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Review

THE OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION
OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

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the
Queen
and
the
Painter

plus:

- 77th Foundation Anniversary Highlights
- Poems and Personal Essays

the Review

THE OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION
OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

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A Word from The Staff

Writers can make or break a person, so they say.
But such is farthest from our mind.

In every stroke of our pen, we bear on our shoulder the moral responsibility to our readers and to the whole society.

We did not join the publication for fame, glory, or material gain. Rather we are here to serve the NWU studentry.

This issue of The Review is aimed to showcase the talents and abilities of students who have stood up to our challenge of making a change and a difference in the society through writing.

We believe that in this process, we brought out the best in them and at the same time transformed their mere passion for writing into a craft.

Table of Contents

Grounded Feet	3	Features	11
My Philosophy	4	•Miss Northwestern University	
Babae po ako		Photo Essay	12
It's Yesterday Once More	7	•77 th Foundation Anniversary	
Two Essays	8	Filipino	19
•Mathematics: How does it affect our lives?		•Kaba sa Mundo ng Nursing	
•Moods and Modes of Musics		•Ang Pintor	
Literary	9	•Panawagan sa Dula	
•Pilgrimage of Darkness		•Tinigasan ka na ba?	
•Poems		•Mga Tula	
•The Autumn Moon			
•Pain of Betrayal			
•The One and Only			

Panyang's Sermon

Grounded Feet

In the beginning God created Adam and Eve. When tempted by the serpent, Eve succumbed to eat the forbidden fruit (for God's sake it's not an apple) and she then gave some to Adam. When confronted by God, Adam was asked first, and he answered "God it's because that woman that you gave me, handed me the fruit!" Then God asked Eve. Eve said "God it's because of that serpent!" God looked at the serpent, unfortunately the serpent has no one to blame!

Yes, this is human nature. Ever since the time of Adam, pride ruled over our hearts. We feel so great, so good and pleased with ourselves that we either pass the blame on others or we directly accuse them. We do not want to be humiliated or hated. Rather we want to be glorified and well loved even if the means would cost other people their joy and freedom.

Admitting our Wrong

If only Adam and Eve admitted their wrong, forgiveness would not be impossible since God is a forgiving Father, and curse wouldn't have fallen on mankind.

Oftentimes, we blame the circumstance, the people and even God Himself, for the things that we are responsible of. We forget that in admitting comes forgiveness and eventually acceptance. It is a sign of respect for one's self and for others.

Saying Sorry

Once my philosophy instructor erred inside our class regarding a certain philosopher's belief, and without any reservation or pride, she openly admitted that she was wrong and that she was sorry. Although her position let alone her reputation commands respect, she had earned greater reverence after her display of humility.

Saying you're sorry doesn't make you a bad person. To err is human and we are entitled to make

mistakes. It is a part of mortality and humanity. Actually, only a few people who say sorry mean what they really say. For this word sometimes is uttered for formalities sake. Awkward as it may sound, saying you're sorry is essential for no one is neither blameless nor perfect. It is just plain and simple practice of humility that must be observed even in the family.

To Forgive is to Forget

"When I forgive I do not forget, for forgetting is a kind of remembering." My friend once said this to me, and I realize we simply do not forget when we forgive. For the sign of actual forgiveness is when we remember the fault of the one who has done you wrong and we no longer feel the anger or the hatred. We won't feel such pain as before anymore. It means we have to let it go and move on with our life.

We must learn to forgive ourselves and others. If God could forgive, who are we then to hold hatred against our fellow individual? Do not sleep with anger inside your heart, for tomorrow it will become hatred. And hatred rots our bones and seeps nourishment out of our body. It decomposes our soul and dries up our spirit.

Praises from Others

One of my classmates shouted aloud "*Napintas nak met!*" while seated in the benches of the Student Center. This caused a stir and commotion as her seatmates and other students rudely booed her and ridiculed at her oozing narcissistic statement. With eyes welling with tears and flushing red cheeks, she nonchalantly laughed her way out of the shameless grandstand of the Student Center.

Let praises come from another person's tongue. This is far more rewarding and true. We mustn't elevate ourselves too high as it may be the cause of our downfall. "Praise

*"Before his downfall
a man's heart is proud,
but humility comes
before honor."*

not your self for even your lover might hate you for doing so."

"The deepest craving of human nature is the need to be appreciated," said William James. This is what man sought for, in fulfillment of his life. And there are no sweeter appreciation than the words of praises coming from the people that we love.

Handle Praises with Care

Praises can either make or break a person. It can inspire and build while it also can ruin as it becomes the reason pride would creep into one's heart. For a person's humility can be tested by the amount of compliments he receives and how it affects him; and how he handles both constructive and destructive criticisms.

"The only true wisdom is in knowing you know nothing". For in recognizing one's weakness of being finite/limited, that we do not know it all and that there are many things in the world to learn, makes a wise man. When we humble down and accept this weakness and still we are willing to learn, then that makes us wise. As King Solomon the wisest man on earth had said "Before his downfall a man's heart is proud, but humility comes before honor."

Achieving success and the feeling of being so great and indispensable is the start of a disease called "Pride". Its antidote is only one thing and it is the opposite called "Humility". It reverses all the damage that pride could do and replenishes what is lost. Let us stay grounded on our feet and surely blessings would pour on our lap.

My Philosophy

“Why most of the Christians are corrupt? Why priests hide their children? Why some Catholics are liars, cheaters, criminals?”

Why?

Open Sesame

Since the explosion of human kind, mental mutation had been unleashed for the seeking of knowledge—from the notable features of Australopithecus that resemble Anencephaly victims down to our ever unbeatable cognitive and psychomotor capacity as Homo Sapiens.

Magnify the magic word and you get W-H-Y?, a wide range of discussions that run into the simple three-lettered word. I could ask, Why the Earth is round? So that it could spin into the axis. Why we humans are the most blessed creation of God? Because we are His own image and likeness, therefore, with due respect to His masterpiece, He gave the universal law for us to run the entire world. Or maybe, I could ask why I love thinking about sex.

Just to spice our problem with interest and conceal any sign of boredom, allow me to invite you on a neurological tour. I have five stations: each unlocks specialized neurons that lead to spellbound destinations, fantastic imaginations, and once in a lifetime travel experience.

Let me introduce you to station *why* number one: Why most of the people who reach their peak of intelligence, people who unfold every brain cells wide open, people who are gifted like Jimmy, doesn't actually believe in God? Although I am not a genius like Einstein, Isaac

Newton, Plato, Minerva, Athena, Gloria Macapagal Arroyo, Barrack Obama, I am a self-confessed faithless. Reclusion Perpetua, stab me with condemnation, I know you're displeased. My rationale? Simply because it had been the divine law that all humanities are created with many imperfections from manufacturing bile to unblest ugly faces. I was born with brain to think, question and make possible hypothesis. I don't believe that God is perfect. Why? Because at present, statistics show that most 40 percent of the globe stayed faithful only. Therefore, God is not perfect since He is not 100 percent spiritually believable.

Moreover, the old film “Cannibal” participated greatly of my intuitions. I will story-tell in case you're not familiar. It is a true story about an expedition. North America sent a woman and four men, one of whom is a cameraman in the Amazon, southern America's depressed area. Upon arriving, they saw Homo erectus-like people with unshampooed hair, extra-sunburned skins, covered with tiny sheep skin on private areas only, who use sign language because they cannot speak the explorer's language. The explorers burned the huts of the uncivilized people. The men who were part of the expedition raped one of the young ladies spontaneously. The explorers were astonished when the raped victim was perforated with a long bamboo stick from mouth to the other edge. One day, there was a commotion and the explorers drove away one of the uncivilized. In retaliation, the villagers killed the “visitors” and ate them. Finding the act gruesome, the North Americans killed every cannibal in the Amazon. What is the notion? Adam and Eve will never comprehend God's mandate to go and multiply because they are similar with the Cannibals who don't know English. Like the young and cute newly born you,

reading this paper, up to the lackadaisical worn out you confined due to Cirrhosis—knowledge is learned, knowledge is acquired, skills are practiced. What we witness in the reality doesn't go with the Bible's contents. It is an assumption to Charles Darwin's Evolution of Man. Though, I don't believe Charles, I knew perfectly well that I am not a monkey, for God's sake. Like a Star of David (not the Star of Dan Brown in *Da Vinci Code*), we are below God and above animals. Everyone is an excellent animal. I am not a total envoy of Judas. However, the divinity of God is likely to be apparent in reality on day-to-day basis. I solemnly believe in Karma. And who could have planned to implement the principle of justice? I am not an anti-Christ. I am just one of the open minded juveniles. I have questions. A proof that I live with curiosity and soon after acquisition and explorations, who knows, I will be an instant preacher? I just can't go to church with my heart and mind locked with uncertainties. A form of hypocrisy. Why most of the Christians are corrupt? Why priests hide their children? Why some Catholics are liars, cheaters, criminals? Why when I said “God, if you are real, let me see a spiritual being. Let me see a ghost like yourself”. I saw three ghosts. Let me tell you this, if humans were geniuses, it's possible that God has supreme, undefeatable neurons who created us all. But may I say it again, created in His own image and likeness, whoever higher than God is total God. Maybe God is an alien really watching over us. Like Barbie dolls and extremely diminutive mini figures formed with living and real complexities.

Let us walk 30 minutes for the station number two: Why life is a garbage not a gift?. According to John Denver, God is 24 - hour on call for every prayer, poem, and promise. It's very miserable that life

“Look for everything that makes you blessed. Every little thing should be considered no matter how tiny it is. Don’t compare. Learn and inculcate that life has different trends of blessing.”

in dictionaries defines problem. Why? Because life’s amount of blessings aren’t allocated equally. Most are unfortunate, some are fortunate. Every woman is not as beautiful like Angelina Jolie or even Helen of Troy. Every man is not as handsome as Brad Pitt or our very own, Jon Avila. Everyone is not as rich as Bill Gates and not as poor as Philip (Philippines). Every woman is not as miserable as Oprah Winfrey’s childhood trauma but is not as rich and influential as her self. I suggest that people should realize the secret of blessing actualization. Everything is so unequal. And to believe the third world would ever happen is an impossibility. But take this from me, I say, look for everything that makes you blessed. Every little thing should be considered no matter how tiny it is. Don’t compare. Learn and inculcate that life has different trends of blessing.

Now, I will show you the station three. Why the whole race of humanity revolved into the entity of criticism? From showbiz to your neighbors’ air conditioned underwear, criticism became a vital component of human DNA. Why? Because the Anglo-Saxons started English, because the Normans in England finalized English. Because our brainy *lolos* and *lolas* once upon a time in a thousand year created Ilocano. We have tongues. People realized that the mouth has other significant function. When their senses are stimulated, they realize that they should describe it. When

they planned to attack food for survival, they realize they should communicate. Until such time, people formulated manifold languages and dialects. “Du bist Hasslich” (German), “Du er grim” (Danish), “Vous êtes laid” (French), “Usted esta feo” (Spanish), —means the same thing—“You are ugly”. Anyway, the sympathetic members who can’t dare glimpse their reflection in the mirror on the wall in *Snow White* speaks most of the time of destructive criticism. Why? Because they are slaves of their insecurities. *Bato-bato sa langit, ang tamaan huwag magalit*. Isn’t it a universal truth? People who criticize on personal matters, can’t tame their tongues, thus have a poor moral profile. We have to bear in mind that Ethics can outrun any other important virtues. “Health is the first requisite after morality”-(Thomas Jefferson)

Sometimes, when you feel like you made the most out of your life, you make the worst of it. Station *why* number four is incongruous but I want to show my opinion on the sacred matter. Why do we have vices? “Cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health” You will be at risk of bronchitis, lung cancer, colon cancer, etc. I don’t smoke. But my friends and I are quite alcoholics. Sometimes, people with angelic-like, or innocent faces are enticed with GSM, *pulang kabayo*, and San Mig Light. Why do we drink? Temporary bliss? A taste of whim? Escape from reality? To be tough like Batista, Manny Pacquiao, The Rock, or The Undertaker? They’re cool, punk, and well, scary. Some people feel safe with those types of people. It’s called the sense of belonging in the Maslow’s Hierarchy of Needs. Most of them use their mistakes, crazy experiences, weaknesses, and failures as laughingstock. It’s awful, yet safe to fellow’s offense. Now who lost their sanity? Waste of time, money, you’ll feel dizzy, out of yourself, endure the bitter taste. But at some point, you will find yourself slave of your own passions. In the next years, you’re either a good nurse, or an alcoholic patient diagnosed with cirrhosis. It’s an option, yes, to choose as early as now. I can’t let my dreams drowned into the corners of Lucifer’s Hell just like that. Believe me, we are the rule

of our destiny. Being young is an opportunity to change, to direct misleading obstacles, and to design the future. Life is not only happiness, it is a responsibility, a commitment. So dream, believe, and survive.

I know I will disinterest you with my political standpoint. Just to make me feel like Jose Rizal, give me this chance, for once. The biggest problem of Philip (Philippines) is lack of discipline. Why? Based on the childhood of Philip, Spanish customs made a great impact unto his present behavior. Technically, culture is passive, so that the past exists in the future civilizations. Thieves and crocodiles make up the veins of Philip. It’s a one-way-street country. Citizens here are fooled because they let themselves fooled by incorrigible politicians through bribery. Can we still cleanse the murky blood of Philip? I doubt it. Nationwide realization is useless without the chain of actualization and action. Can we fix him when in fact, the people that should promote him are the ones destroying him?

WHY? WHAT is nonsense without why. WHY differs us from the world of barbarians. We ask and rationalize. WHAT answers the problem. WHY is the logical explanation. Why makes the essence a concrete detail. Why is knowledge. Why is philosophy. Why is human brain, it’s in you, it’s in me. It’s in everyone. Now you know why?

I want to tour you more but Greek Goddess Samnus wants me to sleep. Wish I could dream of Harry Potter soaring into the sky saving me from Voldemort. Or maybe Avril Lavigne, Linkin Park, Eminem, All American Rejects or Bon Jovi singing my favorite songs. Or I am a little younger and staff of Going bulilit. Or a President of the Republic of Philippines. Or I am a phenomenal personality on literature and be named in the world of history like Shakespeare, Ian Fleming, Dan Brown, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (ever-beautiful Sherlock Holmes). Or a photographer in National Geographic magazine. Dreamer. Why? I found passion in those aspects. It’s addictive to know the world. Wish I could grasp one of which twinkle, even in dream or *deja vu*. And for that hour of sleep, never say, open sesame. **

Babae Po Ako!

(No holds barred with the M.E.)

"As I grew, I became a Daddy's girl. His disappointment with my gender was easily buried. Instead of crying a river of what he thinks is a 'fate injustice', he focused in preparing me of what he described as the competitive, ruthless man's world."

"In spite of this not so normal 'child rearing' experience, my mom and dad have made it clear that I am a girl, (although I think Dad sometimes forget that fact). It is embedded in my heart, soul, and mind that I am a 100 percent girl! I really am."

I am so fed up of hearing comments, "Aminin mo na Ruby, tibo ka 'no?'" You might say, "C'mon, if you are not guilty of anything, why are you affected?"

But I have enough of this nonsense. Such nasty comment is so infuriating. It is a slap on my face already.

Is it my fault that I do not look like most girls do?

With no huge boobs and butt to boot, that once I wear loose clothes, I am mistaken most of the time as a boy or worse, a t-bird. I have nothing against gays particularly women acting, behaving and dressing like men. They are still a part of God's creation, isn't it? God allowed them to live and everyone has the right to be anyone other than his/her endowed gift.

Unfortunately, I am not one of them.

Sometimes, I act rough, tough and aggressive, to the point that males are intimidated. Forgive me of this flaw, it is just that this is the way I was trained by my father who badly wished to have a son. Sadly, all he got are three roses, pity him.

When my mother was pregnant with me, everyone in the family thought she was carrying a boy, since all the signs were there. Ultrasound was so dear those days that they can not afford it. And so, armed with their assumptions and 'old wives' tales', they prepared for the coming of the supposed-to-be "baby boy". According to my sisters' account, they were all shell-shocked when they saw my gender — the fact that all my baby clothes they bought were for baby boys, even the color. Everyone was heavily disappointed especially my dad.

As I grew, I became a Daddy's girl. His disappointment with my gender was easily buried. Instead of crying a river of what he thinks is a 'fate injustice', he focused in preparing me of what he described as the competitive, ruthless man's world.

He and my grandfather carved in my thick skull that male and female are equal, balls are definitely not an

issue. I confess I grew up playing guns, street fighter cards, Game Boy, *Transformers* robots, slingshots and *Tamiya* cars. My dad was usually my playmate and the provider of the so-called "boy toys". I became so engrossed with these toys that I find Barbie scary and Eeeeeew.... pardon my idiosyncrasy.

That does not end there. My dad has a prying attitude on my wardrobe ever since I was a child and even now. He is exaggeratedly protective that the "NO SKIN SHOULD BE SEEN" policy is heavily implemented. There you are, that explains my weird, loose clothes. Thank God, my mom is there to reprimand my super-protective Dad.

In spite of this not so normal 'child rearing' experience, my mom and dad have made it clear that I am a girl, (although I think Dad sometimes forget that fact). It is embedded in my heart, soul, and mind that I am a 100 percent girl! I really am.

God made me a woman; I am happily contented with it. Because I believe that I am a blessing to the male species.

Again, some gossip mongers always ask me, "If you are a girl, how come you do not still have a bf?"

C'mon, to set the record straight, I almost had a boyfriend; in fact we were in the MU phase when that extra-terrestrial girlfriend of his suddenly entered the picture. Damn, I was caught off guard. I am totally unaware of their status. Darn them for making me a fool.

That boy left me with a broken heart. Shame on him! I thought he was MR. RIGHT but it turned out he is MR. WRONG.

So rest assured, PEOPLE OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES THAT I AM STRAIGHT- a 100 percent girl outside and inside.

It's Yesterday Once More

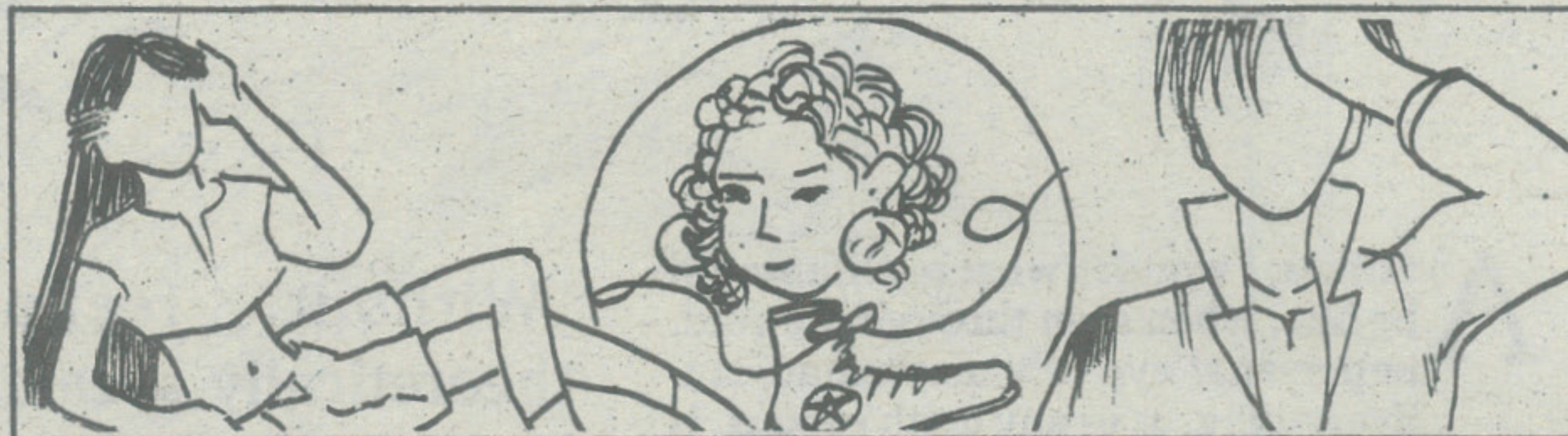
How about ransacking your grandmother's or your mother's "bawl", you might find something interesting to wear, that will make you an instant fashionista! Not unless it's already cockroach infested.

Today it seems that the yesteryears have come back — the fashion, styles and clothes accessories. The "forgets" are now what is in! Let us know what we wear and where these trends originated.

The *Baby Doll dress* — some styles resemble the dress that "infant" dolls or "young" dolls wear; the gown is usually short, high waisted and short-sleeved that can be matched with leggings or fitted jeans. While the baby doll t-shirt, on the other hand, is form-fitting with capped sleeves. It is always said that the name was popularized by the 1956 movie *Baby Doll* starring Carroll Baker in the title role, which essentially marked the beginning of the enduring popularity of the style for adults.

Leggings were created for the purpose of warmth and protection. Ask the Scottish Highlanders, Native Americans, and soldiers. Who knew that it would become a fad in the 1960's, as a tighter version of the Capri pants and worn with a large belt and heels or ballet flats (just like today!). It became more widespread in the 1980s, when gym-styled street wear was in. Because of their comfort and attractive look, they quickly found their way out of the gym and into everyday casual wear in 2005. Pair them up with a mini-skirt, or wear them with an oversized shirt or baby doll dress and flats.

Slim-fit jeans, also known as skinny jeans, carrot leg pants, cigarette pants, drainpipes, peg leg pants, pencil pants, skinny pants, slimjims, tapered pants, old-school hood jeans or ice-cream cone pants. These are the type of jeans that have a snug fit through the legs and end in a small leg opening. The style of pants for men originated in the 1950s with popular male stars



such as Roy Rogers, Lone Ranger, Cisco Kid, Zorro and Gene Autry, Marilyn Monroe, and Sandra Dee wearing their pants very slim to the ankle.

Upturned collar, ever wonder why would some men turn the collars of their shirt or jacket upward? This may sound peculiar fashion signal but its origin could be traced back to the 19th century. When men and women alike wore tall, stiff collars (as much as three inches high!). In 1929 René Lacoste, decided that the stiff dress shirts and ties usually worn by tennis players were too cumbersome and uncomfortable for the tennis court. Instead, he designed a loosely-knit pique cotton shirt with an unstarched, flat protruding collar and a longer shirt-tail in back than in front. This was to block the sun from the player's neck. Thus, the tennis shirt's upturned collar was originally designed for ease and comfort on the tennis court, aiding the player to prevent sunburn and hyperthermia.

Aviators, have you seen some on your father's closet collecting dust, or owned one before? Now, they are IN again! These thin-framed, oversized teardrop-shaped sunglasses were developed by Ray-Ban in 1937. It was named as such due to its shape which matched the smoke-lens flying goggles Ray-Ban was selling to the Army and Navy. Aviators aren't just for the Army or Air Force anymore. These glasses have resurfaced and are gaining popularity among today's young people for their aesthetic appearances.

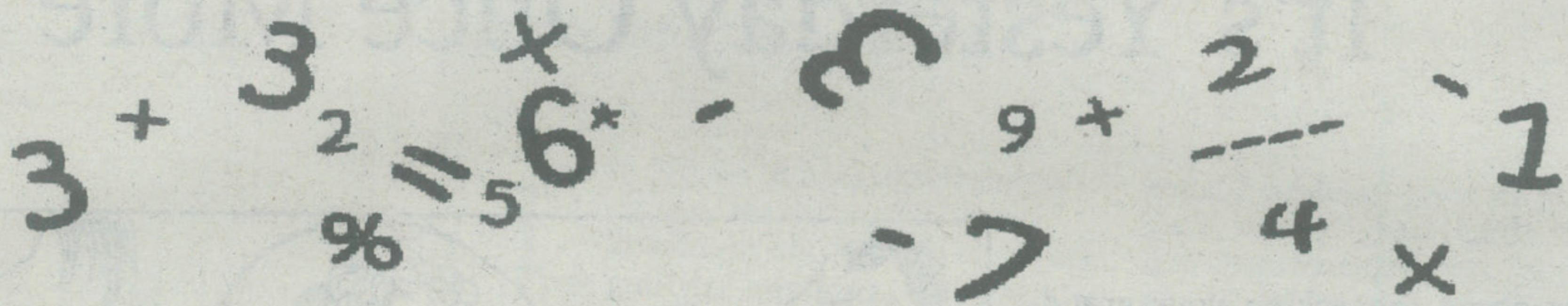
The Ray-Ban Aviator became a well-known style of sunglasses when General Douglas MacArthur landed on the beach in the Philippines in World

War II, and photographers snapped several pictures of him wearing them.

Chuck Taylors, you've seen them everywhere, worn by young or old, male or female, all sorts of colors! Everyone seems to own at least one pair! Chuck Taylor All-Stars, or Converse All-Stars, are canvas and rubber shoes produced by Converse. They were first produced in 1917 as the "All-Star". Converse's attempt to capture the basketball shoe market. They were not particularly popular until basketball player Chuck Taylor adopted them as his preferred shoe. The recent increase in numbers of colors may also have led to the growing market for Chuck Taylors, due to various owner or factory-based customizations of the shoe through color, use of stylized shoelaces, and through drawing or writing on the rubberized parts. The customization of Chuck Taylors is highly popular with the rock scene, and to the emo-rocker culture.

Crocs, how about them? Don't they feel good on the sole? Yes, these are the crocs! It was originally intended as a boating or outdoor shoe. It is slip-resistant and has no marking sole. Aside from its lightness and coolness, according to podiatrists (people who love feet or doctors of feet!), crocs are made of a proprietary material called Croslite, which is a closed-cell resin that softens to body heat and molds to your feet, giving medical benefits since the material itself is anti-microbial in nature. Also the Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services have approved Crocs with molded insoles as diabetic footwear, which help wearers avoid foot injuries. So now you know that crocs are not made from crocodile skin.

Mathematics: how does it affect our lives?



At times, I wonder what my life would be like, when seen through the cold, impersonal eye of a mathematician. Everything, as in any math subject, is viewed objectively. With indifference, without feelings, theoretically speaking, life would be easy. It would be analyzed as one big geometry or algebraic problem such that the cause and effect of events and circumstances would be computed as one would compute two separate variables.

Similarly, moral decisions and choices would be governed by basic theorems and postulates. Then, a simplification process would be used to derive formulas as the simplest solutions. And all these would be done without the incessant disturbances of one's feelings and place. Each person

“Without feelings, theoretically speaking, life would be easy. It would be analyzed as one big geometry or algebraic problem”

would just be labeled as separate entities: merely as x or y or z . and should things get out of hand, a calculator or longhand method would be easily available. The more I think of it, the more I realized how easy, how uncomplicated my life would be, and yet... how empty. Empty of everything that makes life worth living.

For though we shun away from the heartaches of daily life; though we rebel against obstacles and adversities; though we often shed bitter tears because of those who hurt us; still we grow two dimensions from such experiences. We reach heights and peaks we never thought would be possible.

They remind us how truly human we are. They reveal to us our limits and weaknesses, as well as our glories and successes.

For as math as merely a science of space and numbers, “how then can mathematics affect our life?” and it's defined as “a gleam of time between two eternities.” No machine or computer could possibly understand this.

◆MJ.26

Moods and modes of music

People say that music is the universal language, the melody of our hearts and the sweet symphony to our soul. It encompasses the spirit of joy, love, happiness and even sorrow. Music has charms to soothe the savage beat, to soften rocks, or bend knotted oaks.

Without it, the world would be nothing or incomplete.

Music evolves as people take their journey. It now offers a lot of genres, from the old fashioned way to very fast rhythmic modes. It sings as one...different modes, different moods, yet evokes one meaning, one song. Every genre arouses different emotions.

I've always loved to listen to slow, sweet and romantic music because it suits my personality- a hopeless romantic. I always listen to it; especially when I am in love. The slow

and romantic mode of the music makes me feel mushy and lost in ecstasy. It brings me a lot of fantasies and a lot of sweet memories. When I'm in the mood for love and ready to explore the beauty that awaits me, I listen to romantic music.

Yet sometimes, when I feel like dancing, I listen to the cool jive, funky beat hiphop or RnB. It simply brings me to life giving me an adrenalin rush. This mode of music makes my mood alive. Aside from that, I'm a fan of OPM music, that signifies the distinct and cultured music of our Filipino artists. The different modes have also different moods. It depends on what you feel...

Music sings a lot of words, a lot of emotions and feelings. The moods and modes tell a lot of music. Whatever it is, music is special. And has a story.

Pilgrimage of Darkness



I've led a life of darkness. My existence is obscure. I have never seen the daylight. Everything is so dark, so desolate. Havoc has ruled over my sanity for I lived in shadowy places, in chambers seeping with filthy things. I could barely smile amidst my blindness. What do the mountains look like? What about the seashore or the lake? Whenever questions like these come up, how I liked to die, and flew my spirit towards the endless sea and reach for the highest mountain, where I could shout and declare, that I can see...and perceive.

I wanted to give up the ghost in me. Unless I die, then I could not live. But death isn't that gracious to me; it blew my hopes of seeing, and squandered my wish to die. My days of tears and years of fears didn't end... it ceases not.

I may be blind, but surely I am not. For I see a lot of things. Things that were kept hidden from men. I've known and fathomed thoughts, thoughts that are strange and bizarre. For my world is different, it bestows a lot of creepy things. It offers darkness, of grief ... of sorrow.

Whenever you close your eyes, you see what my world

looks like. Close your eyes forever then you will live in my world ...but without me. Pity me not foolish men, offer me not your mercy and let not compassion rule over your hearts. Just treat me like a being, a creation of God with passion and beauty. Let me live my life with worth and care...with love.

I seek not to see anymore. I practically ceased to hope. I have stopped believing, for I am overwhelmed by my fears. Cowardice had ruled my heart. I am afraid to look I am so afraid to see. I do not aspire to view this world, this manly world, the world of avarice, where I stand aloof. I know I'll be dismayed if I'll lay my head with grief in grave...woe to that day.

As I stood in front of my dark mirror and feel the cold and cruel breeze, I touch my callous heart and open my tearful eyes. When I am brave enough to see, I see myself, my soul, dazzling and bright, so beautiful to behold, until every bit of it vanishes away...like glasses shattered in front of me. It is just a dream...a falsehood...it isn't real.

I couldn't help but cry aloud and scream at the top

of my voice. As I watch my coward heart, sinking in the river of my bitter tears, there I was drowning in the agony of hopelessness. There was nothing I could do. A powerless and helpless blind man. Oh! How fleeting my life goes...it ebbs so quickly. I shrieked...and gasped...I thought I died, much to my dismay. I am still breathing and alive. I packed a luggage of my frailty and infirmity and went on with my sad and miserable journey. I looked back and shed some tears... whispered: being blind isn't bad at all.

I was born blind. I was comforted in darkness. I sleep and wake up in darkness. I eat and will die blind... But certainly a day would come when I look forward with anticipation to that day...I'm delighted where I will see and understand... the kingdom of God my Lord in heaven. There I will be living and seeing forever where I will be crying but with joy and gladness. There I will never stop nor cease on praising God. For He made me blind on the cruel world of man that my joy will be complete when I finally meet my God who dwell and reigns in heaven forevermore. But that is after I finish... my pilgrimage of darkness.

Heartbreak

A tear slowly fell from your eyes
 It took me some time
 to have the strength and courage
 To take you in my arms

The tender soft skin of yours
 Gently touched mine
 As I hug your fears away
 You cling upon my embrace

I wanted to bury my self inside you
 To dig and explore the mystery
 Inside this mourning man
 To see what's within the
 melancholic face

The melody of every breath
 Sings the song of heartbreak
 The rhyme of cries and sighs
 Recites the chant of hopelessness

Yet no one knew, not even you
 Whose heart breaks the most,
 Only a pair of stinging eyes
 And a sole lonely heart.

As I stand alone beside you
 Wishing, somehow...somewhat
 I could have a place inside your
 heart

for I am helplessly in love with you.

The Reason

I love you for that certain smile
 That cheers me when I'm blue
 I love you for your tender kiss
 That warms me through and
 through

I love you for your gentle hand
 Your understanding touch
 Your eyes that always seem to say;
 "I love you very much"

I love you for your faith in me
 Your sweet and patient ways
 And for the thoughtful things you
 do

So often even without praise

I love you for all these things
 And many others, too...
 But most of all, for what I feel
 Whenever I'm with you

Clock

Dearly I held the clock
 So simple it looked
 Yet so precious time it took
 To prepare a beautiful gift
 For my precious one to fit

Every second of it brings back
 memories

Every minute of it brings me happiness
 Every hour of it inspires me
 For every tick of its hand remind me of
 him

I've dreamt of him each night
 And miss his smiles each day
 My hope are blasted when he's gone
 But beside me is the clock, a part of
 him that stays.

Meet Miss Northwestern

Maria Kristina Agorilla is not a beauty queen for nothing. She showed that she deserves the title when she bested her rivals in the prestigious Miss Northwestern University contest. Aside from winning the Miss NWU title, she garnered almost all of the minor awards—Best in Swimsuit, Best in Casual Wear, Most Charming and Best in Poise.

She didn't expect to win but the judges noticed her charisma and intelligence.

With her determination and experiences in life, she proved she can easily coast any challenge that comes her way. She demonstrated this when she brought another victory for the Nursing Department. Her triumph won for her department the title in two consecutive years.

The charming Nursing student-turned beauty queen shares her thoughts on beauty, confidence and inspiration...

Her inspiration...

My father serves as my inspiration. It was his dream to see me become a beauty queen but unfortunately he didn't live to see his dreams fulfilled. He died when I was only 12. This crown is dedicated to him. It is the best gift I could offer him.

Using the gift of beauty.....

I will use this gift of beauty endowed to me by God to promote Northwestern and tourism here in Ilocos Norte and eventually in the Philippines.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Our perception of ourselves is what matters most, not the opinions of other people for we know ourselves better than all of them combined.

On confidence....

Sometimes I feel I lack confidence. This was evident during the competition. I still felt nervous even though I had already joined many competitions that could have helped me build my confidence.

One thing sure though, I always gain confidence and friends in beauty contests.



"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Our perception of ourselves is what matters most, not the opinions of other people for we know ourselves better than all of them combined."

Glimpses... 77th Foundation Anniversary





The Autumn Moon

◆ Stephanie Co

"Liqui my son, my dearest son...my own flesh and blood...you are named as the beautiful autumn, yet the curse of autumn had fallen upon thy head. The smear of my blood stays on your finger and the vile of my death upon your soul. With thee shall my curse be off, for you were not meant to be. It must end, let it be the end."

In an off beaten place in Xingjian, China, there lived an impoverished couple. Sun Qui was a lovely lady, her skin as creamy as the color of milk and her hair as beautiful as that of a goddess. Her manners were elegant and whilst with plain and simple look. Like Helen, Sun Qui could launch a thousand ship. She lived with her lover Zhao Yue, and despite her family's protest, Sun Qui fought her way to Zhao Yue's arms. But with their young and untested love, Sun Qui became pregnant with their first child.

Zhao Yue was a valiant soldier of Governor Chen, yet even with his reputation Zhao Yue was hooked to gambling—his forbidden leisure which he indulges upon. While engrossed in his game, Zhao Yue was betting off his wealth which is no more than enough Yuan for his family and his expected son. Zhao lost everything, to the last Jiao and in debt for a thousand more Yuan.

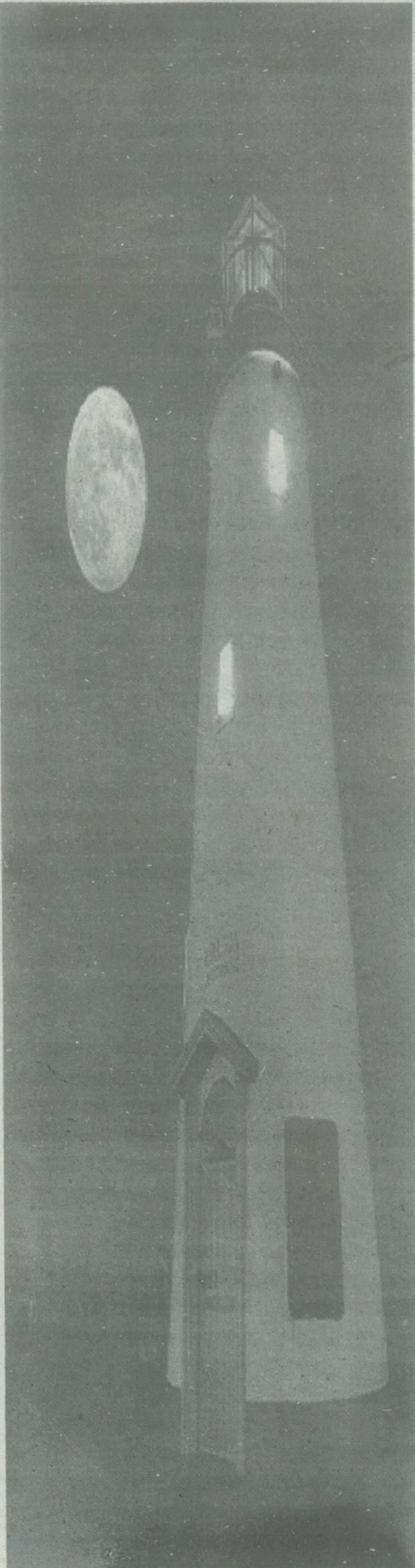
It was the 21st day of September, when autumn had started. Troubled Zhao came home late in the night where foliage covered his path to their little rustic home; the place was covered in silence and only the sound of cricket surrounds. But that night, before he even catches a glimpse of their luminous lamp that lighted the door, he heard a crying baby. There inside the rugged door, Qui was lying in bed exhausted; she had just given birth to a son. An angelic and plump baby with rosy cheeks, the son was named Qui Yue meaning Autumn Moon, for he was born in an autumn night.

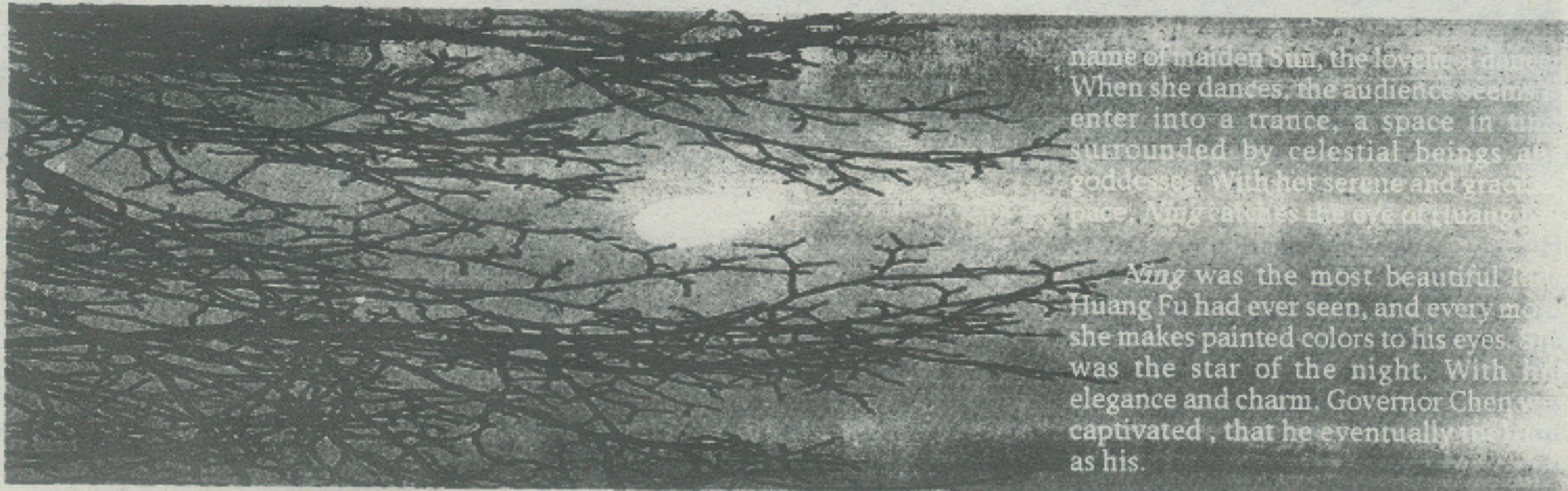
The gamblers were strong as beasts and wild as ox. King Fei was their headmaster; he constantly wears a red robe, a tall and bearded man with two gold plated false front teeth. These villains

headed by King Fei, were incessantly looking for Zhao. They were like prowling lions on the dark waiting to devour Zhao for his debt, a thousand Yuan. Zhao himself was a violent man and he is strong enough to face a battle. But Governor Chen, his master, if he heard of Zhao mingling with the villains, his head will be on a platter. Governor Chen was a man of dignity yet ruthless when one incurred his ire. Zhao went berserk and started negotiating with the gamblers, asking them to give him time to pay back his debt. He pleads for extension because his wife had just bore him a son. But the villains were mean. They laughed at Zhao even threatening him to whistle the dirty little secrets of Zhao to Governor Chen. Cornered and frightened, Zhao gave into them and made a treaty with the gamblers. The trade was Qui Yue, Zhao's son for his thousand Yuan and Governor Chen will never ever know about his tryst with the gamblers. For Zhao, the agreement was good. He agreed and on the second year of autumn, Qui Yue will be handed to the gamblers.

Back home, Sun Qui was at the porch and Qui Yue was at her bosom. Singing lullaby and weaving clothes for his son, she placed the initials S.Q. on every corner of her embroidery. The fairest of all children and the pleasing mien of Qui Yue, this sight often squeezed Sun Qui's heart and every time this child smiles, his mother would shed some tears. So dearly, Sun Qui loved her son, it meant everything to her. It was her joy, her future; her happiness...Qui Yue is her life.

Autumn had arrived, the leaves had started falling again... this was on the 21st day of September and Qui Yue was a year old. Zhao remembered his treaty, so he sent his wife to do some errand. He then stayed home with Qui Yue. When





“Just as his name
Autumn Moon signified,
under the moon in the
autumn, Qui Yue was
sold.”

Sun Qui was out of sight, Zhao took his son and delivered him to the Xingjian river. Under the moonlit sky where the river hushes down, the cradle was laid beside the Tabernacle Rock and inside the cradle is baby Qui and a handkerchief with chrysanthemum embroidery with the initial S.Q., woven delicately by his mother Sun Qui. Along the edges of the cradle tied a red ribbon, a sign for King Fei. The baby was crying profusely yet his father never seemed to care about his son but his debt and his fear for Governor Chen. Zhao bid little Qui goodbye. Just as his name, Autumn Moon signified, under the moon in the autumn, Qui Yue was sold.

When Sun Qui arrived home, her baby was nowhere to be found. Zhao confessed his misdeeds and Sun Qui was never the same again. Devastated and confused, she set foot to find her missing son. She never returned to Zhao.

At the river, beside a prominent Rock where the baby was laid, the gamblers arrived and they saw the lovely baby. The baby was very different, his eyes were like the moon in the sky and his features were

special. The boy was very attractive and lovable. King Fei wanted to trade the baby for his brother who is a prisoner of Governor Chen.

King Fei knew his weakness. When he was summoned by the Governor, he pleaded for the freedom of his brother in exchange of the baby. When Governor Chen saw the baby, he was captivated by the boy's angelic mien and instantly loved the baby. Even Han, his wife, was pleased with the handsome boy. Governor Chen agreed without hesitation. And on the next day, he declared a feast and everyone was in joyous moment. Qui Yue was a fine boy and Governor Chen named him Huang Fu meaning Fortunate. Everyone who tried to look at his eyes would seem to see the moon of autumn. It was calming, pleasing and it catches everyone's heart.

Sun Qui, his mother never found her son. She was there wandering in the forest, living in recluse. Qui Yue, her own flesh and blood, was all that matters to her,

Zhao on the other hand, was not remorseful of his acts, although he was hurt when Sun Qui left him, yet for him what he did was just right. He never married again but stayed a loyal soldier of Governor Chen.

Twenty years had passed and Huang Fu has grown into an attractive young man, vibrant and strong. Governor Chen loves him and so does Han, his wife. His fame spread throughout Xingjian making Governor Chen proud and glorious. And in the feast of Royal Banquet where the royalties and governors are to hold the ceremony, performers from different towns came to Xingjian to entertain the governors. *Ning* (Tranquil) is the code

name of maiden Sun, the loveliest dancer. When she dances, the audience seems to enter into a trance, a space in time surrounded by celestial beings and goddesses. With her serene and graceful pace, *Ning* catches the eye of Huang Fu.

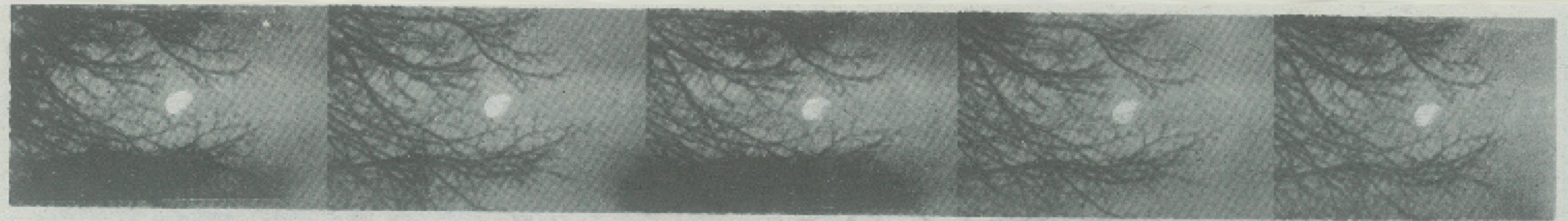
Ning was the most beautiful girl Huang Fu had ever seen, and every moment she makes painted colors to his eyes. She was the star of the night. With her elegance and charm, Governor Chen was captivated, that he eventually married her as his.

The next day, Governor Chen introduced his new wife *Ning* to the public. She was dressed in silk red *qipao*. She had ornaments of onyx, turquoise, lapis, jaspers and jades. Her hands were adorned with gold rings and bracelets. She was so precious, literally, that Han became envious. Within her heart she started devising evil schemes against *Ning*.

Ning lived in the Jade Mansion, together with Governor Chen, Han and Huang Fu. Each day that she lived, *Ning* was a thorn in Han's flesh, a constant reminder of her inability to satisfy Governor Chen. *Ning* would sit on the lap of Governor Chen, while he caresses her hair and embraces her passionately. Han was filled with jealousy that she is practically seething with anger. She was no longer pleasing to the Governor and she knew this fact. And the only way to victory was to destroy *Ning*. In her heart she murdered her again and again.

Early in the morning, *Ning* would go to the pocket garden, there where chrysanthemums abound. She would sing some lullaby and smell the scent of flowers. Huang Fu was captivated by her voice, delightful; he watched from afar and his eyes never wander away from *Ning* anymore. Each day that passed by, Huang Fu's desire for *Ning* became stronger and greater. It was wrong for him to love her, but there was something that was pulling him towards her. It was as if they were once together, holding each other and loving each other.

Han was constantly oppressing *Ning*. As the first wife, Han had more maid-servants than *Ning* and it was this insult and contempt that *Ning* couldn't bear. One day, as *Ning* was walking towards the gate, she tipped off on the portico and fell to the pond. Han and her maid-servants laughed at her and jeered at her.



Huang Fu was quick at his feet and jumped to the pond to save *Ning*, held her tightly and saved her. Their eyes suddenly met, and together with their hearts, they melted. They froze in time, almost magical yet from the privet and hedges. Han was looking intently, maliciously as she observed the two and pondered her thoughts. Han envied her all the more.

From then on, *Ning* fell in love with Huang Fu. His dark eyes wrenches her heart, longing to touch him. His voice, his looks and his hands sent chills to her body. His kindness and tenderness made *Ning* dream of him. It felt absurd for *Ning* to feel such way—Huang Fu is her step son, and Governor Chen is her husband. But the longer they linger together, the stronger their need for love grew.

It was not long when they finally succumbed to their needs. Their passion met and it flared, it burned. There is no turning back, their lips collided and their bodies unite. Their soul blended in harmony, making the melodies of love. In her entire life, *Ning* had never felt such way, it was as if she was whole again. That once happy life she was deprived of was drawn back. Huang Fu washed her loneliness away, bathing her with love and affection. He poured over her an ointment to heal her wounds within and the scent of jasmine spread over the room. The wind was thin, cold gentle autumn breeze hovered past their bare skin. The moon lighted their night of love. The scent, the sweat and the beating of their hearts, the rushing of blood... their bodies became one, quivering and wasted. Their love was fulfilled... yet Huang Fu made the biggest mistake in his life, for he defiled his father's bed. Now the curse had fallen upon them and the autumn moon stands as the witness.

Han was actively prying and observing the two, noting the little known facts surrounding the Jade Mansion. She started throwing accusation between *Ning* and Huang Fu. Governor Chen was restless he couldn't bear the shame. He summoned the two and interrogated them, yet they denied it all along. Han, was spearheading the rumor, and she was egging Governor Chen to dispose *Ning*.

Yet there were no solid proof of their nestled love.

Months had passed by and *Ning* was feeling ill. Fidgety and uneasy, she vomited twice in the morning. She left the Jade Mansion and went to see Doctor Yu. The test showed that she was pregnant and the baby was already a month old. Alarmed by the news, *Ning* panicked and rendezvoused with Huang Fu.

Ning said, "*Huang Fu, I am pregnant... and this is your baby.*" All the while, it was Governor Chen who was sterile. And it was a secret Governor Chen had kept, and Han was used as scapegoat. Huang Fu, a proud father soon to be... was glad halfway, but the need to hide *Ning* and their baby was his priority. *Ning* must hide from the Governor's wrath.

Eight months had passed, and Han was already celebrating her victory in advance. She kept provoking the Governor, inciting him to probe Huang Fu. Han knew Huang Fu's secret, he is hiding *Ning* somewhere. The Governor must save his face. If someone saw *Ning* outside the mansion whether living alone or with someone else it will be a big slap on his face. His anger flared, and he was in such a rage that his health started to suffer. Doctor Yu came over to see Governor Chen. Han was on the bedside when Doctor Yu whispered something to the Governor. Like Han, Doctor Yu is also a rumormonger. He started his tale. Yet unlike Han, Doctor Yu is not wicked, his main concern is the Governor's welfare. Han's eyes brightened and licked her tongue when she learned of *Ning's* pregnancy. Han feasted on the stinking gossip.

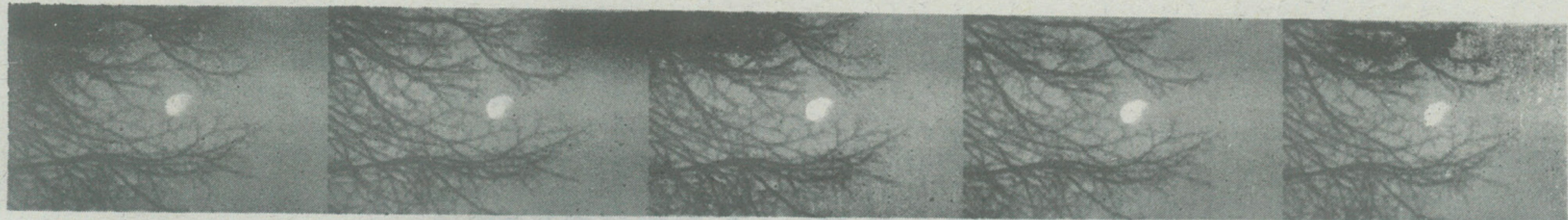
Governor Chen's chief soldier Zhao, was sent to a mission, to search for *Ning* and bring her to the governor to be beheaded in public. Days passed by, and the soldiers came across a village near the Xingjian River. There was a tribe that lived there. The soldiers came in peace and asked for food and temporary shelter from the tribesmen. *Ning* was inside one of the hut with her baby clenched tightly in her breast. In her fear, she sent a dove with a message to Huang Fu saying

"Their soul blended in harmony, making the melodies of love. In her entire life, *Ning* had never felt such way, it was as if she was whole again."

"Hurry! Soldiers are here, let's meet on Xingjian River!"

After a day, the dove came to Huang Fu's room on the Jade Mansion. His heart leaped upon reading the message. Immediately, he saddled on a horse and went to the river. He waited for two days and one night eating nothing but patiently waiting for *Ning* to show up. It was on the sixth hour of the night when *Ning* finally appeared. She held her baby tightly. Huang Fu embraced his wife and child. She was shaking and in fear. *Ning* said "*Huang Fu here is your son Liqui, take him with you and flee. I shall find a way in the forest where I once lived and no one will find me there for a while.*" Huang Fu agreed and held the baby, and he said, "*My love, be strong and take courage, send me your dove when you need me. Here take this handkerchief my mother embroidered. This is a part of me; of my own... take it with you.*" They kissed and Huang Fu left with Liqui, their baby.

Ning clenched the handkerchief and fled; while halfway to her hideout she took a rest under a willowing tree. She opened the handkerchief, she was staggered! Chrysanthemum embroidery with an initial of S.Q. was on the handkerchief of Huang Fu. It struck her and for a second or two her heart had seemed to fail her. She was turned inside out, her world was turned upside down.



Sun Qui is maiden Sun; it was the real name of *Ning* (Tranquil). And this embroidery was hers; she had woven specially for her son Qui Yue. Too devastated by her discovery, she was unable to move, until the soldiers had overtaken her. She was captured and brought to face the Governor.

For a week, she was held captive as a prisoner. She was spit on and jeered at. The people scoffed and hurled insult at her. On her prison gate marked the word "Unfaithful whore!" yet the most painful was her inner conviction—she was glad and sad at the same time. Her son was alive, her son became the Governor's son yet her son is the father of her son. She reaped insult outside yet the sharpest most painful of all has yet to come.

Huang Fu came to visit *Ning* (Sun Qui). Behind those bars was a shattered woman who felt unclean and wicked. She was judged, mocked and condemned. On the 21st of September, she will be beheaded and the public will feast on her.

Huang Fu, faced *Ning*, yet she couldn't speak a word. From the day she found out the truth, she had not uttered a single word. She touched Huang Fu's face and shed a tear; she gazed through his dark eyes. She saw the autumn moon, it was just like the moon when she gave birth to Qui Yue. Huang Fu is indeed Qui Yue, and it was the same moon, the same eye. It was hers, her lost son was finally found.

Huang Fu pleaded with Governor Chen, but the governor even threatened to behead him as well as his ego was cut deep. No one knows how, when and who can pacify the enraged Governor Chen. Huang Fu ran away for fear of his life, and for the life of Liqui, his son.

The 21st day of September had harshly arrived; the foliage once more covered the path to the crucifix. In the town square where all the townsmen surrounded, *Ning* was a public spectacle. She was on the center, beside a guillotine that which stands appalling, those cold sharp blades that will run through her veins and bones where her body will be separated from her spirit. The judge was convicting her of her sins, her wickedness

and her unfaithfulness. Governor Chen looked from top with a vengeful eye, while Han stood there, her compassion cold as ice yet her hatred fiery as fire. There was no way *Ning* could be vindicated, unless a divine intervention comes her way. Yet it was far from reality... there were no miracles that day. For the heaven had shut its gates.

Huang Fu embraced Liqui and pressed their way to the crowd. Until they reached the front. They came face to face with *Ning*. Upon seeing them, *Ning* was enlivened, as if they were heaven-sent. Indeed they were, it was the last and final stage where *Ning* could proclaim herself to her lost son. At the top of her voice, she shouted, "Behold my son, Qui Yue, and behold thy son Liqui, you are my own, my flesh and blood."

Shocked and stunned, Huang Fu looked at Liqui, there in his hood, was chrysanthemum embroidery woven with the initial of S.Q. (Sun Qui). It was the same as his handkerchief that his mother had woven.

The crowd jeered at them. The people were stirred to hate them all the more. They were chanting in unison, to behead the whore! Behead the whore!

Without a second chance, *Ning* was forced in place. The soldiers shove her to the guillotine and placed a basket upon her head.

Three...two...one...the blade shut down... her world dimmed till it darkened. Finally she was set free. Her head fell on the basket...and gradually her blood flowed. There were scattered bits of her flesh on the ground and some of her skin hang on her body. At this sight, Huang Fu snapped to insanity, and he took a dagger from his pocket, and drove it through his chest. He whispered to his mother Sun Qui, his wife *Ning*... "*There is no life apart from thee.*" Liqui fell from his blood-stained hands and into the blood of his parents. Slowly and steadily, Huang Fu's life ebbed away. Their blood intermingled, together they mixed. Liqui swam in their blood; he was kicking about in a pool of blood. Liqui was cursed in the blood of his father, his brother; and his mother, his grandmother. He was

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mother had woven.*

drenched in the cursed blood and his cries echoed the vile of their death.

Zhao, the father of Qui Yue (Huang Fu) remembered his past and his every deed, his wife, his son, they all died. He vomited at the sight of the slaughter. His guilt was enormous and their blood was upon his head. Zhao, coward as he is, fled from the scene and hanged himself.

Governor Chen, took Liqui with him. Liqui, a beautiful autumn as his name implies, yet his life was forever smeared and cursed. He was damned and life was filled with disgust.

Twenty one years had passed and it was the 21st of September. Autumn had started and the foliage covered the grave of Sun Qui and Qui Yue. Liqui stood there in front and brushed the leaves away. The sun was setting and the moon started to glow. His blood was dripping on the grave of the two; together with his tears and blood, he bid goodbye to the Godforsaken land, and to his family that never seemed to be. He said "*It is done, the curse shall end.*" there he died under the cruel and most heartless: The Autumn Moon.

Pain of Betrayal

While we talked, you said sorry. I asked, sorry for what?

You said, for everything. Are you suddenly feeling guilty now? After all the deceit and lies you told me, how could your sorry make me feel okay? You asked me not to cry; you said you don't want to see me cry. But why? Is it because you still care?

I am not crying because I lost you. I can have someone better. I am crying because after all the things I have done for you, you stabbed me from behind. You could not do it alone so you sought for someone's help...someone who is willing to have a share on what your conscience would have to carry.

You are a weakling and a coward fool. You couldn't face your troubles all by yourself.

When I became strong enough to leave you, you came running back to me, crying, begging for another chance and bribing me with gifts of promises. I tried not to listen to your pleas. I tried not to see those tears. I tried to resist you but you were unrelentlessly begging for that

chance and I almost give in to your charm. Fortunately, you realized that someone is willing to accept you, another victim in the making. You just turned away, leaving me like a piece of trash.

What about the tears you cried? Have you forgotten everything you told me that day? What a liar you are!

What did you tell her? You told her it's over between us? And she believed you? You didn't tell her the truth that night.

I tried to listen with what you had to say. You said you waited too long. How long? One week? You said you were in work etc. I understood that.

That is why I also waited for the right time that you would tell me you're ready to set things back into place. You said it's too late for that to happen. You said you went to her for comfort. No one is there to help you. You said "if only you knew that I was still willing to talk things out, and could turn back the time, maybe it would still be us".

Is that a regret on your voice now? I asked you, "are you happy right now?" "No", you answered.

I asked again "are you happy?" still no answer. I said just be honest right now. If your answer would hurt me, I'll go away. But you didn't answer. I got back all my stuff from your place.

I left a letter to your family... your mom cried... I cried. She asked me not to lose hope... she asked me to hold on. I told her I never lost hope but you forced me to let go. I told her you are happy...but I was lying when I told her that. She asked me to forgive you, that everything would be alright. How can I forgive? They say "regrets are the risks we didn't take". I took the risk..got hurt. I held on...you left. How? Tell me? Why can't you answer my question? Are you happy right now? I think not...denial is a good defense mechanism but there is nothing better than being true to yourself. If you are at that point where you don't know where to go, you are confused.

The One and Only

Good looking men are all around the corner. They possess a certain quality women admire—physical attributes that turn us on. They are the men that draw attention and stand above others.

We meet a lot of them, everyday and everywhere. Sometimes, they come along our way when we're already happy in the arms of the man we love. Back when we are "single" and available, we admired their kind. We had crushes on them, we had dreamboys but none of them became ours.

Then came the time we found love, someone not perfect. They don't possess the qualities we set or

dreamed to have. Yet we fell in love with them not just because of their physical being but because of their being themselves. Though they were not perfect, they complement our imperfections.

Until, our dreamboys, one by one enter the scene. For the most part we feel confused by this new attention. But later on it is too good to be true. And they either end up as a creation of our infatuation or just plain friends.

These are just normal. Part of our daily lives is to admire if not to loll these wonderful creatures though we already have a man in our life.

Yet we must not let the attraction

reign; we must not believe in our eyes but listen to our heart and mind. When you meet someone whom you are attracted to, don't let the day pass by, *carpe diem*.

Yes, you'll come to realize that there are a lot of these 'wonderful creatures' but there is only one man who will give you a ring and ask you to be his better half.

Admiration and attraction fade away but true love never dies but grows deeper. It does not find but it keeps, it comes only once. Be careful. Once it's lost, you can never get it back. So, stop ogling at other men, be proud of your partner for they are such a precious jewel.

Muli naming ibinabalik ang seksyon ng mga komposisyong likha sa wikang Filipino bilang pagpupunyagi sa lahing Pilipino.

Ani nga ni Rizal: "Ang hindi tumangkilik sa sariling wika ay higit pa sa malansang isda."

◆ Rosanna Dato

Kaba sa Mundo ng Nursing

***Kinakabahan
kung papasa ba sa
Psychiatry in
Nursing, na halos
mabaliw sa
kakaisip sa 600 na
oras, 36,000 na
segundo, 28 weeks,
apat na buwan ng
pagklaklase sa
subject na ito.***

Ikaw, naranasan mo na bang kinabahan?

Oo ako, naranasan ko na. Lahat naman ng tao eh nakakaranas nito, lalung-lalo na pagdating ng oras na pinakahihintay mo.

Sa aking mundo ng nursing, ito ang una kong naramdaman--ang "kaba".

Bakit nga ba?

Heto't tunghayan natin ang aking istorya.

Sa una't una pa lamang eh kinakabahan na ako kung bakit nga ba nursing ang kinuha kong kurso eh napakahirap daw ito, nakikita mo daw yung mga dugo at iba pa...

LEVEL 1. Sa aking mundo ng nursing, ang unang hakbang ko sa level 1, ay lalo akong kinakabahan, kasi 'di mo kilala kung sino ang magiging mga klasmeys mo at mga titser mo.

Kinakabahan kung ikaw ang lowest sa klase pagdating ng exam. At kinakabahan kung papasa ba ako sa major subject kong zoology, anatomy at physiology. Baka maging buto't balat ka na sa kaka-memorize ng 206 bones mo. Kinakabahan kung papasa ba ako o hindi sa final judgment. Hay! Salamat naman sir/ma'am pasado ako.

LEVEL 2. Sa aking ikalawang hakbang sa aking mundo ng nursing eh mas lalo na naman akong kinakabahan. Pahirap na ng pahirap eh.

Next level na kamo. Kinakabahan kung ikaw ay leyt sa klase mo sa RLE dahil 1:7 na naman ang make-up. Kinakabahan kung ikaw na naman ang lowest sa Health Care at Com.Dev. Kinakabahan kung di mo alam ang gagawin sa OSCE. At ang pinakahihintay ang huling resulta kung pasado ba o hindi pasado. Hay! Isang malakas na inhale at exhale na naman dahil pasado pa rin at nakakalusot. Salamat ulit sir/ma'am. Pang-next level na ha!

Level 3. Sa aking ikatlong hakbang, mas lalo na naman pahirap ng pahirap. Kinakabahan dahil eto na, mae-expose na ako sa hospital. Kinakabahan na baka mali ang aking nurses notes, baka ko mailagay sa doctor's order. Kinakabahan dahil di mo alam mag-compute ng dosage $Q=D/S \times q$. At baka magpalit pa kayo ng pasyente ng groupmates mo.

Lintik at patay kang bata ka. Kinakabahan kung papasa ba sa Psychiatry in Nursing, na halos mabaliw sa kakaisip sa 600 na oras, 36,000 na segundo, 28 weeks, apat na buwan ng pagklaklase sa subject na ito. Baka mapunta ka agad sa Mariveles Mental Ward.

Kinakabahan kung mata-tanggap ko ba ang aking pinakahihintay ang "Capping and Pinning", para makapag-affiliate sa Philippine Orthopedics in Manila. Kinakabahan kung di mo alam ang sagot, at baka ka magkacerebral edema at magkakaroon ng diagnosis na CVA (Cerebrovascular Accident).

Kinakabahan kung 'di mo alam ang isasagot sa Case

Presentation at baka ka magkacpitting edema ang buo mong katawan at magda-diaphoresis sa harap.

Kinakabahan kung papasa sa NCM 102 para sa final judgment. Salamat ulit poh, pasado pa rin.

Level 4. Eto na, eto na ang pinakahihintay ng lahat.

Halos naka-inhale at exhale naman ako ng sampung beses. Pero kinakabahan pa rin kung papasa sa NCM at Nursing Ethics (sana nga).

Alam ko kinakabahan ka rin kung papasa ka ba sa long at unit exam na pang-board type exam pa. Oh! Laban ka?

Kinakabahan na hanggang ngayon eh hindi mo alam mag-compute ng ibibigay mong medication.

Kinakabahan kung hindi mo alam mag-skin test, baka sa IM diretso. Kinakabahan kung di mo alam ang gagawin sa OR/DR, at baka magka-nosebleed ka sa mga nakikita mong dugo.

Kinakabahan kung magkamali ang i-inject na oxytoxin baka sa IM diretso, at ikaw pa ang maging pasyente namin sa DR.

Kinakabahan rin kung baka magakamali ang isagot mo sa Case Presentation, eh marevamp agad ang case.

Kinakabahan kung ikaw ba'y nahawa sa pasyente mong may TB na galing sa San Lazaro Hospital.

Kinakabahan kung alam ko ba ang isasagot sa thesis proposal namin. Ahem! Kinakabahan kung kasali ka ba sa list of graduates sa taong 2009.

Kinakabahan kung mata-tanggap ko ba ang aking diploma sa entablado. At sa final judgment...

ABANGAN...

Ang Pintor



“Karamihan sa mga biography ng mga artist ay nag-uumpisa noong sila ay mga bata pa. Yung mga tipong “I started painting since I was 5 years old...since I was a toddler I knew I was going to be an artist.” Yung mga temang ganoon na ang intro.”

Nang una ko siyang makilala, namangha ako sa laki ng kanyang buhok. Astig...parang iyong nasa shampoo komersyal. Porma pa lang niya artist na talaga!

Hindi na ako magpapatumpik-tumpik pa, atin ng kilalaning si Juanelani Tulas, estudyanteng kumukuha ng MAPA- Master of Arts and Public Administration dito (you guessed it), mismo sa ating pinakamahal na Unibersidad.

Heto ang kwento niya:

Karamihan sa mga biography ng mga artist ay nag-uumpisa noong sila ay mga bata pa. Yung mga tipong “I started painting since I was 5 years old...since I was a toddler I knew I was going to be an artist.” Yung mga temang ganoon na ang intro.

Pero di ba lahat ng mga bata attracted sa mga kulay? Aminin man natin o hindi dumaaan tayo sa pagkabata na kung saan tayo nahilig sa paglalaro ng krayola. Minsan kinakain pa nga natin ang mga iyan eh. Ngunit hindi lahat ng kumain ng krayola ay naging artist.

Noong elementary ako, mahilig akong gumuhit. At naging Artist of the Year pa nga ako, subalit hindi ko parin pinangarap na maging artist. Ang gusto ko ata noon ay maging isang abogado.

Nang high school na, nawala ang hilig ko sa pagguhit. Nahilig ako sa musikang maiingay, ROCK AND ROLL, METAL! Nag-aral akong tumipa ng gitara, Bass Guitar pare! Natuto ng konti, tuloy nangarap maging Rock star, pero hanggang pangarap lang pala ang mga iyon. Dahil wala akong pambili ng electric guitar at iba pang mga gamit pam-banda.

Sa Kolehiyo, pinagsabay ko ang pag-aaral, inom at Rock ‘n Roll hanggang isang araw nabasa ko sa dyaryo ang kwento ng talambuhay ni Van Gogh. Naantig ako sa kwento niya. ‘Di ko pa nga alam kung ano ang hitsura ng painting niya, pero yong buhay at dedikasyon sa art niya ay talagang nakaka-Wow! Nabatobalani ako. At doon nagsimula ang aking pagkahilig sa mga paintings at pagpipinta.

Nagsimula akong magbasa ng mga libro tungkol kay Van Gogh. Nagsaliksik ako sa library, mahal pa kasi ang mga internet noon, manomano pa kumbaga. At nungka, kay Vincent Van Gogh lang ako nakatutok. Siya lang talaga ang sinaliksik ko ng todo; yung ibang mga artist, lokal man o foreign hindi ko pinakialaman. Kaya lang hayup ang mahal ng mga artbook niya, halos dalawang taon kong pinagipunan para lang makabili ng isa (take note: hindi pa ako nagpipinta noon, ni hindi pa nga ako nakakahawak ng paintbrush. Ika nga, dinadigest ko pa lang ang art niya.)

Noong huminto ako sa pag-aaral ng Engineering sa SLU Baguio, binalak kong mag-enrol sa art school doon sa Benguet. Nang mag-enrol na sana ako, sabi ng nasa registrar “ibili ko na lang daw ng gamit yung perang pang-enrol ko.” Samakatuwid, turuan ko na lang daw ang sarili ko. At yun nga bumili nga ako ng brush at pinta, tsaka ko sinubukan. Sa perstaym, ayos ang panget! Kasi naman ang hirap pala. Sinubukan ko lang ng sinubukan, “never say die” ika nga. Ngunit ang lumabas ay maitim, napaka-pangit sa aking paningin. Palpak!

Datapwat, oo, pangit man ang lumabas itinuloy ko pa rin. Sinubukan ko ng sinubukan hanggang nag-improve ako. Sa awa ng Diyos, naisingit yung isang gawa ko sa “Panagitipon” sa Greenhouse



Effect gallery sa Botanical Garden Baguio City. Nakasama ako doon sina Mark Dungaw, Tandoyog, Kigao, Akipeco, 'yung utol ko, si Santiago Bose, at iba pang mga Baguio artists. Dyahe, ang gaganda ang mga gawa nila. Hilaw na hilaw ang mga aking mga gawa.

Doon nalaman kong hilaw pa pala ang mga gawa ko. Kaya pinilit kong turuan talaga ng todo ang sarili ko. Sumama ako sa kuya ko sa farm ni BenCab sa Asin Road, Baguio City. Umpisa palang na dinebelop ang farm niya. Bale 1 ½ year ako doon.

Maliban sa paglilinis ng mga ligaw na damo at pagpapakain ng mga tilapia ni BenCab, nag-aral ako ng pagpipinta sa pamamagitan ng pag-oobserba kay BenCab. Dumalo rin ako sa mga exhibit ng mga iba't ibang artist, at siyempre,

naging plus factor ang katotohanang ang aking amo ay isang National Artist (hindi pa pala siya National Artist noon, lately lang pala).

Simula noon, nagbasa na ko ng buhay ng ibang mga artist, sinaliksik ko ang kanilang mga gawa mapa-lokal o international gaya nina Kiukok, Malang, Edades, Lorenzo, BenCab, Joya, Manansala, Legaspi, at lahat ng mga Pinoy pioneers na nahagilap ko, kasama rin pala sa mahabang listahan 'yung mga 13 modern at world masters tulad ni M.C. Escher. Oo, nga pala, 'yung mga gawa ni M.C. Escher, panalo!

Nag-improve naman 'yung mga obra ko. Pero hindi ako nakuntento. Ang problema kasi, paano ako makakagawa ng style na masasabing akin na akin. 'Yung kahit hindi ko pirmahan e alam

pa rin ng madla na ako si Juanelani Tulas ang may gawa 'nun. Ang hirap mag-isip at lumikha ng sariling style, ng teknik. Ayaw ko namang sumali sa mga group shows kasi alam kong hilaw pa 'yung mga gawa ko. Kumbaga hindi pa handang isabit sa pader ng mga galleries, o kahit sa anung klaseng pader. So, tinanong ko sarili ko ano kaya ang gagawin ko? Kung ganoon ka-hilaw ang mga obra ko, 'wag na lang akong mag-art sabi ko sa sarili ko.

Minsan sa kalagitnaan ng nakakahilo na hang-over, nakaisip ako ng magandang midyum- 'yon ang ginagamit ko ngayon.

Hindi ko naman sinasabing imbento ko 'yon, pero wala pa naman akong nakita na gamamit ng katulad sa akin. Simple lang, basic science kumbaga, dilute ka ng mga basura ng tao, 'yung mga resin-based na industrial waste. Tapos ihalo mo sa tinting oil. 'Yun ayos, may pang-kulay ka ng medyo kakaiba. Aaminin ko hindi madaling gumuhit gamit nito, kasi malagkit. Ginamay at pinaglaruan ko ng limang taon ang midyum na ito, bago ko lubusang matutunan.

Sa ngayon medyo hinog na 'yung mga gawa ko. Paunti-unti na rin akong sumasali sa mga art activities tulad ng mga exhibits. Katunayan pinapangarap kong makapag-exhibit dito sa NWU (please naman o...help, mga sponsors dyan, hello!).

Maliban sa AAP, member din ako ng AUBB-Artist Undivided By Behavior, ito ay grupo ni Art Bermido ng Lucena City. Bagong art group ito, ngayong 2009 pa lang daw ang simula ng art activities.

Mukhang napahaba ata ang kwento ko, so bago niyo pa lukutin ang pahinang ito tatapusin ko muna ang aking inspirational thoughts: sa mga gustong maging artist, ito ang katotohanan, WALANG PERA SA ART. Lalo na sa bansang hilaw pa ang art appreciation gaya ng Pinas. Tibay ng sikmura at apog ang kailangan mo kung gusto mong sumabak dito. Pero kung talagang gusto mo then 'wag kang mangarap lamang, DO IT! Gumawa ka.

Last advice, bilang inyong kuya, ito lang masasabi ko, TAPUSIN NIYO ANG KURSO NIYO, PWEDE NAMAN KAYONG GUMAWANG ART HABANG NAG-AARAL. Kung grumadweyt na kayo bilang mga pulis, nars, inhinyero...etc. eh 'di mas mabuti magiging pulis na artist, nars na artist o engr. na artist ka pa. Mas astig pakinggan 'di ba?

"ANG ART AY BUHAY, HINDI HANAP BUHAY."

Panawagan sa dula: Tula'ng Sanaysay

Isang taon na ang nakalipas. Isang daang drum ng dugo na ang tumagaktak. Bala ng armalite. Sampung libong pasabog ng granada, samahan mo pa ng nakakabinging katahimikan at nakaka-sulasok na sigawan.

Dilaw, pula, asul at puti. Ano ba ang kulay mo? Magsusuot ka ba ng salamin? O magtatabako?

Maraming hindi naniniwala sa akin. Maraming ang tingin sa akin ay isang taong walang magagawa. Isang taong kuntento na sa nangangalawang na diyes sentimo kada Linggo.

Kung sabagay, makakabili na ako ng bahay at lupa nun. Kotse? Puwede rin. Yung puti.

Maraming taon na ang nagdaan. Nasaan na nga ba ako? Ano na ang nangyari kina kuwan at nosi? Buhay pa kaya ang bandana ni ka Andres? Eh ang sulo ng pangarap? Umaapoy pa kaya?

Sinakop na tayo ng makamandag na imperyalismo. Para namang tayong tanga, nagpaloko sa mga labanos na nagsasalita. Sabi nila ang libro raw at mga letra ay sagot sa mahiwagang tanong ng epidemya ng bansa. Sabi nila ang bawat numero raw sa aklat ay sagot sa nakakarimarim na tanong ng ating halang na kaluluwa. Yun ang sabi nila.

Ngayon, ano na ang nangyari? Buhay ka pa ba? Kontento na lamang ba tayong naglalakad sa

mga diyamanteng gusali ng pangarap? Na kung hindi ka mag-iingat matatapilok ka at daig mo pa ang nabasag na mumurahing baso sa palengke.

Kawawang Totoy. Mapurol na nga lapis, wala pang pantasa.

Nasaan na ang ipinaglaban natin? Nasaan na ang diwa ng pakikibaka? Ano na ang tunay na kulay ng dilaw? Magsusuot pa ba tayo ng salamin?

Ito ay paalala lamang. Sa ngayon, taimtim kang nagdarasal hawak ang PSP mo, o kaya ang iyong *iphone*. Ako din, taimtim akong nagdarasal hawak ang walang latay kong lapis at ang aking sulo.

Tinigasan ka na ba?

It was nine in the evening of November 3, 2008. I was with my girlfriend. We were alone in the house. Malakas pa ang ihip ng mga horror stories nun kasi katatapos lang ng araw ng mga patay at araw ng mga santo, pero cool lang kami.

Hindi kami nagpapansinan, we're both busy texting eh. Inaalas namin ang kaba sa aming dibdib kasi nga dalawa lang kami tapos tahimik pa ang paligid.

I looked outside the window sa may tapat ko lang. Wala akong nakita, madilim kasi natural gabi yun, tumingin ako sa kaliwa at nagulat ako. "Ano ka ba hon, huwag ka namang ganyan tumingin..." kasi katabi ko si hon ko. Nai-imagine mo ba yung reaction ko? Yung tipong she was just looking at me, medyo nanlalaki ang mga mata niya, tapos blanko ang reaction kasi while she's looking at me she's texting at the same time. Naks ang galling naman ng concentration nito. Focus na focus!

Pero hindi yan ang kuwento ko.

Ulitin ko ang intro ah...

It was nine in the evening of November 3, 2008. I was with my girlfriend. We are alone in the house. Malakas pa ang ihip ng mga horror stories nun kasi katatapos lang ng araw ng mga patay at araw ng mga santo, aminin ko medyo kinakabahan ako that night.

The surroundings were so silent. Nang biglang... "TTIITT! TIITTT!!" 'nak ng putik. "Oo alam ko hon, bagong sangla yang cellphone mo!" 'kagulat naman 'to, naka level five ba naman ang tones!? Well, ituloy ko. During that night, 'di ba kami nga lang dalawa. Hinid kami nag-uusap, kasi...bakit nga ba? Hindi ko rin alam eh, basta feel lang naming huwag mag-usap at that time. Tapos, biglang tumahol ang aso namin. Kaya nagulat kami agad! "Ay pu&\$%# ^ #"

Nagtinginan kaming dalawa. Malagkit ang mga tingin na iyon. Napakalagkit parang uhog na hinog na hinog sa lapot ang lagkit. Mayamaya, itinabi na niya ang cellphone

niya. Naku patay ako neto...okay wait fast forward...

Grabe ang sandaling iyon. Ang init, medyo masakit nga lang, nakailang palo din siya ah? Isa...tatlo...ah basta.

Tapos, biglang namatay ang ilaw. "WAAHHHHH!!" sigaw namin. Agad akong tumayo, binuksan ko ang pintuan. "Puttikk! Bumukas ka!" pero ayaw. "Ang bintana!" sabi niya. Agad kong kinapa ang bintana... "Putikk! Hindi kami kasya... wala na kaming magawa. Wala ng pag-asa! "Waaahhhh!!" slightly tuliro na rin ang utak ko! Hindi ko alam kung magbibilang ako ng sampu, kakanta ng ABC...mag rerecite ng mission and vision...kung sasakalin ko sarili ko...wala akong maisip! Hanggang sa "hon, ano yan?" tanong niya sa akin. Bigla akong natigil...in English I stopped.

Alam niyo ba kung ano ang tinanong niya sa akin? Naku, huwag na nakakahiya naman... sabihin ko na lang sa next issue! Hehehehe! ;p

Biyahe

Mula sa pag-usod ng mga gulong
Aking nasasaksi, palipas na mga
puno

Mga puti, at itim na mga ulap
Maging kalsada na tila ako'y
nasasadsad

Sa pag-alis ay kay lamig
Di ko madama ang sariwang hangin
May salamin na naghihiwalay sa
amin

Alam ko, sa pagbaba, init ay
makakapiling

Sa loob, maaaring ika'y nakaupo o
nakatayo

At iilan lamang ang may mabuting
puso

Alin man sa dalawa, ika'y mababalik
tono

At minsan, ulan ay sasalubong sa'yo
Sa una'y paambon-ambon lang
Hanggang ito'y unti-unting lumakas
Ngunit may oras na ika'y sisilong
Mananatili ang sa baluti'y bakas
Maaaring mukha ang mapupunas
Subalit ang katawan sa ulan ay basa
Sa haba ng biyahe, ika'y mapapagod
Ngunit bawal tumigil, kailangan
tuloy ang usod

Marami kang lalagpasang mga puno
Minsan di mo na sila mamata
Puro gusaling gawa sa bato
Malapit na, hintay lang; ikaw din ay
bababa na...

Estudyante

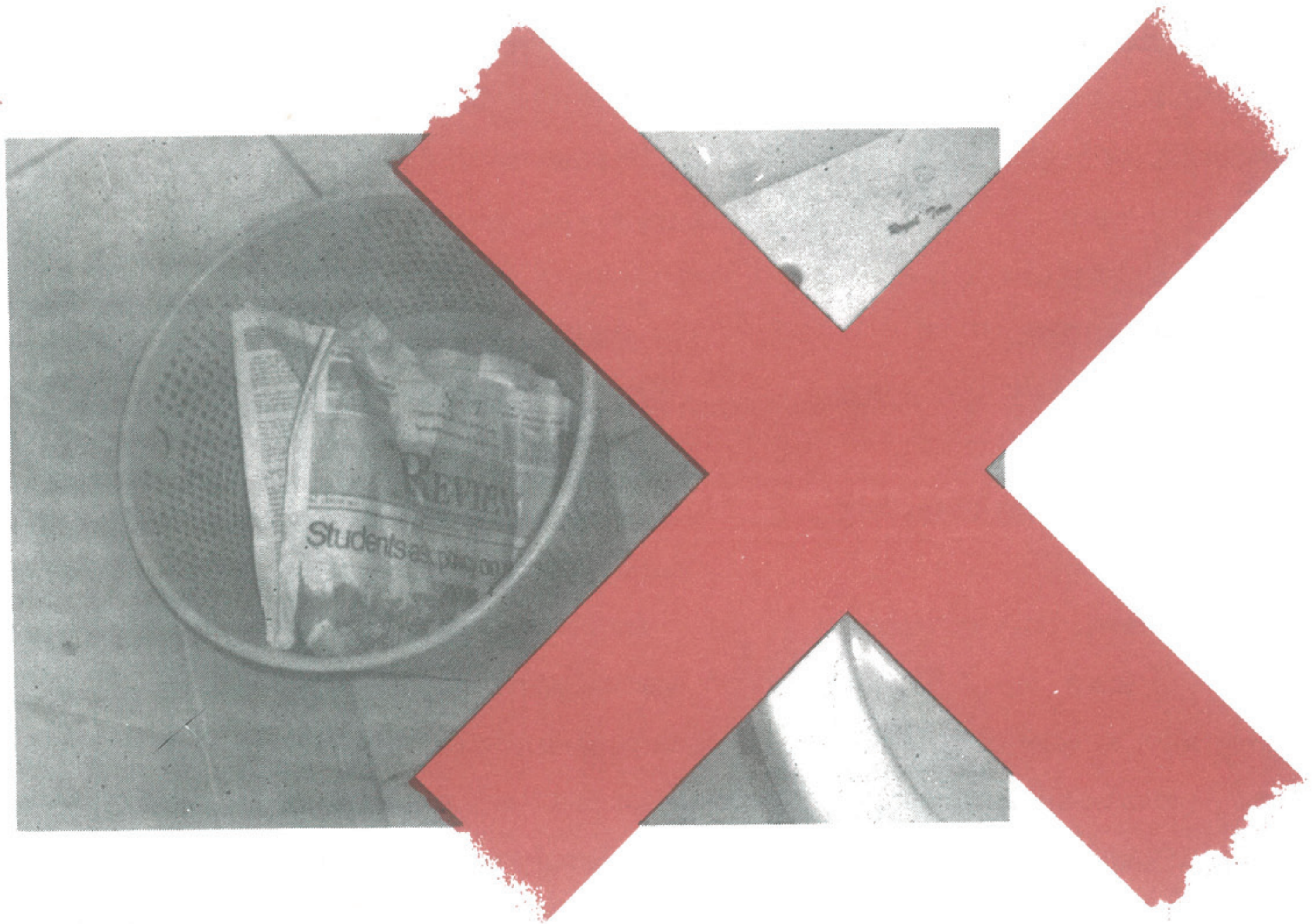
gigising ng ala singko
bibili ng pan de coco
at kapag pumasok ng iskul
leyt pa rin ako
Uupo sa may hulihan
naririnig ang mga dakdakan
sa sermon este... leksyon ng titser
mangmang ako

Naghihintay ng pag-uwi
ako'y talagang nasasawi
at kapag uwian na
ako ay gutom na gutom na
Isa na namang araw
sanoon pa rin araw-araw
at sa pagkuha ng aking grado
puros patok ang greys ko
Estudyante ako
katulad ng maraming tao
magulang, paaralan at gobyerno
kailangan ko ang tulong niyo

Eskwelahan

Gumising nang maaga
diretso sa eskwela
Matuto ng kung ano ano
sobrang nakakahilo
Ang saya ng mga kalokohan
ang sakit ng mga bagsakan
Sama sama tayo sa sakit
sama sama rin sa pait
Ang mga kasabawan
at ang mga kasiyahan
Pagpupursige na walang saysay
hinahanda tayo para sa buhay

SAVE MOTHER EARTH



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NEXT WRITER.