



## Harold Victorio M. Garcia

I always thought the campus looked so much better at night. And it wasn't so much the night, but the walking around in those quiet, ungodly hours. Then I went to school on one of the last days of finals—Gonzaga was empty, Sec-Walk was empty, even the New Lib, which is supposed to be quiet 24/7, was empty—and it was unsettling. I knew then the time of day didn't matter, and maybe the silence didn't, either. Maybe it was just knowing that the people have gone home. Maybe it's that simple.



## Rezl Angeli B. Hernandez

"I hope you never change." I once thought this was a compliment because it meant that I was good enough. Ateneo taught me that one could never be enough. Magis, to be my best and more. It's impossible to fly with one foot on the ground, so this blue eagle tucked in both of her legs as she launched herself into the sky. I might have bumped into a plane or two, but I still survived with the help of my friends, family, and the Ateneo. Right now, I'm still flying and changing. Always changing.