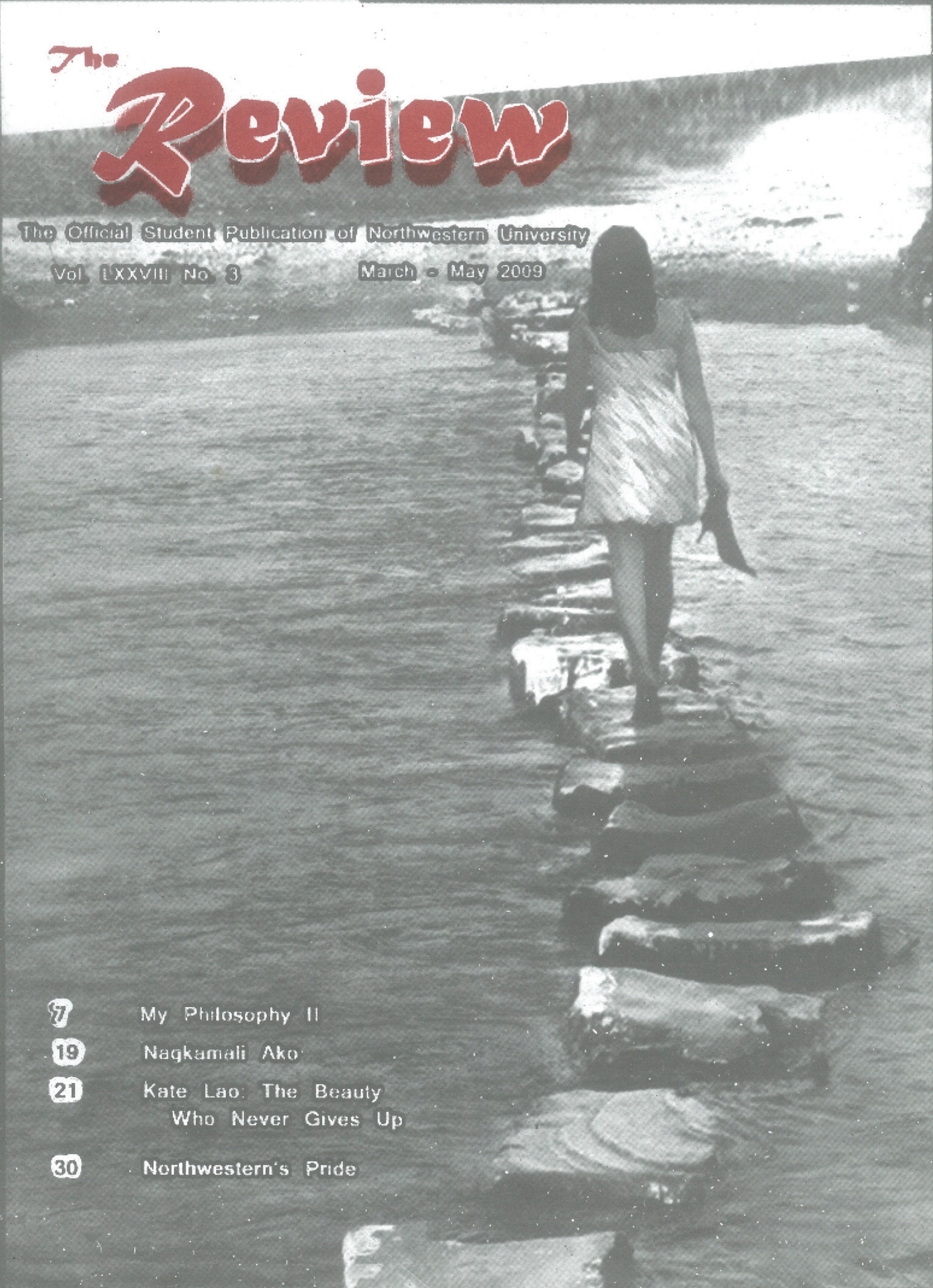


# The Review

The Official Student Publication of Northwestern University

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March - May 2009

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**the Review**  
THE OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION  
OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY  
LAOAG CITY

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*Contributors*

**Roda April Francisco**

*Cartoonist*

**Athena Rosinni de la Rosa**

*Photographer*

**Mr. Mangel Ancheta**

*Adviser*

## FOREWORD

A wise man once said, "*Every graduation exercise or commencement is not an end in itself but a beginning of something else.*"

Whether we have our diploma or not, just the same we are all pilgrims to this course called life. No MA's, no PH.D.'s, no attorneys, no engineers, no architects, no teachers, no doctors, no nurses, no kings, no servants, no students, just mere pilgrims who are all equal.

A graduation is only the first step toward our journey of self-fulfillment. There are plenty of mountains still waiting to be conquered; one is *unemployment* and *job mismatch*.

So, here is a piece of advice to everyone, "*Life is what we make out of it. We are the ones who make life poor or prosperous, miserable or joyous.*"

This issue of the *Review* is dedicated to every graduate out there.

Live life to the fullest and always put Christ first in everything that you do.

Godspeed!

-RCDM-



Cover Design - Stephanie S. Co

"The Stepping Stones of Life"  
(text on the outside back cover)

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# GRADUATION: A DAY OF GLORY

## A DAY OF GRIEF

*"Graduation isn't just the end of something; it's also the beginning, the commencement of a bigger part of my life. Since I have met the standards of my educators, perhaps I am prepared to face bigger challenges. Perhaps, I am ready to serve my fellow human beings. Perhaps, I am capable of practicing my vocation. I don't know what the future holds, but I guess I've leveled up as a human being."*

I have found graduating in college to be a moment of great joy and grief. The thought of satisfactorily meeting the requirements of an educational institution didn't fail to put a smile on my face. I like the feel of finally having all my hardships recognized. After all, four years have been quite some time—four years of effort, four years of expensive tuition fees, four years of bearing with some unlikeable things. Now that calls for a celebration. But then I grieve for what I will be missing after graduation. I'm going to miss the people who have gone to school with me within those four years. I'm going to miss my classmates and friends who stood by me whenever I wanted to quit (which was practically all the time).

Graduation is the end and the beginning of something. Graduation is sometimes associated with *culmination*—one that which is participated in or shared comes to a conclusion. In our case, what culminated was our brief four years at Northwestern University. When the afternoon of April 2, 2009 came, a ceremony was held to recognize our achievement of passing each and every academic requirement set by the school for a particular college degree. Although I feel that I don't deserve to graduate, the administrators and the faculty believe that I have satisfactorily met all the prerequisites and I therefore deserve to move on with my career. And so ends

another part of my life—that chapter where I get up early in the morning during duty days so I wouldn't be late; that part of my life where I have to wake up in the wee hours of the morning to help in the delivery of a human being; those silly episodes of my existence where I humiliate myself because I don't know anything; and those most cherished moments I had with my friends.

But then, graduation isn't just the end of something; it's also the beginning, the *commencement* of a bigger part of my life. Since I have met the standards of my educators, perhaps I am prepared to face bigger challenges. Perhaps, I am ready to serve my fellow human beings. Perhaps, I am capable of practicing my vocation. I don't know what the future holds, but I guess I've leveled up as a human being and I might be more prepared to face whatever there is tomorrow and the days after. I'm certain to face more challenges after I graduate. And so let it begin. I'm bracing myself. Let the future COMMENCE!

Oh graduation. A day of glory; a day of grief. A day of culmination and of commencement. I have memories to look back on...and I have a future to look forward to. I'm hoping I could survive myself and the world after graduation.



-----<  
The author (right, front row) with her friends and classmates during the clinical graduation.



## THE BEST DAY EVER!

*"Thanks to everyone for this day. Thanks to all the guards, my best friends in the room, those who asked if I wanted trouble-- they served as my shelter for many years."*

I remember my first day in this school. I was walking alone, wandering and making myself familiar with my surrounding when one building caught my sight. I spent my first day in that building. It brought me many memories. So my first day will always be the best and memorable day for me.

I will never forget the rooms where I had my class. There I learned how to write compositions, why the letter X is important to solve in an algebra problem and why Jose Rizal became a national hero. I also met fantastic people. They taught me a lot of things that I never got a chance to learn in my high school days. They shared me how to use the monoblock chairs as my "reference" during examination periods, how the newly painted walls could cause trouble outside the campus by just writing this, "*Kabil*".

On the first week of my class, I was late. I always have this grand entrance. I would wear my best dress with all the eye-catching accessories so that someone (hoping this someone is a nice person with nice looks) could share me a seat but unfortunately my terror instructor would call my attention, asking me a question that could cause my brain, eyes, ears and my nose to bleed. Well, this was my first day.

Let's leave my first day in school. Let's talk about my stay in the university. Since I can remember, I have always noticed some security guards sharing sweet moments with some students. I would not think twice if tomorrow someone will get

pregnant. I won't forget these guards for they never keep their word of honor. I also observed that the science gate is swarmed with students who stay outside the campus for not wearing uniform. Denied entry, these students, getting a tip from friends to try the main gate, luckily get the permission to enter. I will always remember the guards for they always allow their frat brothers and sisters to enter the campus. I pitied myself for not having a patron.

Contributions, fees, assessment, collections, long queues--I will not forget these of course. My five-year stay in the university never gave me the opportunity to see changes for nothing has changed. The long queues of students at the finance office during collection periods get longer every year. No, every semester! Well, my hope has faded. There will never be change at the finance office. Who wouldn't forget the membership fees for college organizations and other interest clubs not to mention the intramurals and foundation anniversary fees? Sigh, five years in a row and my pocket has been vomiting for these. I won't be surprised if some organizations or even the student affairs office or the finance department are the target of complaints or criticism in the school or department publications. Well, I think they deserve every article if only to listen to complaints and institute change.

One thing also I will always remember: my *cheating* arrangements--I mean my seatmates depending on me if they know I burned my eyebrows on examination nights. They'd become my instant

best friends! They would always make an effort to get my attention. They would stomp their feet, kick my chair, show a talent, or whistle. How about my last days? Well, I had almost a year of nonstop typing on my computer. As to my friends? They would rent the whole computer shop! Not a *thesis maker*, okay. I would always have sleepless nights in formulating my sentences to start my Chapter 1. Don't forget my *struggling* title which passed through many criticisms from self-acclaimed well-educated instructors. I hope they will pass me. And finally, my survey for my thesis is already done, my statistician had finished the computations, but waiting for the defense day is agony. Who wouldn't forget this day? Standing in front of respected and highly educated panelists drives me nuts and makes me sweat profusely. Fortunately, I passed it. Now I am submitting my hardbound thesis work.

Now, I'm wearing my best dress, not so much with the accessories. My parents are beside me. The music plays as if I heard it twice. Thanks to everyone for this day. Thanks to all the guards, my best friends in the room, those who asked if I wanted trouble-- they served as my shelter for many years.

I'm standing proud, with some other happy students. I smell the scent of victory in every corner of the area. Oh, the music, so familiar it reminds me of memories--memories of my graduation in elementary, high school, and now, in college. Finally I'm done. Finally I will go home. This is the best day of my life.



## MY "PROBE" EXPERIENCE

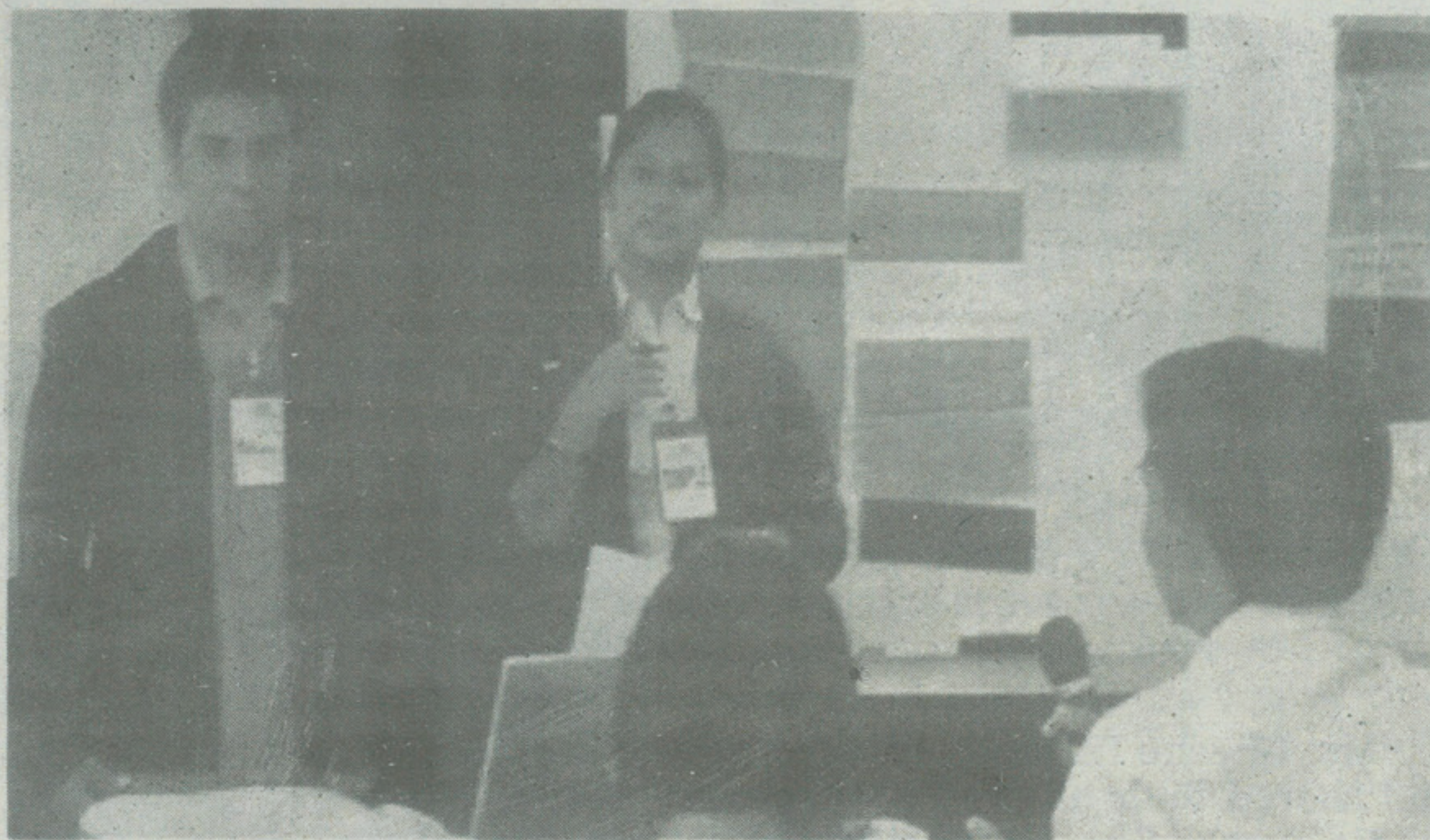
**A**tending a workshop seminar outside the confines of the school and sponsored by a prestigious organization is one experience I will always cherish. It did not only allow me to redirect my perspective on media work but it also gave me the chance to meet students from the different parts of the country and validate the things I learned in class.

The day Ms. Yasmin Mapua-Tang of the Probe Media Foundation informed us that we (Al Hadji Rieta of the Masscom Department was the other participant) were chosen to participate in a seminar on migration, a surge of mixed feelings enveloped me--a "little" bit shocked but decidedly excited. I ran to my mom to tell her of the good news.

Hadji and I were among the 24 participants from different colleges and universities in the country to interact with one another on the issue of migration. As students of communication-related discipline, the dean (then Dr. Aida Cuanang) who opened the doors for us to a different environment, encouraged us to submit the requirements needed for the workshop to the Probe Media Foundation headed by the famous media practitioner and authority, Cheche Lazaro.

The workshop aimed to increase the participants' awareness and understanding of migration and encourage them to produce creative outputs that focus on the subject.

We were billeted at the Richmond Hotel, a five-star hotel in Ortigas, Pasig City. Our first day at the workshop proved to be productive. We learned much from the discussion, and the



*The author (right) and her partner Al Hadji Rieta present their output titled "Little Hawai" to members of the panelists.*

speakers' knowledge on the subject deepened our understanding about migration--its causes and impact on people, and the problems that the migrants experience when they go abroad. Professionals in the media industry served as our resource speakers.

Editors, mostly from the television network GMA-7, were on hand to assist us to do a media-related work as part of the workshop. We formed four groups. Northwestern teamed up with UP-Cebu. Tin Macatulad, editor of GMA-7's *I-Witness* served as our facilitator. Our team came up with a Public Service Announcement or PSA. The experience gave us the opportunity to work like professionals. The *shoot* was done around Ortigas Center.

With the help of Ms. Macatulad, we managed to produce PSA that tackled migration. The work also gave us the opportunity to be close to one another although we came from two different islands--

from far north in Laoag and the far south in Cebu

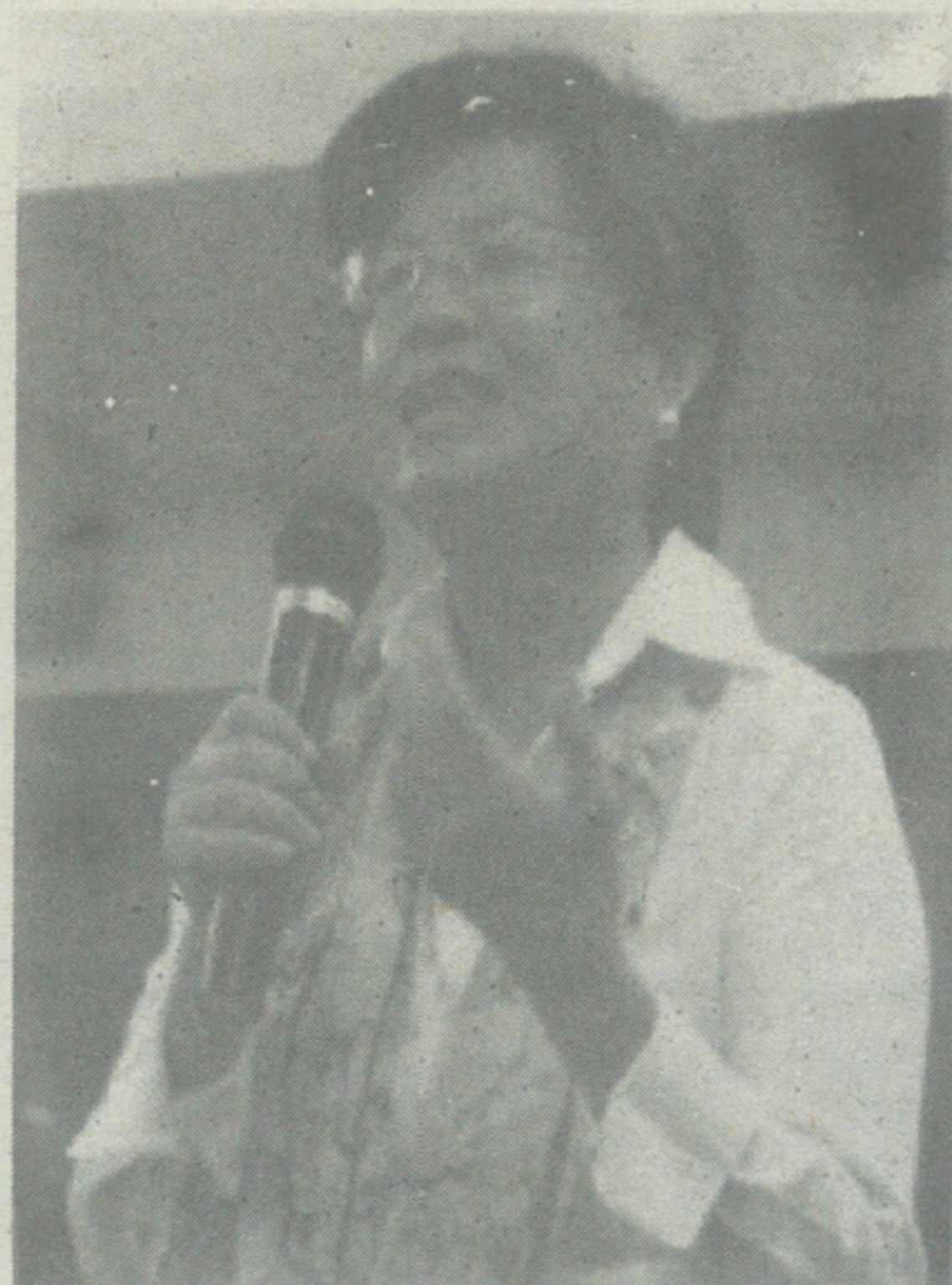
We presented our work to a panel composed of people in the media industry--Mr. Ibarra Mateo, Ms. Grace Leung, Ms. Cris Villanueva of the International Organization of Migration and other media professionals. The panel critiqued our work, commented on it and gave suggestions to make it better.

Our exposure in the workshop --working like professionals, was just one part of the event. A follow-up workshop where we would present our outputs done in our respective provinces, was scheduled after eight months of the first workshop, to have time to produce a well-researched work.

The follow-up workshop was conducted at the Linden Suites in Ortigas, Pasig City. Everybody was nervous because the first day had been scheduled to be the big day--the presentation of output by individual schools. (to page 6)



**My Probe Experience...**  
(From page 5)



*Cheche Lazaro, Probe Foundation President welcomes the participants*

Ms. Cheche Lazaro welcomed us and shared with us some stories on media work. She also delivered a short lecture on media. Her lecture was nothing new to us as it sounded familiar. Ms. Lazaro reminded us of our professor in journalism, Ms. Juliet Pascual. As Ms. Lazaro talked about context in a news story, I smiled and said to myself, "Yes, I know, I've learned that."

When Ms. Tang called us to be the first presenters of our output, my heart beat so fast. But as Hadji and I went in front, I tried to relax and muster enough courage to deliver because we were carrying the name of the university and the Mass Communication Department.

We were proud to show our documentary entitled *Little Hawaii*, a story of Ilocanos migrating to Hawaii, how they survived in the early days of migration, and the positive effects of migrating there.

While some technical problems were noted in the documentary, our work nevertheless elicited praises from the participants and the panelists.

"All in all, it is a beautiful presentation. Congratulations!" Ms. Cris Villanueva said.



*The author with schoolmate Hadji Rieta (seated, second row) pose with other delegates.*



*The author with PF officer Ms. Yasmin Mapua-Tang.*



*NWU's delegates with teammate from U.P. Cebu*

We shared at the presentation the things we learned during the pre and post production days. The shooting days were not easy but we were glad we were equipped with the knowledge we acquired from our past subjects--from the broadcast media to the journalistic values and ethics as well as the law on copyright.

And we (Hadji and I) would like to share the accolades for our work with people who helped us throughout the production: our adviser, Mrs. Roshelle Macadangdang who gave her all-out support from day one of the workshop that extended beyond the shooting days; to our department head, Mrs. Yoly Lao who also helped us in this project and to friends who voluntarily offered their assistance.

As I headed to my seat after our presentation, a smile was painted on my face. I closed my eyes for a while but raring and excited to tell to those

people who helped us, "yes, it is a success!" Thank you folks.

I feel so blessed to have attended this workshop. I learned a lot, I met new faces and people who have become part of my life.

The workshop enriched the knowledge we have learned in class: stories based on facts, application of the laws on media, observation of ethics, broadcast and editing. It encouraged me to learn more about editing.

A personal note: I will be missing the people I met specially my roommate who became my close friend at the workshop. I feel sad that we had to say goodbye. I wonder if we will meet again. The event did not only allow me to gain experience in the media field but more importantly it gave me the opportunity to build friendship and be close with people I came to treasure.



# MY PHILOSOPHY II

Mental mutations after 2 years

*"It is wrong to put your entire faith in a man. And marriage is a hindrance to intellectual independence."*

**I**t's like Eminem shouting in a cjb, "People! It's so good to be back, this must be a job for me". I'm not sure if I have enough tricks in my sleeve. But I'll try to make this as page turner as my first work.

Like a roll of the dice of Jumanji, one toss will lead us to a splendid journey.

## A feedback to the liberated thoughts

I became a friend of a very religious person. I don't know how. I never saw it coming. It just happened. I saw in her how effective prayers are. I saw it by heart--the intense faith, the power of God's touch and the apparent security once you are spiritually connected. As *E.M. Forster* said: "to ignore evidence is one of the characteristics of faith. I certainly can proclaim that I believe in personal relationships going by the same principles." You will see the truth once you believe in the impossible spellbound. There's nothing wrong with that.

## Mirror Mirror on the wall, who's the fairest identity ever told.

I can't recall the exact number of stories I have written about my life since I was weaned from illiteracy. I am desperately trying to establish my identity. But like a shelf with two sections, I turned into Tom Paine both at home and at school. I am dwarfed by the lanky virtuous shadow. And when the time came I was removed from the nest of savagery, I learned how pointless to discuss the intrinsic features of my identity. But when I grew older, I found the reason to bare my whole being. I don't have anything on the record to overwhelm myself. I can only dazzle what my inquisitiveness has bestowed me. Unknown to other people, happiness is knowing the truth.

## The Danger in Love Marriage con career

In the world, the beginning of education is the time you play with boys and girls your age. Until we are given the option to choose between career or love (medically known as intimacy versus isolation), we wouldn't know if our dreams are in the right direction or elsewhere. Love is once in a lifetime. And the Cinderella tale is only for nymphs. And the tale of ugly Shrek or the youngest Lady of Missalonghi (Colleen Mc-Cullough) is countless. Bottomline is, relationship that lasts is rare. And many fish in the sea will always flee. So think wise, and you will live twice. The fish in the sea loves to make options, but no one deserves to be just a choice. It's fascinating though, the brain has numerous functions. When you feel the caring emotion, the so-

called amygdale and or hypothalamus is activated. It's amazing how it overpowers many people physiologically. Others, who are vulnerable and weak, could go insane. Therefore, it is wrong to put your entire faith in a man. And marriage is a hindrance to intellectual independence. Remember, when a marriage goes sour, two things start to happen. You can't look at the other person chew so you stare at your plate all throughout your dinner. And you can't sleep at night for harboring the thought of how the one lying beside you spoiled something you wanted.

## Society loves to make a team of three

According to Gandhi, there are always three kinds of people in one conversation. The impulsive, the one who lacks candor and the blind.

Impulsive - to talk without being asked.

Lack of candor - fail to talk when asked.

Blind - to talk without noticing sovereign mood.

Where do you belong?

## Becoming President of the USA

Baby Obama was born with an inner sense of knowledge. He knew his mother's nipple is his only source of food. He knew that he has to cry to communicate. But he wasn't aware of the technicalities of political competitions. He wasn't aware of the cruel realities that will shape his character. He wasn't aware that he will be a legendary philanthropist in the history of African

to page 8



## My Philosophy...

(from page 7)

American. Lincoln must be proud of you dude!

Anyway, that's where the academic learning comes in. But he learned later that professional features will not be enough to outlive and dominate powerful responsibilities. Once in his life, his loyalty to his country bit his integrity as a man. "The School should have it as its aim that the young man leave it as a harmonious personality, not a specialist"-Albert Einstein. The training in the school is both challenging and long term, but guaranteed to produce results. That is, if you keep your state bounty to maturity.

### Parenthood

A family has a government. Someone has to lead, someone has to accept directions. Someone has to plan, someone has to act. But the law doesn't exact perfection; any war has its share of innocent casualties. And the victims of poor governance would always strike the people it governs.

Whether a bird is held too tight or too loose, it will always be eager to fly off. A person should always be free to make his choices. Envy a noncontrolling parent. But the price you pay for freedom is non-stop sarcasm from parents. Envy a very controlling parent. But the price you pay is the consequences of rebellion. Parenting? Nobody knows how it's done perfectly. Even the influential people don't pay attention into that matter. You thought psychiatric and pediatric nurses know how to mold a child? You are wrong.

### Take the bull by its horn

"Words remain an empty sound, and the road to perdition has ever been accompanied by lip service to an ideal. But personalities are not formed by what is heard and said, but by labor and activity."-Einstein. It's really easy to say you can do it. And do you know that some people take a lot more days to grieve due to failure? Buddy, don't fall prey to negative emotions or you will lose the battle. Stand up and display a persistent motivation. Use carbin instead of

AK47. 'Good means results to good ends. So, load your gun and shoot your weaknesses. There must be a problem somewhere in your problem-solving strategy. You may lose touch with your reason if you take it negatively. And your integrity may be put in question.

### On becoming professional

Don't expect to be in a job without social conflict especially with a Hitler-like leadership. Pragmatic art of survival in a business dominated by Brahman Aristocracy is radically low. The cream stays at the top of every profession, all you need is a staying power. The lifelong winning streak is the ability to maintain social camaraderie by establishing positive morality.

### Human Health Why do we get sick

It's really hard to convert arcane medical data into layman's language. But I'll try to explain what is learned in our field. As we know, we have diverse system in the human body. Each system has several functions. Bottomline is, they all maintain balance or equilibrium also known as homeostasis. If one system is down, and it's not prevented or treated, other systems will eventually and suddenly cut down.

Several factors affect people's health. These include lifestyle like addiction to vices such as drinking or smoking; eating habit, which is too high or too low in the food categories. Health would be further aggravated if there is lack of exercise. But don't pity yourself. We are all at risk but the most effective way to optimal health is living a healthy lifestyle as early as adolescence. "What you sow in life, you will reap it in the next. And whatever you are now, is the reaction of the past"--Hindu philosophy.

Liberate your minds with enormous knowledge. Have neutral connections. Be excited and you will not be a sitting duck of senility. Because in this new world, no imbecile man wins.

Knowledge is power

*A family has a government.  
Someone has to lead, someone has to accept directions.  
Someone has to plan, someone has to act. But the law doesn't exact perfection; any war has its share of innocent casualties. And the victims of poor governance would always strike the people it governs.*



# A Change of Heart

Out of boredom from one summer break, I rummaged into a pile of books and trash in my study room, desperately looking for something I have not read. It has been awhile since I have been there; blame it on my proclivity to sleeping. But now, I felt an uncontrollable urge to do something worthwhile like reading and so here I was sweaty and all. Unfortunately, I can not find anything that I haven't read.

As I tossed out books in all direction, a worn-out paperback with just the masking tape keeping its pages intact caught my attention. It was Paulo Coelho's book, *THE ALCHEMIST*. Holding that little book with my bare hands made me remember "something" significant in the past. Unbelievable, but as I touched its cover, the memory and the feeling that I had felt before came flashing back. It's like, I was sucked in a time machine.

From what I remember, *The Alchemist* revolves on the life story of a shepherd boy named Santiago, who is portrayed as a young dreamer struggling not only to find out his treasure but also himself. At first, his adventure starts out as an ambitious conquest for worldly riches, then in the midpart, that conquest reversibly became into a much deeper journey of life's meaning and understanding: the self within. It is a tale that emphasizes the truth that: man is the one who makes meaning of his life. The insight of *The Alchemist* was

*"All my life I never thought that a heart speaks: that it does have a voice nor do I know that following one's heart can make a difference."*

so compelling and enlightening.

This book of Paulo Coelho is truly a brilliant masterpiece. I am out of adjectives. Coelho presented his philosophy so convicting. I almost embraced it as a religion. His ideas, ironically, blows through my head like a tornado filling me with great hope and joy.

I admit, this book has really made an impact in my life (no matter how corny and absurd it may sound). Just merely reading this book is already an eye-opening experience. Coelho's words were empowering and provocative. Can you believe it, that because of *The Alchemist*, I was able to stand for myself and my dream against all odds including my family's wishes.

Through this book, I learned to listen to my heart. It was a magical event. Call it naivete or idiocracy, but all my life I never thought that a

heart speaks: that it does have a voice nor do I know that following one's heart can make a difference. I never knew that *it is I that makes my destiny not the other way around*.

*The Alchemist* made me realize that discovering and realizing our Personal Legend is our mission on earth--it is all that matters.

I was besotted by this book that I actually used its philosophy in real life. I am not kidding. When I first read it, the effect was so great that I have put everything in the back burner, and right away chose to start pursuing my dream of becoming a well-acclaimed journalist, sounds ambitious, huh? It came to my senses that an accountancy major is definitely the wrong course for me! So, I was determined to really go for that dream inspite of all the smoldering words. No, call that life changing!

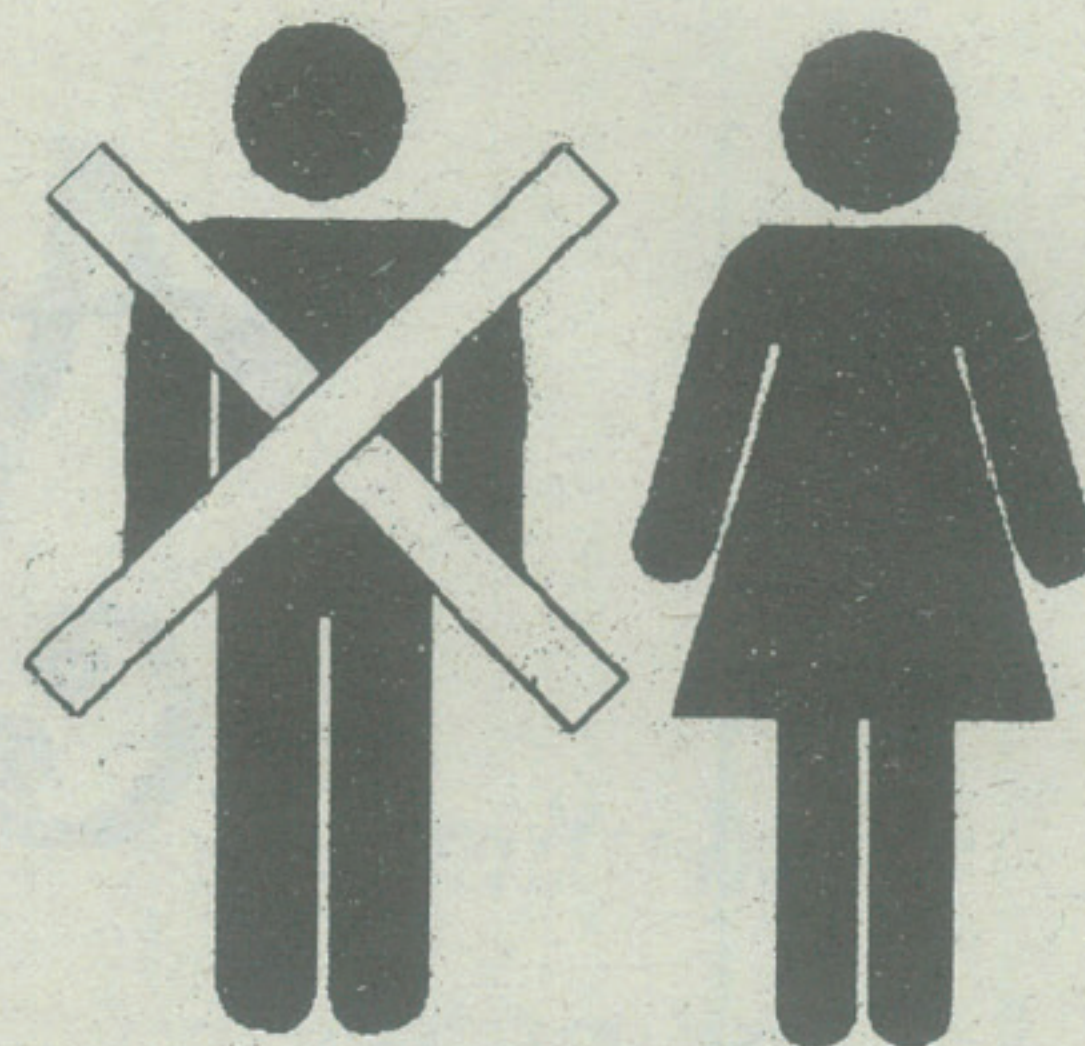
Presently, I am now taking up the course that I had always wanted the right one for my dream. Yes, it is a long and surely barred with gazillion obstacles, but hey, this is what dreams are--a test of courage and determination, all things are possible, right?

We are all dreamers and God gave us the capacity to fulfill these dreams. Let us not hold back ourselves from making these dreams into reality. The path has long been set; it is just up to us!



# BABAE PO AKO II!

(NO holds barred with the M.E.)



With the second semester ending, I just turned 20 and you guess it, I am still a certified *No Boyfriend Since Birth* (NBSB) member. Well, almost, but then I can not even be qualified as that one for it was a little bit premature. God did not let it bloom into that level.

Anyway, it's not that I am desperate for one, but having a BF at this age is the basis of normality—that's according to my majority of friends (what a friend they are).

In our society, having a BF is almost a must. A *boyfriend* definitely affords you a status! Or so they say. Unfortunately, I don't have one.

So, does that make me queer? A t-bird? Heck, no!

I am a 100 percent female. Some say that I sound so insecure by restating this statement a millionth times already. But can you blame me? The insatiable mouth of the idlers would not stop spitting malice over my sexuality.

Sexuality is never my issue. It is not my fault that at my age, I am still the NBSB person. The male species do not seem to see me or want me. For the record, guys always treat me as their one-of-the-boys, dorky friend.

*"Sexuality is never my issue. It is not my fault that at my age, I am still the NBSB person. The male species do not seem to see me or want me."*

Everytime my friends talk about their boyfriends and the feeling of "being in love", I feel an outcast. I am alienated. They would say: C'mon girl you're missing half of your life. (Actually, I am saving the half of my life to be whole for my Mr. Right.)

But do I really miss "plenty of things"? I don't think so. I have my laugh whenever "lovebirds" break up. It just proves my belief that: there is no such thing as a happy ending!

Is this what love is all about--hurting and parting ways?

Could somebody tell me, why should I take risk for something that is not even meant to last forever?

I am scared to be hurt. I am not yet ready. I admit, men are one of the guilty pleasures that I could not have right now because I simply can not accommodate them. I am busy fulfilling my dreams in life. Besides having a boyfriend is not yet my priority. The time will come, as they say. I am not in a hurry.

I am not a normal or just a typical girl! Don't get me wrong here.

I am a special, unique design of God. I know who I am. And I believe that I am much a better person than all of those rumor mongers out there combined.

"I will not filter my actions based on other people's reactions. Why? Because you alone are responsible for your own action."

*"Men are one of the guilty pleasures that I could not have right now because I simply can not accommodate them. I am busy fulfilling my dreams in life."*



# BUTTERfly



I had always admired butterflies since my childhood. I had been wishing to hold one on my palm but it was impossible because they fly so fast. Since then I became contented as a viewer of their beauty. I love butterflies, maybe because I see myself in it. As I assess my personality, I see a lot of similar characteristics with a butterfly. Butterflies are harmless. They never hurt. I am harmless, too. A friend or even a newly-met person could be assured of 100% security with me. I don't attack people below the belt. I consider everyone like a borrowed book for which I am responsible for its maintenance and that I should return it the way I borrowed it. When I'm with a person or a friend, wherever we go, whatever we do, I defend that person when needed and never use them to do a favor for myself.

Butterflies are cheerful givers. They are always willing to help flowers for pollination. Just a small amount of sweet nectar will make a butterfly happy and will not demand for anything equal or

more than the effort it exerted in doing a routine of transferring pollen grains to the stigma of a flower. I myself feel so fulfilled in lending my ability and talent to anybody. I don't expect anything in return. Just like a sweet nectar, all I need is a sweet smile and a sincere word of gratitude. When someone asks me a favor, I do not hesitate to help, whether financially, emotionally or in whatever aspects even if it is beyond my capacity.

Butterflies do have their own identity. In the animal and insect world, butterflies are unique and admirable. I do my best to be unique and never mimic anyone. I would like to establish a name or identity in my own way. I want to maintain my dignity. I'd love people to admire my uniqueness, I do not boast but I want to inspire others.

Butterflies are also silent doers. They work on their own and never rely on other's ability. They feed themselves and live by themselves, too. Like the butterfly, I never boast. Whatever award

or recognition I receive, I do not let the whole world know it but I let time pass by until people discover it. Neither have I asked for help to achieve something unless I need to. If I can, I do everything by myself--projects, assignments even personal errands. I may talk a lot but I make sure that I pair my words with actions. I see to it that the more I talk, the harder I work.

Butterflies cheer people up. A lonely person lying or sitting alone will surely give a smile whenever a butterfly passes by.

to page 29

*"Butterflies are forever beautiful, they don't choose flowers to be with, unless that flower has unpleasant odor and harmful parts. I may not have the beauty that captures everyone's attention but I always see to it that I add something beautiful in me. I never choose people to be with."*



## JUST SOMETHING I WROTE

**W**hispered promises guide me. But I was too blind to see that they were guiding me to misery.

Every lie you told was an endless story and I was such a fool. I believed in every word you said.

But how was I to know that you would or could do this to me? Please tell me why. Why did I believe in every lie?

It was because I loved you and I believed in you. You built me up on your every lie. Oh, was I blind to you?

All those lies you told killed me on the inside. Each one burned my soul and every tear I shed left scars upon my broken heart. And I admit sometimes I wish that we could go back from the start.

You told me you loved me, and that you would do anything for me. You said you wanted to be with me, and that nothing else mattered, that all that matters was you and me.

Those were just more lies that I was a fool to believe in, and in the end you hurt me.

You left me alone in the darkness from once you've rescued me. You left me in complete misery. You left my soul alone in a darkness that

*"Why did I believe in every lie?*

*It was because I loved you*

*and I believed in you. You built*

*me up on your every lie. Oh, was*

*I blind to you? "*

knows no end and no pity. A darkness of which I am all too familiar with--darkness that devours the soul, and leaves one empty and careless, a cruel and harsh darkness. And in the darkness, the only company you keep is misery.

Now those whispered promises that guided me here are my reasons for understanding and knowing why it's better that you are not here. For after awhile, you'll become a forgotten sadness. A distant memory...you'll become nothing...because nothing is all you gave me.

## CAN YOU HEAR ME?

**M**iguel is a typical student who loves to be alone. It is not that he has his own world but he fears he might be judged if he mingles with people. He used to be vocal, spoke out his ideas and tried to share with others but he sensed no one bothered to listen to him. He ignored his classmates' lack of sensitivity. But he stopped sharing his ideas when he felt his output in group discussions was never considered. Since then, he just kept his ideas to himself. He just became a good listener but he would have wanted to be heard.

There are many Miguels out there who long to be heard. Sometimes they ask these questions to themselves: Do I still exist? What's my worth in this world? What am I doing here when nobody cares to listen?

People like Miguel do not feel the love and companionship of others.

So-called friends only know them when they have something to share. But in times of trouble, they are forgotten. When they receive such cold treatment, they wonder if they could still make others laugh when they themselves could no longer give laughter to their lives. All they feel is emptiness and their way of coping is to prefer to be alone.

Just by being alone gives one like Miguel the space to collect one's thoughts and courage. That space will make you feel there is no need to find a partner or someone to depend on. That space provides you the perspective to believe in yourself and do the right thing. Doing what is right will make things fall into place.

The space allows you to appreciate that being alone is not bad. You can do your own thing or

you have all the freedom to choose what to do without anyone telling you what to do.

You realize that being alone is not bad. It helps you become stronger each day, without fear in your heart when you commit mistakes because you are accountable only to yourself.

You also learn to be on your own and it helps when no one is there to cheer you up because you learn to be tougher, stronger, and wiser than ever.

You learn to be yourself--no pretensions, no worries about what others might think about you and less trouble. You can have all the concentration to be better than yesterday.

You find peace when you know no one is accountable to you and you are not accountable to anyone except to your Creator. Being alone can't be that bad. It can give us joy.



## FALLING OUT OF LOVE

**I**t feels great when we fall in love. So great that we never want to fall out of it. But sometimes, though we hate to admit it, we fall out of it. And falling out of love is one great decision to make. Actually, it's one decision that can haunt us forever. Falling out of love doesn't just mean that we don't love the person anymore--it means more than that; it means not wanting the person whom you have thought to be a part of you, to be a part of your today and tomorrow. It might also mean that you don't want to care for the person anymore. Or rather, that you have grown tired of waiting for that person to come back to you... and it's the waiting that made you fall out of love. It might also mean that you can't have what you want and that you are no longer wanted by the other person. That would hurt a lot, but if that is the case, then maybe, falling out of love is the right choice.

But how can a love as sweet as mine be so wrong? How and why would I want to fall out of love from someone I truly care for? Why would I want to start my life all over again? Why can't I just pick up the pieces and go from there? But most of all, why would I want to teach my heart not to love someone whom I have known in my heart, as the one person that I will love forever?

These questions and so much more can be answered by a single word-- "LOVE". Though we don't want to admit it to ourselves, love has two sides, falling in love and falling out of love. It has two faces and we tend to forget the one that hurts and maybe, this is what I have forgotten. Maybe, I forgot that when I fell in love, I allowed myself to be vulnerable to feel the pain of falling out. This is the risk that I have to accept if I want to experience love and it is this love that has led me to where I am today. Maybe, it is not all love that will keep us in a relationship. Maybe there's more to it than love. Maybe relationships need more ingredients other than love. Maybe if patience, loyalty, trust, respect, honesty and communication are added, then maybe, the relationship will be better. But what happens when we all know these and more yet we still do fall out of love?

*"Maybe relationships need more ingredients other than love. Maybe if patience, loyalty, trust, respect, honesty and communication are added, then maybe, the relationship will be better. But what happens when we all know these and more yet we still do fall out of love?"*

What is next? Do we fall out of love like a lightning? Do we fall out of love as if we got burned? No, we don't. For falling out of love takes so much of who we are. It takes away our strength and our heart. Falling out of love is like trying to stop something that we are fond of doing, or trying to stop what we like so much. It can also mess up with our minds because when we fall out of love, we try to be so analytical asking why it has to end.

So now I ask, if falling out of love is so hard to do, then why do we still have to fall in love in the first place?



# My Trophy



**I**t was Monday morning and I overslept. Mom was already shaking me to wake me up but I was still drooling in my bed. It was already six when I finally woke up. Breakfast was ready. Mom is so good to me. She served my favorite *tapsilog*! Her specialty I should say. I shoved a spoonful of rice and took a bite of a piece of tapa and sipped my coffee. Mom is nagging again, singing her old songs like "*batugan ka!*" or "*ang tamad, tamad mo!*" lines. I could hear her but I wasn't listening...of course.

I headed to the bathroom to take my shower. The water is so cold. I have to endure it even when my bones are still asleep and still dying to lie down in bed. They cannot even support my body as they restlessly quiver in cold. After my shower, I saw my uniform, neatly pressed. As I was putting on my uniform, I found a speck of dirt on it. To my frustration, I grumbled and showed it to mom. She was explaining something but I was running late so I had to bid her goodbye. I was already at the gate when she asked, "*anak uuwi ka ba mamayang gabi?*" her eyes filled with worry and loneliness.

"*Opo Mama, uuwi po ako,*" I said. She replied, "*sige agahan mong umuwi ha*". Munchkin was at the gate so I scratched the back of his ear. What a cute cat.

School is no comfort zone. It is my field, the place of my work. It is never a place for rest or retreat. My sleepy bones were forced to move and stride the catwalk of NWU. Oh my God! I forgot to bring my book. "*Naku! major ko pa naman yun!*" I said, when my cellphone suddenly beeped. "*May event sa SC. Pls. cover it pag may freetime, respond asap.*" It was a message from my superiors. My first class is about to start. I had been planning to go back home to take the book on my free time but now I have to cover an event.

*"I featured my mother, her love for me and her courage to be a mother. I was proud because I told the world about how good my mom is."*

## Short Story

It was already five in the afternoon when the event was finished. I went home. Home is a 40-minute ride from school. I doze off while clinging on the bars of the jeepney. A passenger beside me tapped me on the shoulder. "*Ading, Batac na,*" she said. I came back to my senses. I was already home.

When I arrived, I saw my mom crying. She had an argument with father and she longed to see me and talk with me because I am always her comforter. But while I was listening to her, my cellphone beeped. "*Pls. submit your articles. Tomorrow is the deadline and don't forget may presswork tayo bukas, prepare lang baka overnight tayo.*" I panicked. I forgot that tomorrow is already the deadline. I had been too busy with my studies. Now I have to excuse myself from mother. "*Ma, tama na ang iyak ha...alam mo naman yang si Papa, madaming chiks...hay pa sexy ka kasi ma...Sige ma, gawin ko na mga asayments ko ha at may presswork pa kami bukas...tahan na.*" Her heart broke all the more while I said I won't be home tomorrow night.

While dining with my family, my cellphone kept beeping. Father became furious and he yelled at me "*Hoy! Pagsabihan mo nga ang boypren mo! Sabihin mo kumakain tayo. Bakit hindi na ba makapag-antay yan? Ha?!*" I tried to hide my tears but the teardrops fell in between my hand and flowed into my food. I never knew it would taste that bitter. I felt so embarrassed. It was my adviser texting me and he was just assigning me some work to do. Munchkin was at my legs begging for food. I looked at him and my tears fell on him. He felt sad, too. Mom squeezed my hand to comfort me but the coldness of my father overrides the warmth of her hands.

That night I picked up the pen and internalized my thoughts. There's a pile of articles in the corner of my table that needs correction and editing. I haven't finished those yet. I started writing and the ideas just flowed. It was 11:00 pm when I was done with the work. I haven't done my academics yet but I went straight to bed. My eyelids are fast closing.

Every morning I have to face a battle--a battle between my body and spirit. But whichever wins the fight, I know I am going to suffer. I named this battle "waking up" and the battle arena is my bed. My itineraries for today is full--early morning I have to finish my assignments, go to school early and prepare my reporting, then brace for the next class where I have a quiz. My gosh, I haven't reviewed yet. Then, there's the presswork and I have to sleepover at the press.

*"I can't wait to show her my trophy and my winning piece."*



The presswork started at six in the evening and lasted 'til two in the morning. I felt so tired and my brain is so dry already. I have to wake up early. I still have a class at seven in the morning.

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The following day when I arrived home, Munchkin was there to meet me--as usual his tails would hug my legs and he'd get close to me and purr. I was looking for mom but she was at her bed, sick. My sis blamed me, "*wala ka kasi sa bahay kagabi, yan nagkasakit tuloy.*" She had always envied my mom's attention. I went beside her bed and she was there asleep. I whispered, "*Mama, kamusta ka? Nasobrahan ba na naman ng pagkain?*" I joked because mom has hypertension. She shrugged and hugged me. It broke my heart as I feel her hug gets tighter as if telling me she missed me so much. "*Mama, anbigat mo*" I said. But she just looked at me: "*Ma, may good news ako sa iyo, makikilaban ako sa Luzonwide press conference! Nagqualify ako.*" She forced a smile and said good luck.

The week before my contest, I requested a digital camera from my mother to capture memorable times and picturesque scenes of Tagaytay, the venue of our presscon. My mom, generous as ever, gave me a canon digital camera. The school wants to hire my father's van so I begged my father to approve. He was strict and hard to deal with but my tears and pleading made his heart softer. He agreed and our team went to Tagaytay. I was very excited and nervous as well.

I hugged my Mom, my Dad, my sis and Munchkin. "*Ma, wag masyado sa sweets at sa maalat ha,*" I said to mom. She replied "*Ikaw, wag makikipagtanan.*" I laughed, then my sis said "*yung pasalubong ko don't forget*". While Dad remained placid, Munchkin was restless; he sure will miss me, too.

The presscon which lasted for a week was great. I joined the feature and poetry category. The weather was cool and Tagaytay is a beautiful place. During the contest, I was shaking and sweating. I tried to compose myself and concentrate on my writing. The theme was about family, how we treasure family members and cherish moments with them. I featured my mother, her love for me and her courage to be a mother--for motherhood is a lifetime career and the most demanding job. I wrote from my heart

and my pen just flowed, gracefully. I finished my piece in time. I felt good, though I wasn't a hundred percent sure of my victory. But I was proud because I told the world about how good my mom is.

I was very tense during the closing ceremony and awarding. I knew that the competition was so tight. It was everybody's ball game. The other universities were grabbing most of the trophies and my heart was already sinking. I was losing hope when winners in my category were being announced. I wanted to hide, wanting to freeze the time. I breathed heavily, my heart thumping. "And the winner is contestant number seven". Oh my God! It was the perfect number! It is my number! I won the feature writing and the organizers handed my masterpiece. After that, time seemed to pass so quickly. All I could recall is the announcer saying number seven--it echoed again and again in my mind.

I couldn't wait to go home and show my mother my trophy. I even forgot my sister's *pasalubong*. Father would be happy because his van would be back and oh my Munchkin! How I wanted to hug that kitty! My family, my life and my masterpiece that I'll read to my mom--these were the thoughts that occupied my mind. I haven't informed them yet. I want to surprise them.

When I arrived, no one seemed to be home. The lights were off and no one was answering my calls or text. I was thinking of a surprise. I sneaked in the house just to give them a scare...but when I went in for the kill, my sis rushed to me and hugged me. "*Uy ate, sori ha...di na kita nabilihan ng pasalubong,*" I said but she was crying. I wondered so I asked why. "*Si mama, nasa ospital na stroke siya.*" It hit me like a bullet, sharp and precise. My heart was shattered and my initial reaction was to know if she were okay. But my sister said mother is unconscious.

It was only last night when I was at the awarding ceremony when my mother had her stroke. Father didn't call me nor did my sister. They didn't want me to be alarmed. Mother was lying at the bed unconscious. My sister started blaming me. She said mother stopped taking her medicine when I asked for the digital camera. It was too expensive that mother stopped her medicines just to give me my wish. And our van was not available to

bring her to the doctor. I was crying hard and my father won't even bother to look at me. As if I am the cause of mother's illness--but maybe, to some degree...yes I am.

Days passed by and mother lie there asleep. What is there to rejoice? What is there to be happy about? No one, not even I, could be proud of my achievements. I resigned in the student publication and stopped going to school. My mom's condition was too much to bear and I blamed myself for it. I neglected my mother.

When will she wake up from her sleep? I can't wait to show her my trophy and my winning piece. I miss her so much. I miss her pinching my nose and calling me "*pango!*" or handing me Munchkin and would say I look like him. I miss her awfully.

I destroyed my trophy and my masterpiece. They were not worth my happiness. Those were just things, mere objects. My mother is my life, my all, my everything and without her, I am lost. I cried and cried. I felt so hopeless. In my anger, I kicked Munchkin away from our house, and since that day he never came back to me.

I wanted to die. I want to be in that hospital bed instead of my mom. I'd rather die than live each day without hearing her voice, without feeling her warmth.

Everyday I talk to her, clasp her hands and whisper in her ears. I wrote a lot of poems and read them to her. But the response was a deafening silence. Not even the oxygen pumps and machines beside her could wake her up from her slumber. I felt so empty--all I have strived for and chased after are meaningless. What is life without my mom?

I lie in her bed every night, thinking of our times together. One night, I found a key inside her pillow. In my curiosity I took it and tried to open my mom's closet. There I found some pictures, letters, and things that have sentimental value. My poems when I was a child were kept, too. And there was a little box, inside it was a heart shaped, gold-plated locket. In it is my picture when I was a child. Inscribed on the cover is "the best writer." It is her gift on my upcoming 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. Upon seeing it, my tears fell. I held it tight in my hand and cried myself to sleep.

"*Sana bukas gumising na siya...*"



◆ Annelie May Domingo

## BETTY et son amie EVE

From the beginning, she's histrionic  
With a punk fashion sense of addicts  
She has the world of the weird  
Yet she thinks like a nerd

She's the apple of their eyes  
When she wears the funny Chinese hairstyle  
She laughs like a clown  
When she's hurt by a claw

And at the middle, she has blossomed  
Gone is the childish mind after the bitter autumn  
She thought she has finally found peace  
But her mundane world was doomed by one foolish friend

Her friend is a spoiled brat  
A lazy rotten rat  
A master in the art of persuasion  
Bribes women and drives the men to pitiful commotion

Her friend showed her the sophisticated  
Fed her curiosity to vices  
Sadly in return  
Taught her the laws of lying



The former  
Wears a high-graded eyeglasses  
Belongs to the goof-ball gang  
A girl with bangs

The latter  
Has the beauty and body  
A self-confessed transgressor  
A lady Goddess

It's a mess when she met her friend  
And to regret, never crossed her mind  
The dark moments and secrets  
Are dogged in the depths of oblivion

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◆ Annelie May Domingo

## Au Revoir, mien aime

They called me an artisan before  
I was an inquisitive child  
My book is my life  
My goggle is my Earth

I know the tyrannical Mussolini  
I read the books of Rowling  
I am a fan of Gandhi  
I am in love with Rizal

But my mundane world  
Was obscured by a man  
I groped for his love  
To feed my pathetic mien

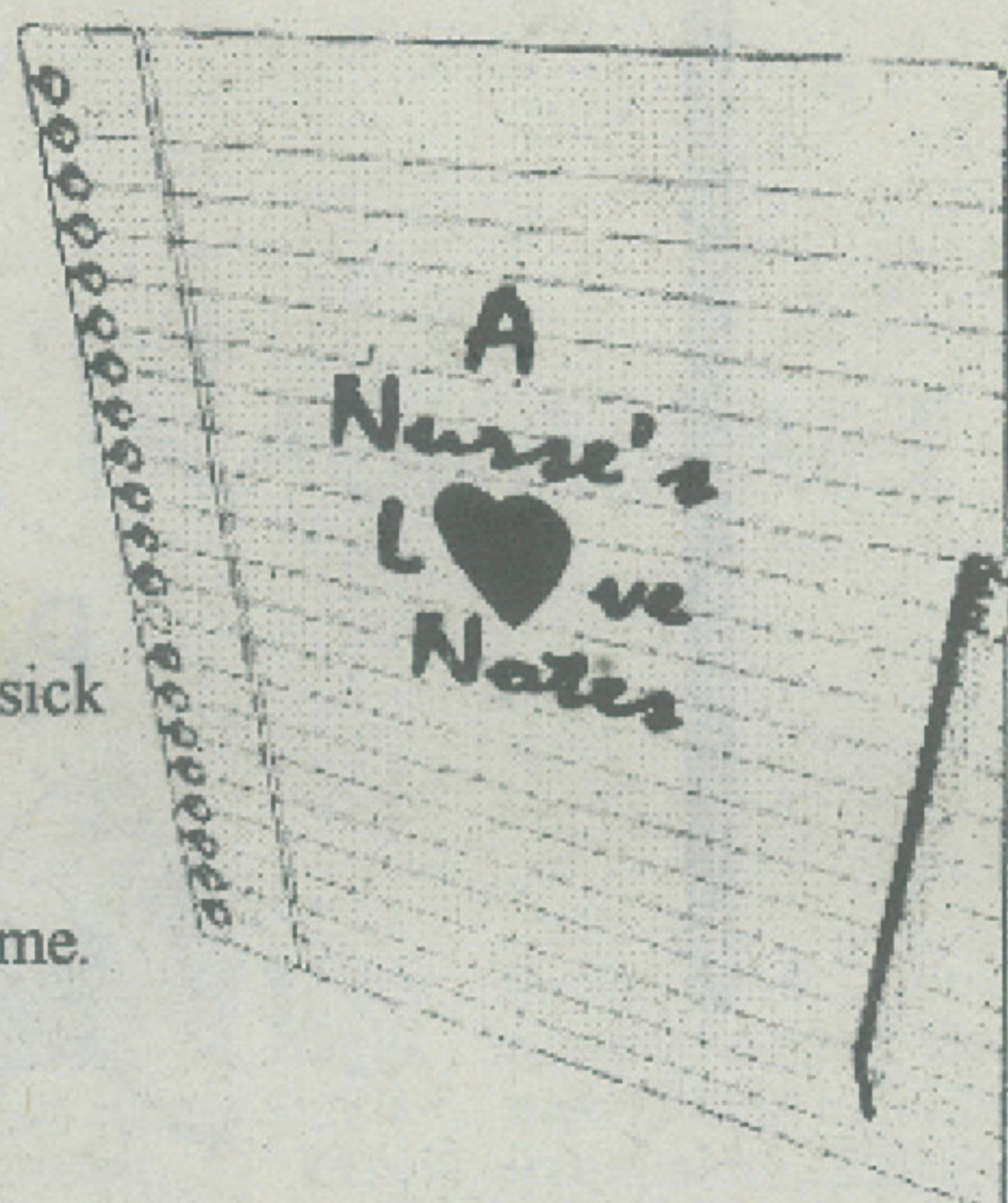
It's very prodigious  
My personality ostensibly changed  
My principles perverted  
I am futile

I wish Pavarotti would sing for me  
A vivid song of Shakespeare  
I thought he loved me back  
It was stupendous to believe

I appreciate the bitter love of Li-Po  
I fathomed the effervescence of Allan Poe  
It's better to feed your reveries  
Than to love a person who won't love you back



◆ Rosanna Dato



For almost four years now I am sick  
But no hospital will ADM me.  
For they say this is not a DSE  
And no available meds can treat me.

I have many different S/S like  
When I think of a person Q H S.  
I feel a bit angina pectoris  
For I think there is something that I  
miss.

Whenever I have chance to be c him  
I feel like I have Parkinson's disease;  
Tachycardia and tachypnea sets in  
Adrenalin pumps like I'm in crisis.

I've seen many doctors for a Dx  
But my V/S is WNL.  
Then a friend told me I need no doctor  
"You're just in love! Just go stat and tell  
him..."

### Nusing Terminologies

adm = admitted or admission  
dse = disease  
meds = medication  
S/S = signs/symptoms  
QHS = (quaque hora somni) every night at  
bedtime  
angina pectoris = Chest pain

c = with  
Tachycardia = increase heart beat:heart:  
tachypnea = increase breathing  
Dx = Diagnosis  
V/S = Vital Signs  
WNL = Within Normal Limits  
stat = (statim) at once or immediately

◆ Mildred Baclig

## Goodbye to Love

I'll say goodbye to love  
No one ever cared if I should live or die  
Time and time again the chance for love has passed me by  
And all I know of love is how to live without it

I just can't seem to find it  
So I've made my mind up; to live my life alone  
Though it's not the easy way  
I guess I've always known  
I'd say goodbye to love

There are no tomorrows for this heart of mine  
Surely time will lose its bitter memories

And I'll find if there is someone to believe in and live for  
Something I could live for

All the years of useless search have finally reached an end  
Loneliness and empty days will be my only friend  
From this day love is forgotten  
I'll go on as best as I can

What lies in the future is a mystery to us all  
No one can predict the wheel of fortune as it falls  
There may come a time when I will see that I've been wrong  
But for now this is my poem  
And it's goodbye to love...



## Laya

Mag-iisang naglalakad,  
May isang nag-aaral,  
May isang kumakain,  
Mag-isa sa lahat ng bagay.

Sana'y ako'y langgam,  
Maraming kasamahan,  
Masipag at,  
Lahat nagtutulungan.

Inasam kong maging ibon,  
Malayang lumipad,  
Ngunit napagtantong,  
Ibon ma'y walang kalayaan.

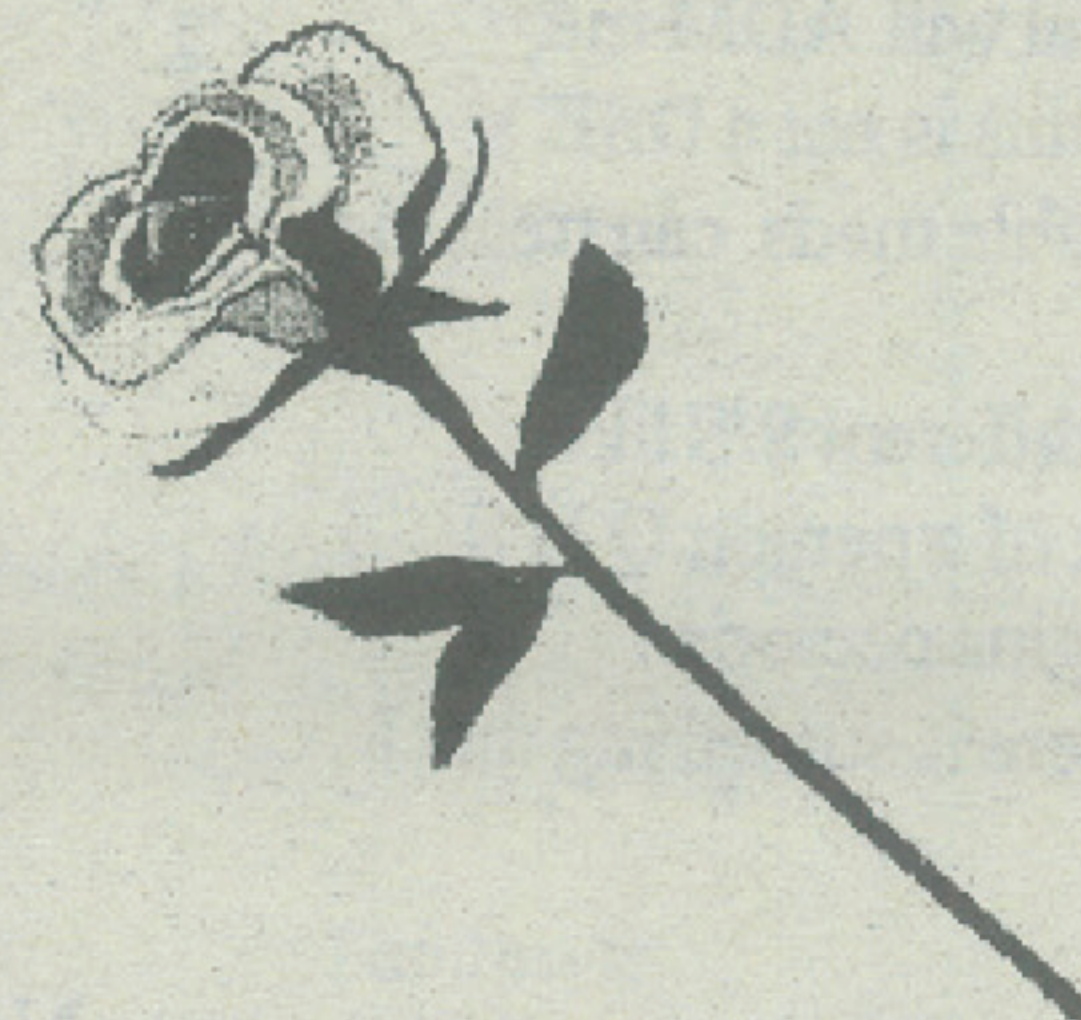
Hayop ma'y di malaya,  
Sa lupit at problema,  
Ng buhay na dala,  
Hay buhay nga

Paano ko kaya maipaparating sa iba,  
Galit at lungkot ang nadarama  
Gayong walang malaya  
Sa mundong kanyang nilikha

Kalayaan kong hangad,  
Saan kaya makikita,  
Upang masaya,  
Buhay na bigay niya.



## Paglimot



Sa bawat paggising sa umaga  
Siya agad ang aking naaalala  
Pinipilit na kalimutan siya  
Upang kalingkuta'y maalis na.

Noong una'y parang hindi ko kaya  
Dahil sa meron pang nadarama  
Ngunit kailangan kong wakasan  
Upang di na mahirapan pa.

Maraming araw na ako'y nagdurusa  
Dahil sa sakit at pag-iisa  
Isip ko nga'y naguguluhan  
Kung tama bang siya'y iwanan.

Pansamantalang nag-iisip ng tama  
At napagtantong nararapat lang ang naging  
pasya  
Pagkat nalimutan ng tuluyan  
Mga nakaraan ayoko ng balikan.

Batid kong ngayo'y masaya na siya  
Kung sino mang pinagkakaabalahan niya  
Sana man lang minsa'y maisip niya  
Na mahal ko siya kung kaya't siya'y aking  
pinalaya.



# NAGKAMALI AKO

**F**irst day of school nu'n, syempre magulo, sobrang ingay sa paligid. Halos ang lahat ay nagkakandarpa sa paghahanap ng kanilang mga classroom. Ako naman isang walang kaganaganang estudyante nakaupo lang sa gilid na naghihintay na humupa ang pagbaha ng mga tao sa paligid. "Taong tuod" pa kasi ako noon, whehe...pero di rin ibig sabihin na walanghiya na ko ngayon ha! Sabihin na lang natin na nag-gain ako ng self-confidence sa paglipas ng panahon. Balik tayo sa kwento ko. Ng mawala na ang karamihan ng mga tao sa pila, dun na ako kumilos. Tsineck ko ang pangalan ko sa listahan ng ibat-ibang section. Laking gulat ko ng makita ko ang pangalan ko sa *list of students* na nasa star section. Sa atin-atin lang to ha, hindi porke tamad ako kahit papano hindi naman kasi ako nahuhuli sa klase. Pagpasok ko sa silid-aralan bagong mga mukha ang bumungad sa akin. As what I've said hindi ako masyado palakaibigan kaya medyo nahirapan na akong mag-adjust sa ganoong environment. Biruin mo ba namang halos lahat ng tao sa paligid mo dun apat ang mata? Oh I mean "genius". Noong araw din iyon nakita ko si Anne. Eheem, hanep ang ganda niya, sobrang lakas ng karisma at makalaglag matsing talaga ang kanyang presensya. Inayos na ng aming guro ang aming magiging permanenteng upuan. Lahat na yata ng santo tinawag ko para lang ipagdasal na sana siya ang aking makatabi. Laking pasasalamat ko na siya nga ang aking naging seatmate. "This is it" bulong ko sa aking sarili. Araw-araw kaming nag-uusap syempre; hindi lang tungkol sa academic problems, pati na rin sa aming personal

background. Doon nalaman kong malungkot pala siya sa kabila ng mga ngiti at halakhak na kanyang ipinapakita. Masasalamatin mo sa mga mata nya yon. Gustung-gusto ko ang kanyang mga ginagawa. Napakagalang niya at sobrang hinhin, iyong tipong hindi makabasag pinggan. Dun lalo nahulog ang loob ko sa kanya. Kaya lalo ding lumalalim ang aming pagkakaibigan. Sa tuwing wala siya sa klase, inililipad ng hangin ang isip ko. Iyon bang physically present but mentally absent, dahilan kaya ako napagalitan. Nabanggit din sa akin ng ilan kong kaklase na ganun din daw siya kuno pag wala ako. Hindi lang ako umiimik ng marinig ko ang sinabi nila. Tila bang isang magandang musika na ang sarap-sarap ulitin sa pandinig. *And at that very moment I could hardly hear the loud beat of my heart. My blood rushed through my veins all over my body. I can't stop it anymore. It seemed like I wanted to explode in too much happiness at that time.* Hindi pa kasi ako ganun kapamilyar sa pakiramdam na iyon. Sadya nga bang itinadhana ng pagkakataon na magsama kami. Wala kaming klase noon, kaya niyaya ko siyang mamasyal. Agad naman siyang pumayag, halos mapahiyaw ako sa saya. Masosolo ko din siya sa wakas. Kapag naman kasi vacant namin andu'n siya sa kanilang tambayan. Lagi silang may "girl talk". Kaya palaging out ang lolo nyo. Nang araw na pumayag siya halos hindi maubos ang topic na aming gustong pag-usapan. Di pa sapat ang isang araw para matapos iyon. Naging masaya naman kaming pareho. Napakabilis nga lang lumipas ng oras ni hindi na nga naming namalayan na dumidilim

na pala. Kaya inihatid ko na siya sa paradahan ng jeep papunta sa kanila. Dumating ang itrans namin, napakarami sanang pagkakataon para makapag-usap kami. Laki ba namang malas ng magkasakit ako. Lalo pang lumalala ang aking pakiramdam ng hindi nya man lang ako nakuhang dalawin. Finals na nga nun kahit text nga man lang wala eh. Lumipas ang isang linggo, laking gulat ko na hindi niya na ko pinapansin. Tinanong ko siya kung anong problema, sabay sagot ng "wala, layuan mo na nga ako". Parang dinurog ang puso ko ng mga panahon na iyon. Hindi ko alam ang dahilan pero wala na sana akong balak na alamin pa iyon. Pero malupit talaga ang tadhana. Ipinamukha nito sa akin na nagkamali ako. Matagal na pala siyang may kasintahan, Pag-amin pa nito na sinsakyan niya lahat ng sinasabi ko. Ang laki ko kasing tanga. Pero matagal na iyon at nakapag move-on na ako ngayon. Natuto na ako sa pagkakamaling iyon.

*"Masosolo ko din siya sa wakas. Kapag naman kasi vacant namin andu'n siya sa kanilang tambayan. Lagi silang may "girl talk". Kaya palaging out ang lolo nyo."*



## KABA SA MUNDO NG NURSING (2)

*"Akalain mo ba naman na mula Monday-Sunday nasa review center ka ni Labagnoy, o kaya'y nasa duty ka sa hospital ni Gov. Roque Ablan o si Mariano Marcos, o kaya sa paaralan ni Pres. Ben Nicolas. Daig mo pa ikaw na ang "Best Student" of the year di'ba?"*

**S**embreak is over! Back to school again. The start of sleepless nights, research, thesis, case studies, duties, exams at marami pa. Oo nga, second sem na pero, kinakabahan ka pa rin ba? Second sem na nga pero marami pang araw para igugol lahat ng enerhiya mo kumbaga "bone breaking to the max" hanggang sa pinakahihintay mong hatol sa'yo. Let's start the countdown. tsk.tsk.tsk. Oo alam ko, malapit na yung pinakaasam-asam. Sapagkat ganito man ang aming schedule for this second sem (last sem in college) patuloy pa rin ang aming pakikibaka pero nandyan pa rin yung "kaba". Akalain mo ba naman na mula Monday-Sunday nasa review center ka ni Labagnoy, o kaya'y nasa duty ka sa hospital ni Gov. Roque Ablan o si Mariano Marcos, o kaya sa paaralan ni Pres. Ben Nicolas. Daig mo pa ikaw na ang "Best Student" of the year di'ba?

5:00 a.m. – Mag-aalarm ang cellphone mo pero nakita mong madilim pa sa labas kaya bumalik na naman sa pagtulog.

5:10 a.m. – After 10 mins., mag-aalarm na naman ang cellphone mo. Mahirap man pilitin na bumangon ka pero kailangan mo

talaga. Kaysa nanay mo pa ang gumising sa'yo at sermonan ka pa umagang-umaga. Unat diyan, unat dito at magtanggap ng muta.

5:30 a.m. – Hayan tinawag ka na ng nanay mo para kumain ng almusal tapos maliligo na.

6:00 a.m. – Tapos ng maligo, and another 15 mins. para magbihis kasama na rin ang magmake-up.

6:15 a.m. – Labas na sa bahay para mag-abang ng sasakyan. 15 mins. to travel..hay!

ON DUTY (Thursday/Friday/Saturday)

7:00am-3:00pm shift – Grabe! Ito man yung shift na nakakaantok pero wala akong magagawa, yun ang schedule namin eh. No choice! Toxic kasi dami mong ginagawa like carrying the doctor's order, morning care at lalo na pag-febrile na pasyente mo. TSB dito, TSB diyan. Pero ok lang, alangan naman aangal ako. Tsk.Tsk.Tsk.

(Nagdadasal na lang na end of the shift na at uwian na at sana bababa na temperature ng pasyente ko).

3:00pm-11:00pm shift – Eto naman yung schedule na medyo mapupuyat ka. Pero masaya pa rin hindi toxic eh, except na lang kung ang pasyente mo eh may lagnat every now and then. Nilagay mo pa nga sa nurses notes mo "TSB DONE".

11:00pm-7:00am shift – Wala akong masabi sa schedule na ito. It's the best schedule for me, coz "It's time to sleep" hehehe! Joke. Eto naman yung schedule na talagang puyat ka na kinauma-

gahan, baliktad kasi ang araw mo, gising pag-gabi at tulog pag-umaga. Parang paniki.

CLASSES AT SCHOOL (Wednesday/Sunday)

7:00am-11:30am – Oh hayan magsisimula na ang lecture na abot sa apat na oras at kalahati, minsan nga extend ka pa hanggang alas-dose. Hmp! Sakit na pwet mo sa kakaupo at kamay sa kakasulat, nakakaantok tuloy. 5 mins lng na bladder break, at saka gutom na rin mga alaga mo sa tiyan bago mag-lunch break.

12:00nn-1:00pm – LUNCH BREAK...

Hay salamat naman break na, pero kulang pa ang isang oras na break throughout the day.

1:00pm-4:00pm – Back to lecture again.

Higit na apat na oras naman sa pakikinig ng discussion. Tapos bigla na lang sinabi ng C.I mo bring out one fourth sheet of paper and one seat apart. Hala! Kinakabahan ka na tuloy kasi wala ka man lang natutunan sa kanya. Lintik talaga noh. Lowest na naman sa klase.

4:00-5:30 – Tapos na ang lecture, another one hour and 30 mins for the e-learning at panonood ng videos.

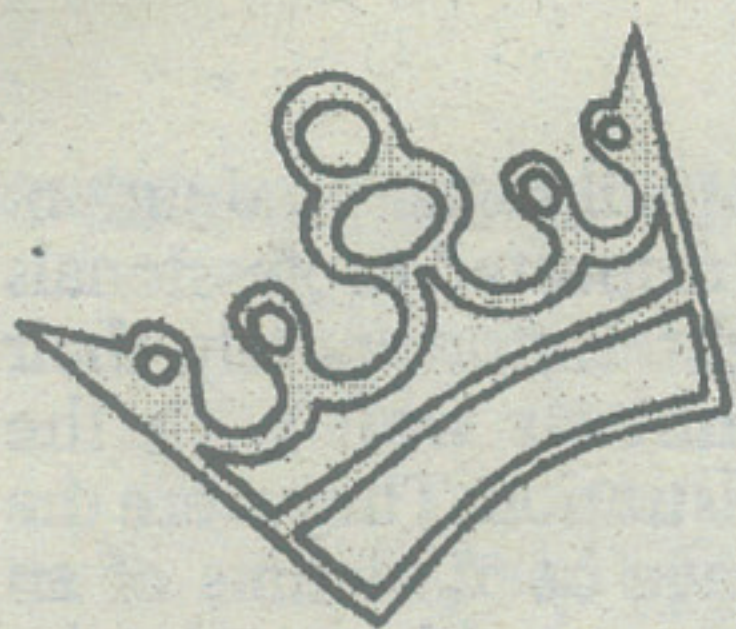
Hay! At least may natutunan the whole day.

REVIEW CENTER (Monday/Tuesday)

8:00am-5:00pm – Eto naman yung schedule na nakakaantok

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## MISS LAOAG

# KATE LAO: THE BEAUTY WHO NEVER GIVES UP

**K**ate Lao is a dreamer and she has never stopped dreaming to become a beauty queen. After winning the title of Ms. Northwestern University in 2005, she joined Bb. Pilipinas Ilocos Norte 2005 but didn't make it. But that did not stop her from dreaming. She joined again Ms. Virginia Tobacco for the whole region 1 to gain more experience.

This 21 year-old lovely daughter of Laoag City Councilor Derrick Lao and Ms. Lalaine Lao was not expecting to win the title of Miss Laoag this year.

"I was really shocked. Actually I did not hear the announcement clearly because the audio was not good. I only realized I was the winner when the candidates at my side went down the stage and I was the only one left there," Kate shares.

A veteran in beauty contests, Kate says the events she joined are worth the experience. She says she will never forget the Bb. Turismo Pilipinas event that she joined in November 2008.

"This taught me to appreciate independence. I did a lot of things on my own in Manila. I made a lot of sacrifices and even missed my capping but I learned a lot not only in the field of pageantry," she says, adding that she met people from the different parts of the country and discovered many things about their places and culture.

This young lady who would love to travel around the globe and pursue her passion in photography says the beauty pageant has taught her one important lesson in life.

"You cannot have everything even if you do your best and hope for the best for yourself. There will always be disappointments and you have to accept that there will always be someone better than you, more beautiful than you, and more talented than you. But as much as there is someone better than you, you are also better than someone else, that makes us all special and unique," Kate says.

She is grateful to her school because "it is here where it all began." She also acknowledges the contribution of fellow Northwesternians for her success as they unconditionally gave their unrelenting support and prayers.



*"There will always be someone better than you. But you are also better than someone else, that makes us all special and unique" - KATE*

Senator Francis Escudero (upper photo) crowns Ms. Laoag, Kate Lao. Kate (lower photo) with her father, Laoag City Councilor Derrick Lao.



## Bittersweet Symphony... (From Page 24)

hold the firmament that has been built. This would be the highest tribute to those who worked and sacrificed for Northwestern--students, alumni, faculty, the administration and the founders.

Having said that, I'm on my knees while writing this, please, I beg our administrators, for the sake of Northwestern, keep the dedicated and intelligent people in your bosom. Let us draw inspiration from one of the great founders, Nicolas Nicolas, who sacrificed a lot to keep this institution a pillar of education because he maintained a strong and dedicated faculty.

\*\*\*\*\*

I joined the *Review* when I was a first year student because I had a crush on an editor of a high school publication. I believed then that joining the *Review* would give me the chance to see her, and it did. It was October 2006 when the *Review* conducted a seminar and she attended. The following day, I talked to her, texted her, courted her and got busted. Well, it was a good try and without the *Review* I wouldn't have the courage to do that. That year also, I realized the importance of informing the administration and the students on the issues and events that are happening in school. When I was in my second year, I decided not to apply for the qualifying examination because of the difficulties of being a member, besides writing is not my forte but one of the members enlightened me.

When I was in my third year in school, I volunteered to join because the veteran writers were gone. That was the year when I was introduced to the real meaning of responsibility.

In my fourth year, I vacillated whether to join or not because it's difficult to work in a newspaper--putting out an issue is no picnic. Eventually, I decided to join but I failed to handle my responsibility. Only people who are determined, responsible and principled can be a member, but I did my best. Fame was never in my head because in the *Review*, all are equal and the positions are only positions because if you give importance to it, it will only make you stubborn.

I failed everybody's expectations because the submission of stories were very late. I must confess I took my responsibility for granted, that's why my writers suffered--we did not meet deadlines and that disappointed me a lot because I promised to myself I would address the problem of meeting deadlines during my tenure as the editor.

The solace here is that even if many pointed out my "weakness" as editor because I am "just a criminology student without knowledge in journalism," I take it as a dare and bring it with me when I leave Northwestern for the next challenge of my life.

\*\*\*\*\*

I am the "oldest" member of the *Review* and soon I will leave it into the hands of my fellow members. Working in the *Review* is not complicated as long as you know your limitations and you know how to be humble and responsible. I invite students of Northwestern to join the student publication but may I remind that only students who are responsible and not like a *Bruce* who seeks fame must attempt to join.

I want to share with you that the solace of being a member is that some notable universities in Region 1 have a lot of respect for the *Review* and they envy us because we can freely confront issues and criticize some university policies without threat of being called for reprimand or expulsion. This is one legacy that Northwestern founders had nurtured and we salute the great Nicolas Nicolas, the administration (I'm referring only to Sir Ben Nicolas) for treating us student writers, professionally. How I wish his subordinates are like him.

\*\*\*\*\*

The *Review* is one of the greatest student college publications in the Philippines. There was a time college editors in the Philippines wanted a copy of the publication for they found it to have been well done and they wanted it to be a model. It was this issue that respected Manila-based journalists admired. It was in the early '90s and I came to learn the editors at the time were so good. Some of them joined big

newspapers in Manila after graduation. Others became respected professionals in their own right. Unfortunately, their brilliance did not sit well with the previous administration. They were the first batch to have been victims of an administration that could not take the student writers' straight forwardness. Some managed to graduate, others stopped going to school. Well, they are luckier than the second batch of staff members who were all expelled for telling the truth. To the credit of this administration, it continues to observe the precious legacy of liberalism. Why do I know these? I learned that a person who does not know the history and culture of the people or institution he serves does not have any business to be in the newspaper world.

\*\*\*\*\*

When I was in the elementary and high school, I felt blessed because my uncle did the assignments for me. I didn't realize that it had disappointed my parents. My teachers who did not know about the arrangement had great expectations that I would be successful someday. I never realized I was not only cheating myself but also the people who believed in me. When I joined the *Review*, the work not only made me think beyond average but taught me how to be independent. I gained my self-esteem and felt fulfilled working on my own. The *Review* indeed is an institution of values.

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For now, this is not the end of everything for me and the *Review*. I am not resting my pen even if I will not be with the publication anymore. I will no longer be in school as this is my last year in my program, but I am proud that in my four-year stay with the *Review*, I was able to see how beautiful Northwestern is even if I am a vocal critic of its policies. The *Review* molded me how to be a better man someday. Without the *Review*, I may not have found my way learning to choose the right decision at the right time. Or I may not be thinking of a better life for my poor family who expects much from me since my grandfather is already gone. The *Review* showed that in the real world there are people who can be trusted

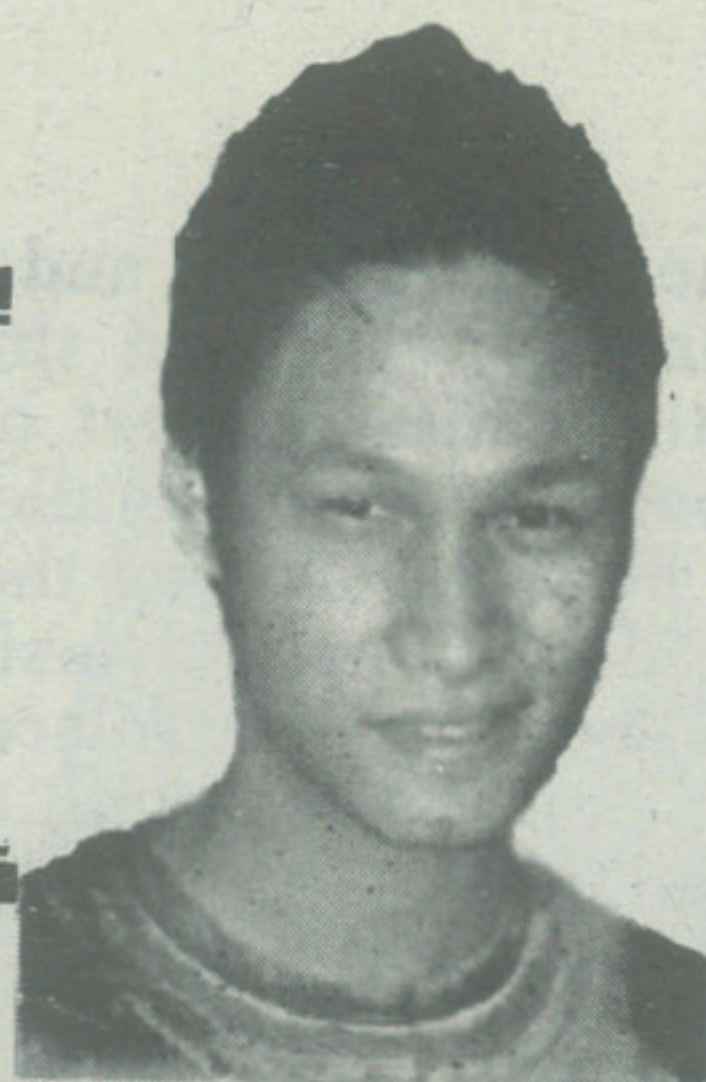
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## Bittersweet Symphony

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Paul Danilo Garrido

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## THE QUANTUM OF SOLACE

*"Oftentimes, I failed  
in my work, not  
heeding the advice of  
well-meaning people.  
They walked extra mile  
so I could learn and  
grow as a student and  
as a student journalist.  
It was too late when I  
realized the value of  
the things they  
imparted to me. Worst,  
I qualified as the editor  
and earned the top post  
through their  
encouragement but I  
took things for granted.  
I could just imagine  
their disappointment.  
But they never showed  
their frustration.  
Instead they kept on  
encouraging me. How  
blessed could I be!"*

This piece for my column is all about my four-year stay in my second home: Northwestern University.

While writing this article, my grandfather, the pillar in the clan who provided strength and hope in every failure that the family went through, died. It was this sad event in the family that shook me from my slumber.

I realized and resolved to finish my piece if only to make up for my shortcomings to the people I have taken for granted.

And as I write this article, I have the mixed feelings that one has to go through when they leave the place where they spent most of their early adult years. There is pain, disappointment, embarrassment, regrets yet there is comfort and hope. That somehow this comfort will ease the pain and make up for all my shortcomings after what's inside me is written and shared.

I stayed for four years here in this University, walked as a Criminology student and worked as a member of the *Review*. And now I am wandering as a graduate. Will I still be the boy who always says yes without realizing if I can do the task?

I admit I am disappointed in handling my responsibility as a student and as a writer (am I really a writer?)! Oftentimes, I failed in my work, not heeding the advice of well-meaning

people. They walked extra mile so I could learn and grow as a student and as a student journalist. It was too late when I realized the value of the things they imparted to me. Worst, I qualified as the editor and earned the top post through their encouragement but I took things for granted. I could just imagine their disappointment. But they never showed their frustration. Instead they kept on encouraging me. How blessed could I be!

And then on some occasions, I abandoned my fellow writers like when we were in the midst of meeting deadlines, not showing up when there were important things to be discussed. I am not a hands-on leader. But when I became a member of the *Review*, things changed. The paper molded me to change for the real world. But it also spoiled me to do these irresponsible things--juggling my time making both ends meet to be a better man someday at the expense of other people's effort to do the job.

\* \* \* \* \*

I wish to share with you all the good and bad things that happened here in Northwestern during my four-year stay--some significant events and experiences

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## Bittersweet Symphony... (From Page 23)

For one, I had some unforgettable experiences with professionals in this school. How could I forget Mrs. Chita Gonzales, Ms. Menchie Melendez, and Mr. Spider Rodas? All three called my attention on certain issues that came out in the *Review*. First, Mrs. Gonzales summoned me in her office asking me to reveal my sources that exposed the wrong deeds of her COBESO officers regarding the mishandling of penalties or fines. She threatened that should I not give the names of my sources she would ask for a university investigation so I could be forced to reveal the same. I humbly told her: "You can do whatever you want Ma'am, but expect that I will not reveal my sources even if this issue will be elevated to the higher courts." What she doesn't understand is that writing these matters in the paper that were otherwise overlooked would initiate a move to institute reforms in her college, prod the students and concerned people to be more responsible in the protection of the students' money.

Second was when Ms. Melendez, the adviser of the Supreme Student Council called us, together with our adviser to discuss a certain issue in the column of the *Review's* managing editor. She wanted us to explain why we criticized the Supreme Student Council for its lousiness and for the quality of leadership the officers displayed such as presenting a platform in glowing terms during the campaign yet the students saw no changes. She blamed us also for not getting their side in that column. Ma'am, the opinion expressed in the column is the honest opinion of the writer on a legitimate public interest issue that is based on a statement of fact or privilege. What you should have done is to write a letter refuting the statement.

Third was when Mr. Rodas filed a complaint against the *Review* at the Student Affairs Office which had the shades of a threat of libel. The issue was about an item in the *Straight from the Beat* section where he felt he was the person alluded to. He complained yet he denied he was the person being referred to. What wonders me most is that why he filed the complaint yet denied that he really is the "Jude"?

It disappoints me that people who are supposed to be professional

take issue with students and handle things immaturely. Did they not realize that this is a test of their professionalism, and if handled well, it would be a plus side on their part and a pride for the University that boasts of liberalism? My solace is that I did not burn bridges with them; I respected and treated them as professional people

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One of my regrets in my four-year stay as a student of Northwestern University is that I never had the chance to have a conversation with President Ben A. Nicolas nor even had a handshake with him. He is a man of vision as gleaned from the development instituted in the school and it would have been a privilege and honor for a student like me to have talked to him even only for a short while.

I remember some teachers I came to meet who were former student leaders and writers, fondly telling me of their conversations with the president of their time. I wished I had the opportunity like them so I could have something to share with others--how it feels to meet your president and talk to him.

I attempted to meet the president when I asked for an interview about the enrolment decline but to no avail. His subordinate directed me to interview another. Each time I see him go to his office, I thought of approaching him but fear would get the better of me. He looks so serious that I thought he might ignore me should I attempt to talk to him. I can't help but feel jealous to students who had the chance to meet him just for a while. Not meeting your president while you are a student leader or writer is something you always regret when you leave the portals of Northwestern. My solace is that it's not the end of my world. There will be a time that I'll come back here, if not he will be the one to call me up, maybe invite me in his office and discuss important matters. Sir, I must say, let's have a cup of tea in the future--maybe when I have something to offer to my alma mater.

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One of the persistent issues I get to hear in the school is the reported low salary of instructors. I am inclined

to ignore this because this a matter between the teachers and school but to do so would mean jeopardizing the expectation of students of a quality education. And this should be analyzed on all sides of the issue.

It's not bad to develop or improve the physical facilities of the school. But alongside this program should be a no-nonsense improvement and strengthening of the faculty of instruction. I do not blame the administration here as it is also doing its part but how I wish it also understands the teachers' plight. The faculty is an integral part of education, without them the school won't function.

We have lost dedicated and intelligent teachers. Most left for monetary reasons and some left because they felt they are not needed. The latter do not seek high salaries but they need a pat on the back for their sacrifices. They feel life is unfair here in Northwestern. Why do I know these? I had conversations with some of those who had left.

Meanwhile, instructors who know from the start the low salary offered by Northwestern, are complaining. Let me ask these people: why join the university when you know you will receive a salary not to your liking? This boils down to attitude problems. You knew of the low salary but you also knew of the instructors' role--one that is clothed with dedication, sacrifice, hard work and understanding. In the first place, they should not have joined the University if they are after the money, instead they should have joined other institutions that will satisfy their financial needs.

The solace here is that there are lessons learned here. Let us not wait for an earthquake or a catastrophe to jolt us. Let us not put to waste the legacy of the founders of this institution. Let us all join hands to firm up that legacy. In the midst of global crisis, sacrifices have to be made but for God's sake let us make sacrifices not at the expense of the students, not at the expense of the faculty or the administration. Something concrete must be done to

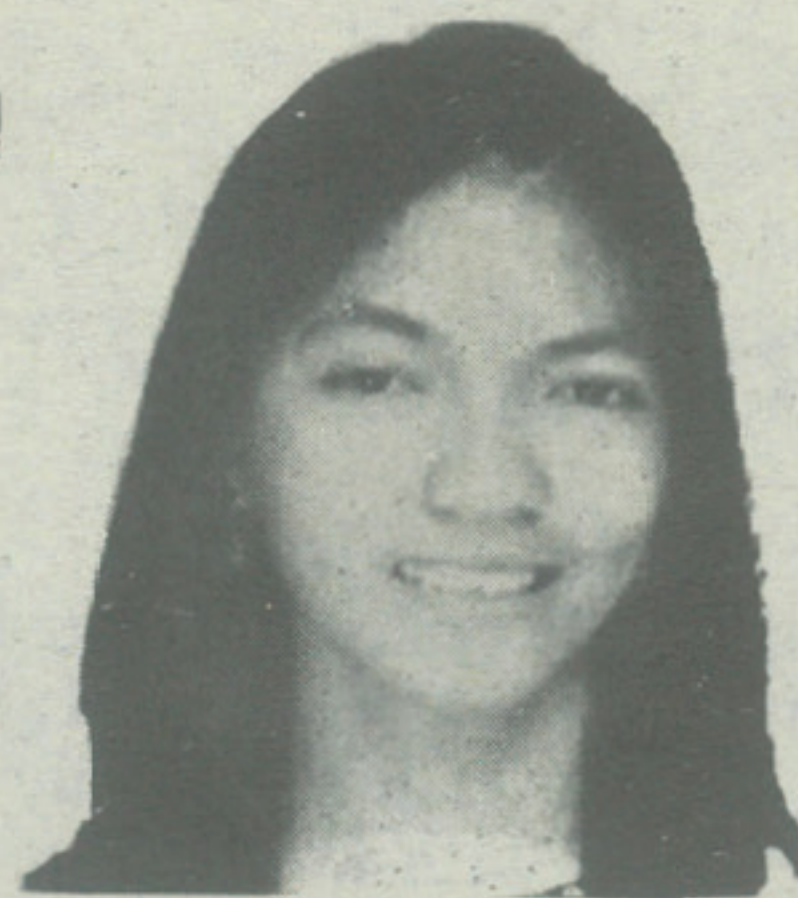
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Think  
it Over

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Ruby Charlene D. Mariano

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## HASTA LA VISTA, *REVIEW*!

*"Sadly like all journeys, this part of my life has come to an end for I have decided to go to another path and that is focusing all my energies in studying for my fourth and last year here in the University. Attaining a diploma is much more important than the extra-coco (extra curricular) activities I would gain from the Review."*

**I**t has been a year and the time to bid goodbye to this dear publication has finally come.

My term as the Managing Editor expires as you hold on this issue of the *Review*. Though short is my stay, the lessons I have learned upon fulfilling my obligation as M.E. is totally unforgettable and incomparable. The experience and exposure, *Review* gave me is matchless. I owe to the *Review* the personal growth I am attaining right now.

Sadly like all journeys, this part of my life has come to an end for I have decided to go to another path and that is focusing all my energies in studying for my fourth and last year here in the University. Attaining a diploma is much more important than the extra-coco (extra curricular) activities I would gain from the *Review*.

Unfortunately, the pressure to build a lasting impression is still on as Mr. EIC & Ms. Features Editor are breaking necks already in the name of constructing the best goodbye piece ever made by a *Review* staffer. The rotten that I am, I definitely intend to be a history maker and break all the rules set by my predecessors. Since some of the staff call me the "calcified hitad", I chose to do the unthinkable that would hum them for a second. So, take a deep breath before you continue reading this for it is so emotional that you could literally hear my raging hormones.

I would just want to put this disclaimer: whatever you read from hereon, this column is not meant to ruin the *Review* or injure the feeling of anybody mentioned. Do not take this as a personal attack for it is not. This is only my reflection. My goal in making this is of relevance for I want to leave something for the next batch of the *Review* Editorial Board and everyone else to ponder on.

Tradition wise, the *Review* is not merely an organization or a publication; it is like a ship—*everyone must be prepared to take the helm*. Put this in one word and you got the word *involvement*.

Well, not that I am complaining or anything about this fact, it is just that I want to voice out the feelings that I have been long-suppressing since I became a part of it. I surely don't want to leave the *Review* with grudges.

I have toiled enough for the *Review*. Enough is enough. To think that all my efforts have gone unrecognized all along and always reduced to its meaning. Resentments are what all I have got for this publication.

For the record, I was given a rank that I think is too much for me to bear. Damn, I was a neophyte. With no journalistic experience and background, no 'Wise

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## Think it Over...

(From Page 25)

Man' to follow example, no friends in the hierarchy, only my three units newswriting subject to back me up, still the heavens above gave me the M.E. position.

It was an unexpected offer, for all I want is to be a contributor or a reporter. Then I can not say "no" to it, for I do not want to be called a coward fool. The only best thing left for me to do is accept the responsibility and make the best out of it.

Just minutes after I learned the result of the screening, I was immediately stripped of my happy-go-lucky life. I was forced to go out on my solo comfort zone in order to mingle with the other staffs. I had to face my dilemma in interpersonal relationship. I confess, I had a hard time dealing with the over relaxed and slow-paced approach of my EIC, adviser and desk editor. I was a certified O.C. (Obsessive-Compulsive) type. I hate delays. When I want something done, I want it right away, no considerations, and no excuses, whatsoever.

And this has proven to be my downfall! For no one is perfect.

When Mr. EIC was preoccupied flirting with his "academics", and literally left us in midair, I took over the rein. Armed with my naiveté, I assigned post, unite, and make everyone working. At the first issue, I did the legwork and paperworks. The *Review* at that time was almost a one-woman band! Left in my middle of wretch equilibrium was my suffering grades. It's good that at the last minute Mr. EIC has proved his salt. He was definitely present when the *Review* is rocked by controversies, persecution and of course in the undying processing of every communication letters. And all I can say about him is this: You're the man, Chief. Kudos!

Then there was Ms. Features Editor who does not have the initiative to do her job, always needed to be instructed, reprimanded and be given deadlines. She acts as if she is in the wrong place, plagued with her "kissing asses" syndrome. Now don't get me wrong here, if not for her, every issue would not be that

extraordinary. Thanks to her rhetorical fluency, the literary section was always filled up.

Next is, Sir Adviser who is so passive that I literally have to blink thrice just to save myself from sleeping in front of him. If only he'll back his words with action and keep a close monitor on every staff, then maybe I will not be discouraged and discontent as this right now. Sometimes peices of advice are not enough to keep the flame of the pen burning, presence is more helpful. Perhaps this is his way of teaching us independence. Take my word, it's effective.

Subsequently is, the desk editor who can not get off her mind on the memories of the past and in constant different timezone. Those nights in the press I spent proofreading and writing has transformed me into a haggard, walking stick.

And of course, there were the ghost staffers who only follow orders unless you pull out a trigger of mouthful scolding on them. Their presence only limited that I have to dive on a heap of hay just to find them. In the end all I got are nods and innumerable "wen". Guys you have voluntarily joined the publication and by doing so you have committed yourselves in the service of the whole studentry. Please bear in mind that you must do whatever help you could do. And what is the best help: *do your assignments and submit it on the given time.*

Definitely not the last, are the people who do not seem to know the difference between constructive and destructive criticism, special mention are the SSC officers who summoned me in their office on the pretext it was a "friendly meeting" when in fact it was a confrontation in disguise just because they felt bad about what I have written in my column in the first issue. C'mon my aim there is not to thrash anyone; it was a challenge specifically for them to make a *difference* and a *change* that would benefit every student enrolled in the University.

Another was the people who were constantly making harsh remarks on our backs on how incompetent our

fruits of labor are. Well for crying out loud, "*We've done our job in the best way we knew and could. Why not do yours? Enough talk, show us your salt and help us. Please avoid the crab mentality!*"

With all of these mixing up in my equilibrium, I was reduced into a punching bag having to take every blow of all kinds, from criticism to shortcomings of both sides of the coin.

The transition phase of being a student who does not care about anything else but self and studies into someone who has to know every issues and activities in the grapevine is not easy. I was almost out of my wits that I thought of quitting from my post and just vanish from the *Review*.

But since I do not want to be called a "deserter", I stayed eventhough accusations of mudslinging and incompetence are thrown at my face simultaneously.

Then, you might ask, why only now that you brought these up? Frankly, I don't know. What I know is that I only want to express and this is the moment that I finally had the courage to voice it out. That it is nothing more, nothing less.

Childish as all of these may sound. This is a free country; everyone is entitled the freedom of expression. You might say, what an onion-skinned, ingrate I am for it seems that in writing this column, I have already bit the hands that fed me.

Yet I wrote this kind of thing even if the odds are against me. There is the risk that after everyone finishes reading this, I would be tagged as a narrow-minded, immature, ingrate.

Heck, what do I care! I know myself better. My conscience is clear, no pun intended, just thinking out loud.

Yes, I claimed above that resentments are all I have for the *Review* for putting me in such during

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## A Minute with Me

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Stephanie S. Co

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## WHO KNOWS YOU MIGHT BE THE NEXT EDITOR

*"The Review is not a hole for selfish interest. You cannot penetrate this with greed for this is not a medium for anyone's ulterior motive; it's not for licking boots, not for whims, not for hidden agenda. This publication is meant to serve the students, to bring forth their skill, their God-given talents and accentuate their worth and dignity as a man and as student of Northwestern University. It is a reflection of the university itself, the gauge and parameter of the student's capabilities."*

I never ever imagined seeing myself as an editor of the *Review*. Honestly, all I could write before were poems--rhymeless and boring ones. But one of my instructors noticed my "talent" and so she encouraged me to join the *Review*. But the qualifying exam had been bugging me too much that I dilly dallied--literally procrastinated until I missed the exam. It was a relief to my id, but a mortal sin to my super ego. I felt like I have let a big opportunity slipped away but as the old saying goes... "*may next year pa naman*". It was my soliloquy. And it acted as a solace to my pride and a taste to sweeten my defeat.

The time had come--the "next year" beckoned. I had to be true to my own words, for spoken words heed no retreat. The exam, as I expected was challenging rather than difficult. I could feel my brain cells wriggle and twitch. My path finding neurons formed a structure that produced creative juices. Unlike mathematics, writing gives me hope. Days passed by, and I didn't bother to know the result. I felt so uneasy to imagine myself pass the exam or expect a failure. It was not until the interview session, where I flunk at most of the questions and I answered idiotically at some point.

Bang! That was it. I thought I've lost it.

Unexpectedly, the shimmering sunrise had shone on me, the heavens had been compassionate to me. I qualified to become the features editor. Oh! Should I rejoice?

I found out that the work of an editor doesn't only require much time and attention but also costs one a lot of things. Can you imagine that a publication this big is composed only of three student coconut-heads? I could not swallow the fact that somewhere along the way some of those qualified editors would left the paper to do things they are more interested in. And I ended up acting as both the feature and the literary editor. The challenge does not end there. We have to put up the quirks of some reporters who would "mal-function" when incentives are not provided. Oh my! Foolish of me...a person with a hungry stomach cannot think! They thought editors have much privilege and incentives when in fact my losses are greater than my tuition fee discount! My mom could attest to that.

If I have joined the *Review* for the privileges and overstated perks, I would be wallowing in luxury. But no, I have become more of a beggar. Repairing and repainting my brother's car (which I use during

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## A Minute with Me (From Page 27)

press work) had cost me more than my tuition fee discounts. This is not to mention the antibiotics and medications for my sore throat, fever, *LBM* and *UTI* which I had to experience due to stress and sleepless nights. But I have not dared ask even a single cent from the publication for compensation. I know these are the hazards of the work.

If I have joined the *Review* for fame, I would have died. Covering events up to the wee hours of night has endangered my life. In some ways, I am also the cause of risking my mom's health--having a heart attack each time I go home late. To tell you, I am not exaggerating, I drive home each night of press work with my eyelids almost closing, falling down like my teardrops flowing on my pillow case the night after I hit my car on a kalesa while covering the parade. The shame, panic and everything...I didn't even know what to do after that.

Not even fame, glory or money can take the fulfillment I enjoy as editor. That is why I have stayed to this point, this month and this issue of the *Review* without regret. Glory and fame are superficial. If these are the very reason you would join this publication, you will not have what you desire. Because the *Review* is not a hole for selfish interest. You cannot penetrate this with greed for this is not a medium for anyone's ulterior motive; it's not for licking boots, not for whims, not for hidden agenda. This publication is meant to serve the students, to bring forth their skill, their God-given talents and accentuate their worth and dignity as a man and as student of Northwestern University. It is a reflection of the university itself, the gauge and parameter of the student's capabilities.

Here, it's our opportunity to shine out our light, to share slices of our wisdom and impart our knowledge. In return, we gain experience, learn and build a character that is equipped to face the horizon of life that is full of intricacies. There is more to life than what we see. Eventually, it is our character, our personality that will define our life. We are the maker of our destiny.

Despite my headaches, the sleepless nights, the risks I take during the unholy hours of the night, the empty stomach and the growling ulcer I experience during field and press-works, the classes I missed because of events, and the worry painted on my mother's face when I go home late or when I get sick, I don't have regrets. Helping the team publish articles that could touch people's lives is more than enough reward for my craving heart. That in some way or another, one of my writings could encourage you and me, to write from our hearts and use this skill to serve people. This is far more rewarding than to chase after other things that could vanish in thin air. For this fulfillment and the memories embedded with each experience shall never pass away, for in my heart, it will remain. Till my crowning glory turns grey, the *Review* will always be a part of me.

At this point I am so tired and sleepy, and there's still a bunch of things left to do...but you know what, I am not disappointed, because I've got you reading this. Don't you know that you are the very reason for my sacrifices, the essence of every letter, every word in this article and the meaning behind every stroke? And now that you're reading me, understanding me, you're giving me my greatest reward, and I hope you could experience this joy, too

So would you be the next editor?  
I DARE YOU

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Thanks to Rhomester Corpuz of BS-Cmpsci, for returning my pouch containing my two cellphones and my wallet which I have left in a *karindaria* outside the school. The world needs honest people like you; you have made God proud of you. Thank you and God bless.

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My salute to the graduates. May you find the meaning of your lives and live up to the fullest of your potential, for as long as we trust in God, all things are possible. "Our goal is not finding the sameness in us but to live and work harmoniously with each other despite our differences."

## Bittersweet Symphony... (From Page 22)

and there are also those who take advantage when you stumble. But you can only find lessons in the *Review* or pick enduring values if you are guided by people who have the heart and the passion to make you responsible and humble. You can only find lessons when you are confronted with challenging situations and you realize you need proper guidance and the needed push to make the right decisions.

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And being with the *Review* is a matter of finding the truth. There are still challenges to overcome, people to meet, places to breathe, and there is God who still believes in you that even how hard life is, you will still find a way to conquer. I will treasure every moment of my stay at Northwestern even if I still haven't found what I am looking for. I will treasure too the torment and hatred people had shown me. It made me a better man and it never distracted me for I don't nurture bitterness in my heart.

As I leave Northwestern, I would like to echo what Tony Blair, the former British Prime Minister, said in his resignation speech before his people:

It has been an honor to serve the students and my alma mater. My thanks to all of you--Northwestern students for the times I have succeeded, and my apologies to you for the times I have fallen short.

As I leave, I hope many things will be changed and reformed in Northwestern University to develop the students' potential and gift, and that would be their quantum of solace.

"Today pull up  
the little weeds,  
The sinful thoughts  
subdue,  
Or they will take the reins  
themselves and  
someday master you."

- Anonymous



## Think it Over...

(From Page 26)

tumultuous situations, however deep in my heart no matter how I suppressed it, I can never hide the truth that, without this dear publication I am nothing! Because of the *Review*, I can now say to myself that I have accomplished something.

The *Review* has brought out a part of me that I thought I was incapable of doing so. It has taught me responsibility, leadership and sacrifice for the sake of the many. I have learned what a true public service is--serving without expecting anything in return.

In my entire 20 years of young adult life, I confessed I do not have much to brag, no achievements to tell, no medals and certificates to show only my neat record of constant tardiness and stubbornness. But now that I have finished my term as the managing editor of the *Review*, I have this one to tell until my dying day. The M.E. position is not something that I dreamed of. I did not ask for it yet God gave it.

The proud "ME" will tell that admitting that it was indeed a blessing to be a part of the *Review* is a slap on my face. Still no matter how I deny it, the *Review* is a blessing to me!

I may have resentments but hey, no regrets. Superficial it may sound, I had a grand time with Mr. EIC, Ms. Features Editor, Sir Adviser and the desk editor. Their company is priceless. They have contributed a lot to my growth and self-discovery. The friendship they so-willingly give to me is warmth to my soul and mellows to my heart. Their words of wisdom no matter how ruthless and hastily delivered are inspiration to my nearly devastated, callous self. Listening to their banters and ruckus is such enlightenment. The tears and laughter we have shared is something to remember in a lifetime. I pray that this reflection would not affect our relationship. Look, I am still the same person only added with newly acquired fangs. I just hope they don't nurse hatred against me for making them outrageous here. Peace, yo!

Through them, I learned how to accept my flaws and know my limitations.

Through the *Review*, I have learned my capabilities.

The *Review* has made me realized that: "First, I can not please everybody, no matter how I tried; I will only lose myself in the process. The best thing is to listen what your heart desires, believe in yourself and do what you think is best without hesitation and not losing your morals. Second, God is my anchor. Without Him, I would have been long in a nervous breakdown. Fortunately, He has been the source of my strength and my rock. Now, this is a little bit contradicting to my resentment issue but without God's help I could have not accomplished my obligations as M.E. nor could I withstand the troubles of my life."

To the next managing editor, good luck. Take it easy.

Hasta La Vista, *Review*! Thank you very much.

## Butterfly...

(from page 11)

I love to cheer my friends up. When I see them depressed, I don't just pass by, I give them a word that will surely make them smile.

Butterflies are forever beautiful, they don't choose flowers to be with, unless that flower has unpleasant odor and harmful parts. I may not have the beauty that captures everyone's attention but I always see to it that I add something beautiful in me. I never choose people to be with. I can deal with anyone, whatever their status in life. But then, I don't stay with those who may lead me or influence me to the wrong side of the road.

And lastly, butterflies are well-harnessed. They pass through different stages before they reach the peak of their beauty. I've been through a lot of stages, trials and problems. I'm also willing to exert everything to climb every ladder or stage just to reap success in the future.

And when someone sees a butterfly, they can think of me... Fleurette.

## Kaba sa Mundo ng Nursing II

(From Page 20)

minsan pero depende sa mga reviewer namin na galing sa iba't ibang sulok ng Pilipinas. Meron yung mga reviewer na mahilig mag-patawa, mukha na lang niya nakakatawa na. Meron din yung sobrang seryoso, kahit nakakatawa na, seryoso pa rin (Flat Affect). Meron naman yung relihiyoso mula umaga hanggang hapon nagdadasal kami. Meron din yung parang libro na buong katawan, memorisado bawat salita. Hay! Everyone is unique ika nga. Style mo diyan, style mo dito. Astig!

Teka, teka eto nga yung last na sulat ko pero kinakabahan pa rin kung may pangalan sa list of graduates. Tsk. Tsk. "Let me check the list". Tentative nga lang. At nung March 12, inilabas na yung final list of graduates na naka-post sa Registrar. Hayun, hindi lang sampung beses ako naka-inhale at exhale. Tumpak! May pangalan nga ako. "Mare oh, tingnan mo may pangalan ako". Ikaw, meron din ba?

Hay salamat naman, matutupad na pangarap ko gragradweyt sa kolehiyo. Kahit anong hirap ang pinagdanasan, patuloy pa rin ang pakikibaka.

Well hanggang dito na lang.

Kakabahan ka pa rin ba?

Oo, kakabahan kung papasa sa board exam.

What is your goal in life? "To Top the Board Exam"

Papasa tayo lahat mga classmates, schoolmates, friends, kabeks, etc.

P.S. For eight years of stay in this school, I would like to thank all my clinical instructors, academic instructors, teachers during my high school, friends, classmates, schoolmates, batchmates for the laughter, the memories and everything you've shared.

Thank you sir/ma'am. Thank you to my Alma Matter (Northwestern University) Congratulations Graduates Batch 2009.

You can read this in my blog at <http://estudyante2008-2009.blog.friendster.com> (www.cahsnwu@yahoo.com)

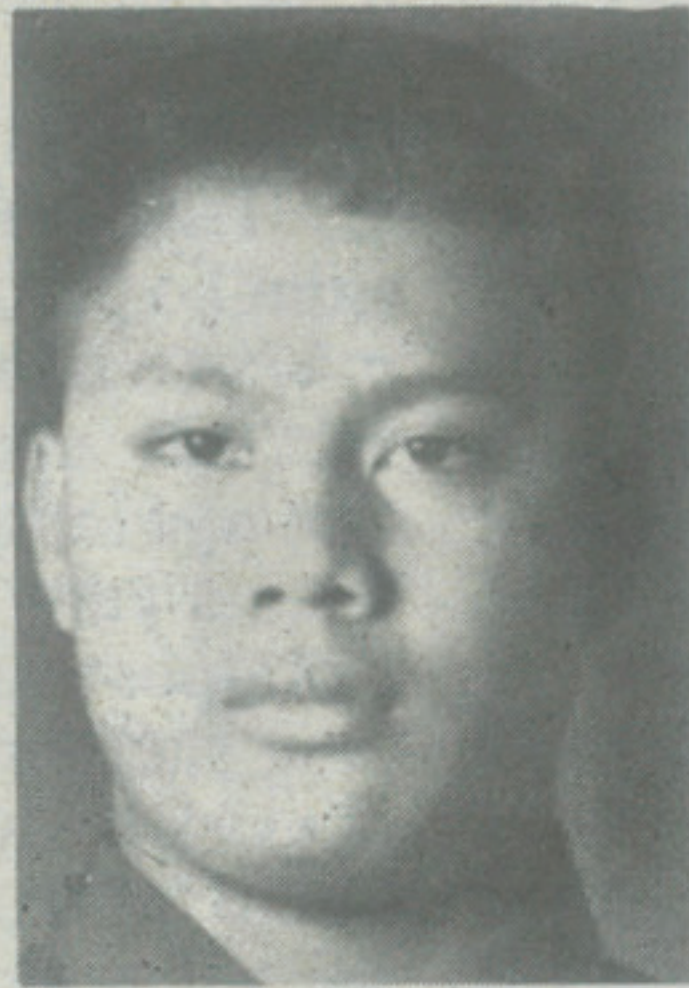


# Northwestern's Pride

## CREME d'la CREME



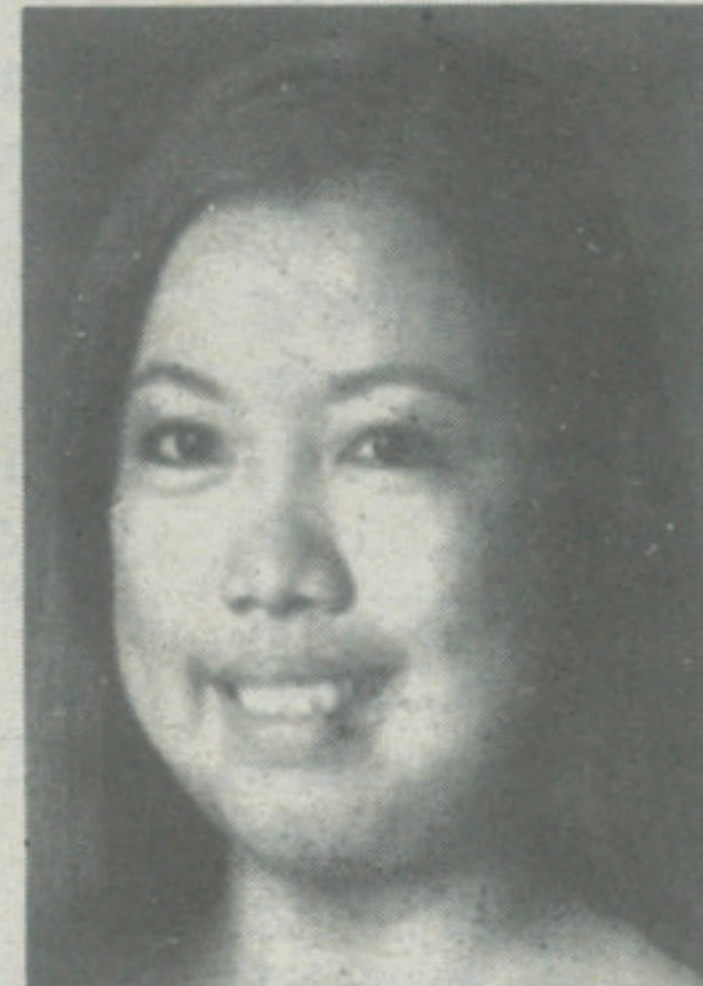
**Myrna L. Ganno**  
AB Pol. Science  
*Cum Laude*



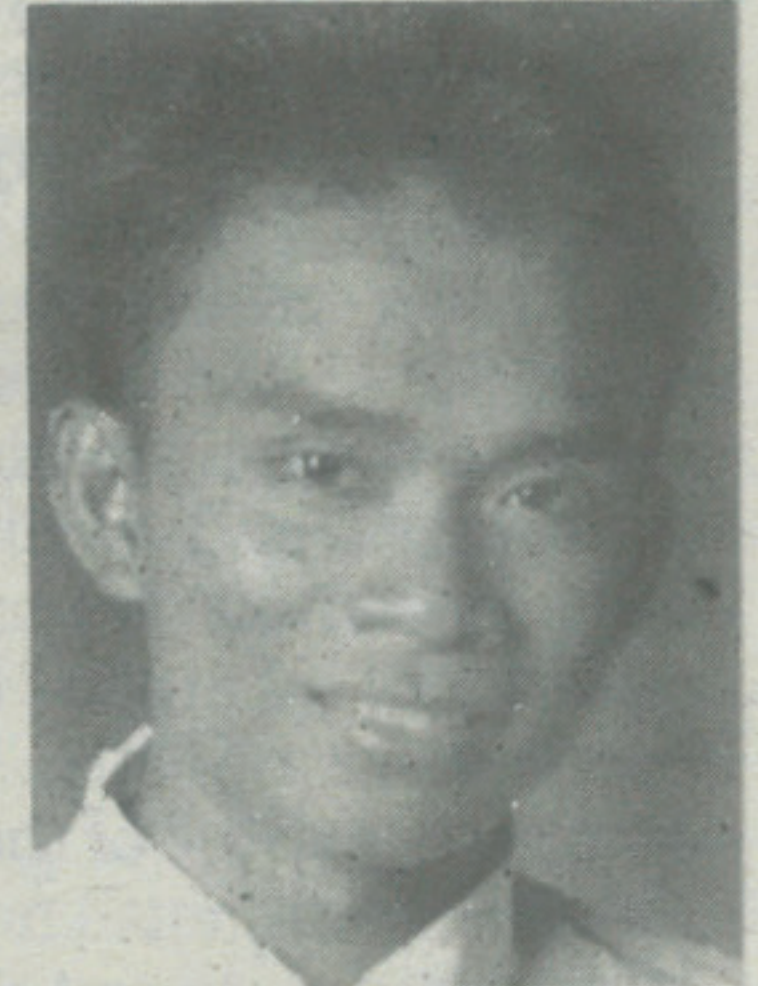
**Dennis S. Ranga**  
BS Criminology  
*Cum Laude*



**Eddie R. Gregorio**  
MAPA  
*Summa Cum Laude*



**Mary Joy R. Manuel**  
BS Criminology  
*Cum Laude*



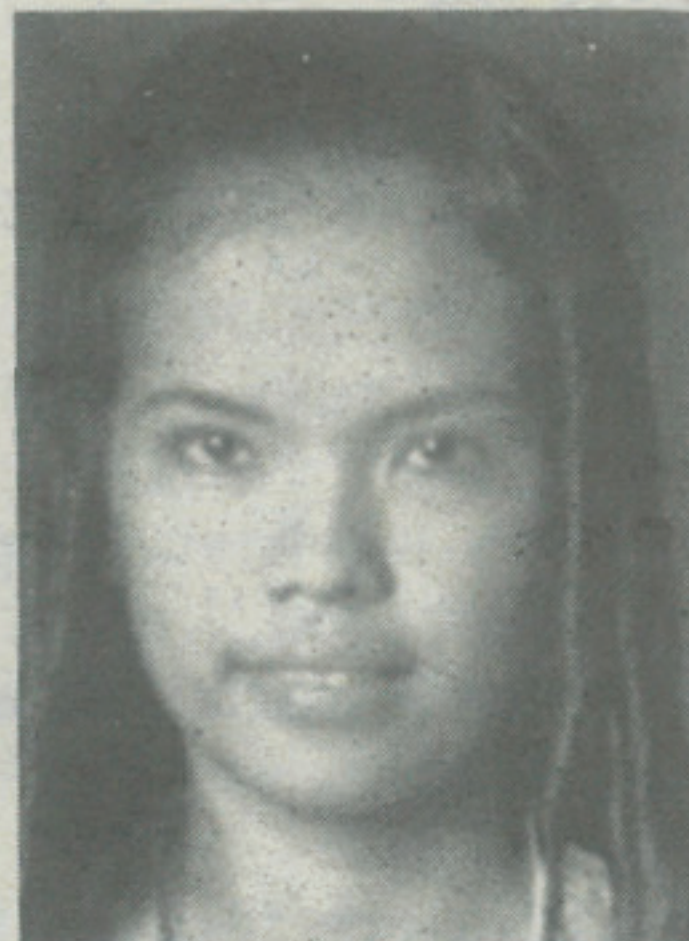
**Alvin A. Rivera**  
BS Criminology  
*Cum Laude*



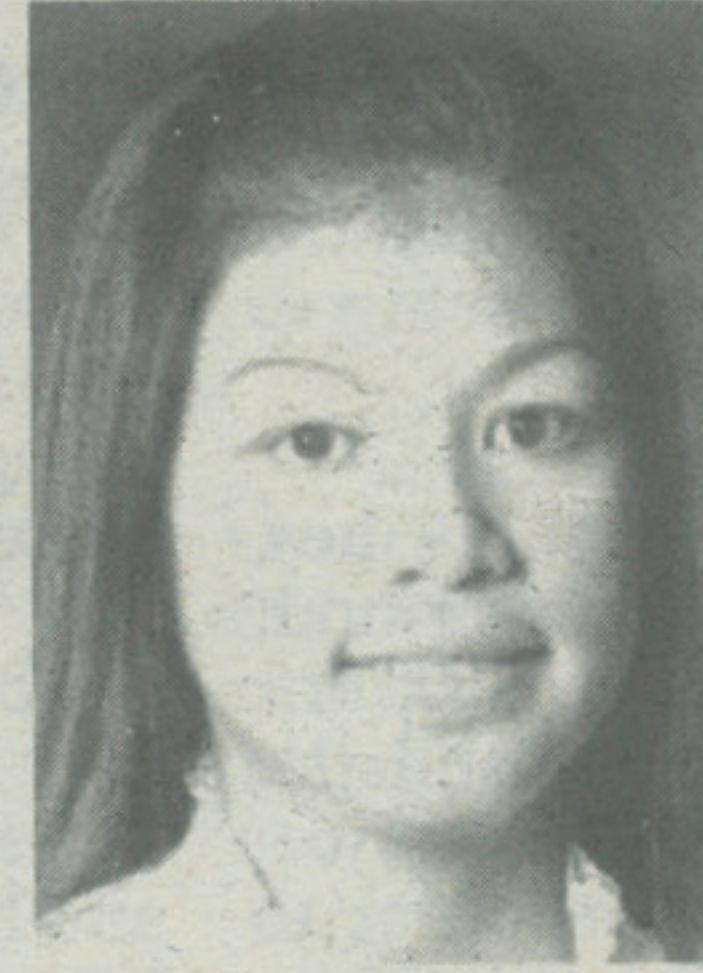
**Michelle A. Domingo**  
BS Nursing  
*Cum Laude*



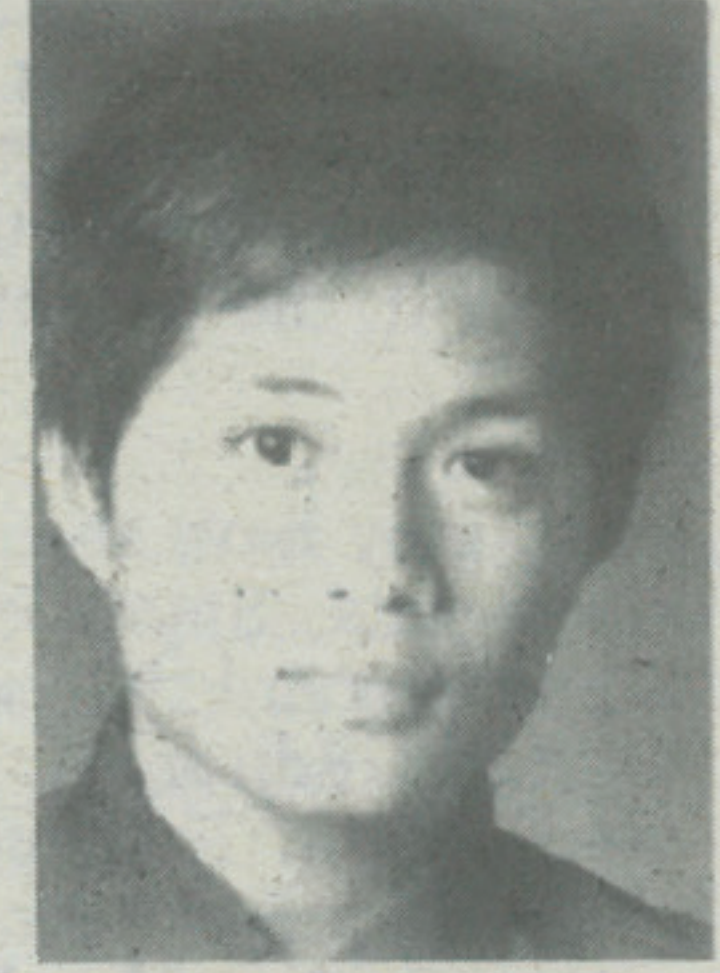
**Karen N. Tumacder**  
BS Criminology  
*Cum Laude*



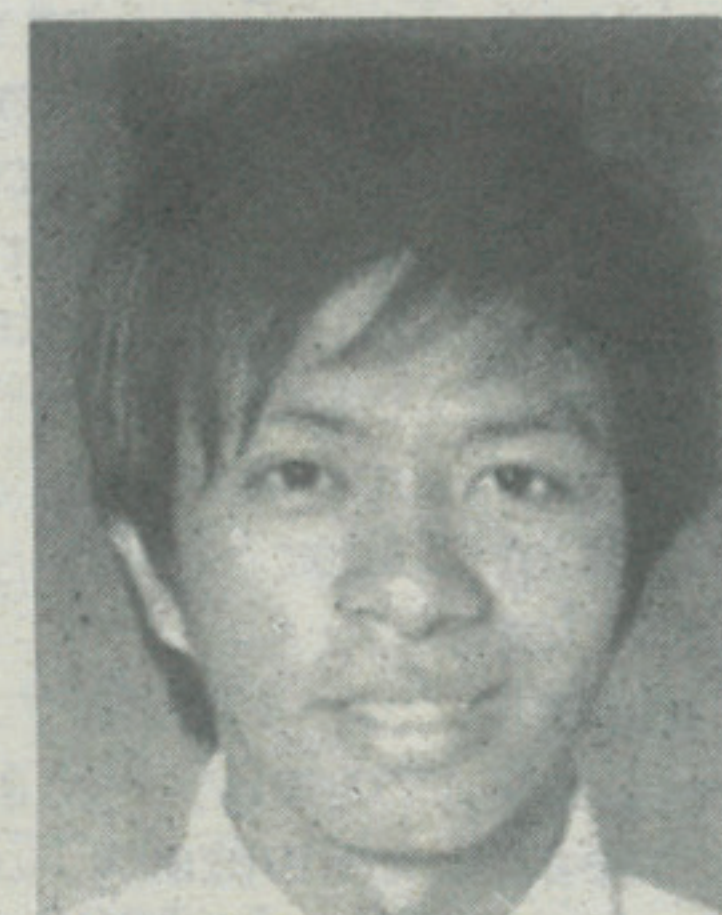
**Jonelyn T. Matulin**  
Bach. in Secondary Ed.  
*Cum Laude*



**Genevieve Silvano-Root**  
BS Accountancy  
*Cum Laude*



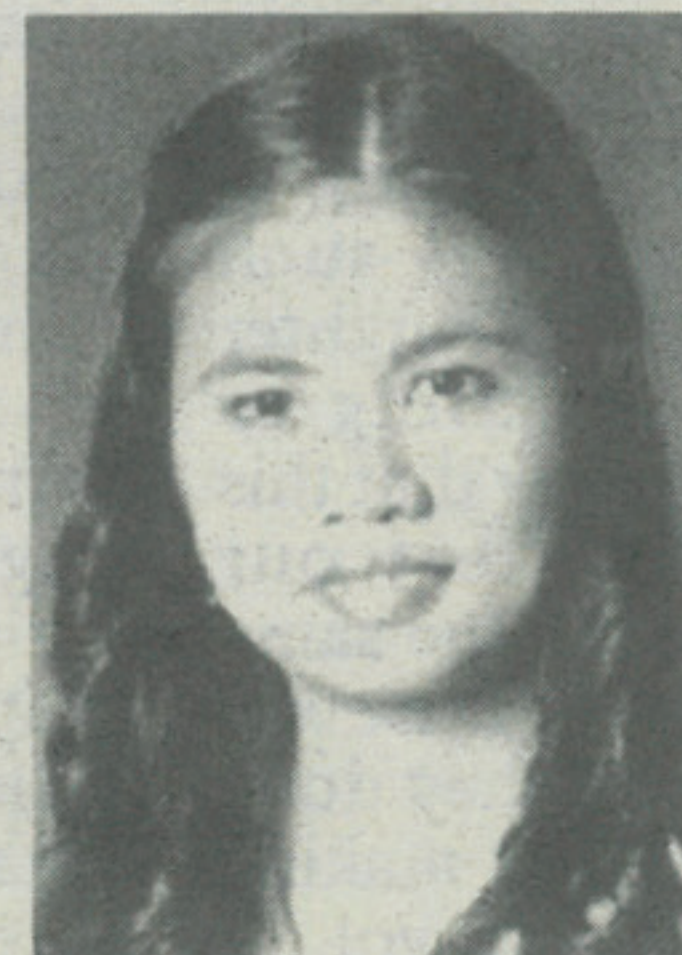
**Sherwin A. Sebastian**  
BS Nursing  
*Cum Laude*



**Rowell L. Casil**  
BS Computer Science  
*Special Academic Award*



**Jessica T. Asuncion**  
PC operation  
*Special Academic Award*



**Marites R. Ucol**  
PC operation  
*Special Academic Award*



# REVIEW'S 'HAUL OF AWARDS'



**Paul Danilo Garrido**  
*First - Sports Writing (English Category)*



**Ruby Charlene Mariano**  
*8th - Copy Reading (English Category)*  
*8th - Opinion Writing (English Category)*  
*7th - Newswriting (English Category)*



*The Team Editors (from left) Stephanie Co, Paul Garrido and Ruby Charlene Mariano at the Luzonwide Press Conference in Palawan*

## *Regional Tertiary Schools Press Conference*

Vigan, Ilocos Sur  
Nov. 27-29, 2008



**Stephanie S. Co**  
*Fourth - Poetry (English Category)*  
*Ninth - Feature (English Category)*



**Teddy Tangente**  
*Sixth - Poetry (Filipino)*  
*Eighth - Opinion writing (Filipino)*

With the editors in the photos above  
is the adviser, *Mr. Mangel Ancheta*

## **Group Category/Tabloid**

*10th - Editorial Page*  
*7th - Feature Page*  
*10th - Layout/Design*  
*10th - News Page*



## **"The Stepping Stones of Life"**

**Life is a journey**

**We are but travelers**

**The stepping stone that leads to our path  
It charts a journey to a distant blazing star**

**The pouring storms and raging tempest  
Upon a cold, callous stone we cleave  
Step by step, unharmed by the torrents of sea  
One by one, overcoming the hurls of reality**

**Enthralled by the beauty of the world  
Enticed to the vices of mankind  
Like our reflection distorted by a ripple  
The meaning of our journey becomes disillusioned**

**If however we shall stumble  
Overwhelmed by boulders of adversity  
If then we shall fall  
Fear not, for there's a sky of hope above**

**As vast as the heaven's vault  
Lies our hope and chance to rise  
For upon the cleavage of the stones  
The crux of our salvation remains.**