

REMINI- SCENCE

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Where do we go from here?

Pop quiz from Lit 13: *What are the parts of a story?* Answer: exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, resolution/denouement.

I believed in this structure, hoping that it would provide a comforting guide to my own journey through the Ateneo. I imagined myself as my favorite hero, Luke Skywalker—called out to an adventure of growth and discovery from a naïve boy to a full-fledged adult. How foolish I was, I think.

I am 19 now, the age when he gazed into the twin suns of Tatooine and pondered about his future, but I identify with how he feels thirty years after the original trilogy. I carry regrets, responsibilities, and the constant fear of failing all the people who place their hopes and trust in me.

I walk into my writing workshops worrying that what I wrote isn't good enough— that my rhymes will not sound as singsongy as they should, that the images are too vague for readers to imagine, or the allusions too specific to connect to anyone. I write analytical papers while afraid that I haven't under-

stood T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* or Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *Notes from Underground*. I know I'm not alone in the struggles and the grind, since I know of ID friends who struggle with their thesis due to late comments, and IS friends who have the hardest time at enlistment due to how their subjects belong to differing departments. The Ateneo saw many of us, including me, stretched to our limits and forced to use every trick in the book to stay afloat—whether it's by staying in the Rizal Library until it closes, consulting and/or professors for every minor detail and problem, and turning to either a good can of Nescafe Mocha or a Lan Kwai Tai to help me focus for thesis writing.

And yet, I arrive at this crossroads, wondering how to make sense of it all. How should I internalize and reflect on all my workshops, my literature classes, and thesis beyond describing these moments as part of my academic growth? How should I think about my one-and-a-half years of active participation in Tanghalang Ateneo (in which the first year isn't even counted in the membership or trainee logs), an org which I love with every fiber of my being, before the increasing demands of my academics drove me away to