



MINOR IN HISTORY

Juan Augusto N. Adre

Freshman year Augusto is now barely distinguishable to me. Instead of an affliction, this is serendipity. His past teenage angst was entwined with palpable altruism; exhaustion from the burdens of too many was frequent. He blamed himself too much, but willed himself to understand what held true importance, eventually learning to care for himself. He remains benign and trusting to a fault, but the world needs people like him: those who see good and beauty where we assume there is none (W. Tac-an).



Jeffrey Noel C. Agustin

Thank you to all the manic pixie dream girls and boys, the broken hearted alcoholics, the all nighter coffee addicts, the political social butterflies and all the crazy friends I've met. It's been amazing.

Love,
The Wallflower