



MINOR IN HISTORY

## ***Megan Nicole K. Sia***

To the friends who kept me afloat all these years, who made the sun shine a little brighter and the pain hurt a little less, the most sincere thank-you I could possibly muster. A thank-you as well to my parents, for trying their hardest, and my siblings, for always having my back. A thank-you, too, to the faculty. To that wide-eyed freshman who dreamed of new beginnings, big cities and some semblance of purpose: this is it — after four years in the water you finally learned to swim.



TRACKS IN COMMUNICATIONS AND PSYCHOLOGY

## ***Alexandra P. Siao***

“This isn’t real. You know what it is? It’s St. Elmo’s Fire. Electric flashes of light that appear in dark skies out of nowhere. Sailors would guide entire journeys by it, but the joke was on them...there was no fire. There wasn’t even a St. Elmo. They made it up. They made it up because they thought they needed it to keep them going when times got tough, just like you’re making up all of this. We’re all going through this. It’s our time at the edge.” (St. Elmo’s Fire, 1985)