



**Karenina Anna V. Carag**

It hasn't been an easy ride: from my mid-college identity crisis to weeks of stress eating and all-nighters. Through it all, I've also found myself, built up the confidence to step out of my comfort zone, and finally pinned down a place I can call home. I'll always be grateful for all the signs that led me to you. Thank you, Ateneo, for showing me that I am exactly where I am supposed to be.



**Cesar Alfonso Vi S. Castor**

He is extra rice and feet up on a chair, chin resting on a loose kneecap. He is unshaven again, and he writes about the silence that drifts between planets and stars, the thud of a perfect throw just as his knuckles loosen from lapel and his knees drop to the mats under. He is a collar top unbuttoned, sleeves rumpled and an arm hanging from a backpack's top, a gentle pull from shoulder's top. Ponch is a song badly sung, a melody out of tune, but never forgotten. (W.S.)