



TO A GARDEN CALLED TOMORROW

CAMPUS NEWS

‘Silence helps the oppressor, not the oppressed’: An Overview on the September 21 Rallies

On September 21st, 2025, after congressional hearings exposed numerous corruption cases in flood control projects, the Filipino Citizens took to the streets to protest against government mismanagement and corruption as a call of accountability from the ones responsible.

Student Leader's Assembly

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Photo by: tempo.mb.com.ph



Photo by: Rappler



Photo by: GMA

Editors' Message

Dear readers of Sacre Coeur,

Though the year may be new and the names behind these pages may be unfamiliar, our hearts are eager and our purpose remains true. This issue, titled “To a Garden Called Tomorrow,” is both a beginning and a promise to nurture seeds of stories, ideas, and voices that will one day bloom into something greater.

As we enter a new year, we hope that the first seeds we plant grows not just from our hands, but from the faith and curiosity of everyone who reads it. Each word is a seed we've planted with care with each page brimming as a small patch of soil where hope can take root. As the new editorial team, we step into this space ready to learn, to grow, and to cultivate the stories that reflect who we are and who we're becoming.

Tomorrow may still be unknown, but it is ours to shape — through the words we write, the truths we tell, and the dreams we dare to share. And as we begin this new season of Sacre Coeur, we thank you for walking with us — for tending to this garden alongside us with your trust and attention.

Here's to growth, to stories worth telling, and to a garden called tomorrow.

*With warmth and hope,
M.S.D Aspa Editor in Chief,
Sacre Coeur*

Editors' Message

To the dear readers,

As we set foot in this fresh year with new versions of ourselves, I hope this issue “To a Garden Called Tomorrow” nourishes your eyes with precise cartoons and illustrations, your minds with adequate knowledge, and touches the depths of your heart with the stories we unfold.

We, as a team, seek truthful and timely stories as if it were the seeds we need to write a blooming story; we are committed to maintain being rooted and firm towards our goal — to serve the public.

Together, we can make the collection of these stories grow into a perennial and enchanting garden. Filling every little pot with the flowers of sentiments and lessons that we may take as we go on about life.

We are very grateful to all who contributed and helped out to make this paper possible; we are also looking forward to writing more stories for this academic year.

**N.S.D Managing Editor,
Sacré Coeur**



South-East Asian Rage: The Youth-Led Protests Of Nepal

Photo by: Reuters

by: Bana, Dyan

Pandemonium strikes within Nepal as “Gen-Z” protesters kickstart multiple disruptive protests on September 8 to 12. In response to rising governmental abuse within the country, droves of Nepalese protesters stormed public areas and government institutions with the majority congregating in Nepal’s capital of Kathmandu. These protests were planned digitally and executed through highly cutthroat and destructive measures to attain desired governmental reforms.

The Himalayan country first drew international attention to its “Gen Z-led” protests on September 8 following the national ban on the use of several social media sites. Nepal activists had led fairly lawful protests prior to the ban by placidly gathering near major offices as a demand for action against rising political corruption cases. However, these peaceful gatherings quickly had a change of heart as numerous cases of police brutality on student protesters arose in a single day.

The police had shot multiple protesters with military-graded equipment and ammunition, leading to multiple injuries and casualties of both adults and the youth. It was later confirmed by Nepal’s Ministry of Health and Population that a total of 347 people were injured by police shootings, with at least 19 students killed during the September 8th protest, with the youngest having merely been 12 years old. And, as if to pour more fuel to the ever-growing rage of the public, police had reportedly deployed tear gasses in the Kathmandu-based Civil Service Hospital before charging in to assault and apprehend protesters that were meant to be treated for their injuries. Through their actions, patients were unable to be tended to in emergency care by medical personnel; in turn, doctors and nurses had also suffered severe disorientation and scuffs, leading them to raise concerns on the enforcement of basic safety and protection protocols within healthcare facilities.

In response to the blatant indiscriminate use of violence by the authorities, Nepalese protesters organized privately via social media spaces to plan another gathering. Through multiple excerpts of their conversations released by India Today, it was revealed that many of their discussions revolved around tactical acquisition of equipment as well as careful positioning and response to police brutality. One enraged user had sent the following message to the accessible protestant Discord group entitled *Hami Nepal*: “Life of a neta (leader) for every dead body!”



“ In view of the adverse situation in the country, I have resigned effective today to facilitate the solution to the problem and to help resolve it politically in accordance with the constitution.

K.P Sharma Oli
Nepali Prime Minister

Photo by: the Himalayan

Due to the fact that many of the members of these formed protest groups were students themselves, the main organizers had requested for them to abstain from attending classes, leading to the temporary closure of colleges and universities in the meantime. And so, with the finalization of protest measures by these organizations, the public sought government accountability and transparency through a highly destructive and disruptive movement.

On September 9th, Tuesday, exactly one day after the initial protest, numerous crowds of people stormed the streets of Nepal to protest against the crippling state of their government. Entire political and government buildings, which included the Supreme Court, were razed to the ground and destroyed in record time. Many government officials were chased out of their offices by enraged citizens, tripping over themselves by the sheer quantity of the protesters.

The homes of many politicians were also vandalized and invaded, with the most shocking incident of them all concerning the former prime minister's wife: Ravi Laxmi Chitrakar. She had been left alone in their home located in the Dallu area of Kathmandu when it was set on fire by protestants. Trapped between ash and smoke, she consequently suffered severe burns and a chest infection, having barely made it to the hospital alive.

The most notable individual who had been publicly humiliated and filmed during the protest was the Nepal finance minister, Vishnu Prasad Paudel. After being chased out of his office, he was stripped down to his undergarments and forced to swim through the heavy river currents as multiple demonstrators yelled at him angrily from both river banks. The footage was released to multiple social media platforms, such as Tiktok and X, which quickly amassed international notice.

However, despite the increasing brutality of police intervention, citizens stood their ground and continued to demand for government retribution. And within just a few hours, the prime minister officially declared his resignation, leaving his position absent of a holder. Following his critical decision, several other ministers and members of parliament had also stepped down from their positions, escalating Nepal's political fallout. For the remainder of September, multiple government reforms were established, led primarily by the same protestants and organizers of both the September 8th and 9th protests. With the debilitating state of numerous government buildings resulting from the destructive movement, the “Gen Z” protestors utilized Discord, a digital communication chatroom, to discuss with 160,000 other individuals on who to appoint for the absent positions.



Photo by: Mritunjay Kumar

A wide shot displaying the protesters standing their ground against the armed forces.

Through numerous debates, discussions, and polls, it was decided that the former Supreme Court Chief Justice, Sushila Karki, was the most ideal candidate for prime minister. By Friday, the 73-year-old took the oath of office as the country's interim prime minister, thus concluding an old era and starting a new chapter in Nepal's political history.

Through this monumental event, dozens of citizens from other countries, most especially the youth, have begun to think deeply on the faults of their governments and leading authorities. Change, undoubtedly, is possible; the question that seemed to remain on the majority's minds is how exactly should it be attained. Nepal has shown resilience and grit in face of their flawed leadership. In awe of the citizens' actions, international social media has exploded with desires for nationalism and political reforms. Multiple South-East Asian countries, such as Indonesia and even the Philippines, have taken note of Nepal's efforts against corruption, and have too begun organizing rallies in the past month.

An old video of a 16-year-old Nepalese student named Abiskar Raut recently circulated around the internet in the height of Nepal's historical governmental reform. In it, the speaker named Abiskar Raut expresses his dream of a better country. In a later part of his speech, he directly addresses his classmates - his fellow youth - as a call to the generation that will carry his nation's burdens.

“If you do not raise your voices, who will? If you do not build this nation, who will? We are the fire that will burn away the darkness. We are the storm that will sweep away injustice and bring prosperity,” Raut raised his voice passionately, eyeing each awed audience member with reverence. “Our ancestors who have shed their blood to give us this nation... we cannot lose it. We are the fire; we will burn every despair away.”



Photo by: Lopez, Alexander

Filipino protesters rally while holding up signage about corruption.

'SILENCE HELPS THE OPPRESSOR, NOT THE OPPRESSED': AN OVERVIEW ON THE SEPTEMBER 21 RALLIES

by: Casuga, Kian

On September 21st, 2025, after congressional hearings exposed numerous corruption cases in flood control projects, the Filipino Citizens took to the streets to protest against government mismanagement and corruption as a call of accountability from the ones responsible.

Protests erupted across the country on September 21st as a response to ongoing corruption in the government's flood control projects. A report by the Asian Journal showed that a total of 9,855 flood control projects adding up to around ₱545 billion are under review for alleged anomalies. Further investigation after the protests showed that 421 of around 8,000 flood control projects have been found to be non-existent in a joint investigation conducted by the Philippine National Police (PNP), Department of Economy, Planning, and Development (DEPDev), and the Armed Forces of the Philippines (AFP).

As a response to these charges of corruption, many protestors organized collectively to well known areas of the country. In the Luneta Rally, student networks and activist coalitions took up a bulk of the participants, while the one in EDSA saw a coalition of Catholic and Protestant Denominations, spearheaded by the Church Leaders Council for National Transformation (CLCNT).

Numerous rallies were held, but the more prominent ones were held in Metro Manila, particularly the aforementioned rallies in Luneta Park, known as the "Billion People March", and the one along the Edsa People Power Monument along Ortigas Avenue in Quezon City, known as the "Trillion Peso March".

The set date of the rally, September 21, also coincides with the 53rd anniversary of the declaration of Martial Law by Ferdinand Marcos Sr., which gave way for the steady degradation of democracy in the country and towards a path of dictatorship. While most protests were peaceful, with Interior Secretary Jonvic Remulla claiming no reported casualties. However, the day didn't go by without a few outliers.

At Ayala Bridge, many protestors threw molotov cocktails, along with setting a 10-wheeler truck and a motorcycle on fire, wreaking havoc. While the protests carried a heavy tone due to its subject matter, on the ground most protestors showed an atmosphere of clear unity and respect.

Photo by: Alexander Lopez
Photo of protesters in EDSA



Citing the People Power Revolution in 1986 as a similar scenario, Mendoza continues by saying “I go to these rallies because silence helps the oppressor, not the oppressed. My voice matters, and I will use it. Change begins when ordinary people stand together for what is right.”

On the effect the rallies could provide in our country, Mendoza said, “They give ordinary people a platform to be heard, especially when other avenues, like legislation or formal petitions, feel out of reach. Sometimes leaders are pressured, sometimes not. But it is worth a try.” Mendoza added, “Rallies put issues into mainstream conversations. Media coverage often brings these causes to people who may not otherwise know about them.”

It’s not just ordinary citizens who voiced their support for these protests, as our nation’s top celebrities came in full force that day. Vice Ganda, Anne Curtis, Catriona Gray, and Jackie Gonzaga just to name a few, all participated in the Trillion Peso March held in the People Power Monument, with Vice Ganda giving a roaring speech about holding corrupt officials accountable and a reminder that the Filipino people are who they work for, not themselves, to an ecstatic crowd.

“Peaceful and Festive. People found their own space and were considerate of others. Some brought free water for everyone.” Said Rosbel Buñag, a 66 year old Media Relations Consultant from Quezon City.

“It has been proven that Filipinos can unseat presidents. And that the young people are always heard.” Also said Buñag when asked about the rallies having a positive effect on the country as a whole.

When asked if she was glad to have experienced these rallies, Buñag stated that she’s always happy to attend rallies to show her support, “I never experienced any violence.” States Buñag.

It’s not just Rosbel who shares similar statements on the protests’ atmosphere and its possible effects on our country. Ivy Mendoza, a 59 year old Writer from Makati who attended the rally at the People Power Monument describes the atmosphere as “Peaceful, but the anger and frustration in the hearts of the people are palpable.”

On the other hand, Tessie Tomas, Joy Barcoma, and Angel Aquino participated in the Luneta Park Rally, giving speeches to a crowd of thousands and even more watching on their televisions or through social media. Singer and actor Alden Richards voiced additional support through his Social Media account, saying “Walang titigil...walang mananahimik. Sobra na...Tama na!” through his Instagram story.



Photo by: Eloisa Lopez
A photo highlighting the destructive aftermath of the Mindanao earthquakes.

TWIN CALAMITY: THE MINDANAO DOUBLET QUAKES AND THEIR HARROWING AFTERMATH

by: Bana, Dyan

Early morning of October 10, Friday, disaster struck several parts of Mindanao upon the emergence of a powerful 7.4 magnitude earthquake. At 9.43 a.m., the Philippine Institute of Volcanology and Seismology (PHIVOLCS) recorded a strong tremor offshore of Davao Oriental and quickly released a tsunami warning to all nearby coastal areas. However, as citizens evacuated to safer areas, another earthquake hit the residences which consequently claimed a number of lives. With a shocking magnitude of 6.7, this quake had been the beginning of the 800 consecutive aftershocks that followed after.

Strong and sudden, the 7.4 magnitude earthquake caught the people of Mindanao unexpectedly. In its wake, dozens of crumbled buildings and injured civilians laid on the streets, disoriented and panicked. Just a few hours later, shortly after medical and emergency personnel arrived, the crisis had escalated as a 6.7 aftershock quake hit the land once more, worsening damages and bodily harm.

The initial earthquake's epicenter was identified to be 48 kilometers northeast of Manay, Davao Oriental and had a depth of approximately 23 kilometers. Besides Davao Oriental, the nearby areas of Eastern Samar, Dinagat Islands, Southern Leyte, Surigao Del Norte, Surigao Del Sur, and Leyte were also advised to evacuate and take measures against the impending effects that were sure to follow. Although the tsunami warning was lifted four hours later, aftershocks continued to pose a deadly threat; though faced with weakened tremors barely exceeding Magnitude 5, citizens remained in danger surrounded by unstable and collapsing structures. Despite the best efforts of both the residents and authorities, a total of 8 casualties were amassed from the inciting quakes with several others injured. Three of the eight deaths were miners who were crushed by a collapsing shaft in the mountains west of Manay while another three were struck with heart attacks during the disaster. The remaining two were critically injured by falling debris before having succumbed to their wounds.



Photo by: Eloisa Lopez
A photo of a destroyed office after the quakes.



Photo by: Francis Magbanua
A photo displaying the displacement of those affected by the tragedy.



Photo by: Bureau of Fire Protection Region
A photo of a ruined street with heavy earth and debris toppled over.

In regards to the total property destruction, government officials had described the damage to public infrastructure as “minimal” but have yet to release a statement regarding the amount of lost homes and businesses. The overall tremors themselves have affected 4 municipalities and 28 barangays, displacing at least 699 families from their residences. Of these, only 224 families have been given shelter in evacuation centers; the rest were forced to sleep in tents, in vehicles, under improvised cloth, and on mats laid out on the sides of the streets. Many huddled together outdoors, fearful of being crushed to death by debris as they slept.

By October 11, Saturday, residents worked on removing debris and hazards from their facilities and houses. Within Mayan, multiple health care facilities were heavily damaged by the twin quakes, leaving medical personnel with no choice but to treat injured patients in outdoor medical tents.

“Our small house and our small store were destroyed,” mourned a Mayan resident named Ven Lupogan to news outlets. “We have nowhere to sleep. There’s no electricity. We have nothing to eat.”

In a statement he posted on his Facebook page, President Marcos said that he had directed all relevant government agencies to sort out the crisis. Prompt evacuations were initiated amongst the affected coastal areas by agencies such as the National Disaster Risk Reduction and Management Council, the Office of Civil Defense, the Armed Forces, and the Philippine Coast Guard. Additionally, personnel of the Department of Health were sent to assist the injured civilians equipped with extra medical supplies and equipment.

“Search, rescue, and relief operations are already being prepared and will be deployed as soon as it is safe to do so,” President Marcos stated to the press during the time of the twin quakes.

Fortunately, the Department of Social Welfare and Development (DSWD) sent approximately 1.17 million Philippine Peso worth of financial aid and resources to involved regional offices. These funds and supplies are to be distributed to displaced individuals through food, clothing, and other necessities. Numerous local government units, non-government organizations, and advocate groups have also started sending in their support to affected families with heaps of donations; in total, the accumulated assistance cost given by all these groups had amounted to a staggering 42.31 million pesos.

By October 12, Sunday, other community efforts have started their own support programs to uplift the victims of the doublet earthquakes. During times of calamities and crises, countrymen must flock together to keep afloat. The Philippines is no stranger to natural disasters, having withstood the likes of Typhoon Yolanda, but we still suffer severe losses and mourn for them in return. Without a doubt, Mother Nature is relentless in her destruction, and in most cases: we can do nothing but grit our teeth and persevere. However, at the height of this historical crisis, we Filipinos must do our best to embody the “Bayanihan” spirit and uplift one another through united support. Along the way, we must aim for better infrastructural progress and advancements to lessen the tragedies that future reckonings will reap from the clutches of mankind.

Photo by: Rass, Sheena Jillian
Students performs a Filipino traditional
dance as part of the Buwan ng Wika 2025
celebration



BUWAN NG WIKA 2025: A CELEBRATION OF UNITY THROUGH LANGUAGE AND CULTURE

by: Cantoria, Kathryn

On August 28, 2025, Sacred Heart Academy of Pasig celebrated Buwan ng Wikang Pambansa 2025 through cultural and educational activities that honored the richness of the Filipino language and heritage. Anchored on the theme “Paglinang sa Filipino at Katutubong Wika: Makasaysayan sa Pagkakaisa ng Bansa,” the celebration emphasized the power of language as a foundation of identity, communication, and unity among Filipinos.

The event highlighted the creativity and cultural pride of both junior and senior high school students, who participated actively in various games that showcased their cooperation and teamwork that deepened their appreciation for Filipino culture

Junior high school students engaged in interactive and educational Filipino activities that promoted teamwork and communication using the national language. These events encouraged them to rediscover the importance of speaking and understanding Filipino and native dialects as tools of connection and cultural pride. The activities cultivated a sense of belonging and strengthened the students’ awareness of their heritage. Meanwhile, senior high students presented cultural performances and creative booths that represented the diverse traditions of different regions in the Philippines. Each booth displayed the country’s cultural identity through regional delicacies, traditional clothing, customs, and artistic expressions. Students also reflected on how modernization and globalization continue to influence Filipino culture, bridging the old and the new while preserving the essence of national identity.

Teachers and administrators expressed pride in the students’ effort and dedication throughout the celebration. The event not only showcased talent and knowledge but also reaffirmed the school’s commitment to promoting the Filipino language and cultural understanding among the youth.

As the week came to a close Sacred Heart Academy of Pasig had once again proven that language is more than just a tool for communication—it is a symbol of unity and a living testament to the nation’s shared history and identity. The event served as a reminder that every Filipino, through the use of their language, contributes to the ongoing story of national pride and solidarity.



Photo by: De Venacio, Tiffany
Students happily celebrate World Teachers' Day to show appreciation to their teachers

WORLD TEACHERS' DAY 2025: A DAY TO RECOGNIZE THE ONES WHO SHAPED SHAP

by: Legaspi, Elijah

Students from all around the campus at Sacred Heart Academy of Pasig (SHAP) dedicated themselves to honor the Sacredian professionals on World Teachers' Day. The celebration was held last October 2nd for senior high school students and last October 3rd for pre-kinder until the 10th grade.

Days leading up to the upcoming celebration, the student council and school staff planned out programs and decorations such as banners and handcrafts, photo backdrops at the Luisa Kierulf Hall and covered court.

Organized by the Senior High School organizations: Broadcast and Media, Musikerawr, and Actors Guild, performed a cover of the song 'Liwang sa Dilim', originally sung by OPM band Rivermaya in dedication to honor the educators of SHAP.

This project featured a short film created by the Broadcast and Media organization, which showcased the music production where organization members sang in chorus with a different variety of instruments. The short story in the film underlines the invaluable hard work of teachers and how students paid back with an act of service and excellence. The film was eventually shown via the official Facebook page of SHAP.

In collaboration with their class officers and the Student Council, class sections worked together to create a special surprise for their advisers with quirky tarpaulins and gifts which they presented to their

advisers as their home room period began. Each classroom had different ways of presenting their love to their teachers, such as handing out certificate awardings as a gift of appreciation, social media trends, and tribute performances including spoken word poetry, messages, and a song or dance number. Highlighting sentimental moments between students and teachers. The celebration eventually ended with students gathering in their older sections and to faculty rooms for them to greet their old teachers and advisors a happy Teachers' Day.

At the end of the celebration, an activity exclusively for teachers was held at the 1st floor cafeteria where festive moments occur as teachers sit down together to catch up while enjoying the free lunch and drinks prepared by the cafeteria staff. The celebration for teachers was a well deserved break from teaching, including fun moments such as teachers singing their hearts out in karaoke, and an early dismissal.

The Teachers' Day celebration is not only a festivity of surprises and gifts, but an opportunity where students acknowledge the dedicated service and tireless impact of the professionals who build our society and our youth as they are 'the profession that creates all other professions.'



Photo by: De Venacio, Tiffany
Senior High School teachers react positively to a student-made film



Photo by: Condaya, Sophia
Ms. Monique, a SHS teacher, teacher sings along with Marthena Calub, a student, in celebration of Teachers' Day..



COURSE TO CLARITY: SHAP STRENGTHENS COLLEGE PREPAREDNESS OF SHS STUDENTS

By: Diaz, Naomi

Photo by: Condaya, Sophia
University Admission Facilitators
poses for group photo at SHAP

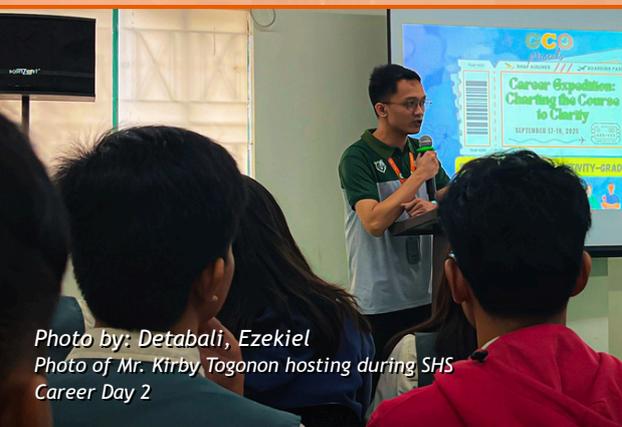


Photo by: Detabali, Ezekiel
Photo of Mr. Kirby Togonon hosting during SHS
Career Day 2



Photo by: Condaya, Sophia
Photo of the crowd as a college speaker
promotes scholarships, programs, and courses.

To navigate adequate programs and universities, Sacred Heart Academy of Pasig (SHAP) gears Senior High School (SHS) Students through a 2-day college fair with the theme “Career Expedition: Charting the Course to Clarity” from September 17th to 18th, 2025.

SHS Career Guidance Activity was divided into two days involving all the sections from both grade levels of 11 and 12. The said event was officially initiated through a welcome remark delivered by the SHS Academic Coordinator, Ms. Evelyn Borja. She labels the event as an “opportunity in clarity in planning your next steps.”

Day one began with the Career Clinic, 40-minute sessions categorized depending on the specialty of the professionals invited, wherein students attend three of their chosen sessions based on the pre-registration conducted by the Guidance and Counselling Office (GCO).

Professionals from known universities namely, Far Eastern University (FEU), San Beda University (SBU), Mapua, Enderun, and University of Asia and Pacific discussed about the programs they offer best such as Medical Technology, Nursing, Multimedia Arts, Business and Political Science/Economy consecutively. Other participating schools also discussed Tourism/ Hospitality Management, Aviation, Engineering, Accountancy, and Psychology programs. Study-abroad agencies also presented their offers and exchange programs, namely AECC and IDP.



Photo by: Condaya, Sophia

Naomi Diaz (Grade 11 Humss) interviewing a representative of DLSU Saint Benilde for Broadcast and Media

Right after, the college orientation was conducted at the SHS hall where a total of 16 Universities/ Colleges sent admission officers to give a brief yet detailed overview of the programs, curriculum, and scholarships each has. University of Sto. Thomas (UST) , De LaSalle-College of Saint Benilde (CSB) , Mapua University, University of the East Manila, Jose Rizal University, Technological Institute of the Phils., St. Scholastica, Adamson University, Thames International, Assumption College, St. Paul University of Manila, WCC Aeronautical and Technological College, MOL Magsaysay Maritime Academy, iAcademy, Asian Institute of Maritime Studies, and Asia Pacific College were the participating universities that also crafted their booths in the court 2 catering to the students' inquiries while providing leaflets and souvenirs.

University Facilitator Dari Larceda from UST highlights how Sacredians were very engaging and interested towards UST. "Never lose hope. Failure is part of life so if you fail on one thing, don't lose hope and continue pursuing your dreams." he added as members of the school organization, Broadcast and Media (BAM) , interviewed him.

On the following day, the same routine occurred except different schools were present. Enderun, FEU, National University (NU), Mint, Mirriam, De LaSalle Medical and Health Science Institute and Trinity University of Asia were part of the 12 colleges that attended the second day.

The overall event was facilitated by Guidance Council Office (GCO) with the lead of Ms. Irene C. Toquero promoting the goal to deepen the students self-awareness by identifying their interests, strengths, and potential career pathways, explore real-world career options through engaging experiences, exhibits and expert insights and gain clarity and confidence in making informed choices and key decision points about their future education and career goals.

SHAP PARTICIPATES IN NATIONAL MENTAL HEALTH WEEK



Photo by: Layog, Marcus
Elevate Resource Speaker Mr. Mark Ballesteros receives an award after preaching among the crowd at SHAP

BY: DIAZ, NAOMI

In line with the celebration of the National Mental Health Week and World Mental Health Day, Elevate – a youth movement empowered through Values, Excellence and Leadership, conducted a 2-day seminar about FOMO and Relationships goals at Sacred Heart Academy of Pasig (SHAP) last October 7 to 8, 2025.

The Guidance Counseling Office (GCO) crafted an activity involving multiple grade levels as part of the celebration of the National Mental Health Awareness Week with a theme “Let’s Connect”.

On the 7th of October from 1:30 to 3pm, SHAP invited the youth organization, Elevate to conduct a seminar amongst grade nine and ten students regarding appealing and timely issues, specifically relationship goals at the SHS Hall.

The 1st speaker – Ms. Sigrid Dela Paz – is a proud alumna of De LaSalle University, where she obtained her Bachelor's Degree in BS Psychology. She successfully passed the Psychometrician Licensure Examination and dedicated her career to serving the next generation since then.

Ms. Dela Paz delivered a youthful approach as her audience was mainly youngsters. She discussed the importance of determining whether a relationship will benefit one or not.

Additionally, she quoted “if you don’t know what love really is, you will not get the love you deserve” which sparked various reactions from the crowd. On the other hand, a more serious topic was presented before the crowd of senior high school students last October 8, 2025.

Mr. Mark Ballesteros, an Elevate personnel, initiated the seminar about fear of missing out (FOMO) by sharing his personal experiences. He mentioned his current state in life and how he ended there, which related to the overall discussion. His anecdotes significantly added emotional appeal towards the discourse. Mr. Ballesteros claims that the secret to a stable mental well-being is to have a purpose in life. He enumerated 4 key points that can strengthen mental health; Open Communication, Digital Balance, Real-life Connections, Gratitude and Mindfulness were the mentioned values.

To support the Philippine Mental Health Association (PMHA) Light Up Blue for Mental Health Campaign, the GCO also encouraged the school community by wearing any blue colored accessory like watch, wristband, headband, ribbon, hair clip, etc.

From an interview of the Broadcast and Media (BAM) organization, a student from 11-D Humss named Alyanna Ramirez shared that she “always make sure to allot time specially in the night, kapag 9 PM onwards...that's for me, and myself only.” as a form of self care.

LIVING ROSARY 2025: SHAP IN PRAYER

Written By: Pamintuan, Aaron

On October 22, 2025, In commemoration of the month of the Holy Rosary, multiple class officers, teaching, and non-teaching staff in SHAP were assembled to perform the living rosary, a powerful demonstration in honoring the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The living rosary is a devotional prayer wherein each participant represents a bead of the rosary, forming a literal, living chain of prayer. The living rosary consisted of hundreds of participants and observers, each and everyone united in prayer and devotion to the holy trinity and Blessed Virgin Mary.

As Ms. Mabel De Jesus conducted the opening stages of the Living Rosary, a solemn atmosphere filled the area. The microphone passed to each participant, with each voice becoming part of the whole living chain.

Each decade of the living rosary was complemented with an offering placed by other class officers who, whilst not part of the chain, still offered their solemn and dignified presence during the living rosary. As the chain of prayer went from the youngest to the oldest of the officers, a rarely seen rhythm of prayer & response ensued, reinforcing the dignity and solemnity of this event in the hearts and minds of us all.

As the event neared its end, two flower bearers appeared with the class officers, stunning some in the crowd. The flower bearers slowly walked over to an icon of the Blessed Virgin Mary, placing flowers at her.

After the event's conclusion, an interview acquired with one of the participating officers generally

Painted the living rosary in a positive light, highlighting the increase in unity, solidarity and faith seen in participants after the event's conclusion.

They hoped that the living rosary would allow others to grow in their faith with the Holy Trinity and the Blessed Virgin Mary

SHAP hopes that this activity will help boost the holistic development of all participants and help them in their connection and faith in the Lord.

The living rosary stands as just one of the many components of SHAP's goal and commitment to its key tenets and values, namely integrity, excellence, and service to God, family, and country.



Photo by: Roque, Niña Richelle
An image of the altar that was used and worshipped on during the living holy rosary.



STUDENT LEADERS ASSEMBLY: INSPIRES YOUTH UNITY AND LEADERSHIP

Written by: Kyrle Villarta

Photo by: Rass, Sheena Jillian

A photo of SHAP student council members huddled around together.

Classroom officers from JHS to SHS attended the Student Leaders Assembly, an event aimed to strengthen leadership, teamwork, and communication which was organized by the Student Council and Ms. Theresito Lazaro.

On September 6, 2025, the Senior High School Hall became the venue for an inspiring discussion on leadership as student leaders gathered for the Student Leaders Assembly. The event featured guest speakers who shared insights on the different types of leaders, emphasizing passion, service, and the heart behind effective leadership. The program was not only educational but also engaging.

Students participated in fun activities filled with energy and laughter, reminding everyone that leadership is not always about seriousness it's also about building joy and teamwork. One of the key lessons shared by a guest speaker was illustrated through a powerful story about two types of leaders: the "survivor," who is loud and bold but whose team ends up exhausted, and the "planner," who quietly leads a team that succeeds smoothly and safely. The message was clear: true leadership is not about authority or attention but about serving and guiding others with care and purpose.

Another highlight of the event was the speech of the Student Council President, Lance Andrew Paita, who shared three essential qualities of a good leader. Among them, one simple yet profound word stood out: "Listen." He emphasized that leadership means valuing the voices of the people you represent. His message resonated deeply with many student officers, serving as a reminder that great leaders are not just decision-makers, they are listeners who understand and uplift their team.



Photos by: Rass, Sheena Jillian
A photo awarding the guest speakers of the event.

“LEADERSHIP IS NOT ABOUT POPULARITY, BUT PURPOSE.”

The Student Leaders Assembly highlighted the importance of building a stronger and more united school community. It emphasized how teamwork, respect, and open communication play a big role in creating a positive and supportive learning environment. The event also encouraged student leaders to become more responsible, empathetic, and active leaders who inspire others to do their best. The morals discussed can help student leaders collaborate effectively, uplift one another, and promote a spirit of unity within the school. Overall, the assembly reminded everyone that great leadership starts with cooperation and a shared goal for success.

The Week Grade 9 Ate Better Together

Written by: Kathleen Tulab

This year's Nutrition Week came and went quickly; no big contests, no crowds, no loud announcements echoing through the hallways. For most, it might have seemed forgettable, just another week in the middle of a busy school year. But perhaps that's what made it special: in the absence of noise, students found small, meaningful ways to celebrate what health really means.

Looking inside the Grade 9 classrooms, there was no shortage of effort, just simplicity. From sharing healthy food to decorating spaces and talking about mindful eating, each section found its own rhythm. What seemed like an ordinary celebration became a reminder that health isn't limited to one week, it's something we carry into our everyday lives.

Within the walls of 9A lies a small garden, paper fruits and vegetables bearing our baby faces, a gentle reminder of how far we've grown since our early days. In the middle of our blooming farm was our adviser's baby photo, larger than life and surrounded by ours. It was a sight that instantly made everyone smile.

In 9B, the air smelled faintly of fresh fruit and peanut butter. Baskets of fruits, sandwiches, and stories filled the room. Laughter emerged as classmates compared their favorite snacks and explained their choices. It wasn't loud nor competitive, just genuine curiosity and care. According to Ashley Andal, president of 9B, they wanted to focus on "simple but meaningful activities that reminded us to make better food choices every day."

Over in 9C, their breaks looked a little brighter. When asked about their celebration, their president, Kurt Ella, said that it was a simple activity where each student brought homemade meals: rice, greens, fruits, and a few treats. Before eating, the class lined them up neatly on their desks, snapping photos like proud chefs. Each photo captured not just food, but effort.

In 9D, something quietly special happened: their first shared meal as a class. What began as a poster-making task turned into laughter over snacks and stories. It was messy, real, and warm, the kind of moment that builds a classroom into a small community. Their president, Ysabel Abadilla, described it as "the first time we really ate as one class, and in a healthy way." It showed that health isn't just about what's on the plate, it's also about the people you share it with.

Meanwhile, 9E's Nutrition Week celebration came as a reminder of how creativity and care can come together in simple ways. As their vice president, Enzo Puncia, explained, one of their favorite moments was decorating the classroom and creating posters that promoted health and balance. Each poster carried its own message, drawn with the effort and artistry of students who wanted to make others listen. The week was, for them, proof that health is also about building something good together.

Though this year's celebration was short and simple, it left behind quiet lessons that lingered beyond the week itself. Whether through sharing healthy food, decorating walls, or learning together, students in Grade 9 were reminded that health isn't measured by how grand an event is, but by how it encourages us to live and strive for a healthier tomorrow.



Photo by: Rass, Sheena

BUWAN NG WIKANG PAMBANSA 2025

Isinulat ni: Grospe, Sofia



Sa pagdiriwang ng Buwan ng Wika, muling umigting ang diwa ng pagiging Pilipino sa Sacred Heart Academy of Pasig noong Agosto 28-29, 2025. Isa itong panahon ng pagbabalik-tanaw, pagdakila, at paggunita sa makulay na kultura at tradisyon ng ating bayan, isang paalala na tayo ay iisa sa puso at diwa ng pagiging Pilipino.

Ang mga mag-aaral ng Grade 11 ay muling bumalik sa ugat ng kulturang Pilipino sa pamamagitan ng musika. Isang sining na matagal nang naging boses ng damdamin at pagkakakilanlan ng ating lahi. Sa kanilang malikhaing paraan, ipinakita nila kung paanong ang musika ay maaaring maging tulay sa pagitan ng nakaraan at kasalukuyan. Lumang awitin na binigyang-buhay muli sa makabagong estilo at interpretasyon sa mga kabataan. Samantala, ang Grade 12 ay nagbigay-pugay sa iba't ibang kultura ng bawat rehiyon sa bansa. Ipinamalas nila ang yaman ng ating kultura sa pamamagitan ng pagpapakita ng katutubong pagkain, kasuotan, sining, at mga kaugalian na nagbibigay-buhay sa kasaysayan ng Pilipinas.

Higit pa sa pagdiriwang tuwing Agosto, ang pagmamahal sa bayan ay dapat isabuhay sa bawat araw. Ang ating pagkakakilanlan bilang Pilipino ay hindi lamang nasusukat sa wika, kundi sa paggalang, malasakit, at pagmamahal natin sa ating kultura at kapwa. Ang mga naglilingkod at nagsasakripisyo para sa bayan mula sa mga guro at mag-aaral hanggang sa bawat mamamayan ay tunay na mga bayani ng ating panahon.

Ang pagdiriwang ng Buwan ng Wika ay hindi lamang pagbabalik sa nakaraan, kundi isang pagpapatuloy ng sining, kulay, at diwa ng pagiging Pilipino. Ito ay isang paalala na ang ating lahi ay buhay, makabago, at patuloy na lumilikha ng musika ng pag-asa.



Photo by: Peñaranda, Beatrice
A candid photo of Kim Camungol doing a cultural henna tattoo for their Apayao booth

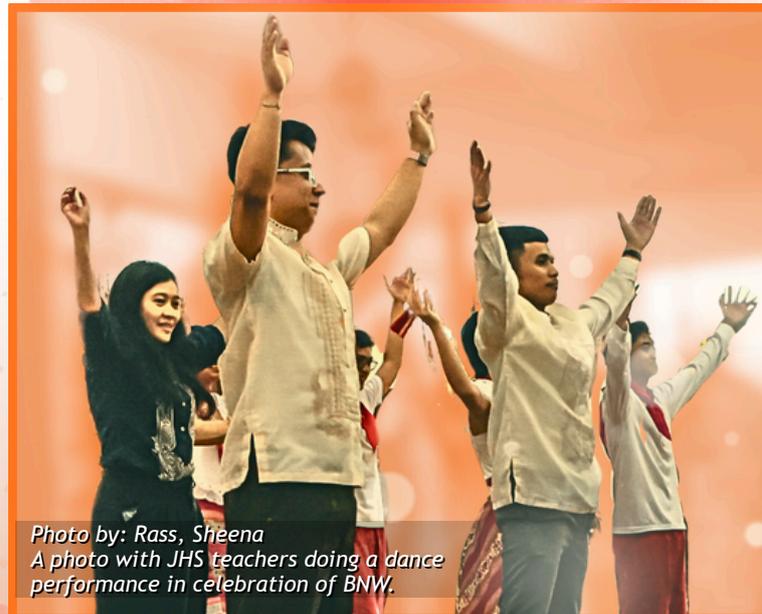


Photo by: Rass, Sheena
A photo with JHS teachers doing a dance performance in celebration of BNW.

LET'S CONNECT: Finding The Meaning of Real Connection Together

BY : DE LEON, NATANIA D.

In a world where everyone seems so connected online, why do we still feel alone? We post, scroll and like everyday, yet the feeling of emptiness and loneliness persist. Nowadays, many can't help but feel pressured to catch up with others and feel like they aren't enough because of the influence of social media. But behind the cameras, posts and smiles, many quietly still continue facing their own unseen and unheard battles. Don't we all wish that the world were a bit kinder to us? Don't we long for a safe space where we feel solace? If connection is everywhere, why do so many still feel disconnected deep down?

GRADE 11-12 SEMINAR



Photo by: Layog, Marcus
Candid photo of students raising their hands to answer questions.

In celebration of National Mental Health Awareness Week on October 8, 2025, Sacred Heart Academy of Pasig, had a seminar entitled "Let's Connect" emphasizing the importance of establishing healthy relationships, being emotionally present, seeking the help we need and reflecting on our own purpose in life. In the first session, the speaker tackled the fear of missing out (FOMO)—a fear that many individuals in today's generation may experience. It was also mentioned how the influence of social media can lead to constant comparison, low self-esteem, self-doubt and pressure, which can negatively impact one's well being. This serves as an eye opener to students that what we see online is only a portion of what's real.

The speaker further emphasized the importance of surrounding ourselves with people who truly care for us—our family, friends, teachers or even our classmates who feel like a family to us. These relationships serve as our strong foundation of emotional support that helps us. It's about having someone who quietly observes us, checks up on us and stays when we need them—someone you can ask, "Can I borrow your shoulders? Can I cry for a minute?" and they'll say, "As you wish". Those genuine connections that we build make our life feel a bit lighter.



Photo by: Silvino, Lyle
Photo of a member from Elevate interacting with students.

The mood became reflective and comforting during the second session of the seminar. Students formed a small circle facilitated by members of Elevate, the youth ministry of Christ's Commission Fellowship (CCF) that guides and mentors students in their faith with God. Each group was encouraged to share their thoughts, struggles and stories with one another—creating a safe space where everyone felt warmth, understood, and a sense of being seen. As students shared their own stories and struggles, there were tears, empathy and connection present.



Photo by: Layog, Marcus
Photo of guest speaker hosting the Mental Health Awareness seminar.



Photo by: Condaya, Sophia
 A photo of students huddle around together in a sharing circle.

By the end of the seminar, the title “Let’s connect” resonated and lingered in the hearts of many. It reminded us that life can’t always be happy, but the hardships we endure make the happiness we experience even more meaningful, especially when shared with those we love. There will always be people willing to listen, willing to understand with zero judgment. Sometimes, all we need is to take that first step to reach out and communicate with one another. After all, just because someone is smiling doesn’t mean they’re happy—a smile can hide so much pain that words fail to express.

In a world where we can choose to be anything, may we choose kindness towards ourselves and others. Amid all the chaos and noise, may we find the peace we deserve. Remember that no one is truly far when hearts choose to understand and to care. Everyone’s Mental Health Matters. Who knows—perhaps a simple act of caring, listening, checking up on someone can save someone’s life?



Photo by: Layog, Marcus
 Photo of Mr. Detabali leading students to their respective groups for an activity during the Mental Health Awareness Seminar.

This event opened up an opportunity for the students to release their unsaid feelings and thoughts that they carried for so long. In those moments, they began to realize that they are not alone. Everyone has their own invisible problems, but we all share the same longing—to be heard, understood and to belong somewhere. Vulnerability doesn’t make us weak; it becomes a way for us to connect, heal, and grow stronger together. It was truly a wonderful moment that surely made an unforgettable experience.

A Work in Progress

Written by: Mapalo, Jaedia

Beats from a heart too loud,
 the sound travels through the crowd.
 Slowly withering and aching inside,
 Could this be seen from the outside?

As the sun slowly fades,
 Countless times I’ve prayed.
 The side that no one sees,
 The part of me that’s never at ease.

Although the sting does go away,
 As it gave me a reason to stay.
 So if you’re reading this today,
 It’s gonna be okay.

WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDRA
 ELISE E. ESTO

9D's Second Parent

Teacher's Day isn't just about celebrating our teachers and mentors, it is also a day to show honor, gratitude, and appreciation for their hard work and dedication in preparing us for the future.

In preparation for Teacher's Day on October 3, 2025, the Student Council and class officers organized a morning program for the advisers to enjoy. Students from Section 9D wanted to make their adviser, Ms. Aeleen Joy Reyes, feel appreciated through a memorable celebration filled with surprises and performances.

According to Ms. Reyes, she didn't expect anything for Teacher's Day. All she was expecting were a few greetings and small gifts of appreciation.

To make the event meaningful, 9D followed the program set by the Student Council which helped everything run smoothly and stay well-organized.

The celebration began with a morning prayer led by Yassi Reyes, one of the class peace officers. This was followed by the opening remarks delivered by Ysabel Abadilla, president of 9D, together with Franz Vicada, the vice president.

As an energizer, 9D surprised their adviser with musical performances. Students sang "When You Wish Upon A Star," "Misty," "Yellow," and ended with a heartfelt rendition of "Panalangin", performed by the entire class. The surprises did not end there, the class officers also presented a lively dance performance of "What Is Love?" which made the event even more memorable.



The highlight of the program was a video presentation featuring memories of 9D with their adviser. Watching the moments replayed, Ms. Reyes began to sniffle and eventually shed tears of joy. Her heartfelt reaction touched every student, especially the class officers who worked hard to make the celebration special.

Afterward, the students played games, presented gifts, and delivered messages of gratitude. All these efforts made Ms. Reyes feel deeply appreciated. To thank her students, she gave a short but touching message: "Tumaba yung puso ko nung nakita ko yung mga ginawa niyo kanina. Which is, I really appreciate that you appreciate me as your adviser." she said happily.

To inspire her class further, Ms. Reyes also shared a reminder: "No one is perfect. Hindi tayo perfect na ginawa ni Lord. Pero if you will give your 101% of your best, lahat ng bagay kaya niyong gawin. Always remember, I'm always here for you. You have a shoulder to cry on."

Teachers are always there for their students, and celebrations like Teacher's Day remind us to also be there for them. They are also human like us, they want to be loved and seen by their students. Through simple yet meaningful acts, we honor how their guidance shapes our lives. By spreading joy and laughter with them each day, we make every moment with our teachers truly count.



SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS' FLIGHT TO CAREER TALK AND COLLEGE FAIR 2025

Written By: Reyes, Jodi Iris

Photo by: Condaya, Sophia
A photo with Senior High Students attending the Career Talk.

All aboard!

On September 17-18, 2025, we were welcomed by SHAP Airlines as we set off to explore our future career paths and college destinations. With the theme "Career Expedition: Charting the Course to Clarity," the event served as a guide for Sacredians preparing to take their next step toward higher education.

The highlights of this two-day event included the career assessment, career clinic, career talk, college orientation, and booth exhibits. Through these activities, students had the opportunity to explore their future goals and discover new opportunities for both their college and career. The experience truly left a meaningful impact on Senior High School Sacredians—one that will guide them as they head toward their future.

The first activity of the Career and College Fair was the career assessment, conducted in students' respective classrooms. Students have to enter a website where the assessment takes place. At Truity.com, the Holland Code Career Quiz was sent to the students through a QR code on the brochure. Similar to a personality test, a series of questions was asked about your strengths and weaknesses, alongside personality traits and interests.

After the assessment, students received personalized results outlining their personality and preferred career opportunities. This activity gave valuable insight into which careers best suit them, especially as the data came directly from them. It was not only informative but also an enjoyable way for students to learn more about themselves and see what career options are in store for them, their personality, and working style!

The career clinic served as the second highlight of the event. This personalized activity allowed students to choose sessions to attend based on their interests. Inside designated rooms, school representatives discussed career paths that aligned with their programs. This helped the students connect their passions to professional opportunities. It also guided students on which schools were best suited to the career they have in mind.

The next stop of the event was the Career Talk with our guest speaker. Here, students received further guidance in selecting their college paths. The talk focused on which careers best align with specific schools and highlighted the importance of accreditation. It explained how programs and colleges are assessed and recognized by the Federation of

Accrediting Agencies of the Philippines (FAAP) to ensure that they meet high academic and professional standards. According to the speaker, accreditation serves as a guarantee of quality education. This talk truly encouraged Senior High School students to consider not just their chosen program carefully, but also the college they aspire to study in.

Finally, the event concluded with the most exciting part—the College Booth Exhibits! Over 30 participating schools joined the exhibits, each showcasing their programs and unique features to the students. Everyone received a boarding pass that had to be signed by all the booths they visited to participate in the raffle. Fun freebies and prizes were also given out, adding excitement to the experience.

Overall, the Career Talk and College Fair 2025 helped every Senior High School Sacredian become more prepared for their future and more confident in their chosen career path. It was not only an opportunity to explore options but also a meaningful journey toward clarity and purpose. Our heartfelt thanks to all the participating schools for making this event a success!



Photo Taken By: Condaya, Sophia
A photo of Luke Cabantog holding a basketball, ready to be fight as part of the Bearwolves.

SHAP SPORTS: YOUNG CORE'S POTENTIAL

Written by: Ferrer, RabyLou

Every season marks a new chapter for the Sacred Heart Academy of Pasig basketball team, but this year's story feels different. After the graduation of key senior players who defined SHAP basketball with their skill, chemistry, and leadership, the team now stands at a crossroads of change. Their departure left a noticeable gap, one not easily filled, yet it also opened the door for a new generation of players ready to prove themselves.

This new era belongs to SHAP's young guns: Cabantog (13, Grade 8), Aguila (15, Grade 9), Sual (14, Grade 9), Fernandez (15, Grade 10), and Brutas (15, Grade 10). They may be younger and less experienced, but their passion, love, and commitment to improve gives the Sacredians a reason to believe that the future is in good hands.

Among them, one player has stood out early on, Luke Cabantog. At just 13 years old, Cabantog already has a remarkable build and height for his age, giving him a natural advantage on the court. Beyond his physical traits, it's his humble mindset and willingness to learn that makes him stand out. Despite being one of the youngest members of the team, Luke plays with a maturity beyond his years. His ability to read the game, create opportunities, and contribute on both ends of the floor has caught the attention of both coaches and teammates.

"He should keep working harder, especially since he's already ahead of most players his age," said one of his teammates.

However, Cabantog isn't alone in carrying the team's hopes. Players such as Fernandez and Brutas are stepping up as dependable leaders among the younger batch. Fernandez's offensive versatility and impressive court vision have made him a reliable point guard and a key part of SHAP's offense, while Brutas's defensive discipline and relentless hustle keeps the team grounded. Aguila brings athleticism inside the paint, often battling taller opponents with determination. Meanwhile, Sual brings unmatched energy to the court; a spark that keeps SHAP's momentum alive even during the toughest games.

Transitioning from a senior-led team to a younger lineup hasn't been easy. The experience gap is real. The seniors once had the advanced skills, leadership, and chemistry that can only be built over time. Nevertheless, this new generation sees the challenge not as a burden, but as an opportunity to grow, make mistakes, and develop their own game. They train with the lessons the seniors left behind: discipline, teamwork, and humility in both victory and defeat.

The rebuilding process is gradual, but the effort and heart these players pour into every practice and game speak louder than words ever could. They play not just to win, but to represent SHAP with pride and to show that even in transition, the school's basketball culture remains alive and strong.



Photo Taken By: Condaya, Sophia Celine
A photo of the featured players chatting together

Coach Patrick Tuazon, the head coach of the high school basketball team, often reminds his players that potential means nothing without hard work. It's a lesson these young athletes have taken to heart. Each training session is a step forward and each game is a test of their growth. The support of the SHAP community, from classmates cheering in the stands to teachers encouraging them in the halls, only fuels their drive to improve.

As the new season unfolds, one thing becomes clear: this young SHAP squad may be rebuilding, but they are far from being counted out. Their youth is not a weakness, but a foundation – a reminder that greatness always begins somewhere.

ENTERTAINMENT

Word Search

S A C M S U S Y F D N C U F D
H B D B Z A Y I E A O K A J R
C T A S H Y I T W N T Z T E R
G I E X H D A V S R D U K B L
D Z N C N U E U T E B P O N N
V Z M O T O M X V M N E U S I
R L M A T M N L W P G S H A N
I R F N A A F O M T R E I Y C
I N L T O O L W I Y P I K C I
I X E O N W P P Y S C H L A T
F A M I L I A L R E S V Z M N
C T E T P S I R K H S A P I A
C O M P A N I O N A T E P T M
T N E M T I M M O C C J F N O
B T G U T D R U U I D S L I R

TYPES OF LOVE

- COMMITMENT
- COMPANIONATE
- CONSUMMATE
- EMPTY
- FAMILIAL
- FATUOUS
- INFATUATED
- INTIMACY
- PASSION
- PLATONIC
- ROMANTIC

Crossword Puzzle

FRIENDSHIP!
CASSANDRA GODOY

ACROSS

1. Helping to hold something together
5. The quality of amusement
6. Concern or feeling a need to look over someone or something
9. Empathy in Action
10. Opposite of romantic

DOWN

2. Taking in information
3. Belief of what someone says
4. Affection
7. Enjoyment
8. Resiliency

By: Barba, Astrid

By: Godoy, Cassandra

Filipino, Wikang Mapagpalaya at Makasaysayan

Written by: *Gonzales, Janean*

Sa dami ng taong lumipas,
Kasing dami ang pinagdaanan ng ating pambansang wika —
Bilang mahigpit na tagapangalaga ng ating tradisyon,
Bilang daan para sa komunikasyon,
Tagalog, Bisaya't Kampampangan, Iloko,
Nagkaisa bilang sagisag ng ating bayan!

Kung kaya't tayo'y bumalik muna sa sinaunang panahon,
Panahon kung saan katutubong wika ay umahon,
Maliliwanag nating tradisyon, dito'y nagsimula,
Kasing liwanag ng mga talang 'lapit kay Bathala.
Hanggang sa ating mga ninuno na noo'y malaya
Sinakop at naging biktima ng pananalasa

Kumaway ang mga Espanyol at Amerikano
Kaibigang huwad na naparirito para lamang angkinin ating
teritoryo
At parang kawawang tuta, tayo'y nagparaya
Nahubog, napaluhod, nakatila sa bandila sa tindi ng parusa
Ang lumaba'y pinursigi't, pinatahimik, pinapatay!
Siniguradong maputol ang mga dilang taglay ang
katotohanan

Ngunit tayo'y bumango't lumaban
Sagisag ng bandila ang wikang minamahal!
Katotohanang ipinatol sa mga mamamayan,
Kaagapay ng sigaw ng tagumpay,
Taus-pusong hiling na tayo'y makalaya
Ang nakawasak sa siklo ng madugong kadiliman

Kung kaya't ang mga aksyong ito ay patunay
Sa apoy na umaalab ng ating mga kaluluwa'y
Na makibaka laban sa bagyo ng takot at
kahirapan,
Na tayo'y manatiling matatag sa sariling
pagkakakilanlan
At sa halip na sumuko sa kabila ng lahat ng
pagsubok,
Tayo'y nagkaisa sa diwa ng bayanihan!

Kung kaya't wag ikahiya ang wikang
nagpalaya sa atin
Papel at panulat naging gabay para sa mga
duguang kamay
Na ang pagkawasak ng bansa'y higit sa takot
nila sa kamatayan,
Na naniwalang sa bawat tulo ng tula at sa
bawat salitang binigkas,
Sa bawat titik ng Abakada na bumubuo sa
bagong mga umaga,
Habangbuhay na ang ating wika'y magdadala
ng dangal, pag-asa, at pagkakaisa



Though we might not be related by blood, we are related by heart, and that's what drives us students to try and do better every time we fail—to repay our respect to you. Your lessons weren't just words, but sacrifices and dedication, from the late nights of creating lectures to the long hours of checking papers. We know that the days weren't always easy, yet you still managed to carry the weight of your burdens with hope shining on your face. As the movie *Matilda* (1996) tells us: "Matilda's strong young mind continued to grow, nurtured by the voices of all those authors who had sent their books out into the world like ships onto the sea. These books gave Matilda a hopeful and comforting message: You are not alone." These words, though simple, carry the same vision you show us every day—that even in our most doubtful times, your guidance makes us feel not only seen but also heard. Thank you. Those two words will never be enough for everything you have done for us. You weren't just teachers, but second parents who made school our second home. Because of you, we learned more than just subjects—we learned life lessons that will stay with us forever, not just in our minds but also in our hearts. From our deepest gratitude, thank you for being our light, our guide, and our inspiration. Whatever we become in the future, there will always be a part of you in every success we achieve.

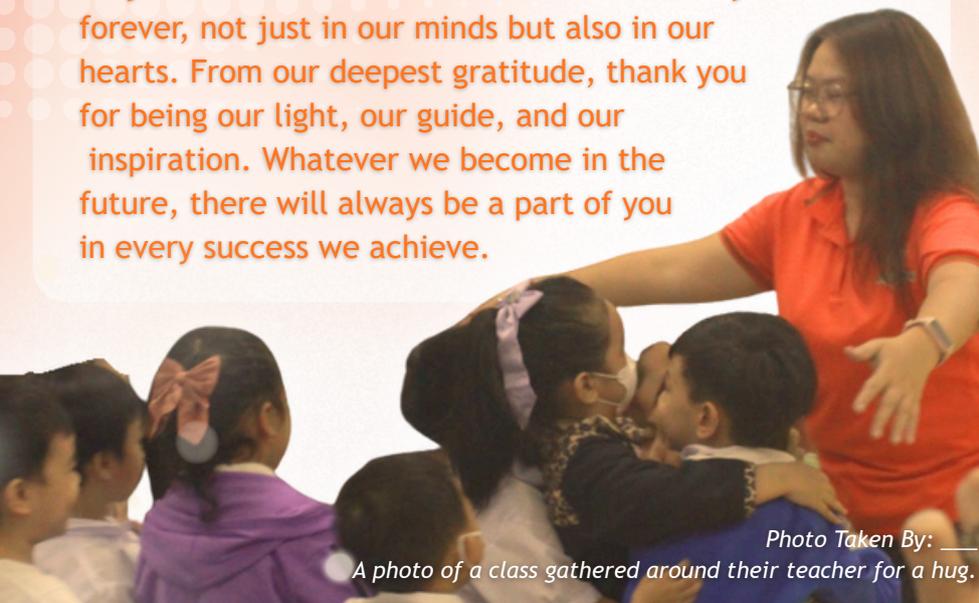


Photo Taken By: _____

A photo of a class gathered around their teacher for a hug.



Text by: Castro, Adriana
Photos by: Silvino, Lyle & De Venancio, Tiffany
Various photos of all SHAP teachers seated together at lunch tables.

COLLEGE CAREER FAIR

“PAPER WINGS”

By: Krishna M. Moncado



Photo by: Detabali, Ezekiel
Candid photo of Kyle Ang visiting one of the booths during the College Fair, Career-Day 1

A beehive of voices filled the packed gymnasium; those voices contained nervousness and excitement. Posters of universities adorned the school walls, each with a meaningful slogan, such as “Choose Your Future!” or “Become The Best Version of Yourself!” Yet Ciel felt smaller every step she took in those halls, while holding a planner filled with her Mother’s Dreams – all of them individually embodying how her Mom envisioned her life to be.

“It doesn’t matter what type of job or life you want to have. You better be successful. And don’t fail me, you’re our last hope.” Those words echoed through her mind. She suffered with years and years of nagging from her Mother, to the point she had lost her sense of purpose. Like her identity never mattered in the first place. Her surroundings were a flock of students, their laughter so precious she could never fake nor copy, bouncing off the polished floors.

Ciel stood still, clutching the edges of her folder. This crowd was too joyous for her; just hearing the sound of their laughter made her jealous. Deep down, she thought that she would never be as happy as they were – that she would never be able to fit in in that atmosphere. For a split second, she was envious of everyone around her.

Especially Lacy,

Lacy was everything she yearned to be. She was smart, beautiful, kind, and had a whole future ahead of her. Unlike Ciel, she felt like a waste in the world she was born in. It seemed like Lacy had everything figured out for her with a passion so genuine, she wished she’d have it too.

Ciel wondered if there was any reason for her to even exist; since she was like an outsider to everyone around her, she simply couldn’t belong anywhere.

She had to at least try to make a change for herself, right?

Ciel approached the first booth she saw, just around the corner, with a big, bright banner exclaiming “The Future Doctors Of The World!”. Great, just as her dear Mother had planned. A young man approached her with a forced smile. “Nice to meet you! It’s good to see someone who plans on taking medicine as a course too.”

She nodded, her eyes wavering to his brown curly hair, gently framing the edges of his face. He kept talking about how he had always planned on saving lives. It was meaningful, sure.. But it just didn’t stir anything in her heart. Listening felt like flipping through a book filled with pages of passion she couldn’t relate to.

The young man then whipped out a piece of paper behind him; “All it takes is just your signature, and we can start right away. There are plenty of people who want to join this course, but I’m making a special exception for you,” He remarked, his words barely reaching her.

Ciel finally snapped out of her trance and managed to utter a word, “I’m sorry.. I just don’t feel anything for this.” Those words she longed to say escaped from her mouth. Embarrassed, she turned away and headed to the next stall, leaving the boy confused about her true intentions. The next stand she advanced to this time had a placard with cursive letters and stars surrounding it stating “Tourism: Displaying Our Love for Travel”.

Maybe this would make her feel something, even make her grasp the concept of finally belonging.



Photo by: Detabali, Ezekiel
Candid photo of Caleb consulting in one of the booths during College Fair, Career Day 1

“Hello there! You seem lost. Perhaps we could help with that.” A bubbly girl with a fitted uniform went up to her. “Our course helps us dive into our love for exploring the depths of the world, does it ring a bell to you?” Ciel nodded, trying to force a warm smile that she had practiced in the mirror at home.

Suddenly, the girl's delightful expression changed to a serious tone, as if she could read Ciel's thoughts. “We could take it slow, you know? I can sense that you don't want this,” the girl murmured gently. Oh no.. was she gonna get mad at me for not liking it? Maybe I wasn't faking my smile well enough. Ciel thought, panicking.

But the girl's eyes were kind... understanding even. Like she saw herself in Ciel. “I was somewhat like you, too, back then. I apologize if I'm assuming. But I know how it feels not to belong... I'm sure there's a course here that would make you feel at home. Like how tourism did for me,”

Ciel's heart softened. “Thank you so much. You don't know how important that means to me.” Ciel replied with a mellow tone.

Walking away from that booth, she strolled through the other stalls. She wasn't frustrated because of the girl's empathetic remarks, but because she was determined to find something that finally matched her interest, maybe ending up like that sweet girl she had encountered earlier.

She wandered through more stalls until she was exhausted from searching for something that could finally ignite her heart. Then, out of the corner of her eye, something caught her attention. A booth unlike the others... it seemed to have an aura, a pull. As if it were calling her name.

Drawn in by curiosity, she took a few careful steps forward. Her hand reached out to the person at the front desk. “Hi, I'm-” her sentence was cut off as she tripped on something, a painted sign was beneath her - it was wet, and she had ruined it. “Oh shoot...I'm so sorry!” she yelped as she covered her mouth.

Next to the painted sign, there she was.. Lacy. The girl everyone had admired. Her wavy blond hair caught the light, her porcelain face glowing as she smiled “Ah, no worries! Your footprint makes it look better! Don't beat yourself up. And hi! I'm Lacy!” She chuckled.

Ciel smiled back at her warmly, caught off guard with her kindness “Sorry again. I'm Ciel, it's nice meeting you!” she said nervously, her voice trembling. After years of envying Lacy from afar, she was finally talking to her.

“So you're interested in aerodynamics? They say it's too odd, unique even. But I've always found the beauty in how airplanes work,” she declared with a playful tone,

Really? As a kid, I really found them fascinating, too. I admire how they could just fly freely without any expectations.” Ciel responded as her eyes lit up.

“Hey! Where have you been all my life? Just sign the paper there, get a brochure, and we're ready to go.” Lacy, teasingly replied while Ciel filled up the paper excitedly. The noise in the gym had faded into a gentle hum and for the first time in years, the air felt light, and not heavy.

The brochure smelled faintly of graphite and possibility; Maybe she had found where she belonged. However, when she went home, her Mother's expectations did not disappear; they were still present, with her Mother transferring her ideal life to her.

“Did you find something sensible?” Her Mother snapped back sternly as soon as she entered the house. “I... think I did,” she whispered. Her Mother smiled, not knowing the truth: Ciel had lied, but only to protect her dream.

Later that night, Ciel opened her window and gazed at the sky. She saw a plane blink in the corner of her eye. She smiled softly. Maybe she didn't know everything yet, but she knew where to start. She walked into the Career Clinic, Unsure of her future yet walked out with the sky in her heart.



Photo by: Detabali, Ezekiel
Photo of Miss Irene Toquero & a representative from Assumption College-Makati

“THE POSSIBILITY OF THE UNKNOWN MAKES THE FUTURE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO HONE.”

I Love You, Don't Act So Surprised.

by: Peña, Gabrielle



I don't know how to begin this poem.
How does one give shape to something as boundless as love?

Words falter where feeling begins,
I've never been fluent in confessing—
But I've always let my pen bleed the truth.

It takes a heart full of love
to find the right words,
But it takes a soul drenched in it
To be left with no words at all.

To describe her—
Is to shrink her into syllables unfit for galaxies.
For she is more than the constellations,
And the universe that breathes us in.

She is simple—
The kind of simple that hums like quiet mornings and
rains soft on rooftops.
But to me, she is all things,
The sum of every wish I never knew I made.

When she was born,
the stars danced in the velvet sky,
planets hummed in harmony,
and galaxies spun in glee.

For in her breath, the cosmos tasted love—
new, tender, and eternal.
Each step she took made the earth bloom,
Lily of the vallies rising to kiss her feet.

Her first cry cracked the silence of heaven,
A note so pure it taught the angels grief.
And ever since, when her tears fall,
The sky mourns with her—
Silver tears coming from
Angels that weep for her.

For in her breath, the cosmos tasted love—
new, tender, and eternal.
Each step she took made the earth bloom,
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And ever since, when her tears fall,
The sky mourns with her—
Silver tears coming from
Angels that weep for her.

Most would say,
“That’s what best friends are.”
They’re wrong.
She is more than the sum of those two small
words.
She is not just best—
Nor is she just a friend.

It’s all platonic, yes.
But she is the star etched into my sky,
The moon that moves my tides.
And perhaps—
This planet would unravel without us in it
together.

I’ve known her
across the hush of centuries,
In lifetimes long turned to dust.
She is the thread that stitched my soul through
time.

Maybe that’s what a soulmate is.
Not someone who finishes your sentences,
But someone whose essence
Echoes in every version of you.

Even if we were stones,
Worms in the soil,
Or two nameless wildflowers leaning towards the
same sun—
I would know her.
I would love her.

And I did.
In every lifetime.
In every form.
I always did.

The Unspoken Battle

By: Polo Castillo

Everyone possesses a unique weapon in battle, but not all seize it. Reality slaps our soul, and we fail to realize that there is an end for every flaw, or perhaps a trail of dazzling flair, a kind that clings like a shadow and whispers, “You’re not good enough.” Even when bullets pierce our flesh and the warmth of our blood stains the ground, we stand before a choice to either succumb to the agony and let our spirit wither or to embrace the suffering and mold it into resilience with unyielding strength that fuels our will to fight on.

Eliño was only in fourth grade when he first realized that life was never going to be simple. He studied in a private school, surrounded by classmates with shiny new bags, polished shoes, and pockets that never ran empty. Unlike them, Eliño was poor. His mother, Matiza, worked hard every day as a tintera in the community market. She smiled as she sold vegetables and fruits, even when customers badmouthed her, even when neighbors whispered about her debts. Debts that existed only because she wanted her son to have the best education she could never afford for herself. Eliño would see her weary face at night, counting coins by the dim light, but every morning she would still greet him with strength: “Anak, study well. I believe in you.”

But believing in himself was harder. Eliño was an ambivert. With strangers and classmates, words stuck like stones in his throat. But with his mother, he was wide open, sharing his thoughts, questions, and quiet little dreams. At school, though, he struggled. He wasn’t funny like the others. He couldn’t crack jokes that made a circle of friends laugh. Year after year, he tried to fit in, creating versions of himself just to be noticed. But to his classmates, he was like the wind, present yet invisible.

Books and numbers were not his refuge. Many quizzes returned like a mirror of defeat, inked with red marks that stung sharper than words. Teachers told him to be better, and he tried, but his efforts scattered like sand against the wind. He longed to be the brilliance his mother sacrificed for, yet in his own eyes, he was only a dim light, flickering against her unyielding faith.

Then came Zada. For the first time, Eliño felt seen. Zada talked to him, laughed with him, and listened to him. They shared secrets, dreams, and promises. One of those promises was that she would give him a birthday present, simple yet full of meaning. But then Maine came. Maine had the kind of humor Zada clicked with easily. The two became inseparable, their laughter echoing where Eliño once belonged. His birthday came, a day he thought would prove their bond, but the gift Zada gave was not delight but sorrow. No ribbon, no greeting, not even a glance. Her silence was the present, and though it broke him, it carried a lesson that even promises can wither and that loneliness, though bitter, can be the harshest teacher of strength.

That day, Eliño sat alone in the small, quiet cafeteria room away from the main hall. He forced himself to smile, whispering, “It’s okay. I am content with what I have.” The words hurt, but they also became a turning point. He began to see pain differently, not just as punishment, but as a teacher. Loneliness sharpened his courage. Failure fueled his will.

Through all the pains and struggles that pierced his heart and bruised his soul, Eliño found the essence of a lesson. No one was destined to build his mansion for him. No one volunteered to lay its bricks or furnish its rooms. It was his hands alone that carved the foundation, his will that raised the walls. With every scar, he built himself higher until at last he discovered a voice strong enough to echo in crowded halls, a voice carrying weight, courage, and truth. He believed that God guided his steps, his mother’s love stood as pillars, but it was Eliño who learned to rise from the dust, shaping himself into the dwelling of resilience he lived within.

And slowly, like dawn breaking after a long night, his efforts bore a triumph that only he could ever bear. The boy, once buried in red marks, saw his papers return with light and promise. He was no longer the shadow trailing behind, for he had carved his own path forward that he himself carried on his back regardless of the weight. The loneliness that once silenced him became scars he carried not with shame, but with pride, as proof that he endured a story that he wrote himself. Each mark of his wounds spoke a testament that pain had forged him, not destroyed him.

One night, he came home and showed his mother his improved report card. Her tired eyes filled with tears, not of sorrow, but of pride. Eliño finally became a version of himself that he was proud of as he ascended into an extraordinary son, a determined student, and a leader of his own life story.

Eliño finally understood that pain does not end a story. It sharpens the fighter within, reminding him that in life’s battlefield, no one else could claim his victory. Only he could wield the strength to rise, and in rising, he found the extraordinary version of himself his mother always believed in.



A Guilty Nap

By: Alyanna Ramirez

“This year, it’s gonna be my year.” You say to the mirror in your room, securing the last knot of your tie. The reflection gleams a new start. This is not the person who slacked off last year. This year, they will make no mistakes. As your foot meets the edges of the territory they call “school”, you feel the surge of confidence running in your veins. The classroom is bright, cold, and quiet, waiting to be painted, and who else could do it but you? You’ve always been the ambitious type—sometimes even to a dark, hubristic nature. Taste a nectar of success, then suddenly your hands are balled into fists for more.

But you wake and let the river flow free. The air is still a tense fog. Nobody in the room really knows what they’re doing, nor do they know who the other is. You wander around, second-guessing whether you should raise your hand at a teacher’s question. It’s an easy question, so you do so anyway, feeling the throb of your heart as your teacher praises your answer. A good start already. The rest should be easy, right?

Right?

Two months or so later, the numbers 13/20, 16/30, 6/15, stare daggers into you.

Suddenly, your towerlike dreams crumble like a lumped sandcastle on a beach. Built by childish ambitions, and the fact that the ocean just really doesn’t care about it and will come and destroy anything it wants to.

So it’s anger, confusion, and defeat huddled up in a corner like a hurt animal.

You’ve studied—you know you have.

What happened?

But... that doesn’t matter anymore.

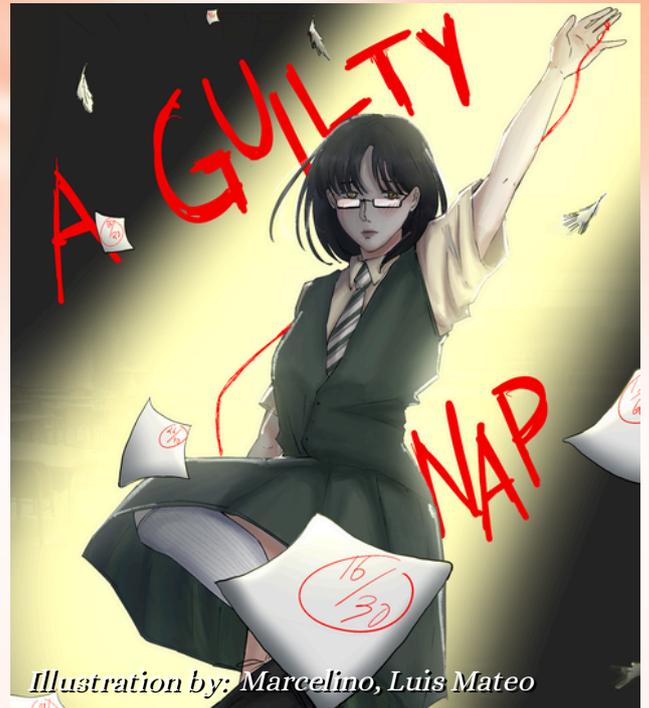


Illustration by: Marcelino, Luis Mateo

“This year, it’s gonna be my year.” You say to the mirror in your room, securing the last knot of your tie. The reflection gleams a new start. This is not the person who slacked off last year. This year, they will make no mistakes. As your foot meets the edges of the territory they call “school”, you feel the surge of confidence running in your veins. The classroom is bright, cold, and quiet, waiting to be painted, and who else could do it but you? You’ve always been the ambitious type—sometimes even to a dark, hubristic nature. Taste a nectar of success, then suddenly your hands are balled into fists for more.

You go home and kick your shoes, disappointed. You look at the mirror again. Your tie is undone, your blouse crumpled, and your face different. You sink into the mattress that holds memories of your dreams under the temperamental moon. You apologize to your parents, who have been sweating to put you on top. You apologize to your future self for putting them in the position they will be.

Out of your will, you close your eyes, and rest.

For a few dazzling hours, you float like a lily in a pond, away from the edges of the grass. You're undisturbed by the barking dogs trying to reach you, or the thunder that struck the tree behind you. It isn't heaven, but you're relaxed enough.

A Path of Serendipity

By: Kirstein Chelsea Resoso

From the start, I'd derided how enamored I was
Nescient that I had fallen deeply— pulled in by his
allure

Like a revisited dream, I believed fate was the cause
My feelings were daunting; yet my heart never more
sure

As bewitched as one in a fairytale, I searched for
him— yet still felt furtive

I prayed for the time our eyes would meet, and for
timelines to align

After hours of mooning over him, it's no wonder I
stayed secretive

His voice was like apricity, and I waited for his
melody to reach mine

The wait remained perdurable until he gave me his
promise

My favorite memory, still as fresh as peppermint,
was our first kiss together

All but I saw through my wistful veil and noticed
something amiss

It wasn't love, no— it was a ruby chain that held us
close like a tether

Our relationship became laconic; it trapped me in
a never-ending labyrinth

Full of doors, it was naive to think any key would
find its pairing

The journey was difficult— I found no fire where
steel met flint

My eyes were far from the truth; deceived by a
stringed red herring

For the years I could count, only one stood by me,
tall and true

My other half, who stayed leal— I was her moon
and she, my sun

Like a shoulder to lean on, she was who I knew to
turn to

Surely I, was benighted, not knowing love came in
many forms, not one

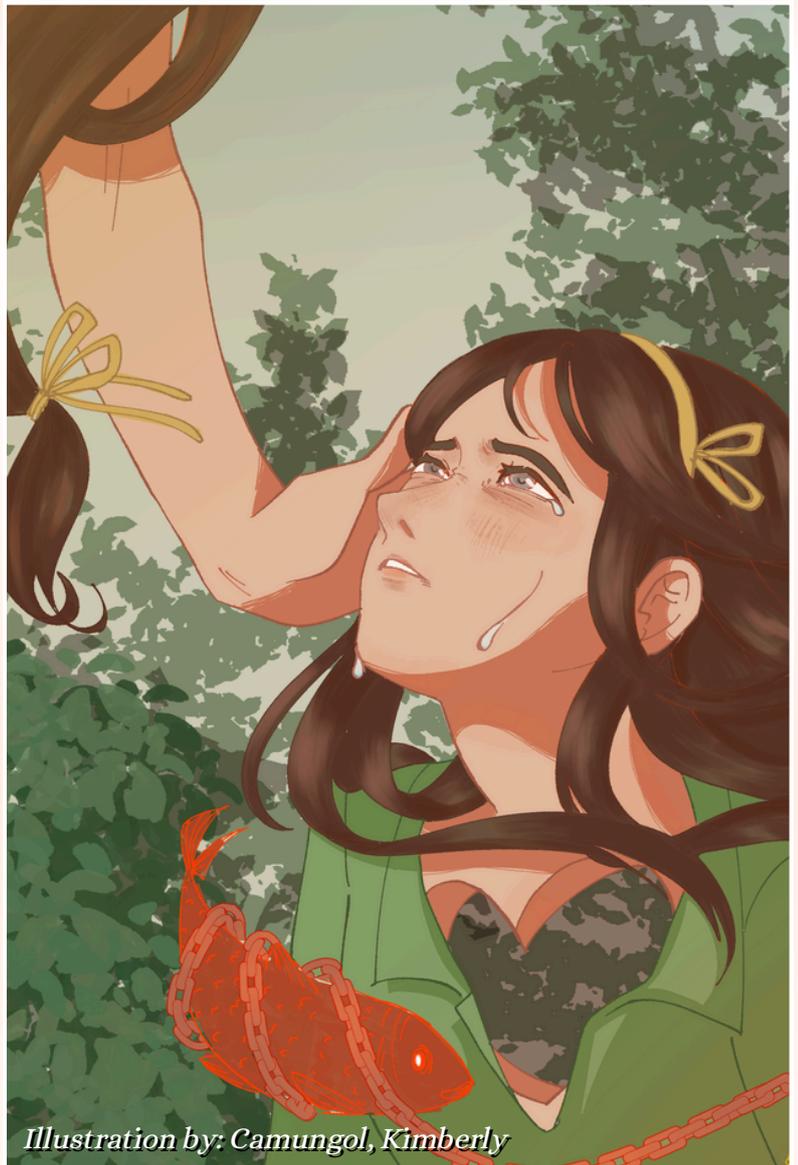


Illustration by: Camungol, Kimberly

In the end, I was beholden for I was not solivagant in any
journey

So even though these poems are for him, they told me what love
truly was

A love so strong— I was nested in warmth by loved ones, even in
serenity

Yet without fail, "I chose you for you," even if insecurity gnaws



Twist and Turn: New Beginnings

By: Maia Allauigan

"Why do this? You're still so young."
On the rope, my grip is attached;
In this air, my consciousness is detached.
No trace of oxygen encompasses my lungs.
I strain and struggle to keep it all tangled -
No big deal, my body's already been strangled.

As I try to pull it down close to me one last time,
I falter to a touch that slowly unbinds
the knots I'd tied that lasted my whole lifetime

—
In its warmth, the daylight lost in me rewinds.
It loosens enough to form space to breathe.
What once stiffened my neck out of place
now releases me free with one last heave,
pushing me towards the future I once was wary
to face.

It creates new twists yet meets no end.
What once felt tight yet still barely secure,
through each new loop, will slowly mend
the threads that were held astray and unsure.

A rope that left you restrained and restricted
can turn into a tightrope, limitless and
unbound.

Tread steadily against the pain your life has
inflicted -

Soon enough, hope can once more be found.
After all, you're still young
There's life beyond the loss you've hung.
Hang tight - don't tie yourself down;
possibilities are timeless, life is no countdown.
In each spiral, you'll learn to stop spinning,
And you'll soon meet new beginnings.



Illustration by: Rom, Jason Carlos

Written by: Mallari, Eunice

THE LAST CATCH

a short story about Climate/Fishing
Communities under Threat

The sea had always been loyal and generous to Lolo Andres. For forty years, his *bangka* had always carried him into the dawn, and every evening he returned with nets heavy; heavy enough to feed not just his family, but the market. To him, the ocean was a mother, a provider. He knew its moods—the calm waves, the playful winds, even the occasional storm!

But lately, the sea has become a stranger...

It was June, the start of what should have been a season of bounty. Instead, the horizon was bruised with dark clouds—a direct contrast to the radio's promised clear weather. The tides had grown unpredictable; swelling higher each passing day and chewing away at the shore where *bahay kubos* once stood. Still, our determined lolo still rowed out, his hands glued onto the motor. He drew all his focus into the dancing waves. Fishing was all he knew; all he could pass down.

On the beach, his grandson Miguel watched barefoot, the hem of his shirt twisted in his small fists. He was only ten, but at such an age he already understood that their lives depended on what the sea decides to give. When the boat returned hours later, its nets sagged almost empty. It only yielded two fish—two fish that were as thin as coins. Andres sighed as he carried them ashore. Once, a morning's work would have filled baskets. Now, a whole day brought barely enough for dinner.

Miguel helped him tie the boat. “Lo... ba't ang onti nalang po nung isda?”

The old man looked at the boy's wide eyes, then at the water gnawing at their shoreline. He truly wanted to say, The sea is sick. *Nalulunod at nasusunog na ang ating mundo, apo. Sabay-sabay.* Instead, he thought better, and whispered:

“The sea is no longer the sea I knew, apo. Pasensya ka na.”

That evening, their family gathered for dinner. Miguel's mother managed to stretch the small catch into an almost soup-dominated *sinigang*, apologizing as she served it. Everyone ate quietly, the sound of the wind rattling the *kawayan* being louder than the clinking of their spoons.

“Tomorrow will be better,” Miguel’s mother muttered, though her eyes showed great doubt.

Tomorrow was evidently worse.

The storm struck at dawn without warning. Waves roared against the village, swallowing the shoreline where children used to play. Palm trees bent like broken ribs. Houses nearest to the coast were torn apart, their roofs carried into the sea. Andres held Miguel close as the water rose ankle-deep inside their home. He had survived many storms, but never one so sudden and so violent. “Huwag na huwag kang bibitaw, apo!”, he said firmly.

Do not let go.

By nightfall, the storm had passed, leaving the village unrecognizable. Bangkas lay shattered against rocks. Nets were torn like cobwebs. Families huddled together, counting what was left. For many, there was nothing.

In the days that followed, relief trucks arrived with rice, canned goods, and bottled water. But no ayuda can replace the sea. The fishermen sat idle, their boats destroyed, their future uncertain. Children like Miguel fetched water from makeshift wells, while mothers patched roofs with scrap wood and plastic sheets.

One night, Miguel asked again. “Lolo, will there be fish when I’m older?”

Andres looked at the boy, at his small hands that had not yet learned to row, to mend nets, to gut a catch— he wanted to promise abundance, to say the sea would heal. But he could not lie. “All I know,” he said, his voice as heavy as the tide, “is that we must learn to care for the sea as it once cared for us. If we do not... there will be nothing left.” Miguel lay awake long after, listening to the waves. They no longer sounded like lullabies; they sounded like warnings.

Weeks later, Andres tried to fish again. His rebuilt bangka creaked against the surf, and Miguel insisted on coming along. Together they rowed into the horizon, the sky streaked with both light and shadow. They cast their nets, waited, & prayed.

When they pulled the nets back, they caught not fish but plastic bags, tangled ropes, and scraps from houses that were torn apart. Miguel stared at the wreckage dripping from the nets. “Lolo... the sea is giving back what we threw at her.”

The old man nodded, sorrow tightening his chest. He thought of his father, who had taught him to fish on these very waters, and of the generations before him who had trusted the sea to provide. Now, he wondered if his grandson’s future would mean leaving the village altogether, abandoning the way of life that defined them.

The sun set in silence as they rowed home, the boat heavier with despair than with any catch. On the shore, the village lights flickered weakly against the darkness. Andres whispered a prayer, not just for the fish, but for time— time for the sea to heal, time for his grandson to inherit more than loss.

The waves lapped at the sand, restless and relentless. Miguel listened, and for the first time, he understood; the sea was both their beginning and end.

TAKING THE TRUTH

by: Dela Cruz, Xamuel

Money is the root of all evil - and yet money without value is worthless. It isn't the thin note of paper or small piece of copper that's causing us to be naughty, it is our own nature of greed. Money is just a tool - a means to an end. We need food? Give money. Does education require funding? Give money. Does work recognize our efforts? Receive money. It's a cycle the human race adapted even before we learned how to write. But in the Philippines, this cycle is different; riddled with inconsistencies that consequently led to economic imbalance. It is always a case of the rich getting richer and the poor getting



Illustration by: Barba, Astrid Kaitlynn

poorer. Just living is taxing enough; what's more is that it is our obligation to pay taxes. But when we look outside, it leaves one to wonder where our taxes go. Our honest money that we worked hard to obtain.

Hung with such an imbalance, it is almost a miracle how there has been little to no progress in neutralizing an issue this big. It is the government's responsibility to act decisively regarding this matter, which is satirical considering they themselves are the proprietors of this economic imbalance. We have been beguiled after all the sweet lies and empty promises that have been showered upon us. Only for us to witness our empty coffers and leave us begging in futility. To beg for something that is rightfully ours; something that was meant for our sake. But alas, it slumbers in the deep pockets of those in power. Their unfettered access and freedom to withdraw cash by their own bidding can be compared to those of a dove flying freely in the sky. And by chance, it happens to be us Filipino citizens who bestowed them with such power.

What's ironic is that these withdrawals are obscured from us. Its purpose awaits to reveal itself only when it is far gone. Always an excuse, a confidentiality stamp that hides us from the truth, or perhaps a clever disguise that misleads us from it. Why must they hide the truth if they intend to serve the public? Unless it is something that we mustn't know lest they feel guilty. But no, for they know exactly the atrocities they've committed yet fail to feel shame or dishonor. Like hungry sharks, they feast on ill-gotten spoils of those they plundered. Only for them to face us with a simple apology upon prosecution. It is infuriating to witness how they flaunt their lavish lifestyles while we suffer from this injustice. It leaves us with a desperate country that devours itself out of greed.

Imagine if those billions of pesos weren't wasted on corruption, we would have developed twice as fast as we do now. Foreign countries would have acknowledged our development as a clean country and wouldn't have withdrawn their investors. The Philippines is rich in resources and manpower; what more do we lack but discipline and self-control? The actions of one person affect those of millions, and yet politicians take it so lightly, as if it were their Sunday golf courses.

Faced with an adversary that isn't just a group, nor a human itself, but rather an ideology that has been deeply rooted amongst our kinsmen, corruption itself stands unrelinquished as a whole. Because, as individuals who are selfish by nature, it is our first instinct to look out for ourselves. And the only way to rid ourselves of such malevolent intentions is to impose boundaries and restrictions on ourselves. But since what you do individually affects only yourself, such restrictions should be applied to the law so that it is more binding. Tightening the limits for money withdrawals from the government is a must. It is our right to know where our money is going, thus we also need transparency like a looking glass.

Alas, we mustn't allow them to take the truth from us, but rather, let us take the truth for ourselves. For how far have we tolerated these indignities - the truth is of utmost vitality. Because our eyes need to see for themselves the predicament we never wanted, and our hearts are burning with passion for justice. It isn't just a matter of justice; it is also a matter of hope.

DROWNING IN DEBT – WHY THE GOVERNMENT OWES US

Written by: Veronica Calixihan

There is nothing wrong with protesting; however, we protest because something's wrong. What was meant to be a union amongst our countrymen, standing up against the stiflingly evident effects of our government turning a blind eye to us, has turned into a bloody riot. A government that fears the masses is a government that fears democracy. They try to placate the Filipinos, not with a solution and effort to make amends for what was stolen, but by arming their police forces with guns and weapons. Politicians and those in power cry about how the backlash 'puts too much pressure on them and their offices', but what about the countrymen they drown beneath their feet?

If the government had taken its responsibilities seriously, we would have taken them seriously. The September protests weren't organized to cause disorder and panic in the nation— in fact, they aimed to accomplish the opposite: consolidate and bring conscience. They behave like alligators, swimming in floods that saturate the streets, isolating us atop the punctured roofs of our homes as they try to bite at us. So, naturally, we must retaliate— silence and complacency are the only ways they'll remain in power.

But now, who is truly to blame- the Filipinos, who depend on the government, or the government, whom the Filipinos depend upon? As we watch politicians and wealthy contractors, otherwise people in cahoots with power, relish in their luxurious lives, it's easy to see the juxtaposition between that and the 'resilience' of their fellow countrymen amid devastating calamity. It's not right. It's virtuous and commendable, but they shouldn't have to be in that place. The government's responsibility is to protect them; instead, they protect themselves from the government.

Some of our congress members attend court hearings as trouble arises, yet they cannot hear themselves as they speak and make a fool of themselves. Our taxes pay for their lives, not ours.

Their cars may drive them around, their luxury homes may house them, but nothing can drive a nation like competence in the government; nothing houses the Filipinos like leaders who show up, yet never show off. Billions, trillions of Pesos- thrown away, like that- their wallets are flooded, and so are our streets. So are our cities. So are the 'construction sites' now haunted by a fabricated image of greatness. When all's said and done, they aren't just stealing taxes, they're stealing the futures of us, the people, and that of the nation. They're stealing our opportunities to get ahead. History continues to repeat itself. Corruption is the cancer of society. It is the present time's responsibility to craft our future. The protests may have lasted only a day, but we should continue to push them. Otherwise, we all remain stationary. Power to the people, never the people in power.

It's no wonder that this conundrum was sparked in our society. They lay, not the foundation of our nation, but bombs waiting to ignite. And when the fire is set, everything is detonated: try as they might to hide the evidence in thick smoke and flame, blaming it on us for holding the very matches that triggered it, their ineptitude is clear as day. It shines through, with its rotten stench wafting amid the turmoil.

If even nature retaliates against your regimes, you've done something wrong. Following the rallies, rains and typhoons have washed over our country. If they won't listen to the people, they must listen to what the heavy rainfall screams at them. We are facing a double whammy of continuous tropical cyclones. The proof speaks for itself: if our nation is dampened by merely a storm, what more in greater times of need? What more can those in power do than sit there and watch?

Dear Filipinos, do not let this issue be swept away by the currents of time passing. Some may not concern themselves with politics, but politics concern everyone. It's not just a fad or a trend: it's a call to action and awakening. They may fool some people all of the time, all the people sometimes, but they can never fool all the people all the time.

THE EDUCATED AND THE DAMNED GO HAND IN HAND

Written by: Aspa,
M.S.D

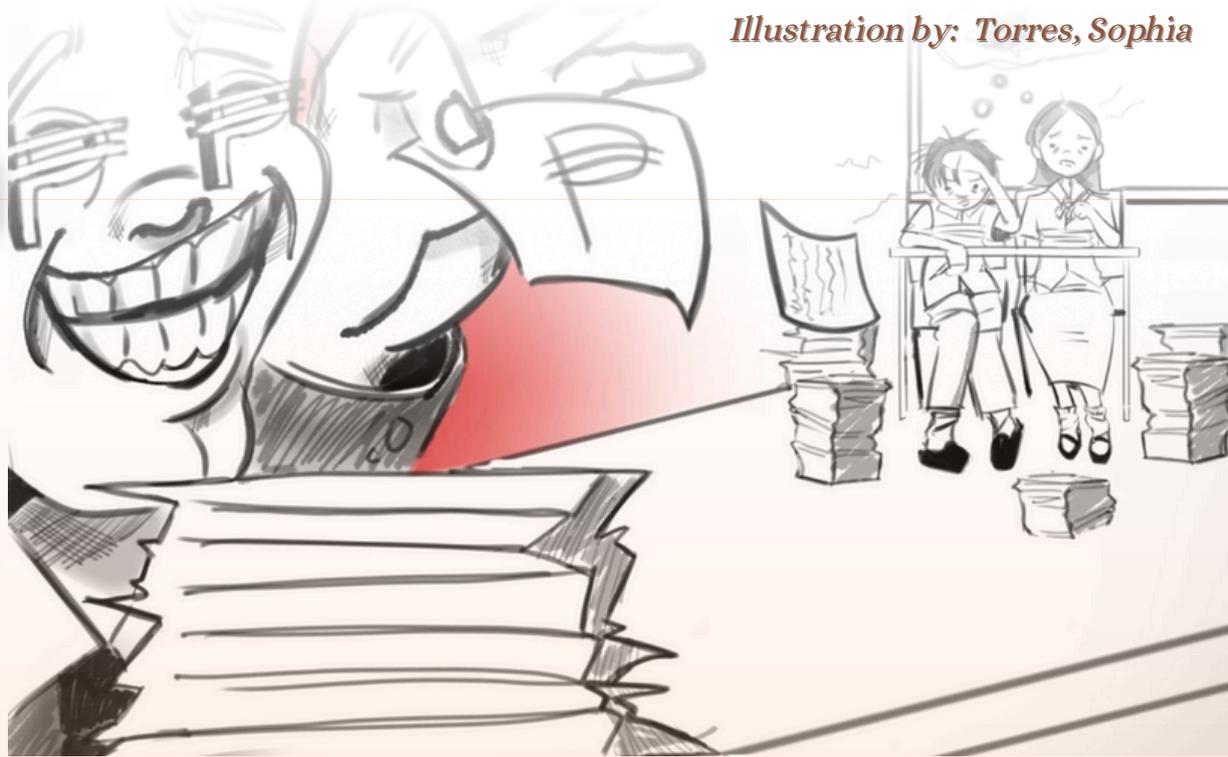


Illustration by: Torres, Sophia

It is said that education is the “great equalizer.” In the Philippines, however, it has become the great divider. Students are told that school is the pathway to opportunity, yet every day we witness how broken classrooms, overburdened teachers, and outdated systems block that path. The truth is simple but bitter: our education system is in crisis, and it is students like us who are made to carry its failures.

For years, leaders have promised reforms. Each new administration speaks of “fixing” education, yet the cycle of neglect continues. Our parents once sat in overcrowded rooms and read from photocopied textbooks; now, decades later, we find ourselves in the same situation. The crisis has outlived generations, passed down like an unwanted inheritance. If this is the so-called “backbone of our nation,” then it is a spine long fractured. The evidence is everywhere. International assessments reveal that Filipino students lag years behind in reading and mathematics. These numbers are not just statistics; they represent the struggles of classmates who can’t catch up, the frustration of teachers forced to teach subjects they aren’t trained for, and the exhaustion of students who work twice as hard only to fall further behind. And yet, officials continue to talk as though progress is around the corner – a corner that never arrives.

Students know better because we live it daily. We know how it feels to squeeze into classrooms built for half our number. We know the reality of teachers juggling more than they can handle, doing their best despite the lack of

support. We know how inequality worsens when only those who can afford private schooling or extra lessons get ahead. The promise of equal opportunity has become an empty slogan, and the gap between those who “make it” and those left behind only grows wider. What makes this crisis more frustrating is that students are expected to simply endure. We are told to be patient, to wait for reforms, to believe in promises. But patience does not fix crumbling schools. Waiting does not put books in our hands or teachers in our classrooms. Belief alone does not prepare us for the future.

Let me be clear: the problem is not with students, nor with teachers who are equally victims of a failing system. The problem lies in leadership that treats education as an afterthought – something to talk about during campaigns but not to sustain once the slogans fade. Each administration’s lack of urgency has condemned generation after generation to the same broken reality. This newspaper believes students should not have to inherit a system that sets them up for failure. Education is supposed to open doors, not close them. To accept the current situation as “normal” is to accept a future where young people are always at a disadvantage, always scrambling to make do with less than they deserve.

The Philippine education crisis is not tomorrow’s problem. It is today’s burden, and it is shaping our future now. Students deserve better – not someday, not eventually, but today. The longer leaders delay, the more futures are wasted. And unlike campaign promises, time cannot be recycled for the educated and the damned that go hand in hand.

THE GAMES OF 2025 SHAP SPORTSFEST AND UNITY:

Written by: Macabuhay, Juan Gabriel & Caudilla, Prince

On September 19, 2025, the anticipated sportsfest event for Grades 7 and 8 students filled everyone with joy and energy. The students and teachers gathered at these four main venues, including Covered Court One, Covered Court Two, the Soccer field, and the Senior High School hall. The two grades fought for victory in seven sets of games, those games being Giant Volleyball, Balloon Race, Free Throw Basketball, Speed Eraser, Shoot That Ball, Obstacle Course, and Lava Walk.

The hype escalated as the students settled at their assigned locations, ready to show their maximum potential in their sports. Students and teachers began cheering and screaming when the games were hosted simultaneously, while raising colorful banners to support the players and boost their morale.

Photo Taken By: Domingo, Byron & Rass, Sheena

A photo of students playing Giant Volleyball with a soccer ball.



The first game launched with Giant Volleyball in covered courts one, where each team must score 21 points during the 2 sets of the game. If the set were split among each team, there would be a third set to determine the ultimate champion. The game was both fun and challenging, as it requires coordination to win.



Photo Taken By: Domingo, Byron & Rass, Sheena
A photo of students lined up to play basketball.

The next two games both involved shooting balls, as Free-Throw Basketball and Shoot the Ball were up. Compared to the last two, these games were more intense and more thrilling because of just how skill-based they are. As the balls flew and went in, the players, the audience, and the organizers all didn't know who'd win. But in these games, cheers and applause were all you could hear!

On the other hand, Lava Walk, Speederaser, and Obstacle Course all involved tests of speed, agility, and precision. Communication was important for all three games, whether you had to line up and place cutouts, shoot pencils and make it bounce, or complete a set of obstacles to get to the other side.

Especially when the field is so small, it's quite hard to work, so the players had to work well with each other.

After this day, the purpose of this event is to encourage a friendly competition among students, and success is achieved through teamwork. This event helped students and teachers create cheerful memories that promote unity within the school community.



*Photo Taken By: Domingo, Byron & Rass, Sheena
A photo of a student blowing up a balloon for Balloon Race.*

This year's sportsfest is about building friendship and camaraderie through sports, not just being the number one. Even though a player would face loss at times, it is important to be happy and patient. To conclude, this event is all about the lessons learned and the memories created.

*Photo Taken By: Domingo, Byron & Rass, Sheena
A photo of students cheering victoriously after winning.*



Alas Pilipinas' phenomenal run in its first-ever FIVB Volleyball Men's World Championship came to a nerve-wracking end last September 18, 2025, as World No. 21 Iran survived a raucous SM Mall of Asia Arena and a merciless Philippine squad in a five-setter thriller that hinged on a hair's breadth.

Asian Games champion Iran marched to the next round after hammering host Philippines, 21-25, 25-21, 17-25, 25-23, 22-20, securing a place in the Round of 16 and standing tall as the last Asian nation left in the 2025 edition of the tournament. The West Asians called for a dramatic late challenge reversal and ice-cold finishing blows to drown the raging hopes of the Filipinos, who were just one point away from victory in the final and deciding set.

Outside hitter Poriya Hossein Khanzadeh Firouzjah delivered 22 points (19 attacks and 3 aces) while opposite Ali Hajipour Maghadam Farouji had 19 points off 14 attacks and 3 blocks. Meanwhile, Skipper Bryan Bagunas pounded Alas Pilipinas with 22 points off 18 attacks, 3 blocks, and 1 ace. Leo Ordiales scored 21 points (19 attacks, 1 block, and 1 ace), followed closely by Mark Espejo with 15 (12 attacks and 3 blocks) and Kim Malabunga with 10 (6 attacks, 2 blocks, and 2 aces).

A Win that Never Was



Written by:
**Tabernilla,
Mikah**



Photos by: _____
A photo of Alas Pilipinas huddled together with smiles on their faces.

"I am very proud. I am very proud because we have improved a lot. We showed that we can play good volleyball. Thank you to all the fans who came here because they support us very much. I pity that we lost because we were in a dream, and they woke up just one point before the dream was finished," said Philippines head coach Angiolino Frigoni, reflecting on the near-upset. "But I think that we play with skills, with power, with heart, and with mind. I am happy for it. Just how they finish. I would prefer to finish this match losing a match 15-10 or 15-8, or 15-7. This way is very, very painful. By the way, I am very proud of them. Very proud of them", he added.

This historic campaign made on home court has indeed marked a pivotal moment for Philippine Men's Volleyball while raising its growing visibility on the global stage. Embracing their underdog status, they proved that their obscured participation in international stints is no longer a thing of the past. With their impressive showing against the sport's global powerhouses, our National Team, as underdogs, cemented the potential of Philippine Volleyball to compete with pronounced confidence and consistency.

As the saying goes, no story is told completely until the pen has been lifted, and in Alas Pilipinas' eyes, this historical narrative will continue to write itself until they have been crowned Champions.



Photos by: Rappler & FIVB
Various photos of Alas Pilipinas demonstrating pride in how far they've come as a volleyball team.

ILLUSTRATION SHOWCASE

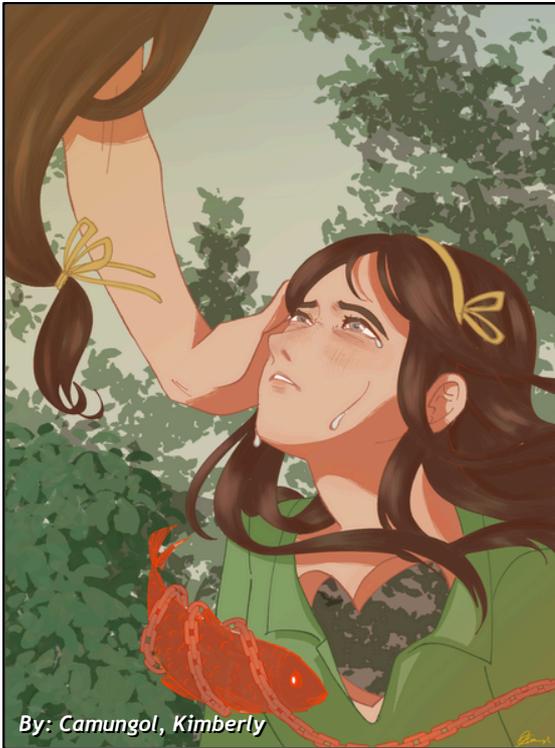


PHOTO SHOWCASE



Taken By: Condaya, Sophia



Taken By: Layog, Marcus Nathan



Taken By: Roque, Nina



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