



Ryza Monique B. Olaer

Coffee-fuelled days of lectures and lunches. Late nights spent in the theatre, in MVP 217, or in a room that's one hardbound reading away from caving in. Thankfully, always with a posse of supportive friends and family who are willing to put up with my constant whining. A couple of times, not recognizing the girl I'd become and panicking because she scared me. Well, at least I'm still deserving of change however painful it can get. Must be one of His strongest. Now, embarking on another. Ciao!



Alexander Michael C. Ong

Vulnerability, a recurring theme in my college life. Though still quite a sheltered wallflower, what I learned is this: that there is much to experience in the world. To live life to the fullest, I have to bare my heart in the face of suffering, to immerse myself amidst the chaos that is life, to carry hope in the face of despair. Only then can I see its beauty and loveliness. And so here I am, struggling to cast aside the comfort of certainty, and learning still to seize the day. Onward.