



## Victoria Angela P. Vizmonte

*MINOR IN INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS*

Grace is solace. It is the quietude of the unobserved air—unravelling around us, through us, with us, and despite us. Grace manifested when I first entered this dream university of mine, and when I lived and let live. Grace abounds as I finally go down from the hill and move on to greater heights.



## Boris Lleyton R. Yamit

According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way a bee should be able to fly. Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground. The bee, of course, flies anyway because bees don't care what humans think is impossible. Yellow, black. Yellow, black. Yellow, black. Yellow, black. Ooh, black and yellow! Let's shake it up a little. Barry! Breakfast is ready! Ooming! Hang on a second. Hello? Barry? Adam? Can you believe this is happening? I can't. I'll pick you up.