



Deany Hendrick R. Cheng

In Japan, there is a form of pottery called kintsugi, where shards of broken pots are glued back together, its cracks lined with flakes of silver or gold. Over the past four years, I have been broken, remade, and broken anew, and as I stand on the edge of this shore, I find myself reflecting on these moments, like how fingers instinctively trace old wounds, the residue of becoming. I am exactly where I need to be. I am fractured. I am whole. I am restless. I am grateful. Thank you, Ateneo.



Catherine S. Chico

Procrastinated papers, terror and “feeling terror” profs, sweaty runs from Bel to tutor to CTC — I am nothing but grateful for the four years even if boys and midterm scores broke my heart, guard dogs made my day, and coffee kept me alive. Despite the tear-jerking tests and sleepless nights, it’s where I found home. Thank you for the lessons, for the people I’ve met and had unforgettable moments with, and for making me the person I am now. Through ups and downs, I’ll always choose you, Ateneo.