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WHAT'S INSIDE?

FOUNDATION, A CREATION

VINCENT LUIGI ALCERA

MwNHS celebrated its 12th Founding Anniversary last Feb 28, 2017, which was rendezvoused at different venues. The plan for the event was supposed to be a 2-day festivity. But due to the occurrence of a holiday, it was postponed and rescheduled on the last day of February. Despite the tight schedule made, this didn't stop the organization from pursuing the activi-

ties. The occasion was composed of 3 events timed differently. First of was the opening program which was and the Field Demo, held at the school. This was where each year level competed against each other through dancing, which not only entertained us through their mesmerizing moves but also depicted the different dance cultures like hip-hop, native and festival dances. The ff. were the proposed winners:

1st Place – Grade 8

2nd Place – Grade 10

3rd Place – Grade 9

The next event was the Basketball and volleyball games which gave us an epic and exceptional battle against each grade levels. The games astonishingly gave triumph from the Basketball and Volleyball games to the Grade 10 Main. Felicitations to you, Grade 10 students!

NEWLY CROWNED JEWELS FOR MWNHS 2017



VINCENT LUIGI ALCERA

dozen pairs of the batch for the male and female candidates. The contenders were then judged by again, where we get to see their poise, summer wear, National coronation of the Mr. and Ms. al Costumes, and Long Gowns. Moonwalk National High School. As the foundation day ended, the The event was held as SM Sucat winners were then announced, at 4 pm. This was the pinnacle of and newly crowned jewels of the 12th Founding Anniversary of Moonwalk National High School Moonwalk National High School. have been said.

Many hopefuls participated in the competition, and the screening took place to determine the final We have Sweet April Estocada as your Ms. Moonwalk and John Albert Berdaje Alibudbud as your



TLE CELEBRATES ITS NUTRITIONAL MONTH

TOM ANGELO FERNANDO

...Newly Crowned

Mr. Moonwalk for 2016-2017! Felicitations!

These are the list of the announced winners:

Male Titled: John Albert Berdaje Alibudbud

1st – Adriane R. Bautista

2nd – Carl Dominick Aglibar

3rd – Carl Joefred Bongo

4th – Benjames Ancheta

Female Titled: Sweet April Estocada

1st – Andrea Elison

2nd – Joannah Escanillan

3rd – Jeselle Hesita

4th – Kartdhalle Araneta

Nutrition Month is a campaign held every July to create greater awareness among Filipinos on the importance of nutrition. Presidential Decree 491 (1974) or the Nutrition Act of the Philippines mandates the National Nutrition Council (NNC) to lead and coordinate the nationwide campaign. Now on its 42nd year, the Nutrition Month celebration has been institutionalized by schools and local government units as well as other stakeholders.

For 2016, the Technical Committee selected the First 1000 Days to be the focus of the campaign with the resulting theme selected from entries of a nationwide contest. This year's theme is "First 1000 Days ni baby pahalagahan para sa malusog na kinabukasan!" It highlights the First 1000 Days of life - starting from the first day of conception until the 2nd birthday of the child - globally considered as the "golden window of opportunity" for interventions that aim to achieve maximum potential of a child's growth and development.

In line with this celebration, students and teachers of Moonwalk National High School participated actively in the activities. The Nutrition Month Celebration was spearheaded by the department coordinator, Mrs. Hazel M. Monteclaro, and of course with the approval and support of the school head, Dr. Gerry C. Catchillar, and fellow TLE teachers. The celebration started with the opening program held on July 1, 2016 at the school ground followed by the parade of students with their posters and slogans and the participants in Mr. and Ms. TLE in their Techno attire. On that same day, on-the-spot poster making contest was simultaneously conducted. Various competitions were set and participated.

ON-THE-SPOT POSTER MAKING CONTEST

TOM ANGELO FERNANDO

The Division level contest was held at Baclaran Elementary School Central. Dianne Daquiz, who was the first place winner in the district level, competed against the winners from the previous contest level. With her efforts in exercising her artistic styles in making a poster, she bagged the **2nd place** out of all the competitive contestants in the division level.

"Nutri-Quiz Bee"

Last July 14, 2016, the next contest for Division level was conducted and fortunately out of 8 participants coming from the different districts, Joseah Paula and Ma. Nathania Alfon bagged the **first place**.





THE EMPOWERMENT OF THE MATH ASSOCIATION

VINCENT LUIGI ALCERA

Every first month of the year, Moonwalk National High School celebrates Mathematics month in order to enlighten up the perspective of the subject to each student. This year's theme was "Empowering Math Teachers for K-12".

This year the Math Department decided to change the game and allure students into a whole new world of mathematics. By doing so, the Math Club, which was headed by Mrs. Cecil Gomez, created a new competition wherein each section gets to make a "Math Exhibit" for everybody to enjoy and have fun. Each exhibit must have to show the fun and creativity that math has to offer, which then was portrayed excellently by various sections which were the declared winners.

The Mathematics Month couldn't be completed without the Quiz Bee which had to make the students prepped up and ready for the Division Level, held at PNHS Main. The Math Quiz Bee not only showed us the intellect of the students but also portrayed the beauty in logical computation. Grade 9 participants won 1st place in the division.

WRITERS ATTEND THE JOURNALISM SUMMIT 2016

TOM ANGELO FERNANDO



Campus journalists from Divisions of Pasay, Parañaque, Muntinlupa and Las Piñas attended the Journalism Summit 2016 at the University of Perpetual Help System Dalta, Las Piñas Campus last September 15th.

The said event aimed to enhance their different journalistic writing skills.

The seminar had the theme "Media in the 21st Century: Connecting Today, Building Tomorrow".

The program began with the doxology, followed by the singing of the Philippine National Anthem.

ESP CELEBRATES LIFE AND VALUES

VINCENT LUIGI ALCERA

Family—our home, our shelter, our life. To whom would we run to when we're hurt? To whom would we turn to if we're betrayed, cheated on, left alone and the world gave up on us? Family. Because our family are the ones who never judge us, who always try to understand our shortcomings and imperfections. They help us get through whatever it is we are going through, support us even when sometimes we're wrong. They make us laugh, sometimes cry, but no family is perfect. However, a family is made perfect by a perfect God. A family united by God is an unbreakable family.

Now the ESP Month Celebration achieved its breakthrough in the Month of October having "ESP: Diwa ng Pamilyang Pilipinong Nagkakaisa" as its theme. This theme explains how ESP affects the unity of families and certain virtues that become the foundation of unity and also the true essence of ESP in building a united family. The ESP Club members and teacher have prepared activities that portray the theme itself.

Slogan making contest, just like making a poster, but with meaningful words, relating to the theme also. This is to test how well do one knows about the theme and its objectives.

Poster making contest, a chance for students to make use their ability and talent on expression through the use of pencils, poster colors or simply, art. Which is, of course, related to the theme.

Saving the best for last, the spoken word poetry contest! This is to prove the verbal and linguistical skills of students for in a spoken word poetry contest, you are to speak in front your own piece, just like declamation and oration. Your piece may be self-written.

It is then followed by the Opening Remarks of Dr. Alfonso H. Loreto, the school director, and the Overview of the Summit by Ms. Lea Therese C. Chua, Sales and Marketing Manager of the school.

The ceremony was followed by four talks began by Mr. Mon Gualvez, a Junior Correspondent of TV 5, who taught about newswriting, followed by Mr. Wilmor L. Pacay III, former Editor-in-chief in "The Torch", the official School Paper of the Philippine Normal University (PNU), who lectured about editorial writing, followed by Mr. Jesus B. Valencia Jr., President of National Capital Region Secondary School Paper Advisers Association Incorporated (NCRSSPAA, Inc.) and Vice-President of National Secondary School Paper Advisers Association Incorporated (NSSPAA Inc.), who taught about Sports Writing, and Ms. Jenny A. Amante, the Campus Writer of the university venue, who lectured about copy reading and headlining.

Every talk ended by the awarding of the plaque of recognition to each resource speaker.

All of the lectures about the particular article, its types, each part, and the dos and don'ts in writing those articles.

Every two talks was followed by breaks of the delegates. The foods were properly distributed to them.

In the last break, the school staff distributed evaluation forms answered by the students in preparation for the next year's same event.

"Unlike my previous years talk, this year's summit has greater students," Gualvez said in his introductory speech before his talk.

The program ended with the awarding of the certificates to all the delegates who attended the summit.

The entire program was hosted by Mr. Aries A. Antiola, a professor in the school.



ENGLISH ONCE MORE REIGNS

STEPHANIE KAYE CULENTAS

English Department creatively and enthusiastically held various contests showcasing the students' understanding and passion towards the English language in December of 2016.

English Month is the celebration of eloquence. It is an expression of artistry. It is a festival of cleverness using the most celebrated language. It is a showcase of worth-reminiscing performances. It is a get-together celebrating a common goal and expression. It is the revelation of hidden skills and talents concerning the English language. It is the learners' display of learning outcomes in the study of the English language. It is the pride of the English Department.

The English department, headed by its active and supportive Coordinator, Mrs. Donalyn L. Nungay, together with the productive and competent team members led and celebrated the English Month with much effort and joy. Participation of learners from different levels had made the event a worth-remembering one. Success had been the ultimate product of the work of heart and passion.

The winners for the Quiz Bee and Spelling Bee contests accompanied by the English teachers in charge.



QUIZ BEE: Tom Angelo F. Fernando of 8-Watson (Champion), Mark Jonnie Lapidez Gr. 11 - Gold (1st), Daniella Miralles(2nd), Mikaella Gale Lopez Gr. 10 – Newton (3rd) and Vincent Luigil C. Alcera Gr. 10 – Maxwell (4th).



SPELLING BEE: Ashley Jan Nicole Legaspi 8 – Watson (Champion), 10 – Henry (1st), Edwin Doren Jr. Gr. 8 - Watson (2nd), Vincent Luigil C. Alcera 10 - Maxwell (3rd), and Gil Daniel Alcera 9 – Mendelev (4th).



The triumphant participants with the English teachers who also served as judges during the finals, Spoken Words Poetry Contest :Michaela Garcia Gr. 8 - Watson (Champion), Gil Daniel Alcera Gr. 9 – Mendelev (1st), and Alexandra Mazon, Gr. 10 –Maxwell (2nd).



DECLAMATION CONTEST: Micha Ella Villafuerte of 10 - Hawking(Champion), Mark Jonnie Lapidez Gr. 11- Gold (1st), Michaela Garcia Gr. 8 – Watson (2nd), Gr. 7 - Halley(3rd) and Tom Angelo Fernando Gr. 9 – Avogadro (4th).



The future eloquent language speaking team together with the English language coaches, EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING CONTEST: Gil Daniel C. Alcera Gr. 9 – Mendelev (Champion), Vincent Luigil C. Alcera 10 - Maxwell (1st), Mark Jonnie Lapidez Gr. 11 - Gold (2nd), 7-Herschel (3rd) and Leonard Espenida Gr. 11 – Gold (4th).

MUSICAL PLAY CONTEST: Grade 7 – Halley (Champion), Grade 11 – Gold (1st), Grade 10 – Hawking (2nd), Grade 9 – Nobel (3rd), Grade 9 – Avogadro (4th)



READERS THEATRE COMPETITION: Grade 10 – Franklin and Grade 10 – Henry (Champions), Grade 9 – Mendelev (1st), Grade 11 – Gold (2nd), Grade 10 – Watt (3rd), Grade 9 – Thompson (4th)



Exposing the students to realistic and more enjoyable situations would surely benefit them the lessons that will definitely be of great help to them as they grow up and chase their dreams. The English Department's STAGE PLAY entitled "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" supported the celebration of the English Month.



MWNHS PREPARES FOR "THE BIG ONE"

ANGEL ANNE CRUZ

Moonwalk National High School participated in the Metro Manila Shake Drill which aims to promote readiness among residents for "The Big One."

For forty-five seconds, the alarm went off instructing teachers to guide the students to the ground floor while performing the 'duck, cover and hold', which is the primary mean of protection. As the students and teachers headed to designated evacuation areas, the members of Moonwalk Emergency Response Team (MwERT), which involved trained students and teachers, did their tasks as rehearsed. Led by Mr. Jeff Guingab, the team transferred, carried and assisted injured students to ambulances and assembled medical establishments such as the clinic. The first aid crew gave primary treatment and made sure their necessities were provided the moment they were rescued. Meanwhile, the other students did cooperatively what they were taught from the previous earthquake drills held—to stay away from falling infrastructures, to locate open areas that are free from falling objects that may cause harm, to be attentive and ready by watching out for falling electric posts and other safety regulations before, during and after an earthquake. The purpose of the said drill was to enlighten the students to the different safety precautions that should be done to prepare them when 'The Big One' strikes. Of course, we should hold on to faith and prayers, but it is better safe than sorry!



2016 BRIGADA ESKWELA REAPS SUCCESS



MICHAELLA GARCIA

Moonwalk National High School was awarded 'Best Implementing School' winning the first runner up because of a job well done at Brigada Eskwela 2016's success.

Moonwalk National High School gained the award as 'Best Implementing School', winning the first runner up in the Division of Paranaque Large School Category of Secondary level. With the collaboration of Moonwalk National High School's students' cooperation, teachers' concerted efforts and its stakeholders, the Brigada Eskwela 2016's success was achieved. For overflowing gratitude in the participation and support to DepEd's program, Adopt-A-School Program (ASP), DepEd granted Mr. Gerry C. Catchillar a certificate of recognition for his "...remarkable leadership and dedication..." which is a big contribution to Brigada Eskwela 2016's success.

A certificate of recognition was also given to one notable teacher who showed an excellent performance and exerted great efforts in order to help implement the Brigada Eskwela. She is none other than the Brigada Eskwela School Coordinator, Mrs. Ma. Cecilia Y. Gomez. These recognition certificates were given at the 12th of September, year 2016.

But shall the eagerness to help and efforts of the students who participated be disregarded? Apparently not! They truly are the reason behind the activity's accomplishment. This proved that Moonwalk National High School has the quality education which becomes the foundation of good moral and character of the students that are being influenced by it.



AP CELEBRATES UNITED NATIONS 2016

ASHLEY LEGASPI

Moonwalk National High School celebrates AP month commemorating the significance of United Nations in line with the theme “International Year of Pulse: Nutritious Seeds for a Sustainable Future.”

For the students to internalize the meaning of this celebration, several activities had been set which aimed to awaken their napping mind, touch their heart and showcase their inner talents. So, all AP teachers had been given the task to assist and facilitate activities such as Poster Making, Sabayang Pagbigkas, Cultural Dance, Mural Design, Food Festival, and National /Regional Costume Contest.

Sabayang Pagbigkas (*Elimination round*) was the first activity as part of our opening. This activity signified how important knowing about how economic activities affect man’s daily living. This activity was participated by the Grades 9 and 10 students, which they needed to deliver their own piece of their own choreography. 9-Thomson and Grade- Avogadro qualified for the Final Round, as well as the Grade 10-Volta, Grade-10 Planck and Grade 10 -Watt. Students also showcased their talents in interpreting situations or statements through

posters. Grade 7 participant got the 1st Place, followed by grade 8, 3rd place from Grade 10 participant.

Cultural dance was one of the activities on the said event. In connection with this, grade 7 & grade 8 students were given the task to perform the different cultural dances of their chosen countries. In grade 7, 1st place was section Halley, 2nd spot was given to section Herschel, & 3rd was section Archimedes. On the other hand, Grade 8-Hooke got the 1st place, 2nd place was grade 8-Fleming, and 3rd place was Grade 8- Watson. It was a performance of joy and excitement.

Every year, MwNHS students find excitement in participating in the highlight of Araling Panlipunan’s UN celebration namely: Mural/ Decoration Exhibit, Food Festival, & Parade of National/ Regional Costumes. Mural/ Decoration Exhibit was a tremendous contest among students which showed eagerness on them. This activity was done to make students well-informed on the different tourist spots of the different countries not only in Asia but also around the world. The Araling Panlipunan teachers facilitated the said activity with the support also of the class advisers. After the ex-

hibit, students looked forward to the next activity, the food festival. Students from various levels and sections got the chance to taste the different dishes as they were asked to feast with the different groups. Students were delighted and their indefatigable efforts during the food festival made them even more competitive as the last event approached, the most awaited event, the parade of national/regional costumes. The last but not the least, another historic event as they say, every representative of the different grade levels looked so stunning as they passionately and gracefully presented their national/regional costumes which made the crowd amazed and tongue tied.

Efforts would have been wasted without acknowledgement or recognition. Awarding of winners was done after the last activity. Through their collaboration, timeless passion and priceless support of the teachers especially their class advisers and A.P teachers, the two-week celebration had been harmoniously and victoriously conducted. Not all were given the chance to have the trophy of victory, but all of them definitely had the reward of experience and success.





ME WITHOUT YOU (A SPOKEN POETRY)

MICHAELLA GRACIA

What will happen now that you're gone?

Those times I get used to that someone will greet me good morning when I wake up.

You've trained me that you're just always there by my side, what will happen now that you're gone?

I don't know what to do, now that you're gone...

Each and every time that'll pass, you and the memories that you had left were the ones left for me to remember, what will happen now that you're gone?

My love, why do you have to leave? Why do you have to leave me alone?

I thought we were happy with each other's company, I thought you were happy with me?

It hurts to think that I am still holding on, to that rope connecting the two of us but you're no longer holding there.

You never hold from the star anyway... those times when we were building our plans together...

I thought you got my back, while holding my hand, but I was wrong...

I was wrong again... I was wrong for believing that you love me too... that you love me as I do...

You're a good actor you know... you'd made me believe that you feel the same way as I do... you made me believe that I'm the only one, and made me believe that there will be "us" till the end...

I'm so stupid to fall for you... I'm so stupid to love you...

Want to know what I feared long time ago? It is that, I'm afraid that someday, we'll go in separate ways, my heart is aching when I think about you, loving someone else more than I had loved you... but I guess I was wrong again... for the third time, I'd been so stupid because of you...

I never noticed that your mind was still stuck with her... your heart still belongs to her... she, is still the one you love...

All I wanted to do now, is to stay in the corner, and mimic all my thoughts because of the pain caused by you, and I won't do anything except crying and think about you the whole night...

There are so many thoughts, and questions running in my head that I do not want to be answered...

You left me alone, in the middle of the road, shaking in fear like a kid, longing for you...

Do you still remember what I'd said the last time we talked? I told you, that you will be the last man that I'm going to love even though I have my doubts and second thoughts in my heart, I still stepped in without even thinking what

can I lose...

I had promised myself that you will be the last man... the last man, whom I'm going to love a million times..

Do you still love me? No. Let me rephrase it. Did you ever dare love me?

Because if not, why did you let me fall hard for you and let me love you like this? Why did you let me get hurt? I almost forgot... you had not loved me. So, why would you even bother to care? Who am I even fooling?

Whatever I do, even though I kneel down in front of you, it cannot erase the fact that she is the one whom you truly love...

But if I were the one you're going to ask me if I love you?

Without question, without second thoughts, I will shout it out with all my strength,

"Yes, I love you!" I can let the whole world know how I feel for you, even though it hurts... it hurts every time... even though my heart is aching so much...

If the foolish ones have their different ranks, then definitely I will be their most stupid leader...

My love, before everything completely ends between the both of us... I wanted to say thank you...

Thank you, for your time... Thank you, for the time you spent for me... Thank

you, for the memories that I will cherish while I'm waiting for you to come-

back, or will you ever comeback? Thank you, for the smiles you had drawn in

my lips. Thank you, for the short time of joy because I know that sadness is

approaching. Thank you, for the pain that you gave. Thank you for the tears

that had dropped because of you... Thank you for breaking my heart. Thank

you, for not bothering while I was hurting so much because of you... Thank

you, for choosing her over me... Thank you, for leaving me alone. Thank you

for the burden and thank you for breaking me... Thank you... Thank you for

everything. I hope this will be the last. No. I wanted this to be the last... this...

will be the last time that I'm going to think about the pain that you had

caused...

And after all of these... for the last time I will thank you, and I will turn around

and walk away... so, please... don't dare run after me... because I will soon be

okay without you... maybe not this time, maybe, it won't be tomorrow... but I

know I will be okay... and when that time comes... I will only ask you one

favor... please... don't ever comeback...

THE EPIPHANY OF A MURDER
(SHORT STORY)

ASHLEY LEGASPI

“A sibling is one who will do anything for you, even if it costs one’s life.”

“A stranger may be someone who can pass by, but also someone who’ll leave that unforgettable mark.”

I sat alone at the corner of this padded room; filled with pills as I can see. There was nothing more to see as I’ve been a prisoner of this hell for too long. My eyes have roamed every inch of it. I wasn’t really crazy or mad or even bonkers to be placed in this place, yet here I am. I shivered as I felt the cold air coming from the air conditioned ventilation. I wondered how cold it would be if it was the real thing. Ever since I was contained here, I never get to see the outside again. I forgot to what it feels like to be under the warm sun and be under a shade of a tree. I forgot how the busy street sounds like and how it glows during the night. I forgot almost about everything. But never her...

I can clearly remember the murder feeling of blood in my hands; the deafening sound of the sirens echoing in my ears and the last smile that was engraved onto her lips. But don’t get me wrong. I’m not a *murderer*. *I never was and never will*. She died in my arms and right there, at that very moment... I could really feel what it feels like to lose your family; to lose everything.

Family...?

Once before, I had a family. I had a loving mother, a decent father and my sister. We were all very happy. We lived under one roof, a house filled with love and laughter.

But that was before.

The day my mom died was the most painful happening in my life. I regret not being able to save her. I blamed myself for being too weak. I hated myself for doing nothing. The family I knew disappeared. Love was replaced with hatred; laughter turned into weepings and sobbings.

Every night, I can hear her cry. I can hear how she suffered. I can hear every pain she had. All I can do was watch. All I can do was cry.

"I'm sorry, my sister." I cried every night. Sometimes, I'll lay by her side, hugging her until she falls asleep. I'll hum her a song, a song that we grew fond of.

I was afraid to ask what she felt. I was afraid to ask if she was okay. I was afraid to even try to ask her about anything.

Then one day, everything changed; all for the worst. My father became a drunkard. He never goes to work and he always hurt Irene, my sister.

"Irene..."

I was very depressed about everything. Won't they consider their actions? Aren't they aware that there is someone who is hurting?

Are they even considering my feelings?

Father harassed her. From my room, I can hear her yelp. I can hear how she begged father to stop, and for him not to do anything.

I wanted to call the police, but I know myself that I wasn't brave enough to do so.

"Do you wanna know my secret, Vinn?" she suddenly asked me. I was doing the dishes and she was sitting by the kitchen counter, writing about nothingness in her notebook. Instead of answering, I continued my work and disregarded her presence. I don't know if she has secrets to keep after all.

"Hmm? You don't want to know?" she asked again. My grip tightened at the plate I was washing as I heard low sobs coming from her.

Does she ever get tired of crying? Do her eyes never run out of tears?

I wiped my hands dry as I stood by her, handing her a tissue. I've heard everything. I've heard everything I need to know.

"You're... pregnant aren't you?" my voice came out colder than I expected and her sobbing increased.

I swear that man would pay one day. He wasn't fatherly as he was before. In fact, when did he act like he was one after Mom died? I hugged her as she cried her eyes out, *again*. I couldn't help but to cry as well with her.

Sometimes, it was better for us to cry all night than keeping it for ourselves. Sometimes, crying isn't the measurement of how weak we've become but the measurement of how long we've been strong to keep it all in and finally letting it all out.

Midnight finally came as the door flew open revealing a drunken figure, still holding up a beer in his hand. He was shouting loud enough to wake almost everyone within the neighborhood. He shouted for our names, all of those callings ending with profane words afterwards. I watched from afar as he walked towards the kitchen, his walking was kind of unstable; probably still tipsy from too much alcohol intake. Bumping in some furniture and knocking them over, he managed to reach the end of the stairs. He shouted once again as I showed up from the shadows.

"You. How many times do I need to call, huh?" he pointed his bottle straight to me. I walked by the stairs, my steps getting heavier as I took another one. One side of me want to stop; the other one whispered it was nothing more than yesterday. It'll all become a part of yesterday so what's the use? I gulped a thousand times before reaching out my hand to him. With his heavy lids, he raised his brow in a mocking manner as he swung the bottle in an upright motion, perfectly landing on my arm and breaking the glass within the contact. Broken shards fell



on the ground and some got stuck up on my skin. I bit my lips to prevent any sound coming out from me as pain slowly crept up in my system. I knew already that he'll double the pain once he sees me hurting. He let out a cackle as he threw the remaining piece of the bottle somewhere else. His touch killed me inside as he pressed against my wound that was awfully bleeding.

'Don't come out Irene...' I silently prayed as he pulled me by my injured arm and I landed by the floor creating a loud thud as I do so. The small porcelain figures fell by the shelf I my back hit the cabinet. I winced in pain as my hand touched the small fragments, piercing through my skin. He smirked and without warning, he charged at me, his punches perfectly landing on my face. I begged for him to stop, not being able to compromise myself as extreme pain strikes my whole being. I couldn't keep it in anymore so I fought back. He fell back and I was able to sit up myself despite having too many bruises all over my body.

"You dare to fight back now? How dare you--?!" he was cut off as the shattering of glass echoed through the room. He landed on his knees and finally, on the ground. I saw Irene standing before me as she held a bottle of soju in her hand and tears cascading from her eyes. I stood up and went straight to hug her. I cried too.

"He's not dead... right?" she asked, her voice a bit muffled because of crying.

"I don't think so... Let's escape before he--" **"Vinn watch out!"** she quickly turned me around, wrapping her small hands in my built figure. There I saw him, a wide grin plastered in his face. It took me a while to realize what he has done. Irene choked on air as she was hugging me so tight. Blood drenched both our clothes and the coward watched in horror, realizing what he did. He ran away in fear as he saw Irene fell down on her knees.

"Irene.. No..." I couldn't get a grip of my sanity as I watched how Irene suffered before me. Why does she need to suffer like this? Why couldn't it be me? I cried so hard, shouting and wearing my lungs out. I held her in my arms tight, looking immensely in her eyes. My vision a bit blurry as my tears never stopped. I'm about to lose her. What should I do? I'm losing my everything. Why am I doing nothing and crying helplessly here?

"V-vinn..." she spoke, her hand reaching out for my face. **"Don't cry anymore..."** I held her hand with mine. She let out a painful smile as she tried not to close her eyes. I didn't hesitate to smile even though I

was crying. I looked crazy enough to do that but I would do anything for her.

"There." she smiled too. **"I wanted to see you smile one last time. Even though we'll say goodbye now... I don't want to remember a crying face of yours but that perfect smile engraved on your face."** she smiled after saying those words I could see her eyes slowly closing. I kept on begging her not to go but life doesn't go that way.

"Goodbye, Vinn. Thank you... and I love you." she gave me one last smile as she fell in a deep slumber.

'She's gone...' It kept repeating on my head. I held her lifeless body in my hands as I grabbed a long sharp shard coming from the floor. If she's gone, I might as well be dead like her.

Suddenly, the sound of sirens was heard and the colors of red and blue came flashing by our window. The word 'help' came through my head and I flashed a smile as the policemen rushed through our door. Finally, I stood up, dropping the glass shard in my hand as I made my way through them.

"Stay right there, Mr. Vladamire. Hands up!" the officer took out his gun and pointed it at me. Out of fear, I did what he asked me to do. Another officer came in by and walked around me, checking me as he made signals to the other officer. He walked towards Irene as he held her wrist. He gave out a sad expression and gestured to me.

"Officer, I swear. I-i'm innocent." I said in a stern voice, almost cracking as I was crying for so long my voice got caught up in my throat. He gave me a confused look but shook his head.

"Handcuff him."

[3rd Person]

People gathered through the court, the hearing was about to start. Vinn was caught up with the police and his lawyer was beside him which was rather too far, distancing himself. The lawyer thought to himself, **"This kid is a murderer, why should I be near him?"** Vinn was still blank as he couldn't get over the fact that his sister died few days ago and he took the blame rather than his coward father. They all walked in silence as they made their way through the courtroom, stopping by the entrance door. The policemen made way for them to enter as Vinn was unable to move his hands freely because of the handcuffs. The cameras flashed and people started to crowd the poor boy. Some are saying pro-



fane things, some interrogating. The issue about a 16-year old boy murdering his sister spreaded like wildfire. The increasing cases of juveniles being cast by the police in a matter of months was a great deal for the government and Vinn Vladamire was one of those who were also brought up to court and would probably end up in one of those rehabilitation centers. But his case was a tough one. The father claimed that his son was in a state of mental matters and he took himself as a witness of how Vinn murdered her only daughter. Completely turning the tables and purposely giving all the blame to the boy. The commotion was calmed by the judges who arrived, completely silencing the whole room. Vinn was placed beside his lawyer and sitting oppositely by his father. He saw his father's wicked grin as if it was telling him that he'll lose. He sat down, rather uncomfortable by the judging stares to him. The judges soon announced that the hearing would start soon.

"Vinn Vladamire, 16 years of age, was accused of murder at in such young age." the judge paused by, eyeing everyone in the room. **"Is proven to be guilty by law? The evidences that were seen by the resident's house show full truth about the murder. Thee shall be put in jail for the rest of his life but as sentenced, the boy as a juvenile with the law made for them was able to avoid this process but as the father stated, the latter was suffering mental illnesses causing him to lose his sanity and perform such cruel thing. As a counter punishment, Vinn Vladamire shall be putted in a mental asylum until the last of his days. That's all, court adjourned."**

Tears cascaded from the poor boy's eyes as the memory was still vivid to him. He wiped those away as he stood, shouting in frustration. He was furious every time he would reminisce the painful memory. The cameras rolled as it watched Vinn's sudden outburst. The doctor massaged his temple as he watched Vinn through the screen. The pills treatment was a fail; the therapy was also a fail and now the placebo treatment was a fail too. He had thought of the worst case scenarios but he didn't thought of it going this far. With a heavy heart, he stood from his chair heading to the paramedics room. For the past five years Vinn had stayed here, Dr. Kim was the only doctor who was able to take care of him for so long. He couldn't deny the fact that he got attached to the boy. He took out a syringe and filled it with a deadly drug. Keeping the syringe in a pocket in his lab coat, he continued his way to Vinn's room. The steps he took were rather heavy, having to do such murderous thing. His conscience was killing him as he stopped in front of the entrance door. Letting out a sigh, he opened the door to reveal the boy wearing his eyes out. The plain scene killed him on the inside. His guts flipping and something got stuck on his throat while tears are threatening to fall.

"Hey... 9530." he greeted. The asylum never used the patient's name to them but was given numbers for them to be labelled. Vinn looked up, his puffed red eyes landing on the doctor's fatherly gaze. Seeing Vinn's at his worst state was rather devastating. He couldn't let the boy suffer anymore so he finally decided. Vinn curled up into a ball and filled the empty room with his whispers. Dr. Kim crouched to level himself to Vinn.

"Having our session are we?" he asked. He ruffled the boy's hair and sat beside him. He wanted to at least cherish the last moments with him. Vinn turned his gaze to the doctor beside him. He felt the special 'treatment' that Dr. Kim gave to him that the never felt with other doctors. Almost every doctor that he's been with treated him like an animal; the murderer that he was accused of, but never Dr. Kim. He saw how glassy Dr. Kim's eyes were, tears about to fall. He knew himself this was an end for something; someone.

"I... I would like to thank you." Vinn spoke. Indeed it made the doctor's heart shatter. He was about to do something he would regret for the rest of his life. **"I know what will happen to me. I've wished for this a lot of times, although something was pulling me back. The thought of death made me excited and... and scared at the same time."**

"You... can proceed on your task now, but I would like to say something to you." his voice cracked. **"I'm forever grateful to you, Dr. Kim. Thank you for granting my wish... I maybe out of mind; out of heart but I'll never forget you. These broken pieces of my heart would always remember you."** What Vinn said refrained the doctor from going any further. He wrapped his hands around the boy, hugging him tight. He needs to go now, but there's one thing the doctor realized.

Vinn isn't crazy at all.

The long needle pierced through the boy's skin and he let out a whimper. The doctor's delicate tears fell. He let go of the hug and laid Vinn down. A sweet smile engraved on his lips, feeling the drug running through his veins and slowly killing him. **"Thank you for ending my misery."** he said as his eyes closed, his breathing stopped as well as the beating of his heart. The book was closed as the last pages were drenched with tears, and right that moment, the story ended without a happily ever after.



QUILL EXPRESSIONS

"Wisdom equals knowledge plus courage. You have to not only know what to do and when to do it, but you have to also be brave enough to follow through."

— Jarod Kintz

"WISDOM EQUALS KNOWLEDGE PLUS COURAGE. YOU HAVE TO NOT ONLY KNOW WHAT TO DO AND WHEN TO DO IT, BUT YOU HAVE TO ALSO BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO FOLLOW THROUGH."

— JAROD KINTZ

"She said we all not only could know everything. We do. We just tell ourselves we don't to make it all bearable."

— Neil Gaiman

"There's a time to be nice person and there's a time to say, enough is enough."

— Steven Aitchison

"All our knowledge begins with the senses, proceeds then to the understanding, and ends with reason. There is nothing higher than reason."

— Immanuel Kant

"I do not consider it an insult, but rather a compliment to be called an agnostic. I do not pretend to know where many ignorant men are sure — that is all that agnosticism means."

"Life is like a game of chess. To win you have to make a move. Knowing which move to make comes with IN-SIGHT and knowledge, and by learning the lessons that are acculated along the way.

We become each and every piece within the game called life!"

— Allan Rufus, The Master's Sacred Knowledge

"There will always be people in your life who treat you wrong. Be sure to thank them for making you strong."

— Zig Ziglar

"Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving."

— Albert Einstein

"DO NOT REPEAT AFTER ME WORDS THAT YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND. DO NOT MERELY PUT ON A MASK OF MY IDEAS, FOR IT WILL BE AN ILLUSION AND YOU WILL THEREBY DECEIVE YOURSELF."

— JIDDU KRISHNAMURTI

"STRENGTH DOESN'T COME FROM WHAT YOU CAN DO. IT COMES FROM OVERCOMING THE THINGS YOU ONCE THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T."

— RIKKI ROGERS

"The only person who is educated is the one who has learned how to learn and change."

— Carl R. Rogers

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