sky and claimed a space in Ivic's heart, for he has done nothing but bring joy to everyone's lives. (C. Bautista)