



## THE VOICE

literary edition

## editor's note

Feel... the words and emotions in every page of **The Voice, literary edition**. Each story, poem, and caricature is an expression of youthfulness, Christianity, and God's love.

Be inspired... And may this literary folio rekindle the voice within...



## **YOUNG PEOPLE**

**By Mayette Dayrit**

**Y**oung one's or young "once" walang pagkakaiba, di naman halata ang may edad na, karamihan baby face pa nga.

**O**utreach program lahat active, everybody will participate; Dasol huling napuntahan, don't worry masusundan pa 'yan.

**U**ltimate survivor ba na parang star circle quest? 'Yan ang YPs full of talents.

**N**oon nagkakahiyaan halos walang imikan at pansinan SBE 05 naganap and after that YPs naging makulit lahat.

**G**irl power or boy power? Big deal sa iba, pero YPs pag nagsama-sama daig pa ang variables ng Algebra.

**P**agkain, food or "tsibug" sigaw ng YPs, sugod! Aba magtataka ka pa ba, e kita naman sa katawan di ba?

**E**verybody happy pag Sunday na, worship ang saya-saya  
Kuwentuhan, kumustahan o simpleng chikahan tila di mauubusan  
**O**uting, YPs game na game! Basta may time for bonding kahit sa  
Tuding or Tamangan okay na okay

**P**inoy Big Brother housemate ang tawagan, "dude" pa nga kung minsan

Young People by the name lang, pero teka... handshake meron ba sila n'yan?

**L**ove team sa YPs "in na in" may source pa nga ala Christy Fermin biruan sabay tawanan, sa mga parents...joke-joke lang!

**E**hemm...wala akong maisip but I have to finish this

**GO.....YPs.!**

---

## **My Lost Soul**

**By Angelica Wagang**

As I walk on the path  
Without looking back  
At first I crawled  
Then I realized I should stand up.

As I walk on this path,  
I get exhausted,  
And struggle to what  
I call my resting bed

As I see many places,  
I pass on them  
I see many faces  
More than I have dreamt.

At the end of this path  
Lies a hidden fort  
There, one judge decides  
My soul to suffer or not.

The mere thought that I am breathing  
Made me proud and all knowing,  
I am what I wanted to be,  
And the only thing important is  
Me, Myself, and I

**Late**  
By Ryu Pepi

I control my life and I stand on my own,  
I don't care even if I am alone  
What the heck, this is my life!  
I am confident I can overcome all strife

I dwell in my world and live by my law,  
So no one can say, I have a flaw  
People can't judge me for what I do  
So, please don't say, this is what  
Is right and true

I am happy and truly glad,  
Such a shame people around me are mad,  
What I have done wrong, I don't really care,  
Just stop meddling and think that's fair

But...

Suddenly I felt something is missing,  
That is the time I really needed healing,  
I am cold, weak and was left alone in darkness,  
Somebody help! I am feeling madness

I stretched out my hand and reached for the light,  
Tried several times with all my might,  
I am too weak and is afraid to die,  
Where now is thy pride? I think I lied  
Death is nearing and I am feeling defeat,  
I realized just now that my life was full of deceit,  
I whispered a prayer but I don't really know why,  
And suddenly...  
I saw Me, Myself, and I crumble  
Before my very eyes

My last breath was a weak sigh,  
I know it is too late, so I shed a tear in my  
eye,  
Regret I guess is too late for me,  
I should have given my life to THEE.

Such pain to live in sin,  
Life in this world is truly in vain,  
I thought he can always  
wait...  
Well, too sad I was  
truly late.



## **Nike**

**By DX3MD**

Just do it  
No space of sin in your heart  
Intimate relationship with the Lord  
Kiss your brothers and sisters  
Everyday, read your Bible and pray

## **Faith**

**By Shamae Ramos**

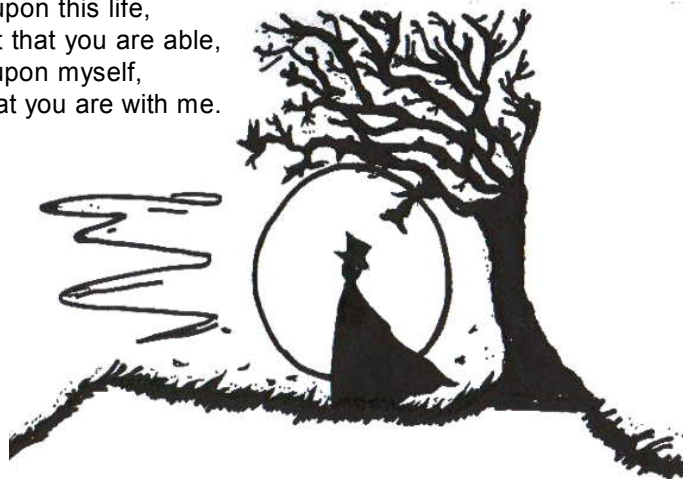
One of our strongest points as a nation is our  
strength of faith.  
The ability to believe in the face of  
hopelessness is a virtue.  
That helps us survive the darkest days.  
With confidence in ourselves, trust in fellow  
men, and faith in God despite the trials, we  
strive to make the best of our lives.  
As long as we keep on believing, we can  
achieve anything.  
And as long as our family's there,  
there's always a good thing to look forward to.



## I Wonder

By Rochelle Ann Jadormio

I wonder where you are,  
I touched a leaf this morning,  
I reckoned you're so far,  
I looked upon the clouds,  
I thought you might be there,  
I smiled upon a stranger,  
I just thought you might be him,  
I searched through my books,  
I hoped to learn about you,  
I check my watch from time to time,  
I heard you can control,  
I looked upon this life,  
I recollect that you are able,  
I looked upon myself,  
I knew that you are with me.



## **The greatest treasure is etched in their hearts**

**By Jojo Ramos**

I remember when my wife and I were with the world, all we aspired for our children were “worldly wishes.” All we had in mind was to work hard, save money and invest on properties that we may have a bountiful inheritance for our children. However, as time passed, reality of worldly life slips in. Unnoticed, we tend to spend all our time working hard, with one direction looking for ways to earn more, investing on businesses requiring all of our family time. We tried saving money but nothing seems to stay in the bank. We tried investing on properties but all seems to end up “for sale” to pay up loans or business errors until we end up with no properties at all. All these triggered by our passion to fulfill our “worldly wishes” for our children. Sometimes, due to this enthusiasm we end up overworked, frustrated, discouraged, paranoid, worrisome and pessimistic. However, through a series of trials and errors, the positive effect of this passion is the gaining of “worldly wisdom” regarding life and maturity through our own righteousness. Having succeeded and tasted the sweetness of our labor, the word “contentment” would seem synonymous to idleness. The sweet taste becomes addictive. The craving intensifies for more fruits of our labor. Our “worldly wishes” for our children seem to climb every ceiling or boundaries... leveling up, higher and higher until it gets out of control...

But, PRAISE TO GOD, our Father for His great mercy and grace, for calling us out of this world... out of darkness into His marvelous light... thanking Him always for His saving grace for me and my family. Truly, we thank Him for everything and offer ourselves as instruments of His grace to reach men like us who are all unworthy of the Father but made worthy through His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Thinking of this, everyday our hearts find ways to please

Him and serve Him well and continuously understand His will for my family in this world.

Truly, as promised by Him, great changes will happen in our lives, and we know more changes will come... knowing He is in control of our lives as Christians. A great transformation from a worldly parent to a Christian parent. A great renewal from “worldly wishes” to a “glorious hope”... a more secured hope... an assured hope for our family’s future. A great knowledge from a “worldly wisdom” to “the Wisdom of God” through His Word, guiding our ways as parents to our children but most especially laying down THE GREATEST FOUNDATION for our children’s future as they grow up in this world and as we all wait for the coming of our Savior.

The wisdom of the Old Testament says, “Train up a child in the way he should go. And when he is old he will not depart from it” (Proverbs 22:6).

The word *to train* comes from the Hebrew word “hanak” which means “to dedicate,” that is, to train morally and religiously.

Solomon was advising parents to set their child aside for special use, to dedicate them to the Lord and His Ways. The verb *train* includes the idea of influencing or stimulating the child to do well through words of guidance, discipline and encouragement on the right path. This is a parent’s main task, to receive a child as a blessing from the Father and then to dedicate the child to God’s ways.

*And when he is old he will not depart from it.*

This phrase may seem to be a promise. However, let us understand that the Book of Proverbs presents general life principles and virtues, not promises.

Let us illustrate this point.

Sometimes when we see a child from a good family turn out bad, we are inclined to conclude that there might be some dark side of parental neglect somewhere or poor parental training. That might be true but not in all cases. What about the children who came from troubled homes and turn out to be great in life? Now, was there something

we missed to analyze? Where did the training come from?

Therefore, let us understand that “GOOD PARENTING DOESN'T GUARANTEE GOOD CHILDREN.”

Think about our Father in heaven. He was a perfect parent. But look at His children, then and now. Adam and Eve were raised in the best environment, paradise, yet they threw it all away... and went the way of the snake and gave birth to a murderer. Then came Israel, God's dearly loved nation who repeatedly and chronically became stiff-necked people and the incorrigible rebellious child. Then came those proclaiming themselves servants or disciples of Christ or even the church, Christians, who from time to time has given the Father a bad name all over the world. The prophet Ezekiel was right who

argued that a good parent can have a child who turns out bad and that a bad parent can have a child who turns out good (Ezekiel 18:1-28).

The wisdom of Proverbs must always be within the shadow

of Christ's teachings in the New Covenant, having the better promise. Again, let us illustrate this. “To train up a child in the way he should go,” t e l l s Christians, knowing what Christ has

declared that children are the greatest in His kingdom... a blessing from the time in the womb to the time before the child's purity was overshadowed by man's sinful nature. The ways of Christ must be trained in them, strengthened by prayers, praising the Father, teaching them the desires and instructions of our Father through His Word, practicing what we preach inside



and outside our homes, teaching them the importance of understanding and knowing the Father, introducing the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit... all these, that the phrase "And when he is old he will not depart from it" would definitely be an absolute promise through Jesus Christ. "For the promise is to you and to your children, and to all who are afar off, as many as the Lord our God will call" (Acts 2:39)

Therefore, as Christian parents, if we give a child a good beginning by training them in the ways of Christ, then according to the promise, as our Christ-like influence in our children, being etched in their hearts and mind, would now be a solid rock foundation for them in this world as they grow up to face the world

and also seek Him who has been calling our family and truly know His will for all of us.

Christ is the only way and foundation to be etched in our children's hearts... the only secured investment for our children's future... that when everything shall come to pass according to His will... our loving Children will be with us in a better place prepared for all those faithful and obedient families for Christ... and this is the greatest treasure a parent can give as an inheritance to their children... far greater than our "worldly wishes" and accomplishments for them in this modern world.

Glory to God.



By Ryan Anthony M. Bestre

### **Christian not**

You are a Christian  
Or so you claim  
You know the Bible by heart  
Every word, every letter  
Yet do you really know?  
You speak of supposed to's  
Of things that are right in His eyes  
But you're barely righteous yourself  
And it occurs to you  
You are not a Christian  
Never was  
For rarely can you see  
A Christian who claims to be  
And is truly one

By Marian Cheska Denis

### **God loves you**

When you're lost and feeling down  
Just smile and do not frown  
For He will never forsake you  
Because His love is pure and true

When you're sad and feeling blue  
Just come to God and He will comfort you  
For all the trials that you've been through  
You must know that God loves you

In everything I do, I always regret.

When I was writing this literary piece,  
I am regretting because people might assume that this one sucks.  
That it's not worth to be read.

If people don't listen to me,  
All because they think I'm a blabbering nonsense.  
I start to regret.

If things don't go the way I want them to  
Expecting that the outcome would really be bad  
I start to regret.

If people are not pleased with the work I've done,  
I start to regret  
Making me feel that I'm never good at anything at all.

I always regret.  
About myself.  
About my very existence.

Every time I make a move,  
I always think that I've made the wrong one.  
I always remember the past mistakes I've made all throughout my  
life.

"Why is it like this?  
Am I cursed or something far worse?"

### **No Regrets**

By Christopher David Oliva



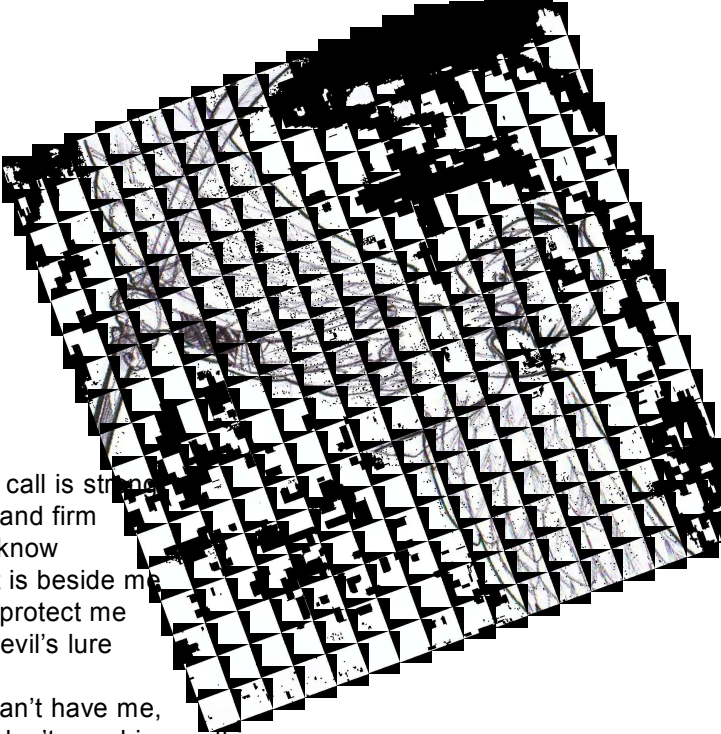
I was trapped in my own demise.  
Encased in a cage of self-pity,  
I don't want to do anything anymore.

Then I saw a light  
A radiance so bright  
A blinding flash that  
Broke the barriers around me.

The light I saw  
Was the presence of Christ our Lord,  
Calling out my name,  
Reaching out for my hand,  
Pulling me out from my own cage.

He told me, "Rise up, my child  
Stand up in times of trouble  
Don't think much about your problems  
For I am here to back you up."

I accepted Christ in my life,  
I allowed Him to become my guide,  
He became the lantern that lit the path I was treading along.  
From that point on,  
I have no regrets  
About my past,  
The silly mistakes,  
And the bad decisions that I've made.



The devil's call is strong  
But I still stand firm  
Because I know  
That Christ is beside me  
In order to protect me  
From the devil's lure

The devil can't have me,  
Because I don't owe him anything,  
For me, the devil is just a test of faith.

The devil always makes me remember of my past mistakes  
Making me regret too much about myself  
But I don't care,  
Because every time the devil reminds me of my past,  
I remind him of his future.

## **Thomas' Heart**

**By Ryan Anthony M. Bestre**

I doubt  
But isn't that smart?  
To question, to test  
To be sure?  
It's sad though  
'Cause I seem not to get the answer  
I'm searching  
I cannot find  
Maybe I'm getting blind  
I pray  
But hesitation chokes my words  
I need death  
I need to be reborn in His love

## **Hope**

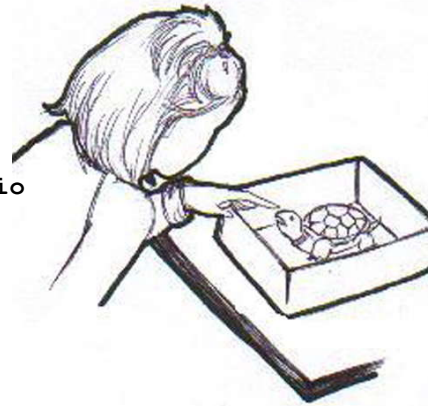
**By Shamae Ramos**

We celebrate the coming of every new year with delight.  
We look up at the color-sprinkled sky,  
And hear the joyful clamors of the world greeting the first dawn.  
We see a new beginning, we feel a new hope, and we share this  
wonderful tradition with our loved ones.  
And to make sure everything is special right from the start,  
We celebrate it with our family.

There was a little turtle  
Who lived in a box,  
Snap, Enamino  
Snap, Enami  
Snap, Enamino  
It did not catch me

### **There was a little turtle**

By Charis Grace Bayla



### **Anything material**

By Rochelle Ann Jadormio

A chair,  
A room,  
A door,  
Locks me in; away from you.

These people,  
These words,  
These eyes,  
Can crash my heart; it weakens.

The food,  
The clothes,  
The road,  
Had been a part of me.

This mind,  
This book,  
This work,  
Pleaded me to lose my path.

The soil,  
The air,  
The world,  
Choked my soul to sickness.

Love,  
Faith,  
God,  
Helped me to survive.

Tut... Tut... Tut... Tut...

By DX3md

1 message received  
it makes you happy  
1 messaged received  
"kaibigan, ang saya"

1 message received  
it makes you lonely  
1 messaged received  
'kaibigan, kadamay mo kami"

1 message received  
may mga " I love you"  
1 message received  
"congrats kaibigan, san ang kasal?"

1 message received  
may mga "break na tayo"  
1 messaged received  
"don't worry kaibigan, nandiyan si Richard..."

1 message received  
penge ng txt mate  
1 messaged received  
mga Young People, palakaibigan

1 message received  
penge ng lovely quotes  
1 message received  
"kaibigan, God's word ang the best"

1 messa.....  
Battery Empty!!!  
"kaibigan, charge muna ako"



\*The Lord is my comforter  
I shall not be in lack  
He provides all my needs  
He keeps me calm  
He brought back what is lost  
He directs me into good path  
Though I encounter many problems in life  
I need not to worry  
Because you my Lord assures me

#### **Psalms 23:1-4**

\*The Lord is my eyes  
I shall not be lost  
He makes me see the right from wrong  
He leads and helps me appreciate His beautiful creation  
He restores my soul  
He guides me in the right path  
of righteousness  
Even though I walk in the  
darkest place I fear no darkness  
For He is my eyes to see the light

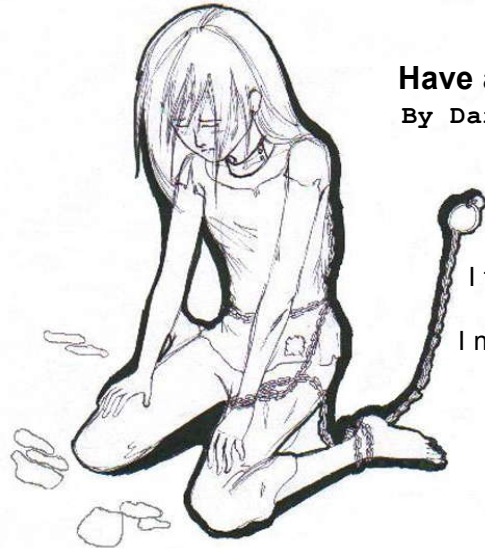
\*The Lord is my book.  
He divides himself into simple topics to make it easy for me to see  
the answers to problems crowding my mind,  
To many questions of the world.  
I can go straight to any subject I want by using His index.  
Sometimes His words are confusing to me so I need to understand;  
His glossary helps and explains the meaning of the word that is new  
to me.  
He shared me all and provided me His knowledge and His wisdom.  
So even when I grow old I would apply all the things He taught me.



\*The Lord is my Bodyguard I shall not fear He is beside me wherever  
I may be...  
And he leads me safe home,  
He guides me to good places for my safety...  
And even if I am stubborn and naughty he never failed to watch  
over me...  
With his mighty hands and watchful eyes I will be comforted and will  
be safe.  
For I know that my Bodyguard is with me.

\*The Lord is my driver, He lets me sit in the most comfortable seat  
in the S.U.V.  
He drives through a smooth road, and he restores my soul.  
He drives on the roads of righteousness for my sake.  
I will not fear any carjackers for He is driving me to safety.





## Have a Time

By Darylle Abance

It's that book,  
The holy book  
I forgot all about it  
I tried but never had time

I never intended to touch it  
Now it's dusty  
What a waste  
I can never read it...

It's a different book  
They call it the Bible  
I've got no interest at all  
I have no time

Now my eyes are shut forever  
I have no chance to read it  
Now I know...  
Here I stay, to suffer the consequences...

*Writer's Note: Its content is based on a few people's life stories from which I've written into one story and one character combined. May you learn from their experiences and may you help or encourage other teenagers who share the same condition.*

## **The Horror**

**By Rochelle Ann Jadormio**

"When I grow up, I want to be just like you, Sigmund." The boy replied as I asked him what he wants to be when he grows up. I cringed at the boy's reply. My classmates and I are in an orphanage for our NSTP2 class. My life has never been easy and I don't want anyone to be just like me.

"No," I told the boy. "You would grow up to be much better, more successful and happier than I am." Happiness - it's the very thing that I never had in my life; my existence. I remembered Aristotle's Nicomachean ethics. In book 1, no.9, he wrote: "If the gods give any bounty at all to man kind, it is likely that happiness is a gift of the gods, especially since it is the best thing in the world for man. The gods or the "Christian God" must hate me then for I never took possession of happiness. It is true that Aristotle also mentioned about obtaining happiness through virtues. I have been virtuous for half of my life and yet I still wasn't happy. A lot of my friends are surprised. They said it's good that I have been raised by a wealthy household. They said it's cool that I have tattoos on my left arm and on my back. They said it's great that I have "the looks" with bee-stung lips and a goatee. They said it's cool that I did two theatre productions during my first two years in college. They said it's nice that I get good grades without flunking a single subject.

"Why so sad?" They wondered. I never asked that question. The truth is I, myself can't figure out the rationality behind this melancholia.

"Riiiiing-riiiiiing!" That was the sound of my alarm clock as it woke me at six in the morning. My room looked dark and gloomy even as I switched the lights on. I searched for my shoes around the four-walled surface of this place. I had my room painted blue, my favorite color. It was suppose to make me feel calm but eventually, I got tired of it that I couldn't stand staying in my room. I started to rush for the bathroom – to take a shower and get dressed. *Time is running fast*, I thought. The truth is, all my classes are held on afternoons. I just wanted to get out of this big, old, gloomy house as early as I can. I never felt this place was a home; it takes me to a higher level of depression.

It was officially 7:00 a.m. as I entered a narrow hallway into a little coffee shop. It was cozy, to be fair with. But it looked suffocating with just a little window on the right far side of the place, with all the chain smokers who are gathered at each corner. I scanned the place for my friends who I regularly meet in this cozy, old, suffocating coffee shop. I spotted Dana, sitting alone at the left side of the room.

"Hi, Sigmund!" she greeted as I joined her at the coffee table.

"Why aren't you drinking coffee?" I asked as I eyed her taking a puff of cigarette.

"I don't feel like it. I want to drink beer." She smiled.

"But it's too early!" I frowned. Her face started to look serious.

"OK, what's wrong?" I finally asked reading from her eyes that something must have gone wrong.

"It's my mother," she started. "She left us again this morning." A tear fell from her eye. I didn't move nor uttered a word. I didn't know what to do. I just felt sorry for her.

"So," she blurted as she brushed the tear away from her cheek, looking at me as if she was asking a question.

"What do you mean?" I was puzzled.

"Aren't you going to the pub with me?" She looked sincere.

"For pete's sake Dana, the beer house is closed at this time of the morning!" I practically yelled that other people who are sitting near us paused at their on-going conversations. Others were smiling at me. Others met my eyes with their snotty glares. "How about Ferdz, Tony, Aaron, and your boyfriend, aren't you going to wait for them?" I added in a softer tone.

"I can call my boyfriend anytime but I don't know about the rest. They haven't been hanging out with us lately." She reminded.

"I'm sure they'd show up." I said, hoping.

I glanced at Dana as I ordered a cup of black coffee from the counter. She was wearing a bright red shirt, the opposite of what she felt. She smiled as I returned to the table with my coffee. I like having Dana around. She was the only person whom I've ever confided my feelings of deep sadness. I stared at her staring at the realist painting of an old man on the wall facing our table. Her hair was a mess but she has nice, big eyes and tiny lips – like that of a Japanese cartoon. Most people are surprised that I'm not attracted to her at all. I'm not really sure if she's pretty but most guys think she is. I see her as my blood sister. But sometimes, I get the feeling that she's starting to drift away from me. I sometimes feel like she's no longer like a sister or a dear friend but a mere acquaintance, especially when she's with her boyfriend. I don't blame them though. As for me, I don't need a girlfriend. I used to be in a relationship with Alice. Too bad, I messed things up for her. The poor girl had to deal with my jealousy and possessiveness all the time that we were together. She called me through her cell phone one night, saying that it's over. After one heck of a year, it's over.

"Let's go." Dana told me later, glancing at her watch. "It's already 9:30. I told'ya, they wouldn't show up." Dana was triumphant.

"No, you didn't." I reminded. But I felt lonelier. I felt abandoned by my own friends. Ever since the midterms had started, the rest of

my friends had stopped hanging out with us. Before we left, I suddenly caught my self looking at the painting. I might grow old to be like him; sad, old and lonely.

"Here kitty, kitty!" Max said as I sat on a seat beside him before our class later that afternoon.

"You brought your cat to school?" I asked in surprise, looking at the black little kitten with bright, green eyes inside a shoe box.

"It's for you." He said in a mocking tone. "It has come to bring you bad luck!"

"I don't believe in luck and superstitions, Mr. Old Wizard"

"It's for our theater presentation, remember Mr. Director?" Max reminded in a more serious tone.



"Oh, shoot! I forgot! What am I suppose to do now?" I exclaimed in false hysteria racking his chair as hard as I could.

"Stop it!" he exclaimed in laughter. "So what's up?" He asked as we settled ourselves from all the excitement.

"Dana was drunk again this morning." I touched my head like I was having a terrible headache.

"And she still went to school."

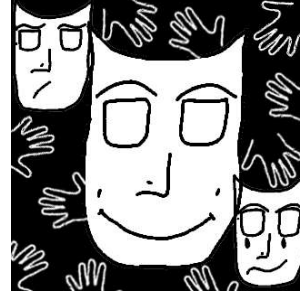
"She came to school drunk?"

Max laughed.

"It's not funny."

I walked back and forth in an empty dressing room of the theatre. *Three more hours and the big night is about to start.* I glanced at my watch. It was only five in the afternoon. I had worked so hard for this production for weeks. I felt like everything bound to

happen here would be my responsibility. As the director, I felt nervous and depressed at the same time. I felt my world collide when I learned earlier that all my friends can't come and watch my own work. *Didn't they know that this is a big thing for me?* Backstage, the actors and actresses went back and forth. I ordered them to relax. But deep down, I was the one who needed to relax. The choir was rehearsing, their tone was monotonous. I wanted to yell at them but I stopped myself. *They wouldn't be able to make it right*, I thought and I was worried. I felt my heart thumped wildly and my knees were shaking. *This has to stop*. The show hasn't started yet and I'm already nervous. I went for the exit...I suddenly found myself in a nearby grocery store holding two cans of beer.



A few hours later, I found myself backstage once again. I did my job hastily. The presentation, my masterpiece has already started yet I barely took notice as time passed by. The alcohol quickly lost its effect on me as I have spoken a welcome speech on stage, earlier before the show began. Then and there, without any warning, this dark, cold feeling worsened. I started to take very little notice of everyone including Max. I brushed past him without a word... The actors were running to and fro... Some had lost their costumes, others were quarreling about petty things like make-up and hairstyle. Two girls were having a feud over a certain boyfriend. *Not in this time and place, for pete's sake!* From time to time, I peeped to see what's happening on stage. Carmen, our lead actress was about to deliver a romantic line that was suppose to touch others' hearts. But all I heard was laughter. The audience found it hilarious. I, on the other hand, was furious.

Without any warning, I began to feel terrified and more depressed than usual. I began hearing voices and laughter. I started seeing things that weren't really there at all. I started to lose confidence in myself as the director. I started to realize how pathetic I am. I began to think that this whole thing was a big failure. The audience was cheering but I've taken it as an insult. I felt ridiculed and unimportant. Everyone backstage was busy, walking past me – and I was left alone. The voices and laughter were still there but I was in denial. I went for the bathroom to check if the voices were real. It was supposed to be silent in there. But the voices lingered on, talking all at the same time beyond my comprehension. On my way out, I could see odd-looking people staring at me. But as I walked towards them, they started to vanish away – like ghosts. I began to feel a lot more terrified because I could see different shapes and figures everywhere together with the voices.... I headed for the dressing room. The actors were surprised at my entrance but I didn't care. I went straight in front of the mirror. I couldn't see my reflection clearly. I realized that my vision got blurry and my hallucination was still there! There were incomprehensible shapes on my face and I felt ugly. It took me a whole minute to realize that the actors in the room were talking to me. I looked at them, confused. They were trying to say something but I couldn't make out any of the words spoken to me. I heard the eerie voices. I stared at them, watched their lips move.

There were  
these voices,  
laughter,  
hallucination,  
worthlessness,  
fear – they were  
just in my head.

"What? What? What? What?" I repeated. It was useless. I just waved at them and left. On my way out I avoided people who tried to talk to me – even the producer, the stage designer and the

events manager. I felt ten knives stabbed on my heart. There were these voices, laughter, hallucination, worthlessness, fear – they were just in my head. The worst part was no one knew what was going on inside me. I felt like a freak, I knew this isn't normal. It's the scariest thing that had ever happened to me.

I decided to walk briskly around without a care in the world. I started for the stairs step by step as the voices and the pain in my heart continued on....I found myself at the rooftop of the building. I suddenly felt a cold hand gripping my arm. I turned to see. It was Max with his black cat. He seemed cheerful with a big smile on his face. He was blurting something out. I smiled back and pretended that I could hear him and was amused by his story. We walked together downstairs. I felt annoyed and envious at his happiness – but if it wasn't for Max, I would've jumped off the building....the voices were still driving me mad....I ran for the exit. I couldn't take it anymore. I didn't care about the show anymore.

I decided to walk home. It was a dark, cold night. The voices grew louder. It became worst. I met my ex-girlfriend, Alice along the way, holding hands with a tall, thin guy. She has this sweet smile on her face when she saw me. I didn't smile back. I wasn't feeling well. She was about to say something but I shoved her away. I was angry....and scared. *Relax*, I told myself. *Two more blocks away and you're home*. Yes, for the first time in my life, I longed for home.

The wind was blowing hard...even the sound of the wind seemed like voices to me. *One more block*...but as I came across our neighbor's yard, I saw people dancing and laughing. They were having fun. I motioned forward to take a better look at the scene...the people had vanished. *This can't be!* I ran as fast as I could. I entered our door without knocking, without greeting anyone. I didn't care. I ran upstairs to my room....the voices had followed me there. I dived into my bed, into a sea of pillows and sweet dreams. I struggled to sleep, to make everything go away. I closed my eyes



tightly. *Sleep, just sleep and when you wake up everything would be normal again.*

"Riiii-riiiiing!" My clock woke me and I cried. I poured out my confusion, my melancholia, and everything that happened. The voices had vanished. But the sad, cold, hurtful feeling of ten knives stabbed on my heart was still there. I started throwing my pillows and other things that I could grab against the lifeless, cold walls of my room. I felt pathetic, I felt unloved and unwanted. I placed my hands on my face...and I forced myself to sleep again.

I stayed in bed for five whole days. I didn't go to school and I barely touched my food. But my mom visited my room every morning or night or whenever she could find time. She always came with a tray full of food. She offered to take me for professional help. I refused. I denied the reality of my emotional instability.

The next day, I woke up just to hear the vague and eerie voices again, haunting me like ghosts, taking me into captive like pirates. I became hysterical. I started yelling. I ran back and forth across my bedroom. *I couldn't take it! This has to end!* I searched for things in my closet....until I found an old, rusty blade. I started cutting my wrists. The pain was my ally. It somehow made the voices go away. *The pain in my body makes me forget the pain in my soul.*

"Sigmund!" My mom caught me in the act. She was shocked but she grabbed the blade away from me. Her hands were shaking and she started to wail. "Please don't give up on life, Sigmund. You're young and life has a lot of good things to offer you. You have to learn to fight, my son. I know you're strong, please fight." For the first time in my life, I realized how much my mother loved me.

Later that afternoon, Max came to visit. He invited me to their church. I started to refuse but Max's convincing power was strong. I've come to realize that Max is one true friend. We entered into a narrow door into a place quite small for a church. It's been years

since I have been to any kind of church. I used to be a Christian. I was baptized when I was twelve or thirteen years old. Max was surprised when I told him about this. My faith slowly wore away as I started to learn new principles, ideals and philosophies in college. The church event has started (I don't know what it's called.) Everyone has big smile on their faces that you couldn't tell whose phony from who's real. But it didn't matter. From the moment I entered, I felt comfortable. I felt safe. I felt tranquil like God was really present among us here. *Don't be stupid. There is no logical, rational or scientific proof of God's existence*, I thought. But as I stayed longer, God's existence is undeniable. *That's why it's called faith, silly. You don't need any proof in order to believe. Otherwise, it wouldn't be faith at all*, I scolded myself. For the first time in years, I started to feel good. Everyone was gathered in a circle and I



couldn't believe that I felt welcome. I felt loved. I felt accepted for who I really am. I felt blessed. I felt forgiven yet I still felt sinful. I felt like this isn't the place for me. I felt like I don't really belong....I stood on my feet...

I started to run swiftly like the wind. I ran past the door of the church and I ran along the streets. I thought about how wonderful the

Christians were. I thought about how good I felt. I didn't stop from running. I thought about the tranquility, about my first years of being a Christian. I thought about what I've suddenly become. I continued on running. I thought about love, acceptance, forgiveness and, happiness – it was most of the things I've missed for years now. Suddenly, I got tripped by a stone. I fell, face-down on a puddle of water. I stood up quickly then a tear fell from my eye, not because I got hurt. But because there was joy in my heart – I stood up when I



## **I need to hear it from you**

**By DX3md**

I've been away for a little while  
And I don't like where it takes me  
Out of touch I'm going out of my mind  
It really breaks me in time like this

So, here I am all alone  
I'm waiting for you  
Just a word to get me through

My whole world is turning upside down  
When I'm lacking in direction  
I don't care if it takes me all night  
I need to feel your sweet affection

So, let me hear words of life  
I'm lost without you  
Speak to me the way you do.

I've been here in this place before  
And you're not the one to blame  
I need to know what you have in store  
So, I'm on my knees calling out your name

I need to hear from you, deep inside my heart  
Just a still small voice is going to get me through  
So, I'm waiting  
Waiting just to hear from you.

**Rage** By Rochelle Ann Jadormio

Adversity; is this the thing that keeps you trying?  
I'm on the verge of terror,  
Searching for something,  
To erase all these errors.

With these mistakes done,  
I stand, I breathe, I drive,  
These times that will soon be gone,  
And yet I'm still alive.

I question my existence,  
I'm not a docile person; just a closed door,  
This point in time is such a nuisance  
I feel like I'm all ready at the core.

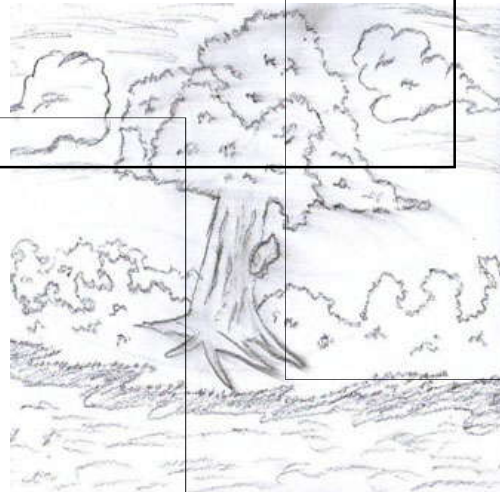
You say I'm such an angry person;  
I hate this day I hate all things  
Yet I can't find a reason,  
To smile and love all things.

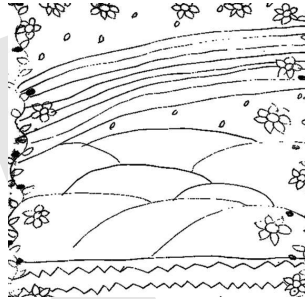
My rage is placed upon you,  
I seek, I bleed, I cry to my own discovery,  
That my anger is upon MY OWN SELF; NOT YOU,  
And I rest for my recovery.

## **Experience... life**

**By Ryan Anthony M. Bestre**

Life is more than breathing,  
eating, and sleeping.  
More than a college degree  
and achievements.  
It's more than growing up,  
getting a good job, and  
building a family.  
So much more than parties  
and dinner with friends.  
For unless you see, smell,  
taste, and feel,  
you'll live on but will realize  
that there is more to life  
than that!



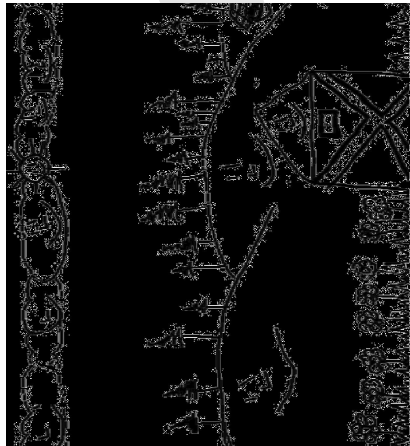


## Beautiful Day

By Mahaysha W. Kitma

What a beautiful day!  
God has given us today  
See the flowers blooming  
And hear the birds chirping

What a beautiful day!  
I feel so gay  
Look at the mountains full of trees  
And the river with many fish.



What a wonderful day!  
My friends and I can play  
The sky is clear and blue  
The sun is bright in golden  
hue.

I Thank God for this  
beautiful day  
For everything I saw today,  
I will care each day.

## **Life, love, and other mysteries**

**By DX3md**

Some say that life is a string of romances  
To some, it's a series of choices and chances  
While some only live for the curious dances  
Of whatever music's at hand

And some look for love in the eyes of a stranger  
And some love the thrill for the edges of danger  
But I have found joy in a world filled with anger  
Because I finally understand

I cannot reason with men in defiance  
Or try to explain all the mysteries in science  
I'm just a child in the face of giants  
But I never face them alone.

When it seems that my heart is surrounded  
When all of our questions of life have been sounded  
I rest in the hope where my faith has been grounded  
I do not fear the unknown

You are the Lord of life, Love and Other Mysteries  
You know my history  
You know my future  
I find in you all I need to know







Keep your light away from me,  
I shall dwell in the darkness,  
What's the use of giving in to the star?  
When I was left abandoned and empty,  
I don't deserve your goodness, dear  
I am but a little girl,  
Whose spirit was stamped out,  
By the mundane countenance of life itself,  
Keep your compassion away from me,  
I shall be strong in evil's attack,  
I barely know of care and happiness,  
I shall stay in the darkest den,  
Adversity had been my shelter,  
It's what I've always known as home,  
I don't deserve your care, my dear,  
But yet, I wonder why you're here,  
Keep your friendship away from me,  
I shall die alone,  
Loneliness had been my friend,  
Sorrow was my sole companion,  
I don't deserve your love, my dear,  
I wasn't born to be exposed,  
To such wonderful things,  
But I shall never forget you,

You're the most wonderful being,  
That I have ever gazed upon.

### **Souvenir (A ray of light)**

**By Rochelle Ann Jadormio**

## **FAERIE-DRAWN AGENTS**

**By Rochelle Ann Jadormio**

I sit and stare,  
I look around,  
These pages; I tear,  
I find no ground.

The needle pricks my heart,  
Deeper and deeper,  
As my rationality departs,  
From one river to another.

The ocean of emotions,  
Had drowned my soul,  
Though my body cautions,  
To an endless bowl.

This medicine; I take,  
To cure my worries,  
For happiness' sake,  
In a thousand stories.

I rely on these,  
Faerie-drawn agents,  
For heavenly bliss,  
As lively water currents.

Although earthly heaven,  
Is temporarily within,  
My heart's not strengthened  
Not sustained.



## KoRNI

By Ryan Anthony M. Bestre

"Ay, korni!" sabi ng ale sa tindahan  
"Korni!" sigaw ng sigang tambay  
Lahat korni...  
Korning kanta, korning joke, korning tao...  
Wowowee, korni, pero patok na patok  
Pati itong tulang ito na parang di tula, korni;  
Pero binabasa pa rin...  
Isn't it ironic?  
Don't you think?  
Korni talaga!  
Pagbigyan na po ang kakornihan ng mundo...













## **The Void**

**By Rochelle Ann Jadormio**

She walks along the seashore,  
With her black coat on,  
And her coal-rimmed eyes as black,  
She just walks along,  
For she has her mother's eyes,  
And his father's lips,  
She dreads what she looks like,  
She sees herself and trips,  
She hides herself within those clothes,  
And she is so alone,  
She loved the freedom of running,  
Across the grayish street,  
But hates the gloom that feeds her,  
When she runs alone,  
She sees life as jig-saw puzzle,  
And a piece is missing,  
She looked for it around the town,  
She never did find it,  
The void is still killing her,  
It must soon be filled,  
If she misses it forever,  
She'd soon vanish away.

## contents

<b>ANYTHING MATERIAL</b>	by rochelle ann jadormio...	p. 19
<b>BEAUTIFUL DAY</b>	by mahaysha w. kitma...	p. 38
<b>CHRISTIAN NOT</b>	by ryan anthony m. bestre...	p. 14
<b>EXPERIENCE... LIFE</b>	by ryan anthony m. bestre...	p. 37
<b>FAERIE-DRAWN AGENTS</b>	by rochelle ann jadormio...	p. 43
<b>FAITH</b>	by shamae ramos...	p. 7
<b>GOD LOVES YOU</b>	by marian cheska denis...	p. 14
<b>HAVE A TIME</b>	by darylle abance...	p. 24
<b>HOPE</b>	by shamae ramos...	p. 18
<b>I NEED TO HEAR IT FROM YOU</b>	by dx3md...	p. 35
<b>I WONDER</b>	by rochelle ann jadormio...	p. 8
<b>KORNI</b>	by ryan anthony m. bestre...	p. 44
<b>LATE</b>	by ryu pepi...	p. 5
<b>LIFE, LOVE, AND OTHER MYSTERIES</b>	by dx3md...	p. 39
<b>MY LOST SOUL</b>	by angelica wagang...	p. 4
<b>NIKE</b>	by dx3md...	p. 7
<b>NO REGRETS</b>	by christopher david oliva...	p. 15
<b>PSALMS 23:1-4</b>	by the yps...	p. 22
<b>RAGE</b>	by rochelle ann jadormio...	p. 36
<b>SOUVENIR (A RAY OF LIGHT)</b>	by rochelle ann jadormio...	p. 42
<b>THE GREATEST TREASURE IS ETCHED IN THEIR HEARTS</b>	by jojo ramos...	p. 9
<b>THE HORROR</b>	by rochelle ann jadormio...	p. 25
<b>THERE WAS A LITTLE TURTLE</b>	by charis grace bayla...	p. 19
<b>THE VOID</b>	by rochelle ann jadormio...	p. 49
<b>THOMAS' HEART</b>	by ryan anthony m. bestre ...	p. 18
<b>TUT... TUT... TUT... TUT...</b>	by dx3md...	p. 20
<b>YOUNG PEOPLE</b>	by mayette dayrit...	p. 3

**EDITORS**

ryan anthony m. bestre  
rochelle ann jadormio

**PUBLICATION MANAGERS**

denise abance  
dan gil geron  
eden mariano

**ARTS AND GRAPHICS**

darylle abance  
denise abance  
alton mark bayla  
charis grace bayla  
jesse reuben bestre  
mayette dayrit  
daniel dranciang  
dan gil geron  
eden mariano  
christopher david oliva  
aldian po  
amber po  
sarah valdez  
angelica wagang  
mark yang  
michael yang  
michelle yang

**ADVISER**

arnan bayla

**CONTRIBUTORS**

midtown yps

editorial staff