

Kelden Marie E. Laguting

It feels strange now, the word Atenean. When I was younger, Atenean felt like a fever dream, but now, as I stand on the precipice of becoming, the word Atenean became something more—something palpable, genuine, and real. It became a responsibility—to love, to risk, and to venture into the great unknown. It's a responsibility that begins with small steps, with being an inspiration to be more loving of others, with being like the sunshine to the people around me. On to the next. Thank you, Ateneo.



Josemaria Ecequiel N. Ledesma

I've known Cholo for 16 years, all of my academic life. He bangs the drums, an actor never out of work—the same boy you've always known. More than this, however, he is optimistic, just, your protector, always in the perfect places, everything all at once; someone you'd admire, someone I admire, a mosaic of unparalleled complexity. 16 years of filling up the pages of our composition book only highlights my inexhaustible memory of him—here's to more pages being filled up. (J. Mallillin)