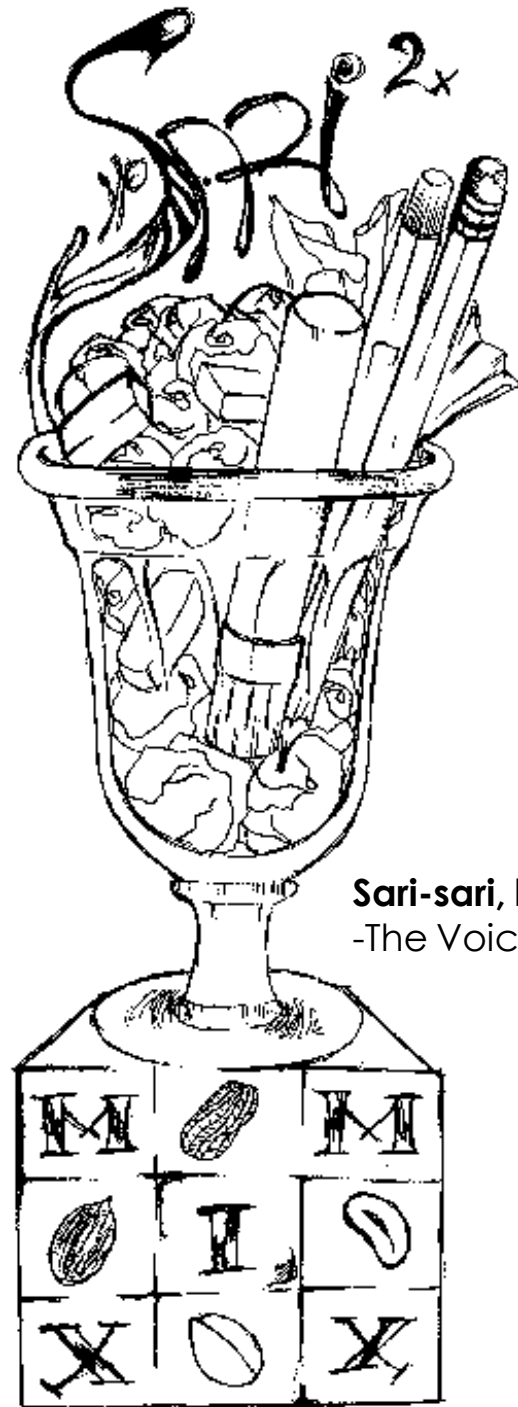




Sari-sari, halo-halo, mix-mix
-The Voice Literary Edition 2



Sari-sari, halo-halo, mix-mix
-The Voice Literary Edition 2

The Voice Literary
Edition 2 is another
showcase of the
many talents of
Midtown's YPs.
Their thoughts,
feelings, and
complexities all
captured in each
photo, drawing,
and article exude
naiveté, depth, and
vision. Read on
and once again,
rekindle the voice
within...

foreword

Of Mice and Men

A blank page waiting for its story,
Possibilities and opportunities will be its reality,
Freedom expressed in every way.
No limits...

Driven into a realm of false hope,
Feebleness dissipates,
No dilemmas, no boundaries.
No set backs...

A dent in the conscience starts to unveil,
Once clouded mind is now sheer,
Remorse covers actions.
No way back...

Mutilation of hope, destruction of ambition,
Tainted memories never fade,
A regretful heart calls.
No more chance...

All is left are the simple plans of mice and men...

-Set



In My Corner
-Mahaysha Kitma

Ang Misteryo ng Kahon

Nais kong makita,
Ang nilalaman ng kahon,
Sapagka't sa labas,
Ito'y nakakasilaw.

Katotohanan nga ba,
Ang mga pangarap nating makamundo?
Ngunit nangarap ka din ba,
Ng higit pa dito?

Ang iyong kahon,
Sa labas ay makulay,
Ngunit walang nakakaalam,
Ng nilalaman nito.

Maraming nakakahusga,
Sa anyo nitong panglabas,
Sa mga kagustuhan nating makamundo,
May kagustuhan ka bang maka langit?

Sa mundo nating mapanghusga,
Tanging ang May Kapal,
Ang nakakaalam,
Ng nilalaman ng kahon mo.

-Rochelle Ann Jadormio

The Voice

Tara na't ibahagi ang boses ng kabataan
Henyo ka man o ordinaryo, hindi naman 'yun basehan
Eto na nga at pangalawang issue na ito

Very good! Sabi ng maraming tao.
Okay ang lahat ng estilo basta't ikaw ang may akda
Importante ay galling sa iyong puso at diwa
Choice mo rin kung English, Tagalog, o anumang salita
Express yourself! Sabi nga ng patalastas di ba.

-Jamielyn Yaneza

Famished

I hunger for knowledge that I may not be
ignorant
I hunger for wisdom that I may be wise
I hunger for truth that I may see
I hunger for grace that I may be saved
I hunger for the words that will feed me to
the fullest
I hunger for strength that I may be able to
put the words into action
And then, I hunger... no more.

-Denise Jane Abance



Don't Leave Me, Read Me
-idmirtskeid

Young Once

"Hala, kuya, ulyanin ka na; sign lang iyan ng tumatanda..." Isa lang iyan sa mga nababanggit namin sa ilang kuya sa Young People. Basta may mga pangungutyang tulad nito, sasagot naman sina Kuya Emben at Kuya Dan-git ng "Tatanda rin kayo, kala niyo ha!"

"Pero mas matanda pa rin kayo sa amin," banat naman ng girls sa pangunguna ni Sheema na tiyak susundan ng kanyang malutong na halakhak.

Grabe ang asaran sa Young People lalo na kung age ang pinag-uusapan. Pero hindi lang diyan umiikot ang mundo ng YPs. Meron din kaming mga masasayang gigs at samahan bilang mga Kristiyano. Kaya naman sa isang taon at mahigit na naging close sa kanila, marami na rin akong natutunan hindi lang tungkol sa kanilang pamilya, kaibigan, ka-ibigan, kundi pati sa pagiging Kristiyano.

Sa YPs ko nalaman na puwedeng-puwede naman palang magsaya at i-enjoy ang pagiging isang youth na wala ang mga bisyong pag-inom ng alak, paninigarilyo, pagdi-disco, at pag-uwi ng hating-gabing lasing. Imbes na ganito, puwede namang mag-movie marathon sa bahay ng kasama, mag-dunkin o mag-mister donut at magkuwentuhan, mag-stroll at mag window shopping, mag-hiking sa Sto. Tomas kahit hindi sanay sa lakaran, videoke sessions at ipakita ang galing sa kantahan, o kaya'y mag-overnight at magkaroon ng isang madramang pag-uusap tungkol sa mga problema.

Ang tanong ngayon eh hanggang kelan naman natin puwedeng gawin ang mga ito? Puwede pa ba kahit medyo matanda na? Siguro, pero malabong forever na makikisama sa mga young ones. Minsan talaga eh ayaw nating aminin na tumatanda na tayo; na kung maaari lang eh Young People palagi. Kaya nga nang mag-bente ako noong Agosto, mahirap amining wala na ako sa "teen" years.

Nakakatawa dahil nakahanap na rin sina Kuya Emben ng pang-asar sa akin. Minsang naglalakad kami patungong SLU Gonzaga gate, nasalubong namin ang ilang

continued...

kaklase kong sophomores. Ang tanong sa akin, "ATE, pupunta ka ba mamaya?" Mula noo'y "kinanchawan" na akong ate ng Education Department ng school.

Tumatanda na nga ako pero okay lang. I don't care, basta I'll still continue to enjoy my remaining young years in the way I know, the Christian way...

-Kesha Kitma



Leap

-Abigail Kitma

My Best Friend

(dedicated to Redempto Aguila)

I have my best friend since birth...
He gave me a name after his name
He's very happy,
When he held me,
As if he is the best dad
In the world.

He took care of me,
Played with me,
He taught me everything,
And even danced with me,
He loved me so much
He saw me in beauty.

He did everything for me,
Just to make me happy,
He made toys for me,
Cooked and told me stories
He supported me in everything.

I love my best friend so much
He offered his shoulders for me to cry on
I told my problems to him
And even when my mother scolded,
He's my protector.
I just call him and immediately he's
There beside me.

But now...
He's sick, suffering from pain and is very weak.
I cried and cried
Because of what he said,
"I'm going to die"
It caused me so much pain.

continued...

7

So I took care of him just like what he did to me,
I did everything for him to survive
I felt weak, but I tried to be strong

And he asked me to hug him
I don't know if that will be the last,
But still I hugged him.
Then I left him for a good reason.

Then I found out that he's gone,
I was shocked and then I cried so hard
I did not see him for the last time
It's because of my pleasures
I forgot him,
Yet, he still remembered my
Birthday and then he cried

I realized that he really
Missed me so much,
After all the mean things I did to him,
He still loved me,
And I thanked God that I found a best friend
In the world
And I will cherish him forever.

-Redeena Thea Aguila

Forever

Forever shall I be silenced
Silenced in the depths of my mellow voice shouting for
your love...

Forever shall I drown
Drown in the shallowness of you...

Forever shall I dream of you,
But forever shall you remain awake...

Forever will I declare my love in words unspoken...
But forever shall you be deafened by another voice...

Forever shall I reach out for your hand
But forever will your hands remain clasped, laced with
another man...

Forever shall I remain beside you
But forever shall remain adjacent to his arms...

Forever shall you live in me
But forever shall remain dead to you...

Forever shall I wonder how many forevers there exist
For you shall wonder too...
Wrapped in the gaze of another man...
But still...
Forever shall I remain in love with you...

-Jean Karlo B. Ganga

Chance

Everybody has a chance...
A chance to live
A chance to make a choice
A chance to change
A chance to forgive
A chance to repent
A chance to follow God's word
And a chance to have friends
But if it's too late, we will be the ones sorry

-Brian Colcol

Praying

Why are we praying?
Who are we praying for?
When are you praying?
What are you praying for?
How do you pray?
Do you pray?
Are you praying at all?

-Jesse Reuben Bestre



Mr. Right
-Eden Grace Mariano

The Constant Horizon (To the One I Love)

It was the year of fire. Everywhere I turn, the winds are like flames which cast destruction to where the flames rest on. Everything was destined to burn as it was destined to change. In this year, change has a power as a fire consumes. Change was a coin that has two sides- it devastated me or it made me rejoice. Among many others, I was unaware of the burning flames. Instead, possibilities weren't that much to me. I felt the unwavering wind but I just didn't care to notice. I continued to confirm to the daily walks of men. I thought it was always the same, people counting papers with the seething wounds of the mundane. I never cared for what others thought. I never cared for what others said or did. My world revolved around my own self. I was my own master. I was my own slave. I wore a coat of vanity with tinges of insecurities. For me, it was perfect. Loneliness was my home. I just got used to it like an unnoticed portrait hanging on the wall. I was like some of the others who get in a crowd and still get lonely. I stood on the ground of friendship and yet I still felt alone.

Time burned in flames that I didn't know how I first noticed him. I never cared for anyone before like I did for him. Our eyes met. I would like to be lost forever in his gaze. But the boys in black and the girls in white are laughing at my being. I cringe at this picture. I get scared. I get tired of the boys in black with the countenance of men who loved then change their minds, who leave their women crying, who left when they got what they wanted. I have sympathy for the girls in white with the countenance of women who can risk their lives for the sake of their men, who patiently wait for a guy named Right, who loved too much and get nothing in return. This picture in black and white never meant to scare but it's painted all throughout the world. So I got on being lonely just to keep me safe. But in the midst of this faceless crowd, I can't help it but to care for him. But a wall was already between us, painted in black and white.



continued...

It was the year of hope. The fire consumed what's left of black and white. Instead, there was grey. I suddenly want to risk it all for him. Time wasn't the enemy. The wall between us has vanished through time. It was through time where I've realized that there is a space within me. This space was only made complete through love. As I gaze upon him, his whole being shows through his eyes. And I can tell that I really do love him. I long to be at home in his warm embrace. It is when I'm with him where I realize my own existence. He is my other, mirroring my own truth. And yet he remains a part of me. I wouldn't



feel complete without him. Clichés got over-used in time but they meant well. And I mean what I say. Like borrowed sentiments from past memories, they have a voice that tells us what's real.

It was the year of trust. The fire devoured my little fears of checkered pictures – of biases and dishonesty, of what I see beyond beauty and ambitions of men. It was in this stage where clichés spoke again – relationships are built on trust. It seemed easy when you are the viewer but it gets harder when you have to play the part of a captain. I got shipwrecked before. It would be harder for me to navigate through the stormy seas of trust...but love is an adventure and it wouldn't happen without trust. I had to conceal to him the hidden façade of my being not because this is the way to read the map of adventure but because I love him – with whom I really am.

"Do you love me?" I asked. "I love you. I love you." I gaze upon the sky. Love is a cloudless blue sky, a starry summer night, a cup of coffee. The peaceful blueness of the

B

continued...

sky brings comfort. It cradles your very soul. The starry night brings bliss. It lets you forget your cares away. It's a constant reminder that there's more to life. A cup of coffee brings sympathy; it satisfies your craving for affection. He is my blue sky, my starry night, and my cup of coffee. He's all that I got when I get so careless and I mess things up.

"You take things for granted," a college dean once told me. It's true. I took for granted the ticking of the clock, or the way the numbers calculate among themselves in algebra, or the written rules in a booklet. I let time slip by. I let myself fall without a care at all. I took things for granted when I wasted four years in a university chewing gum, passing notes, and cutting classes. But I cared about the way the rain fell. I cared about the color of the sky. I cared about abstract concepts like love, care, trust...which deem the eyes blind. I care for him and everything about him. I don't want to take him for granted. I could never take him for granted.

Checking reality, count 1, 2, 3...How can we tell if our love is real?

It was love. The fire may have ceased. The cup may be empty. The plate may be filled with crumbs. The years may have passed. But love never left. It was God. His Being is Love and his substance is eternity.

-Rochelle Ann Jadormio

Pessimist

What is the point? You go on with life's nuances and in the end what do you get? You feel accomplished... And that's it? And what would you consider an accomplishment in the first place? That which is perceived to be by the standards of the world?



We claim to be different, unique if you please. But I say we're not. We've become a society of robots. Shiny, so modern, technology at its best. Lifelike, eating, breathing, alive... but dead. Dead and cold inside.

Marching on. Living, working for something that keeps on eluding us. Searching for something, who knows what. What's your goal? Your purpose? To build a family, to have a successful career, to be rich. Choose among the patterns programmed for you. Just go along with the flow. Sometimes you'll be sad and fulfilled at other times. But it's okay. That's normal. It's human nature. It sounds stupid, it seems, but that's the reality.

Vanity, Solomon said when once upon a time he stumbled upon the realization about the continuous revolving of the earth; on and on it goes with the relentless toiling. Yet it's all meaningless.

But God is the answer. He would complete the missing piece. It's so cliché, I know, and somewhat too good to be true. I'm a man of faith or so I believe but Thomas might have been my ancestor. And I ask again, what's the point? What really is the point of everything?

We make our own realities, our own destinies. But maybe that's what we're made to believe in. Because in fact, it's all a conspiracy. We are but pawns in this whole made up universe...

But life is a choice. You choose to be the person you are. You choose to believe. You choose to be ignorant. You choose between sanity and the comfort of the unreal. You choose to exist. You choose life...

-Ryan Anthony M. Bestre

5

Deutoronomio Bente Nuebe Bente Nuebe

Pofpat hpove hpeqa lepe ehn hpove et ev
Pove et hezejep ze petavael hpe vopahp
Hpenem jixjez zel eseq ze puez ve
Nojom hpomovepepen ep zehec ehn zen

May mga tanong na hindi natin masagot...
Tanging Diyos lang ang nakakaalam...
May mga bagay na hindi natin dapat malaman...
Tanging salita ng Diyos ang siyang dapat nating pag-
aralan...
May mga pangyayari na hindi natin maintindihan...
Tanging ang Diyos lamang ang may dahilan...

Hindi lahat ng bagay ay para sa atin...
Naibigay na ang dapat nating alamin...
Sapat na ang nakasulat na siyang naipahayag...
Nasa atin na ang pag-unawa at pagiging masunurin...
Ang mga katanungan sa magulong isipan...
Bigyang pansin ang sagot na ating pakikingatan...

-idmirtskeid

Crazy

I want to laugh but I can't
I'm crying but I'm laughing
I want to sleep but I can't
I want to go home but I don't want to be home
I hate school but I love school
I'm bored but I'm happy
I feel crazy saying these things

But the truth is...
I'm telling the truth! So help me, God...

-Darryle Jane Abance

Complete

I searched everywhere, far and near
Just to find something to fill the void in me
Something to make me complete

I know I've been looking for it
But truth be told, I don't know what I'm looking for
I don't know if it is a name, a face, a place or a memory

As time goes by
I grew tired of looking
I wanted to quit and accept that I would never fill that
void
But then, something happened...

Just as I was in solitude
Someone approached me
I could not see what or who He was for there was a light
Behind Him that's too blinding
He told me that the thing to fill my void was with me all
along
I just had to look...

Then it hit me,
It was Him
He was the one to fill the void.

I then read about Him in the Bible
Studied His words
Do as He commands me to

And as I continue on following Him
I realized that because of Him, our Master, our Savior,
Jesus Christ
I am now complete

-Diane Colcol

Reality

Everything will end
Everything will change
Everything will hurt you
But you don't know when
Everything has its negative side
Everything has its intention
Just face it
Deal with all these things
It's the only way to overcome it

-Sheema Valdez

Taste of Love

I have tasted it already
Often its flavor is salty
It makes my day glorious
Lucky and fastidious

But when the cup size salt overflows
Its taste becomes very pointed
An eerie path, there it goes
As I lay sad on my bed

But eternally it's sweet
Yummy for its every bite
To my heart, it is fit
Makes me feel cool and light

That's the common taste of love
Salty, bitter, and sweet
But the greatest is God's love
For we are saved by it.

-Edward Trifon





Awake

"Good morning"

Dark, silent, motionless; things you feel and sense or do when you are asleep in your bed. But how do you know you are asleep? Isn't it dark, silent, or motionless in reality? How can you tell if you are or not dreaming of a dark, silent, and motionless atmosphere?

Beep! Beep! Beep! Does that answer your question? By hearing that you realize you were asleep all along. By hearing that you open your eyes from the dull, lifeless darkness and encounters a blinding scorching light that brings pain to your eyes. By hearing that the calm, peaceful silence turns to a loud and annoying sound. By hearing that your stable, relaxed, motionless body is shaken, moved, and broken. And instead of feeling great that a new day has started, you wish it had never begun at all...

Beep! Beep! Beep! Once and for all you answer the call, eager to end the cause of all disturbances and as soon as you answer a voice tells you, "Good morning..."

The irony...

D

continued...

“Or”

You're lying in bed, awaken from slumber. Now the day really begins, and there are always two options in everything in everyday. Some may think of more than two but let's just talk of only two.

In bed, you think if you should get up now so you can get to school early or wake up a little later so you can get more energy and arrive in school late. After you've made your decision you think while sitting on your bed that is on the top bunk if you should jump out to shock your body or climb down the ladder to prevent sudden injuries. By the time your feet touch the floor you think if you are to take a bath and feel the cold water run down your skin or skip a bath so you could get to school earlier.

After whatever option you took, you think of what clothes to wear. Shorts for a hot day or pants for a colder one. The same goes for wearing a jacket or to take it off. And as soon as you are changed, you think if you are to have a heavy breakfast so you would not get that hungry and not have to spend your allowance that much; or a light one so you can get to school earlier. And while preparing breakfast, you think if you want your bread heated so it will become warm but soft or toasted so it may be crunchy but very hot. And as you prepare your drink, you think if you want milk or coffee...

And these are just some of the things you think about and it's still morning and you haven't left the house. I would like to say more but it's just between the will to stop or to continue. We are bound to this curse. The curse to make hard or easy decisions...

But why do it? It's just between the words “to” or “not to.”

-Aldian Simyu Po

Mislabeled

Kung may nasusunog na bahay,
Tapos sakto may date ka,
Anong gagawin mo?
Siyempre...

Kung nasa kalagitnaan ka ng dagat,
Tapos sa isang dako andun iyong mga magulang mo,
Hinihintay ka na tulungan sila
Ngunit sa kabilang dako naman
Andun iyong girlfriend/boyfriend mo
Sinong pipiliin mo?
Siyempre...

Kung may anak ka at naghihirap ka pa,
Tapos may iniwan na isang sanggol
Sa iyong barung-barong
Kukunin mo ba?
Siyempre...

Ikaw ay magsisimba ngayon
Ngunit sa iyong daan
Tumawag sa iyo ang nanay mo at sinabing umuwi ka na
Anong pipiliin mo?
Siyempre...

Kung nasa North Pole ka,
Tapos may mga kasama ka
Ilang araw na ang lumipas,
Wala kayong makain
Anong gagawin niyo? Magkakainan?
Siyempre...

continued...

At kung papipiliin ka,
Sa pilosopiya ng tao,
Sa kaligayahan na dulot ng mundo
Ang katalinuhan ng tao,
Kapangyarihan, pera?

O sa pilosopiya ng Panginoon,
Ang walang hanggan na buhay
Si Hesus, ang iyong paniniwala...

Madali mag-isip ng solusyon sa lahat ng ito
Subalit ang alam mong madali ay mas mahirap pala
Pag ito'y naranasan mo na...

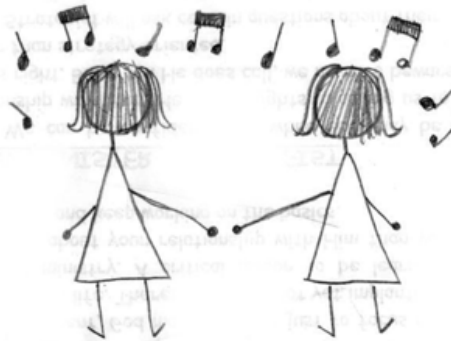
-Angelica Wagang



Take A Bow
-Abigail Kitma



The Book
-Brian Colcol



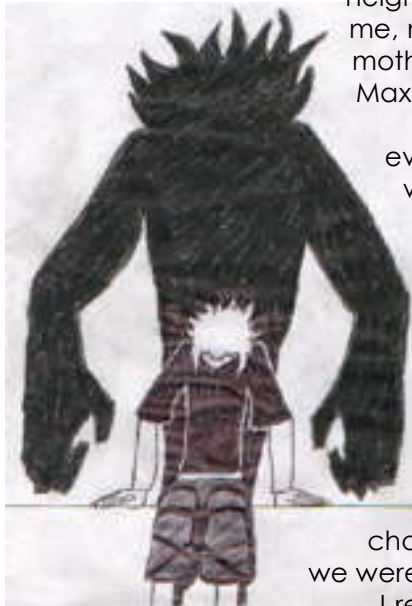
Friends
-Amber Phoelen Po



Touch
-Mahaysha Kitma

The King of Hearts (The Horror II)

It was a rainy afternoon. I was sitting on our dining table. I just finished the game of "solitaire." I watched her as she moved across the room. With nothing left to do, I reshuffled the cards from my hand until I came across the "Queen of Diamonds." I smiled, I remember my wife Lara with this card. She has the elegance like the queen. Both our families are with a Chinese descent. Her parents are both Chinese and she has the looks of a typical Chinese girl although she stands five feet and eight inches in



height, she's tall for an Asian. As for me, my father is Chinese and my mother is Filipina. My first name is Maximillian. My friends call me Max.

We never really loved or even knew each other before our wedding, other than childhood friends. During those times, my parents were hopeless. Our restaurant business is going bankrupt. And I have to stick to the traditional Chinese practice of fixed-marriage to provide my family's daily needs. Lara's family owns a construction empire, which made my parents decide to choose her as my bride ever since we were little.

I reshuffled the cards again and I got "Ten of Hearts." It reminded me of our wedding day which was on February the Tenth of the year two thousand seven. It was the most heart-breaking day for both of us. She had a boyfriend and I had a girlfriend. Although our family is Chinese, we were both raised with a Christian faith. That's why the wedding was held in a Christian church. I looked at her from the altar. She looked very unhappy and there were tears in her eyes. *I am about to vow to*

continued...

God that I'm going to spend the rest of my life with this woman, yet we don't love each other. I thought.

I reshuffled the cards until I picked the "King of Diamonds" from the pile. I stared at it carefully. It didn't remind me of myself. It reminded me of my best friend, Sigmund. My wife Lara was his girlfriend. They were a perfect pair. I could see that. It had hurt me a lot that I had to marry my best friend's girlfriend. And it had hurt me even more to see that I had wounded my own best friend. He was furious, of course. But the worst part was he refused to talk to me after the wedding. I knew that they were still seeing each other even after the wedding. One night, I pretended to be asleep. Lara sneaked out of the house and I followed her. There they were, I witnessed their fondness for each other as I saw them hug and kiss before my very eyes. I kept silent about it.

I reshuffled the cards again until a card fell on the floor. I picked it up. It was the "Queen of Clover." It reminded me of Julia, she was my girlfriend. I was trembling in tears as I was about to tell her the news about the wedding. I told her to meet me at her favorite restaurant. She was anxious waiting for my words as if I was about to propose to her. She was quiet when I finally broke the news.

"I'm terribly shocked," she finally spoke. "You're a coward. Why can't you refuse?"

I told her about our family problem. She still didn't understand. I loved Julia dearly. I could still recall how we cried in each others' arms before our wedding day. I could still remember how I waited for her at the church during the wedding day but she didn't show up. Instead, she came for me the next morning begging me to run away with her.

"I can't leave Lara," I told her.

"But you don't love her, do you?" She said.

"It's too late. She's already my wife and I can't leave her. I'm sorry we..." She slapped me on my cheek with tears in her eyes. She left.

I reshuffled again. I picked number "Three of Clovers." It reminded me of my fears. It reminded me how

continued...

scared I am of my family's disapproval. It reminded me of my fear for God and it's one of the reasons why I can't leave Lara. It was also one of the reasons why I tried to court my own wife during the first year of our marriage. I did it the old-fashioned way. I gave her bouquets of flower every month. I took her to some of the finest restaurants I could find. But I knew that material things won't do the trick. So I focused on her good side. The other day, I noticed that she moved with grace, unlike many women. My heart started to beat fast. I thought I was starting to like her or even fall in love with her. I did these without hesitation even if I knew that she was still seeing Sigmund. I hoped that one day, she'll learn to like me or even love me too.

"Why are you doing this?" she finally asked.

"I'm doing this because you are my wife and I chose to love you. Love is a choice."

I got weary of reshuffling the cards so I arranged them into a neat pile. I came across the "King of Hearts." I stared at it. It reminded me of the King of Love, Himself, God. Without Him I wouldn't be able to go through these horrors. He had served as my strength, as well as my reason.

I watched her as she moved across the room again. This time, she walked up to me.

"I broke up with Sigmund," she whispered in my ear.

"Why?" I asked.

"It's because you're my husband. I decided to choose you," she smiled. "I don't have regrets marrying you."

"I don't have regrets either," I smiled back.

-Rochelle Ann Jadormio

The Day She Left

As I was walking home from school, I thought it would be just a normal afternoon. But something inside told me that it won't be, even as people rushing down with me smile with the assurance of a fine day.

Reaching the road's end, I turned left. Then I heard a whisper saying I would be left behind. But I didn't mind the wind's soft and chilling words of left behinds and just continued on my journey.

I asked which jeepney would be leaving next from the guy barking loudly at people with whom I would be traveling with. I entered the ride coated with blue, took a sit on a thin cushion, waited in silence 'til the engine came to life...

Arriving on my destination, I started walking down a very familiar path. Then a beat of solitude started to pound, wondering strangely why it is so if I'm on my way to the place I know I won't be on my own.

Still, the beat grew stronger as I reached home. I opened the door expecting a sweet greeting from my own cared sibling but there was none. So I went to my room, dropped dead on my bed and listened to the erring silence of loneliness at my very own home.

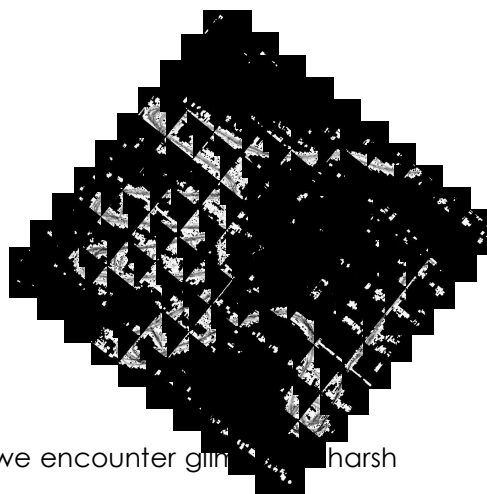
-Kesha Kitma

Bible (haiku)

Some inspiration thoughts
One strike to the soul
Gift, a book, a must to read

-Rachel Bestre

Hand
-idmirtskeid



The Road of Faith

There are times when we encounter grief and harsh
And unforgiving life...
A time filled with tons of worries,
Pushed with several sad stories,
A time of guilt that splits our lives into pieces,
A time of experiencing sad goodbyes
Which cut deep into our hearts
And a time of giving up

There are times of trials in our lives
A test of our endurance
It can cause us to cry in pain
Which we shouldn't do...
In times like these, better to laugh and smile
But give a time to pray to God that
We must be strong and remember that it's just another
Test called...
The road of faith...

-Mahaysha Kitma



Hawak Kamay
-Abigail Kitma

God's Will

Some people live because of their peers
Some live because of their vices
Some live because of what they want to do
Some live because of what their parents want
But how should we live?
We should live a life with Christ in our hearts
Living a Godly life, we should follow the Bible
Not living for your peers, vices, and wants...
But what God's will is for us...

-Katrina Mae Dereje

Friends or Not

We have a thing in common
So we're friends
We like the same stuff
And we like playing together
When we're together
I feel great
When we're not
I feel awful
But time changes
We meet new faces
And we gain more challenges
And as time passes by
Do we still remain as friends?

-Gracelynn Abance



Journey Ends Here
-idmirtskeid

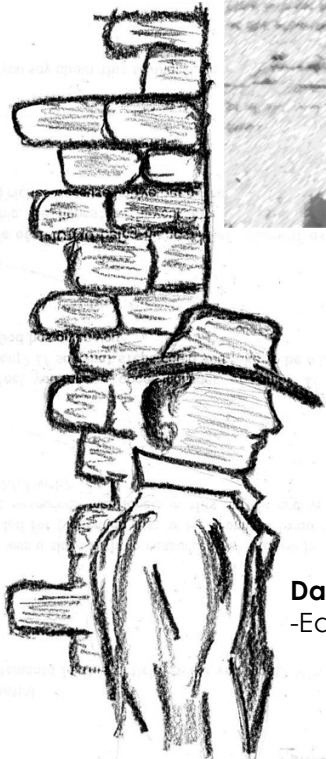
Makulay ang Buhay Gulay
-idmirtskeid



30



Duo
-Ricardo Bondoc III



Dark Gray
-Edward Trifon

Faith

Lost...
Lost in the wilderness
My body is weak
My fading soul obscures my senses
I stumbled down and burst to cry
In the dark wilderness I stayed
Then a bright aura filled my soul to wake
I stood...
I saw...
I embraced...
The love...
The faith that He gave...

-Rachel Bestre

YPs

Sometimes I try to do what is wrong
I lose myself, I'm going crazy
What should I do?
I feel confused
But there is a change in my life
When I found a home
I met these people
I was inspired by them
They encouraged me
And I realized they are right
There are things that are worth living

-Katrina Mae Dereje

Bawal Magkamali???

"Bakit po?" Tanong ng bata na nasa ikatlong baitang ng elementarya...
"Ayos lang kaya?" Pagdududa ng binatang nakatambay sa parke...
"Okay lang... Siguro?" a ng dalaga sa harap ng kasintahan...
"Ano ba yan?" Puot ng galit na tanong ng Ina sa isang anak...
"Hindi po ako... Siya ata?" Mamang ayaw umamin sa pagkakamali...

"Bata" Sa dahilan na hindi tama 'yan...
"Boy" Ano sa tingin mo...
"Miss" Pag-isipan mong mabuti...
"Nay" Pasensya na po...
"Pre" Aminin mo na...

Alamin mo ang tama...
Gumawa ka ng tama...
Mag-isip ka ng tama...
Umunawa ng tama...
Kumilos ka ng tama...

Walang taong hindi nagkakamali...
Walang taong hindi marunong umunawa...
Walang taong hindi sumusuway...
Walang taong hindi marunong humingi ng tawad...
Walang taong hindi nabibigyan ng pangalawang pagkakataon...

-idmirtskeid



The Authentic Beauty

The rain outside continued to pour out its fury as Yolanda sat on her chair in her yellowish classroom. She should be glad as the environment seemed cheerful and friendly despite the gloomy world outside. But she seemed rather scared as the chairs in the room were being occupied by characters unknown to her. Who could blame her? After all, she's a new girl in class.

Yolanda was very observant. It was one of her dominant qualities. One of the subjects of her observations was a group of tall, thin, well-dressed girls. They all looked pretty. They walked past her and they all sat at the back of the room.

"I like your dress," she overheard one of them talking. "Is it a Tsumori Chisato dress?"

"Yup! By the way, I like your shoes. Where did you get it?"

"I got it from the second largest Louis Vuitton Store in the world. You know the one in number five Canton Road in Hong Kong and these shoes are limited to twenty pairs. I'm glad I have one of them," the other girl bragged. "You should be there sometime."

"Of course, the stores here in Greenbelt are so not updated," another girl said. "I can't believe they still sell clothes which were three seasons ago!"

34

continued...

"Oh, by the way, I like your gray outfit and that lace stocking is so D&G Fall oh-eight."

By this time, Yolanda got bored listening to these girls brag to each other. Yolanda turned her attention to a girl who was just entering the class. Her looks were typical. Her hair was damp from the rain. She wasn't wearing trendy clothes – just the regular pair of jeans and T-shirt. She was not even wearing any make-up and yet, everyone in the room turned to look at her. Even the girls at the back were silenced by her presence.

The girl sat on the chair beside Yolanda.

"Hi, you must be our new classmate," she flashed a bright smile as she turned to Yolanda. "My name is Selena."

At that same moment, Yolanda didn't have to wait all day to figure out the girl's secret to her beauty- It's her attitude.

-Rochelle Ann Jadormio

Maiden

Caught up in a frenzied cycle,
Escape is unbearable,
Shackles confine me,
Hope dissipates.

Amidst the disarray,
A fair maiden stands,
Was she cast out from the heavens,
Just to pull me out of my desolation?

A blessing bestowed upon me,
I will never set her free,
For the shackles that once enthralls,
Are now chains that keeps us close...

-Set

Pose
-Michelle Yang



Trilogy
-Set



Unwavering

On and off our relationship goes
Good or bad, only the two of us knows
I try to hold on as much as I could
You always keep me close like a father would

I seek your guidance when everything seems like hell
But sometimes I forget when everything is well
For that I dread the time I'd have to face you
'Coz when that moment comes I wouldn't know what to do

You've carried me and never let me go
Though my faith wavered you still loved me so
Oh Lord, how can I give back all you've given me?
What else should I do to give due praises unto thee?

Ah, I shall endeavor to be your loyal follower, your believer
I will cling to Thy word now and forever
On and off it shall never be again
Strong and unwavering my faith shall be 'til the end.

-Jamielyn Yaneza

L-O-V-E

Love... Love is not being alone because God's love means He would always be there watching over you. Obedience... This is the key, obeying God would be for your own good. Violence... It's against the law of man and the law of God. Evil... Our ultimate enemy. We fight evil by the name of God and loving others. Love conquers all...

-Jonny Mar Dumasig

Companion
-Shauli Kitma



Don't!

Don't refuse the life you have right now
Coz somebody wished to be in your place
Don't refuse every trial that comes
Coz no one will become as strong as you are
Don't refuse every embarrassment
Coz no one has the confidence you have

Don't refuse...
Realize and see how great the blessings of God are

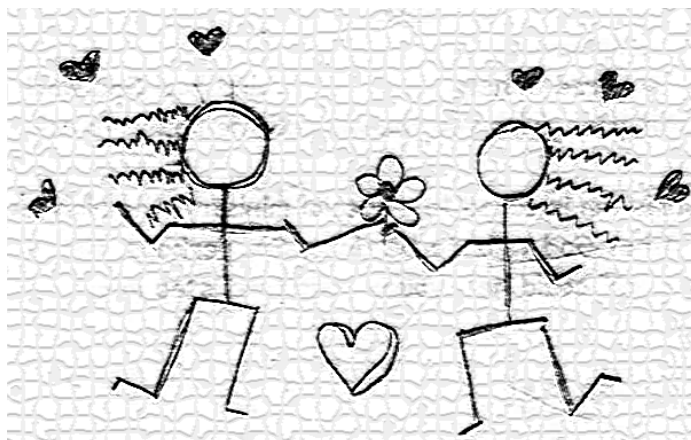
-Sheema Valdez



Rubrics
-Jesse Reuben Bestre



Untitled
-Abigail Kitma



Friendship
-Amber Phoelen Po



The Moon
-Abigail Kitma

The Fasting

The figures come before my eyes,
I throw it all on paper,
For you have given rise,
To what I thought was lost forever.

My pen describes your magnificence,
But words and letters are nothing,
For nothing can compare to your presence,
Not a thing could describe your meaning.

I have searched for principles,
I have searched for the truth,
The ideologies of the world can cripple,
But your words can heal and soothe.

The intellectual battle goes on,
As they question your existence,
But the spiritual side lives on,
We have already won in your presence.

Scholars write books of denial,
Scientists have searched with disbelief,
But their minds are narrow; wrapped by a thick cloud,
Their intellects are conceptualized; in a physical world of covers.

But you have understood them in your wisdom,
And you have waited patiently for them to see,
For no one can ever compare to your wisdom,
Nothing can compare to your love.

-Rochelle Ann Jadormio

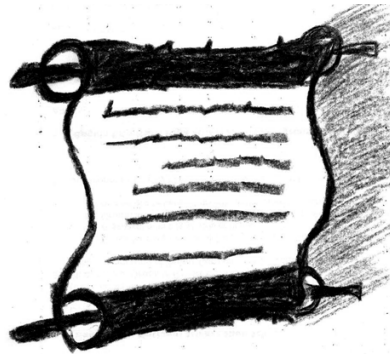
Lapis

Ang lapis ay parang buhay, nag-iiwan ng marka
Marka na makapagpapaalala tungkol sa atin.
Maaaring sa pamamagitan ng ating gawa, talento o
imbensiyon.
Sa pagkakataong nagkamali sa mga titik 'andyan
naman si pambura
Kaya't magkamali o magkasala sa tao man o sa Diyos,
Tayo'y binibigyan pa ng pagkakataong magbalik-loob
at magpakabuti

Maging sa paggamit mo nito, huwag mong pakadiinan
Baka matanggal o mapudpod ang lead n'yan.
Parang buhay nga iyan, kung ipilit nating gawin ang
sariling kagustusan,
Na di naman Diyos ang may kalooban, tayo rin ang
mahihirapan.
Alam mo ba kung anong matatamo mo?
Hapdi, kirot, sakit, o kabiguan

H'wag kang mag-alala kaibigan
Mahaba pa naman ang lapis na 'yan
Basta h'wag mong kalimutan
May dakilang Arkitekto na hahawak din diyan.

-Ma. Karen Fenix



Script
-Rachel Bestre

He Said, She Said

He said, "You are so beautiful."
She said, "I'm not such a fool."
He said, "I truly care."
She said, "I bet, you dare?"

He said, "My, you're my first."
She said, "I think you're the best."
He said, "I'll love you forever."
She said, "Ours is a happy ever after."

He said, "I'm so happy."
She said, "We shall always be."
He said, "It always felt brand new."
She said, "Just like the morning dew."

He said, "I'm sorry."
She said, "The words you always carry."
He said, "Can I see your smile?"
She said, "Let me think for a while."

He said, "Am I still your friend?"
She said, "Our friendship will never end."
He said, "Am I too late?"
She said, "The question I really hate."

He said, "Where did I go wrong?"
She said, "What took you so long?"
He said, "Can I still make up?"
She said, "I never did give up."

He said, "Let's take it slow."
She said, "Our love will glow."
He said, "My future has always been you."
She said, "You're the one I've been waiting my whole life through..."

He said... She said...
Theirs to tell...

-Phylbert Ronillo

What Day is it Again?

It was a day like any other. A student wakes for another day. A daily routine that any one would get used to, waking at a very slow pace, with eyes half opened. But something bothered the student that day, but just couldn't think what made this day different. The student just didn't bother for a while. He started preparing himself for school.

While changing his clothes he wondered why he has to wear fashionable ones. Who am I to impress and why am I to impress? Because today's society has a different way of seeing you. If you are not in, you are out. That's what they say. So you have problems walking with the crowd, a wanting to be acceptable and noticed by others just by sheer appearance.

Then while preparing his books for school, he lifted his 150 paged textbook and suddenly he thought that the weight of the textbook must also be the weight of the required thesis he'll be passing and it troubled him so much that it felt like a hard task, that the only thing that will make him finish it is pressure. Pressure to graduate, pressure concerning his future, whether or not he would succeed or fail. And while thinking of his future he wondered whether or not he would be with his own special someone or die with having no one at all.

Later on, he sat down to eat breakfast and as he took a bite of his bread, he swallowed another thought. It must be hard for some people to eat bread every time. It must be harder if that's the only thing they eat. But the hardest is that if they don't have anything to eat at all. It troubled him very much that the thought made him lose his appetite because that thought had images along with it. The images were hard to look at. People starving while they raise their bony arms for food, seeing their wilted bodies...

While he picked up his allowance left for him on the table by his parents, it occurred to him, how am I to budget this for a week. Everything's expensive. He thought about the economy and the government. And it

continued...

troubled him a lot. Our government's corruption has led to many downfalls in our nation. They steal from the very pot for the development of our country. They are the cause why we can't rise from the ruins we stand on, why we struggle, and why there is still poverty, and why many still suffer from hunger... A vision of hungry people reappeared in his mind.

If corruption continues to strangle our country, what can I expect for the future? And I thought of more pressures for the future. Pressure whether or not he would survive in the future if the government would still continue on being the same, and also with it came the pressure of independence. I would have to look for work and not rely on my parents to always give me money... "Money makes the world go round..."

Because of all his thought cycle, he became troubled. It made him so fearful. From fear to stress. From stress to anxiety. From anxiety to irritation. From irritation to anger, to insanity, to hopelessness, and so on. He was so worried that he just wanted to leave the house already. So he stepped out the door and as he did, the sun's rays appeared before his eyes but that's not all that he saw. Thinking that it would be over, another thought appeared. From the sun's rays, he felt warmth, thinking it was a sign of peacefulness, but that was only for one second. Global warming was the next thing that came to him, the world will soon be gone. It will be covered by the very water that is melted out of the ices on the north and south. This surely will be our future...

Now that thought led to a previous thought, and led to another, through another thought cycle. His mind was so full of troubling thoughts that he just wished he didn't have to go to school today because if he did he might see or do something that would lead to another thought.

Then a strange feeling came to him, that which he felt earlier when he woke up. That feeling which made this day different from any other day but what? It wasn't a holiday, there was no announcement that there were no classes nor it was his birthday. So what day is it again? He checked the date

continued...

on his cellphone and checked the calendar on the wall. He felt three things. Surprised because he was full of troublesome thoughts and so out of focus he forgot what day it was that day. Angry because he blamed himself for almost going to school when actually there were no classes that day. And he felt better when he realized that the day was a Sunday.

-Aldian Simyu Po

Soothing as Night Winds are

Love is gentle, love is quiet
Like any distant star
Love is beauty, love is music
Soothing as night winds are.

Love is patient and unselfish
Divine, true, neutral and fair
Love is ageless and immortal
Lost love is just somewhere

And the heart that love abandons
Nurses a tender scar
Softly stabbing but yet sweetly
Soothing as night winds are

-Shamae Ramos

Strawberry Jam

Breaks went out of control
Wheels disconnected
Headlights smashed
Squeal, shriek, screech
Collision!
Blood.
Time passed;
Men in white robes

Ran after it
Honk! Beep!
Cry of sirens heard
ERs and Ors set
Then hospital beds
Finally the bills.

-Shamae Ramos

Peak

-Abigail Kifma



Chronicles of Friendship

I liked you because you were very kind, although shy. But when someone tells a joke you just burst out and laugh very hard. (Amber)

I liked you because you have this unique sense of humor that makes me/everyone laugh and you have a kind heart that you always "pansin" me and talk to me. And you are always there for me whenever I need you. That's why I came to you in the first place. (Angela)

We have differences, too. I am what I am. I have dark skin, short hair and minsan I am quiet. I just laugh when somebody tells a corny joke. I like interneting and I don't like strawberry, no offense Amber! (Angela)

While I am tall, singkit, chubby... Mahilig ako sa movies... I love strawberry shortcake. I like strawberries! (Amber)

But in spite of it all, we're still the best of friends because everyone is unique even though you are older or taller than me, and different in many ways. I just understand you for who you are. That's what best friends are for, right. (Angela)

Our friendship has brought many good things to my life. Before I was a little like a brat but you taught me common sense and being brave. And for that, I am thankful to God that he gave me a friend like you... (Amber)

-Angela Ramos and Amber Phoelen Po

Articles

Ang Misteryo ng Kahon by Rochelle Anne Jadormio.....	2
Awake by Aldian Simyu Po.....	19
Bawal Magkamali??? By idmirtskeid.....	33
Bible (haiku) by Rachel Bestre.....	27
Chance by Brian Colcol.....	10
Chronicles of Friendship by Angela Ramos and Amber Phoelen Po.....	49
Complete by Diane Colcol.....	17
Crazy by Darryle Jane Abance.....	16
Deutoronomio Bente Nuebe Bente Nuebe by idmirtskeid.....	16
Don't! by Sheema Valdez.....	38
Faith by Rachel Bestre.....	32
Famished by Denise Jane Abance.....	3
Forever by Jean Karlo B. Ganga.....	9
Friends or Not by Gracelynn Abance.....	29
God's Will by Katrina Mae Dereje.....	29
He Said, She Said by Phylbert Ronillo.....	44
Lapis by Ma. Karen Fenix.....	43
L-O-V-E by Jonny Mar Dumasig.....	38
Maiden by Set.....	35
Mislabeled by Angelica Wagang.....	21
My Best Friend by Redeena Thea Aguila.....	7
Of Mice and Men by Set.....	1
Pessimist by Ryan Anthony M. Bestre.....	15
Praying by Jesse Reuben Bestre.....	10
Reality by Sheema Valdez.....	18
Soothing as Night Winds are by Shamae Ramos.....	47
Taste of Love by Edward Trifon.....	18
The Authentic Beauty by Rochelle Anne Jadormio.....	34
The Constant Horizon (To the One I Love) by Rochelle Anne Jadormio.....	12
The Day She Left by Kesha Kitma.....	27
The Fasting by Rochelle Anne Jadormio.....	42
The King of Hearts (The Horror II) by Rochelle Anne Jadormio.....	24
The Road of Faith by Mahaysha Kitma.....	28
The Voice by Jamielyn Yaneza.....	3

contents

Unwavering by Jamielyn Yaneza.....	37
What Day is it Again? by Aldian Simyu Po.....	45
Young Once by Kesha Kitma.....	5
YPs by Katrina Mae Dereje.....	32

Caricatures

Companion by Shauli Kitma.....	38
Crowning Glory by Aldian Simyu Po.....	24
Dark Gray by Edward Trifon.....	31
Duo by Ricardo Bondoc III.....	31
Emotions by Aldian Simyu Po.....	19
Friends by Amber Phoelen Po.....	23
Friendship by Amber Phoelen Po.....	41
Hand by idmirtskeid.....	28
Hawak Kamay by Abigail Kitma.....	28
In My Corner by Mahaysha Kitma.....	1
Leap by Abigail Kitma.....	6
Mr. Right by Eden Grace Mariano.....	11
Peak by Abigail Kitma.....	48
Pose by Michelle Yang.....	36
Sari-sari, halo-halo, mix-mix by Eden Grace Mariano.....	cover
Script by Rachel Bestre.....	43
Take A Bow by Abigail Kitma.....	22
The Book by Brian Colcol.....	23
The Moon by Abigail Kitma.....	41
Thoughtful by Ricardo Bondoc III.....	15
Touch by Mahaysha Kitma.....	23
Untitled by Abigail Kitma.....	40

Photographs

Buntong Hininga by Kesha Kitma.....	13
Don't Leave Me, Read Me by idmirtskeid.....	4
Journey Ends Here by idmirtskeid.....	30
Makulay ang Buhay Gulay by idmirtskeid.....	30
Rubrics by Jesse Reuben Bestre.....	39
Trilogy by Set.....	36
Within by Eden Grace Mariano.....	34

Ryan Anthony Bestre, **Lay-out and Editing**
Mervin Oliva, **Production**
Dan-gil Geron, **Managing and Collection**