

sacrifice that too? How should I think about those few months of being an Emilia Dizon Sideco scholar, reading and writing about Dante's *Divine Comedy* at my benefactor's behest, before I bowed out of that as well due to my thesis?

I look to the penultimate line of the write-up I submitted in this yearbook: *These memories come together in the spaces between these words*. I see a montage of moments: me, sitting cross-legged on the Dela Costa benches, ruminating on Marcel and Heidegger. French class, watching *The Intouchables*. Discovering the magic of JSTOR and EBSCOHost for the first time. Missing my PH 101 midterm orals. The one time I asked a friend of mine to Under the Stars 2015, only to end up alone after making a grave mistake. Being reintroduced to one of the most wonderful girls I've met, and falling into unrequited love with her. Numerous lunches and dinners with my EnLit friends in Gonzaga, and quiet walks to the jeep with my closest friend. I remember these moments as if they happened yesterday, and that gives me a sense of relief. Regardless of how I string them together, the fact that they happened to me makes me realize that four years have passed.

I feel that I do not need to organize all my experiences in a neat little pyramid- after all, if I don't, then I am free to draw upon and make sense of them whenever I wish. My stay in the Ateneo doesn't have to conclude with some grand summation, but leaving the University with a collection of memories is as good an end for me as any. I can go forward knowing that I have all these memories to fall back on, and that's what really matters.

