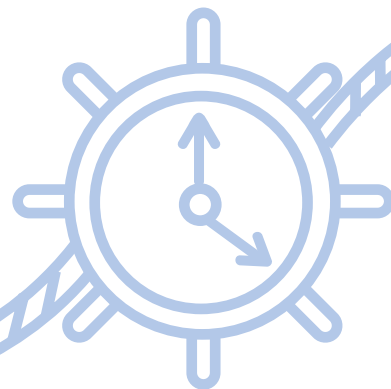


HOLD ON TO THE WHEELS OF TIME

By Arwin Barrington S. Lao



THERE'S SOMETHING SO SURREAL ABOUT GRADUATION. The seemingly 'finish line' serves as the time to reminisce all the years spent in college. At the same time, this end is where another set of endless wonderful possibilities spring out. It is the moment we all have been waiting for, but also the time we wished it will never end. So much memories have been made and which we cling on to even for just a second. These we imagine before finally going down the hill on our own separate ways.

LOOKING BACK, I NEVER EXPECTED THINGS TO END THE WAY THEY DO. Everything started during freshman year OrSem Tuklas, when we first met our blockmates—new smiles, new people, new friendship. It was a fresh start for everyone. Those were the days spent in discovering the locations of the buildings, searching for our student organizations, and for some, trying to adapt to the cool and green environment. It was also when we mostly bonded with our block. Remember the first CTC- BEL running extravaganza? How about the IntACT classes where we were first moulded into the Atenean students we now are. Nostalgic as it may seem, all our first times happened during this year—our first classes together with the block, our first parties in different organizations, our first best friends, our first crushes, our first grades, and the list goes on.

SECOND YEAR GOT TOUGHER. Many of us had to juggle a load of twenty three units while continuing