



MINOR IN PHILOSOPHY

## ***Ima O. Ocon***

Long midnight walks blissing out to music, the comfort of jasmine tea, a violin singing crooked, but true, falling in love (there are as many loves as there are people), the formula for entropy (or all kingdoms must collapse), code so rigorous it's almost poetry, philo and its endless unanswerable questions, the shot to the brain that is alcohol, sadness that cuts, joy to the point of tears. And a borrowed prayer, even though I've ceased to believe in gods: posibilidad, posibilidad, posibilidad.



## ***Victor Antonio M. Ortega***

I often accuse myself of having all sorts of ambitions and ideas but never the temerity to actually get anything done. But here I am, having made the journey and done my time, just about ready to head out once and for all. I've yet to convince myself I'm ready, but what I am sure of is that I didn't spend all these years idle; I've done my homework and learned my lessons. For better or for worse, I'm a born and bred true blue Atenean.