



Reena Bianca S. Dunque

EXT. ATENEO. DAY. Upon a hill across a blue maze, she gets herself lost once more in the campus that has constantly found her. As she walks through the halls and paths of mad and glittering memories, she whispers her infinite gratitude and bittersweet goodbye: until always, Ateneo.



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Some people seem to always have their eyes set on the next Treasure Island, with their carefully plotted courses on charted maps. Somehow, I've only ever had uncharted maps, and only ever saw as far as the next wave, the next storm. But I've managed to keep myself afloat somehow, and I can't say I haven't had any fun, nor would I have had it any other way. I've reached the docks, weather worn and beat, with a lot more friends in tow, and 10/10 would definitely be out there sailing with them again.