



## Jose Carlos Joaquin W. Singson

*MINOR IN CREATIVE WRITING*

His are hands that tremble, slightly. His writing suffers for it, so he types, and he pushes his hair back from his forehead while he does so. There are glasses that need cleaning, and a train's rail to keep him steady, and another camera, broken but still useful. He lifts them up to tug at an earphone; there is noise, and there are things he'd listen to. He'll try to appreciate noise.



## Alexandria T. Tuico

*MINOR IN FRENCH*

Alex was the only person in my college life who made me look at Ateneo as home. That's the thing about her, home isn't just a place. Home is at ISO where we would eat our sisig meals despite our futile efforts to start a diet. Home is in the art galleries we would spend hours in talking about our dreams in life. Home is whenever she would smile when talking about how much she loves her family. And although the times and people change, Ateneo will always be home. (F. Pua)