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To myself in 2050: look how far we've come and how far we have yet to go. Now, we are 21 and afraid, standing on the edge of a world we know nothing about. I hope that as we grow, we stay kind. I hope we see the world and spend afternoons bathed in sunlight, laughing with friends, talking about the future as if it wasn't already here. I hope we make it to New York, find all the right kinds of love. But mostly, I hope we will always have the hope we had at 21, when we were clueless and afraid.



Isabella Beatrice Maria B. Concepcion

Finally freeeee