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3 A.M.—I'm awake. By some act of God I am able to cram a long test's worth of coverage before breakfast. I get to school and wait for gym to open at 6. The next three hours I spend offering my body and soul to the Church of Iron. Afterwards, I walk to Sec-B foyer, where everyone makes fun of my legs. Yes, they truly are ding-dongs, but they're MY ding-dongs. I end the day measuring all my fungi babies with my fellow thesis slave, Mr. Aw Young. I drive home. Eat. And by 9, I'm in bed. No regrets.



Juan Paulo V. Flores

MINOR IN BIOMEDICAL SCIENCE

It's my time to set off.
Onward with the winds pushing the sails,
Against the tides, daunting and unsure, always treacherous,
Forward I go to the dream beyond the horizon,
As the dawn rushes towards the ever-blue sky.