



**Karenina T. Castro**

I may have lost my Pilot pens, my jug, my 7/11 umbrella, (some of) my papers, and myself sometimes, but I will never lose my love for the friends and family who have supported me all the way, and those new ones who made my stay in Ateneo a dream come true, the lessons I learned during sleepless nights, and for the school who taught me to always give more and do more. Those 4 years weren't easy, but they were for sure some of the best years of my life.



**Anna Isabel T. Cayco**

In her memory are the empty bottles of Kopiko 78, the short naps in the library, the sunsets and campus greenery. Through these hallways she has caught a mere glimpse of life's true face: tiring, confusing, and a little scary. Through the ups and downs, the nights out in Katip and the days in the library, the tears shared and caused, there is a sense of amor fati. Life is what it is, and to love and be loved, by and for those she has met is truly to love the fate given, gotten, and made.