



## ***Beatrix Anne S. Santiago***

A maelstrom — that’s how I would describe my four years in Ateneo. And as I look back, I am sucked into a whirlpool of moments: tears on a bluebook, dirtied calves from squirting red bricks, laughter down the halls, and rushing footsteps over the first morning bell.

It was indeed a maelstrom, one with many almost-surrenders where I barely kept afloat, and victories where I swam against the currents. But if I’d get a chance for a do-over, I’d let the same tides carry me out to the sea.



## ***Jacob M. Santiago***

Jacob’s life in his first year of college was completely different from his life for the next three. He was once a party animal who went to Makati or the Fort almost every day. He would always ask, “Fort, G? GB, G? Makati, G?”—a tagline that most of his blockmates would associate with him. Upon his shift into ME, he began a life of mostly studying in the library and cafés. This is a story of how I saw him work hard to survive in ME, a story of how I believe he will succeed in the future.