

Volume 6, Issue 2 (April 2005)

25

Chinoy

The Official Publication of the Ateneo Celadon



Words in Sketch

A Chinoy Special Edition



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*Congratulations to **CELADON** for winning the
Council of Organizations of the Ateneo's (COA) Award for*

Most Outstanding Student Organization

*and to **JULES SIEGFRID ANG** (Celadon President) for
bagging the COA Award for*

Most Outstanding Leader

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Read about a few of Celadon's projects and activities for this year, including the Rose Sale, Leadership Development Program and Celadon Week

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Celadon members showcase their artistic side with their literary pieces.

Cover image taken from www.gettyimages.com

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The Official Filipino-Chinese Organization
of Ateneo de Manila University



[April 2005] Chinoy



Editor's Letter



For years, Chinoy has tackled interesting themes relative to the formation of a solid Chinese-Filipino community from different social and cultural perspectives. For this third and final issue, we have decided to set aside our usual realistic point of view and pay tribute to the two underlying aspects that jumpstarted our passion for feature writing and art in the first place; our creativity and our imagination.

We close this chapter of Chinoy through a form that unites our contributing artists and writers in the experience of freeing their minds and talent. The comic medium has undoubtedly given us an opportunity to revel in a team effort bent on milking our imagination and having fun yet at the same time celebrating our cultural roots at a fictional angle. What a better way to bid farewell to the school year than through the liberated expression of our unbridled creativity.

Sadly, the time has come to say goodbye to the valued Celadoneans that have chosen to share the last year of their academic lives with a family that bridges two beautiful ways of life and thus certainly living nothing less than the best of both worlds. To you, we dedicate this final issue and say: "We will never forget you, for how can we forget what has grown with us in love? We are inseparable."

God Bless.

ELEANORE LEE
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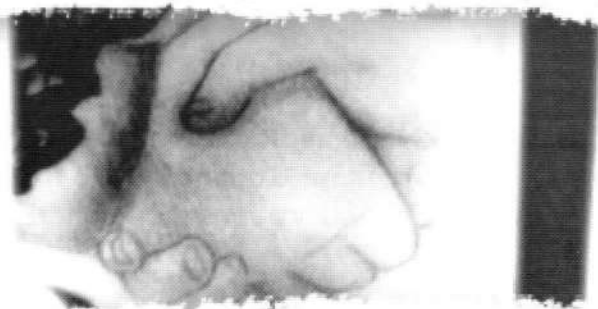
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Editorial Board

Parting Words

It was already 11:30 when people filed out of the chapel



As soon as they left, I went about fixing the chairs

I called out to Jon to help, but he ignored me and sat at the back pews.



Martin was nowhere to be found.

*I stared at my father's coffin.
There were so many things left behind between the both of us.*

*He used to be very proud of me.
He always wanted what was best for me.*

I remembered the time when I was about to graduate high school.

We were having dinner - Jon, Martin, mama, he and I.

He asked me what I wanted to take up in college.

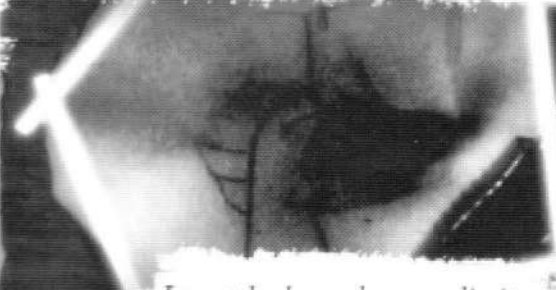
I said Creative Writing.

*He exploded when he heard it.
He didn't want a writer for a first-born son.
He wanted me to help in the family business.*

The next day I burned all the stories I've written



I cried that night.



I watched my dreams dissipate with the smoke.

*My life didn't change much when I started working.
I was still depressed.
But that was until I became close to one of my co-workers,
Olivia.
She was always there, especially when I felt down.*

*We fell in love,
much to the dismay
of my parents,
because of her
ethnicity.*

*I proposed to her; she said yes
but when I broke the news
to my parents, they were hysterical.
They kept on saying maybe she
wasn't the right girl for me.*

*It was a tough decision to make,
but I decided that maybe it would be
better if there was no trouble in the family.*

so I called her up and told her the wedding was off.

*I discovered later on that
she was hospitalized.*

Overdose of anti-depressant.

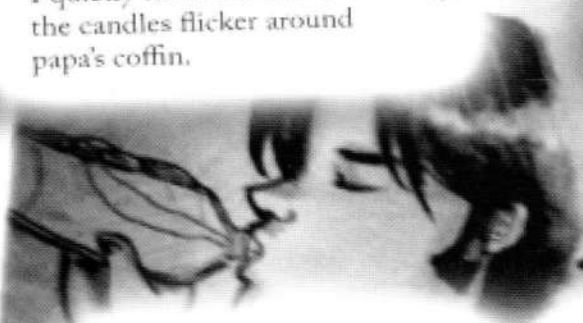
*A year after, my parents wanted me to meet with one of their friend's daughters, Jean.
She was nice and all, but we didn't have what Olivia and I once shared.*

*Papa encouraged me to get things on with her, and before I knew it,
I was married.*

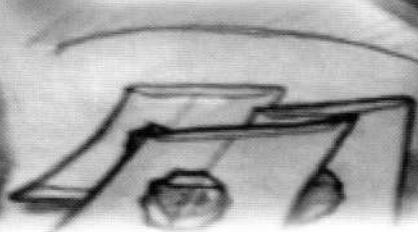
I felt as if each day was as mundane as the previous one. I lost my passion for living.

Art By: Mikhail Quijano (2 BS PSY)
Story By: Philippe Ryan Chung (1 BS BIO)

I quietly sat at the back, watching the candles flicker around papa's coffin.



I went back to the days of my early childhood.



The water was so refreshing after a long day of entertaining the guests

Everytime our grades would come in, the three of us brothers would take turns showing them to papa.

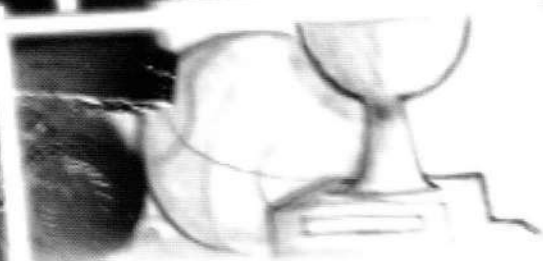
Andrew was always praised amidst his average grades.



Martin was the idiot; papa always got angry when he showed his grades.



When it came to me though, he just read the card and gave it back with no comment, even if I had the highest grades.



It wasn't easy being the middle child. I was a consistent honor student, a varsity player; but somehow, I just couldn't get papa to be proud of me



During highschool graduation, I asked him if he was proud of me. He said I was no one special, and that my exploits were nothing to be proud of.

I later studied business in an Ivy League school in the U.S., and it was during those years that my anger for papa fueled my desire to succeed.

I graduated college as the batch's valedictorian, and to no real surprise, no one came to the ceremony. It was only after that papa sent me an Email.

One stupid Email.

For years, I was living abroad *incommunicado*. I went on to work for a big multinational corporation. I continued living alone, holding on to my anger, until one day, Andrew called about papa's passing.



I STOOD OUTSIDE THE FUNERAL PARLOR SMOKING
A CIGARETTE. MOST OF THE RELATIVES
DIDN'T ALLOW ME TO STEP IN THE CHAPEL WHERE
PAPA WAS.

I WOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE IF IT
WEREN'T FOR ANDREW. COMING BACK
HAD BEEN DIFFICULT FOR ME.

PAPA WAS A VERY SPITEFUL ONE. FOR ME
TO INCUR HIS WRATH ALL THE TIME, IT
PRACTICALLY DESTROYED MY LIFE. MY SADNESS
AND EMPTINESS GREW, EVERY TIME HE
HIT OR YELLED AT ME.

I FELT I NEEDED TO ESCAPE THE SUFFERING,
SO I LIVED A LIFE OF ILLICIT PLEASURE.

IT DIDN'T REALLY START THAT WAY; BUT
I COULD NEVER MAKE HIM HAPPY THE
WAY ANDREW DID.

OUR RELATIONSHIP CHANGED THROUGH
HIGHSCHOOL. I USED TO GAMBLE A LOT
ON BASKETBALL AND LOST MORE MONEY
THAN GAINED.

PAPA WAS FURIOUS ABOUT THIS, BUT IT
DIDN'T BOTHER ME. THE WORLD WAS MY
PLAYGROUND.

SOON AFTER COLLEGE I GOT INTO DRAG RACING.
AH, THE FEEL OF THE WIND ON MY FACE,
THE ADRENALINE RUSH, THE SCENT OF
BURNT RUBBER.



NO ONE IN THE FAMILY KNEW ABOUT IT, UNTIL THAT TRAGIC NIGHT.

I THINK I WAS GOING AROUND 150 THEN, WHEN I SPOTTED A FIGURE IN FRONT OF ME. I TRIED TO STOP BUT THE BREAKS JUST COULDN'T TAKE THE STRESS. IT WAS A LONE STREETCHILD, I REALIZED. THE IMPACT SENT THE CAR SPINNING, AND WITHIN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, I WAS SLAMMED AGAINST THE CONCRETE RAILINGS OF THE HIGHWAY.

WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE HOSPITAL, EVERYONE WAS THERE, EVEN PAPA.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS SCOLDED AGAIN; BUT FOR PAPA, AN INCIDENT LIKE THIS WAS RATHER UNFORGIVABLE.

FOR PAPA, THIS WAS THE LAST STRAW. HE DISOWNED ME THAT DAY.

I LEFT HOME AS SOON AS I GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND STAYED IN A SMALL APARTMENT ACROSS TOWN. I FOUND WORK AT A MOVIE STUDIO AS A STUNTMAN, AND I WAS ABLE TO MAKE ENDS MEET. BUT THOSE EVENTS LEFT A GAPING HOLE IN MY HEART.

I TRIED MENDING MY RELATIONS WITH PAPA THROUGH ANDREW, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK. IN THE END, I CAME TO THE GRIM REALIZATION THAT WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

A FEW DAYS LATER, ANDREW INFORMED ME THAT PAPA HAD DIED. IT WAS A SURPRISE, REALLY, BUT ATTENDING DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT. ANDREW INSISTED THAT I PAY MY LAST RESPECTS THOUGH, SO HERE I AM, WITNESSING THE END OF MY SHAME AND THE BEGINNING OF MY REDEMPTION.

I LET OUT A LAST PUFF OF SMOKE AND WENT INSIDE. I APPROACHED ANDREW AND TOLD HIM I WAS GOING.

"I'M ABOUT TO LEAVE. THANKS FOR INVITING ME EVEN IF NO ONE WANTED ME HERE."
"NO PROBLEM," HE SAID. "ARE YOU COMING TO THE CREMATION TOMORROW?"
"NAH, I'VE MADE PEACE WITH MYSELF, AND PAPA".
"ALRIGHT. TAKE CARE."

I WALKED OUT OF THE FUNERAL PARLOR AND OUT INTO THE STREET.
TOMORROW WOULD BE A NEW DAY, AND IT'S TIME TO START OVER.

As soon as Martin left, I stood up as well and approached Andrew. "You leaving too?" he asked.
"Yeah, my flight's gonna be early tomorrow.
I Still need to pack," I replied.
"Alright. Have a nice trip home."

The mass was very quiet and solemn. The sun was up, and there was not a single dark cloud in the sky. I didn't shed tears that day. As the body was about to be placed inside the furnace, I took one last look at papa. The attendants put his body into the massive machine and closed the hatch. I watched the oven as I felt the fires of renewal wash through my soul. I felt satisfied with myself, as all that's left of my chains

was ash.

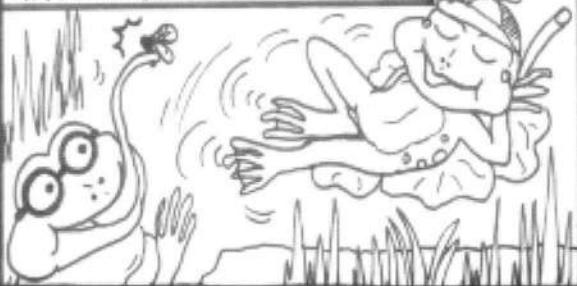
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THE FROGS and THE WELL

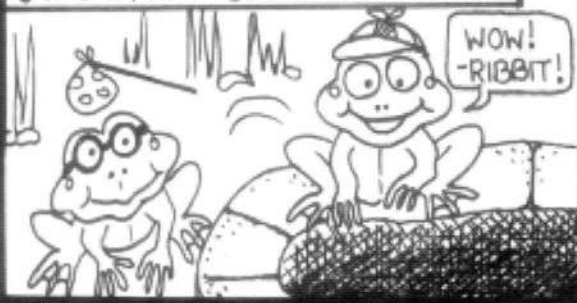
TWO FROGS LIVED TOGETHER IN A MARSH...



AND THEY LEFT IT TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER PLACE TO LIVE IN: FOR FROGS LIKE DAMP PLACES...



ONE DAY, THEY FOUND A DEEP WELL...



THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE COOL PLACE! -RIBBIT!



LET'S JUMP IN AND SETTLE HERE!



BUT THE OTHER FROG, WHO HAD A WISER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS, REPLIED:



"SUPPOSING THIS WELL DRIED UP LIKE THE MARSH, HOW SHOULD WE GET OUT AGAIN?"



THE TWO FROGS THEN HOPPED AWAY WITH THE WISER ONE SAYING TO THE OTHER...



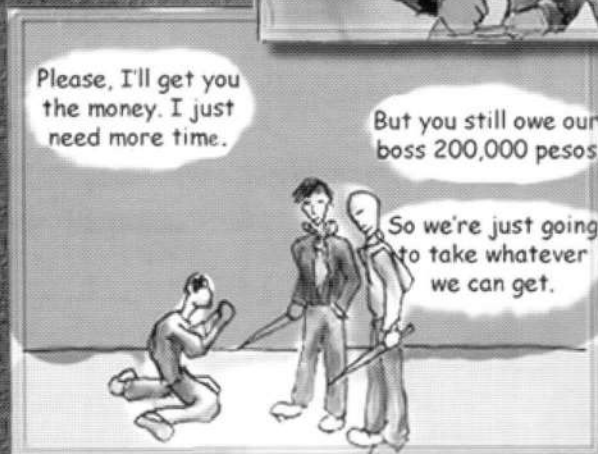
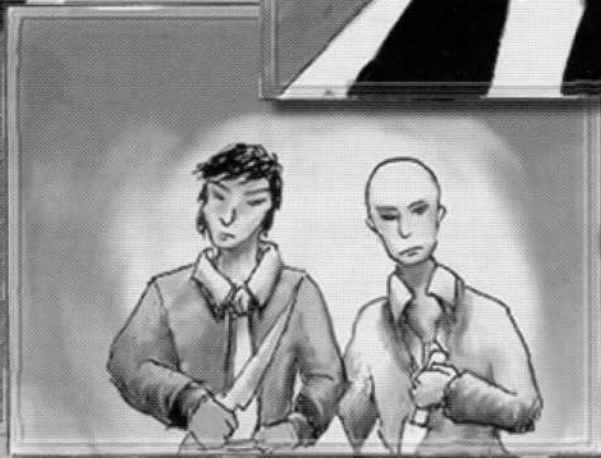
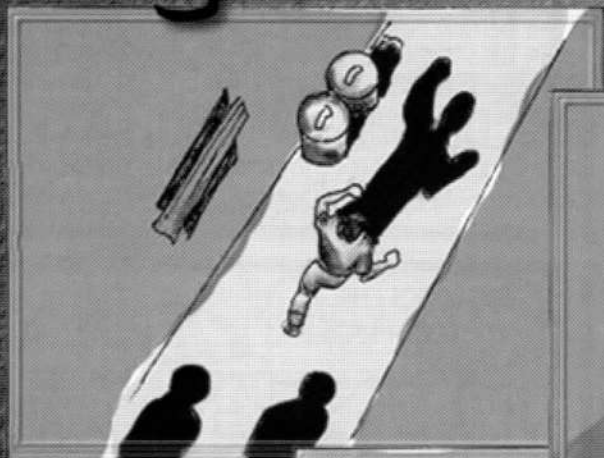
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KARLIAO 2005

Jing Dao

By: Michael Jarantilla
(2 BS MIS)

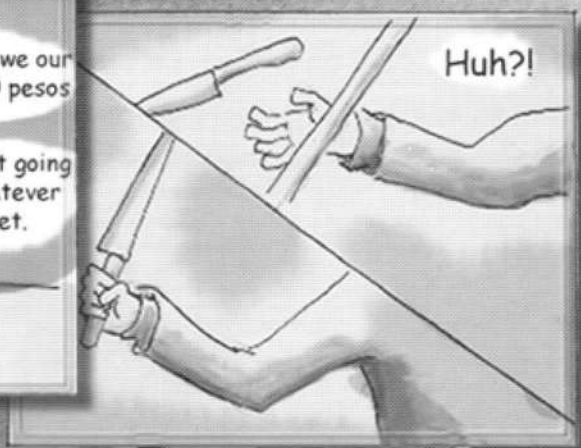
Prayer for the Sinful



Please, I'll get you the money. I just need more time.

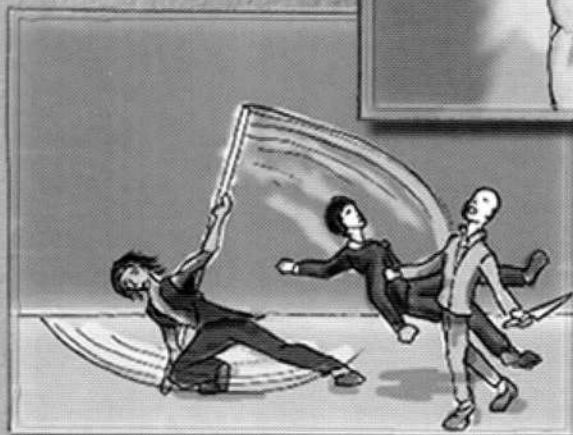
But you still owe our boss 200,000 pesos

So we're just going to take whatever we can get.



Who are you?

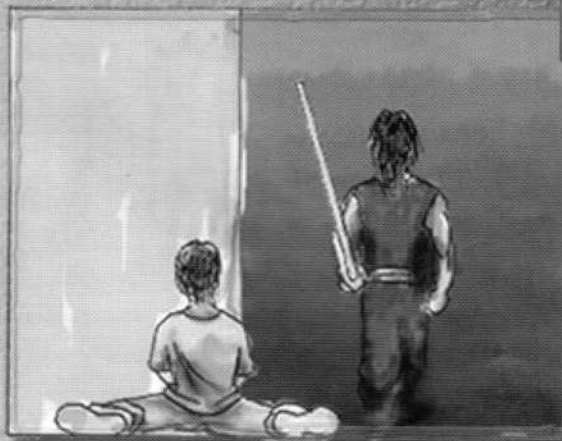
Get him!!



Thank you, thank
you! Who are you?



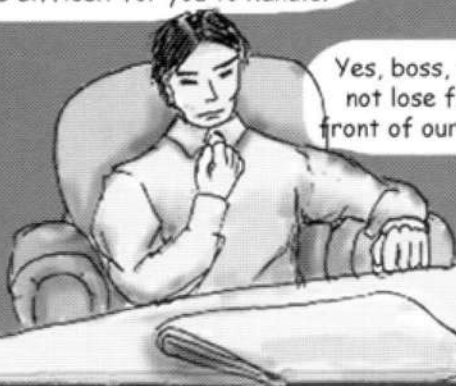
If you ever gamble
again, I'll come back
for you.



They're calling him
"Jing Dao."

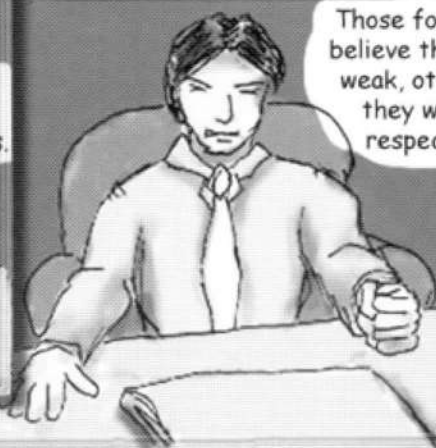


Find out who he is. We can't let him interfere anymore. One man shouldn't be difficult for you to handle.



Yes, boss, we will not lose face in front of our clients.

Those fools can't believe that we're weak, otherwise they will not respect me.



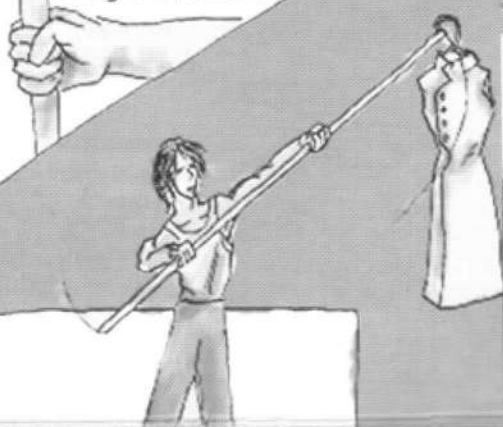
Jing Dao...
..The Silent Prayer



Brian, where's the silk cheongsam Auntie Betty reserved yesterday afternoon?



I'll get it, Mama,

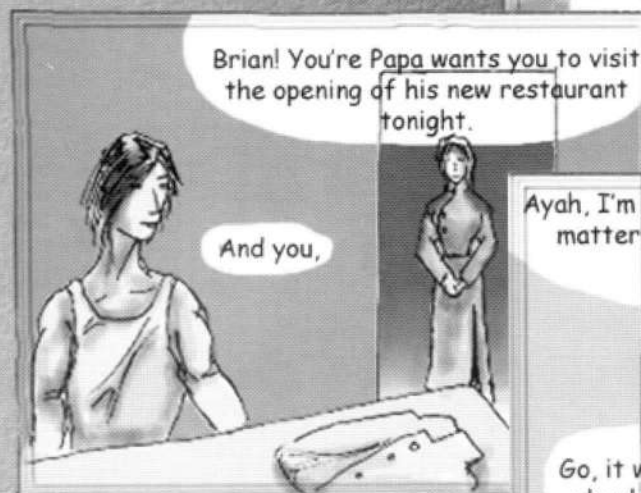
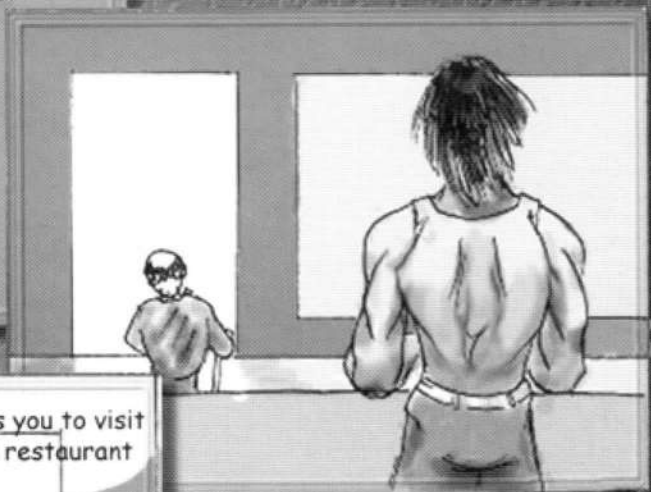
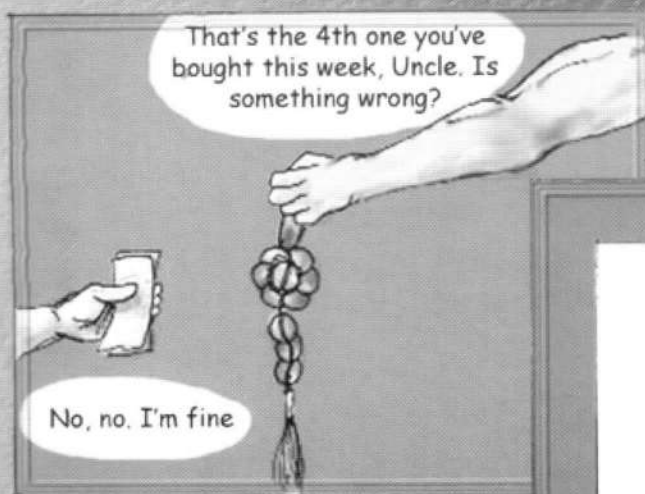


Good morning Brian. You wouldn't happen to have any more of those prosperity coin lucky charms, would you?



Yes we do,





Ayah, I'm the first wife, Brian. I will not matter to his social crowd. He'll be bringing Pei Pei.

Go, it will be fun. You should get to know him better.



I know him better than you think, Mama.



Tell Papa, I'll be there tonight.



CELADON C

(2005 Celadon M

A W A

P E R

outgoing & incoming EB

A T

celebrations

*Photos by Oliver Salva
(IV BS MIS)*

Night

R D E E S

F O R M E R S

T T E N D E E S

Seniors Say

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I am happy to have made the right choice to study here in the Ateneo, as this university educated me in many fields and exposed me to many things...

The Ateneo academe taught me the difference between *E. coli* and E-COLA; it taught me that there is still something "meron" in "wala," that love is not a feeling, and that I'm dead if

things don't balance out. It is through the Ateneo that I met Leibniz and Leithold, Santrock and Samuelson, Descartes and Drucker, Fisher and Ferriols, and yes, even the likes of Santo Tomas.

Ateneo Celadon, on the other hand, taught me the difference between Filipino-Chinese and Chinese Filipino; it taught me that there is still success in failure, that fear is not a factor, and that I'm dead if people don't show up. It is through Celadon that I met and worked with people from different backgrounds – freshman to senior, Chinese Filipino or pure Filipino, Celadonean or non-Celadonean, and yes, even non-Ateneans at that.

Looking back, the days I spent with Celadon were not always sunny. Sacrifice, whether in the form of lost hours of sleep or lost points in grades, was a big part of my stay in Celadon. But every time Celadon achieves something – a successful project, an empowered member, or a prestigious award – it never fails to fill my heart with felicity, and makes me blessed to have joined Celadon, as it served as a training ground for me to learn altogether valuable lessons in dealing with people, obsessed with Celadon even more. I really am knowing

more about my roots, and most especially, getting skilled in the art of multi-tasking. Celadon taught me a myriad of lessons, and whether I learned it the easy way or the hard way, what matters is that I learned a lot.

And so, to all the non-graduating Celadoneans who will have to learn lessons from Celadon for at least a school year more, I advise you to face all challenges with equanimity and humor. Give in if you must, but don't give up. Innovate. Continue finding ways on how to improve Celadon and its members. Maintain the tradition, but be original. Remember, Celadon is a pacesetter, so don't settle for carbon copies. And while doing all these, don't forget to grow your roots and spread your seeds in the process.

To all the Celadoneans, thank you for all your dedication and support. We would not have been awarded Most Outstanding Organization without all your hard work. I hope you had fun in the process and I hope you stay active in Celadon even after you graduate. To Luigi, Pi, and Anj or OSA, and to Ana, Celine, Robbie, Oscar, and Maita of COA, thanks for all the care and assistance. To our moderator Dr. Francisco Navarro, thanks for all the guidance and pruning. To Father Aristotle Dy, Ma'am Ritchie Santos, Laoshi Daisy See, Laoshi Jane Yugioksing, and the rest of the Chinese Studies Program, thanks for all the help and support. To Sir Wilson Lee-Flores, thanks for all the suggestions. To Sir Tatot of OSA, thanks for all the advice. To everyone who believed in me, thank you and I hope I have served you well. To everyone who supported Celadon, thank you *very* much. Finally, to Celadon, thanks for the memories! With all this I say...

Long live Celadon. ☺

Jules Siegrifrid C. Ang
Outgoing Celadon President

igning Off...

The author apologizes for the strange words written below. It was the only way she could express herself at the moment.

ODE TO CELADON

There was a girl timid and shy,
Who'd never dream of making speeches and would rather die.
Four years later she's facing three hundred people,
Sashaying in Titanic costume with nary a snuffle.

Celadon Room was her favorite haunt,
Though all the people there would Jollibee-taunt.
And despite those sad (and bad) jokes she had fun,
Contented with everything that the org has done.

She made new friends along the way,
And headed some projects during her stay.
She looked at her members with very proud eyes,
Watched them grow into leaders, stars on the rise.

There's no need to guess because it's clear,
The identity of the girl who holds Celadon dear.
She is me and I am her,
As sure as dogs and cats have fur! :P

Thanks to the EB- my worthy friends,
To all the managers- Celadon's future depends.
Thanks to you members, Celadon's heart,
Without you the org would be torn apart.

Now the time's come to bid farewell,
I can't rhyme anymore, can you tell?
Goodbye to Celadon and to you all,
College was great, I had a ball.

Despite the lighthearted tone of that quasi-poem (to not insult the likes of Emily Dickinson and Robert Browning), I meant every word I said. Celadon's presence in my college life has enabled me to grow and to become who I am today- a person who is not afraid to do something, to do something BIG, and to laugh at herself while doing it. My college education definitely would not be complete without this wonderful org.

Thank you so much for the memories. I'll always keep them in my heart. *I love this org, I love Celadon.* ☺

Diana Christine Tan
Outgoing Executive Vice President





"NO Need to fit in, you just do."

I believe this tagline truly lives up to its ideal of welcoming each and every person who wants to be part of Celadon —

whether Chinese or non-Chinese, short or tall, shy or perky, guy or girl, the list could go on. With Celadon, one finds a home amidst the thousands of strangers you meet in Ateneo. One finds solace in times of stress, panic and hell weeks. Never did I feel left out. Upon entering the Celadon room at Colayco, one will always find a smiling face welcoming you to the room they all call home.

I describe my Celadon experience as short but fruitful. Never did I imagine myself in the position of Vice President of Corporate and Financial Affairs. In my first year in college, (and just like any other freshman), I joined each and every organization I found to be interesting, Celadon included. I signed up for projects, attended a few meetings and volunteered for a few tasks and there goes my first year. 'Twas the same during my second year

until the latter part where I visited the Celadon room more often. I learned to play bridge and found myself submitting an application form to apply as a project manager. The rest, as they all say, is history. A year later, I ran for the position of VP for Corporate and Financial Affairs and things have never been the same ever since.

Apart from all the sleepless nights, additional workload and numerous instances where I had to choose between studies and the organization, Celadon opened a lot of new doors for me. I was able to, in a way, develop myself and my potentials to the fullest. From the once super shy girl, I found the courage to convince different companies to participate in Celadon's projects and got to know a lot of people along the way. Even my first TV interview was Celadon-related! Those and more are the things I will truly miss about the organization and its members.

To the incoming executive board, incoming Celadon officers and members, make your Celadon experience as fruitful as possible. I'm glad to be part of the Council of Organizations of the Ateneo's Best Student Organization for 2005 and I hope you do too.

Take that initiative to do something more for the organization and I promise you an experience you'll never regret for the rest of your life. ☺

Sharlene Marie Tan
Outgoing VP for Corporate & Financial Affairs

You cannot help but learn more as you take the world into your hands. Take it up reverently, for it is an old piece of clay, with millions of thumbprints on it.

--John Updike

My past four years in Celadon have been great beyond words. It has truly been a blessing being part of such a wonderful and welcoming organization that has been more like a family to me, instead of an org.

Much like how a family greets a newborn member, Celadon welcomed me into Ateneo with wide, open arms. With their smiling faces and warm greetings, Celadoneans received me into their "house" and introduced me to most of my current Ateneo friends—friends who have been more like brothers and sisters to me. With a "house" always open for me to stay in and with brothers and sisters helping, guiding, and supporting me, Celadon made me feel at home in Ateneo. It made each day in Ateneo not only more fun and livable, but also more colorful and momentous.

More than making me feel at home, however, Celadon made my stay in Ateneo more packed, more fulfilling, and more meaningful. It filled my college life with experiences beyond what the four corners of the Ateneo classrooms could have given me. In Celadon, I was immersed into events (e.g. Leadership Development Program, General Assemblies, Movie Premiere, etc.) that were relatively unknown to me before college. I was plunged into different activities (e.g. planning and organizing events, looking for sponsors, handling a department, etc.) that I never imagined I was capable of doing. I was able to meet, work with, and make friends with people of diverse interests, personalities, and attitudes—something I never thought would be teaching me so many great lessons while at the same time bringing so much joy to me. Surely, without these experiences, my stay in Ateneo would have been dull and meaningless.

More importantly, Celadon helped me know myself better. My work in

Celadon (first as a member, then as a manager, and then as the HR AVP) made me realize my talents, my skills, and my abilities. It helped me discover and, later on, better understand my strengths and my weaknesses. It enriched my knowledge and showed me my interests. These, in turn, have helped boost my self-confidence and self-esteem to a point I have never thought I could achieve by the time I graduate.

There are still so many things that Celadon has imparted and helped me in, but, as clichéd as it sounds, words are not enough to fully express everything. My

Celadon

experience has

just been so

overwhelming

to simply

encapsulate

it into

words.

Nevertheless,

I must say

that my

Celadon

experience

has truly

been a great

memorable,

enriching experience

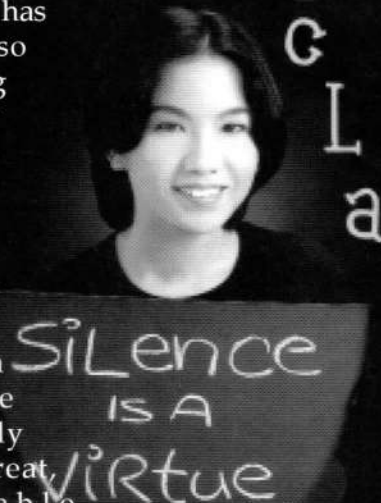
that has made my studying in Ateneo more worthwhile and meaningful.

To Celadon, thank you very much for the experience! To my co-EBs, thank you for your support and guidance! To my managers and members, thank you for believing and trusting in me! To all the Celadoneans, thank you for all the memories! Thank you very much for everything! See you all around! ☺

Clarice Tong

Outgoing AVP for Human Resources

Seniors Signing Off.



Seniors Signing Off...

WOW! I can't believe that it has already been 4 years and I'm about to face the real world outside the doors of college. It feels a bit strange that I won't be able to hang out in the Celadon Room this coming school year since the "room" has been my home in the Ateneo all throughout my college life. I still remember the first day I stepped into the "room" to join the org and was interviewed by then EVP, Lindsey Go. During the interview, she asked me why I wanted to join Celadon and I kept on replying that it was because of my two high school classmates from Xavier who insisted that I join the org and sign up in the Externals Department. It's funny since I never really intended to be active in any org that I joined in my freshman year.

The only reason that I applied was for the sake of having an org. I never thought that Celadon would become an integral part of my college life. I didn't expect myself to be an active participant in its projects either.

There are two incidents in my freshman year that changed my mind and influenced me to engage in activities for the betterment of the org. The first is that I used to be a part of the Externals Department in that year but I never joined any project except the Englicom-Celadon Leadership and Training Seminar or ECLAT because again, it was the project of my two high school friends. While working on the activity, I realized how fun and fulfilling it was to be able to work and be a part of an event such as ECLAT. I also got to meet and bond with the members of the org. The other reason was because of the

Ateneo's school transferee policy which I had some trouble adjusting into since I spent a year studying in the University of Asia and the Pacific before shifting schools. At that time, I wasn't very close to people at Celadon, however people like Tiff Tan, Geoff Yu and Ivan Lee were there to help me out. I was really won over by these 2 experiences and decided to apply for manager the subsequent year. Consequently, I was accepted by the executive board and have filled that position ever since.

I have a lot of fond memories of Celadon. My personal favorites were of the "Lemuel Lim cursing and laughing sessions", Jason Tan's hilarious comments about everything, the unforgettable Tang quotes, the very successful "CLAT" series, the room's version of the "Edsa Revolution" and last year's Celadon Ball, where I got to shock everyone.

I recall that there were instances when I found myself contemplating on how life would have been like had I not transferred to Ateneo, but now that I think about it, I can't imagine not being able to have met the warm and wonderful members of Celadon a.k.a. Celadoneans. In Celadon, I have found a sanctuary. I feel truly blessed to be a part of something special and the org with all its people will always have a special place in my heart. ☺

Tristan Lim-Uy Rosario
Outgoing Art Editor



CHINOY Magazine is what introduced me to Celadon. It is because of Chinoy that I was able to meet the many wonderful people who are a part of the org. I believe it is Chinoy that makes the Comm&Pub Department so welcoming and so successful. The people involved in creating a magazine such as Chinoy bring with them an environment that is warm and engaging.

While Chinoy may just be a small part of Comm&Pub, there are just so many people who come and go and who help out in the publication that you can't help but be exposed to all those people. Chinoy, due to its nature, is for me a symbolic transit-station where you can meet all the other people of Celadon. But of course, it is not just the magazine but also the core people who work on the magazine that makes Chinoy so special. They are all very wonderful people and to the coming batch, I hope you don't hesitate to approach them for any help concerning Chinoy. I wish you luck in continuing to make Chinoy a successful publication and as way for other people to know not only about the Chinese-Filipino culture but also Celadon itself and its members. ☺

Paul Jay Alexander Ty
Outgoing Photo Editor

Paul



TO: Jules, Di, Jules, Di,

Tristan, Paul

Shar, Cla,

Shar, Cla

Tristan & Paul

Congrats Graduates

CONGRATULATIONS from your Celadon family!



ORIENTAL SPLENDOR



By: Nina Suzette Lim (1 AB COM)

THE much-awaited Celadon Week was held at the Science Education Complex (SEC) Field on February 9 to 11. Entitled Oriental Splendor, this special annual event was more than just a celebration of the Year of the Wooden Rooster and Celadon's nineteen years of existence. Rather, it aimed to bring its unique Chinese-Filipino culture closer to the Ateneo community by presenting a make-shift dynasty filled with fun games, sumptuous food, and exciting exhibitions.

Special Events

Shaolin Show

Hosted by Culturals VP Mic-Mic Pineda (III BS BIO), Russel Yao (V BS MCT), and Kalen Lin (II BS BIO), the event started off with a bang on Wednesday at 11:50 a.m. as members graced the ribbon-cutting ceremonies, followed by a short welcome speech from Celadon President Jules Siegfried Ang (IV AB MECO). Soon spectators were treated to a once-in-a-blue-moon opportunity when Shaolin performers wowed everyone with their mind-blowing martial arts, expertise in weapons, and incredible stunts. Their discipline and hard training shone brightly as one of the monks whammed a sturdy metal rod onto a brother's

head. Instead of cracking the brother's skull, the metal rod broke into equal halves, and the brother's head remained in one piece, much to the audience's wide-eyed disbelief and amazement.

Games

Next came the exciting games. In the Ang Pao Hunt, spectators looked under their chairs to find an ang pao or red envelope containing cash prizes. The Siopao-Eating Contest was entertainingly delicious. Five contestants had a chance to savor the giant siopaos from the famous Masuki restaurant in Ongpin as they wolfed their way to victory. The winner received two cans of Royal Tru-Orange. Before ending the show, Mic-Mic handed out free coupons that entitle anyone to free games at the booths. The crowd had an opportunity to taste free samples of *tikoy* in different colors as well.

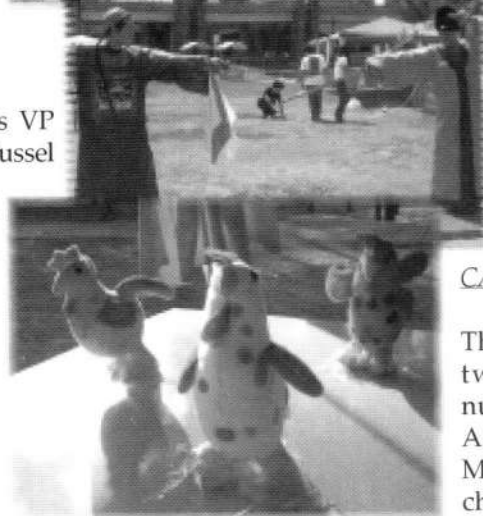
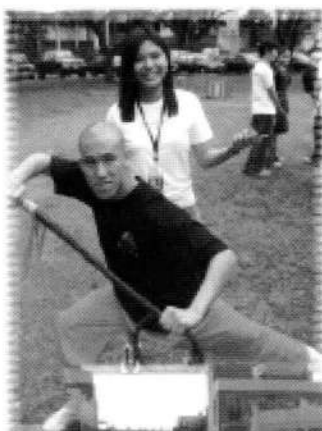
CADS Performance

At 11:50 a.m. on Thursday, the audience caught two spectacular dance numbers by the Company of Ateneo Dancers (CADS). Members of the audience cheered for the dancers as they grooved to pop tunes and

showed off the latest dance moves and stunts like standing on two arms while spinning their legs like a helicopter.

Film Showing

On Friday, the feature movie "Springtime in a Small Town," a highly-



acclaimed film by Tian Zhuangzhuang, was shown for free at the Ching Tan Room in the JGSOM from 4:30 to 6:00 p.m. The story of the film is about Yuwen, a young woman who lived in a dilapidated mansion with her sick husband Liyan and his lively younger sister Xiu, as well as an old man Huang. The unexpected visit of Zhang Zichien, an old friend of Liyan, livened up the household as he brought back Liyan's health and Yuwen's good spirits; however, a love triangle developed as Liyan found out that Yuwen and Zichien were once sweethearts and that the romance between them was still as strong as ever.

Executive Board Elections

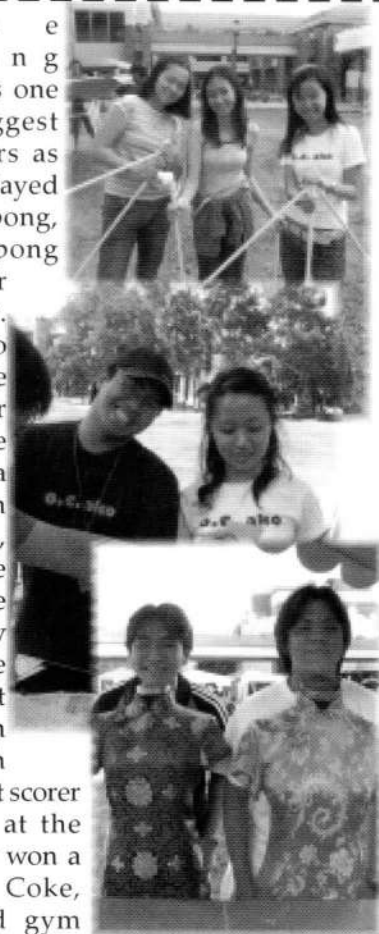
Another highlight of Celadon Week was the EB Elections, where Celadoneans decided on the future of their organization during the election for the next batch of Executive Board (EB) officers from Tuesday to Wednesday. However, the election was extended to Thursday to achieve the 50% + 1 quota needed to elect an officer. Garnering a total of 401 votes, the results were finally announced on February 10.

Game ka na ba?

Aside from special events, the game booths provided nonstop entertainment for the Ateneo community. In Ring-A-Chick, players shot a set of three rings on any of the five chicken plushes with their feet taped firmly on the table to win key chains, if they shot one or two rings, and a cuddly pillow, if they shot all three of them. In Art of War, players fought as much as they wanted by arm-wrestling. Darty Old Man gave players an opportunity to shoot a poster of a pervert old man showing off his bum. In CelaBalls, challengers shot as many hoops as they could within one minute. Anyone who shot twenty hoops won softdrinks. Top scorers at the end of the day got special prizes.



The Robopong Challenge was one of the biggest crowd-drawers as challengers played against Robopong, the ping-pong machine, for one minute. Anyone who could hit the ball to the other side of the table ten times in a row won softdrinks, while those who hit five times in a row received a free trial workout coupon from Clark Hatch spa. The highest scorer in Robopong at the end of the day won a package of Coke, Rocklets, and gym coupons from Clark Hatch.



Equally challenging was the Varsity Challenge wherein challengers played ping-pong with a "handicapped" table tennis varsity player. Hyung Seo, the team captain of the Ateneo Table Tennis Varsity Team, said that the Varsity Challenge was a unique and fun experience for him. Among the easiest handicaps was the requirement to clap after each shot, while the hardest handicaps were playing while wearing eye patches or playing with one leg raised.

Celadon life

Celadon Week would have been incomplete without a sampling of Chinese-Filipino life. In Brig's Delight, the menu of fine Chinese cuisine changed everyday. One could have had the large two-in-one asado and bola-bola *siopao* on Wednesday, shark's fin dumpling



and mango juice on Thursday, and all items on Friday plus mango sago and large *siomai*. The Desserts booth sold all kinds of *tikoy* and *hopia* on Wednesday, including special fish-shaped *tikoy* wishing good fortune on the Chinese New Year, while only *tikoy* was sold on Thursday.

Chinese merchandise like flashy Chinese blouses, bags, and purses were up for grabs at the Gift Shop on Wednesday.

Of course, Celadon knowledge about the culture it stands for was essential. The Museum of Legends displayed Chinese legends, the origins of certain Chinese customs and traditions, trivia about China, and even a recipe for sesame balls (locally known as *buchi*). In the Shu Fa (or Chinese calligraphy) booth, one could learn how to write Chinese characters using a calligraphy brush. More confident participants entered their masterpieces in the free Chinese calligraphy contest under the Amateur or Experienced categories. If they were fortunate enough, they won either a P100 or P200 gift check from Starbucks. Also, one could get a Chinese name based on his/her English name, gender, birthday, and a desired essence of name. On the other hand, anyone who wanted to learn about Chinese proverbs picked a roll of paper containing words of wisdom from a bowl. Master Kung's School of Art was a perfect place for self-expression as artists and wannabes alike drew dragons and Chinese food with crayons or used cast bricks made

from Paris plaster to carve anything they wanted out of it. The Alumni Exhibit featured nineteen of the best Celadon alumni from its first year up to the present whose shining achievements have made Celadon proud.

Right beside the Alumni Exhibit was the Where's Wally board, a colorful illustrated puzzle depicting China and the Philippines where anyone who had the patience tried to find the Celadon EB members. Ateneans were able to get a glimpse of life at the Celadon room in Tambayan ng Bayan booth, where they had the chance to learn how to play mahjong Celadon-style where only imaginary money was involved.

With so many activities in store for the Ateneo community, Oriental Splendor was truly a fascinating week that not only emphasized the Chinese-Filipino culture alive today but also the community spirit that has lasted in Celadon for the past, unforgettable nineteen years. ☺

Billboard



Celadonean Love

By: Myreign Sua (1 BS MGT-H)

WHAT is Valentine's Day without roses? Not as special, not as extraordinary, and for the cheerless people, not as heartbreaking, and not as moving.

With over 34 dozen orders of roses — more than double last year's catch and not including the orders that had to be turned down because of shortage of supplies — Celadon's Rose Sale held last February 7-14 was a smashing success proving that when you "Say It with Roses," you can never go wrong.

The project heads, Nicole Chua (IV BS MGT), Ritchelle Lim (IV BS LM), Lawrence Ong (III BS MGT), Gretchelle Santos (II BS CS), Hannah So (III BS MIS), and Grace Ybanez (4 BS MGT), had started out with the usual difficulties of losing initial volunteers. However, according to Ritchelle, "there were many Celadoneans who didn't even sign-up for the project [and they still helped out,...] Elaine Ong, one of the people who helped out with the sale, said that she helped simply because they needed it. According to her, "...the thing that made the experience amazing was the fact that you would see Celadoneans walking by the booth and seeing people at the booth swamped with work. They would [then] stop and help out. They were so willing to help whether they were part of the rose sale team or not!"

During the Rose Sale, a voting competition was held with various categories, such as Campus heartthrob, male and female; Valentine's Couple; "Friends lang daw sila" and "Sana Sagutin na Siya."

Event sponsor Vochelle provided the affordable chocolates for sale while GS. Go Bros., and Italianni's provided the winners of the couple voting game with gift certificates. BearHuggs and Humor Post on the other hand, sold cute stuffed toys at the rose sale booth. Pillows from CuddleMe were also sold.

As closing time on the last day came, a group of people were hanging around the booth, waiting until the last possible minute to ensure that the ones they wanted to win were going to win. Ritchelle says, "I think they had a deal that if the couple they were rooting for won, they were going to come along on the Italianni's dinner date!"

Another highlight was a prank someone pulled on his friend. An innocent student studying in class was suddenly serenaded by the Celadon Choir with the song, "This Guy's in Love with You, Pare." "Pinagtripan nung mga kabarkada niya," said Ritchelle.

There were a lot of experiences. There were a lot of laughs, and a lot of stress. This year's "Say it with Roses" has truly been an experience. Hannah So says, "Out of all the projects I've handled, I can say that the Rose Sale is one of the most stressful and time consuming, but all the hard work paid off." This was more than a rose sale. This was a project that showed the unity and the solidarity of the people in Celadon. It's the sweet team effort that will be remembered and rekindled every Day of Hearts. ☺



LEADING BY E

FOR the past years in Celadon, the Leadership Training Seminar had always been a 1-day affair, crammed with group dynamics, talks, and bonding sessions. But this year, Human Resources (HR) project managers Terry Ang Jr. (II BS LM), Patricia Montero (IV BS MGT), Jessica Si (III AB PSY), and Brian Trinidad (IV BS MGT), guaranteed that when the members signed up for training, training they will most definitely get. Thus was born the Leadership Development Program, a month-long training program designed particularly to hone the minds and bodies of Celadon's next top managers. The LDP exposed the members to mock situations faced by Celadon managers and helped develop the skills needed to become a Celadonian leader.

The first part of the LDP was a seminar. Staying overnight in the ISO Complex from January 15 - 16, the members and managers listened to talks by Jules Ang (IV AB MECO), Celadon President, and OSA's Sir Tatot Quiblat. Celadon's Cultural and Financial Affairs VP, Sharlene Tan (IV BS LM) also gave a short introduction to the world of marketing. A round of games and GD's encouraged the participants to get to know one another. The real action however, started a week later, with the second part of the LDP consisting of 6 challenges, where members were voted off and groups were dissolved. The winning team of 3 members would be assured

of managerial slots for the next school year in the department of their choice.

First Challenge: Listening Ability

The first was a listening challenge where seven groups, of 6-7 members each, gathered in Bellarmine Field. All the members were blindfolded save for only one person in each group serving as that group's "eye." The game was for the "eyes" to instruct their blindfolded groups on where to go around the field, in search of several envelopes widely distributed all over the grass field. This challenge emphasized the need for managers to learn how to listen to their members and officers and the importance of effectively communicating your vision to those you lead.

Second Challenge: Flock Calling

After voting off the weakest member per group, the remaining prepared for the second challenge a week later, where they had to make "flock calls" to executive board members. A flock call is one made by each of the Celadon managers to members that are a part of his designated "flock". Each Celadon manager is given a number of Celadon members to call up every so often to relay news events and activities, talk about academic problems, love lives, and etc. Flock calling, uniquely Celadon, ensures that all members are well taken cared off by promoting interconnectedness within the organization. Thus in the second challenge, the



BEING

By: Kazimir Kira Ang (2 BS LM)

LDP participants were judged by how friendly and informative they were to their flock.

Third Challenge: Marketing

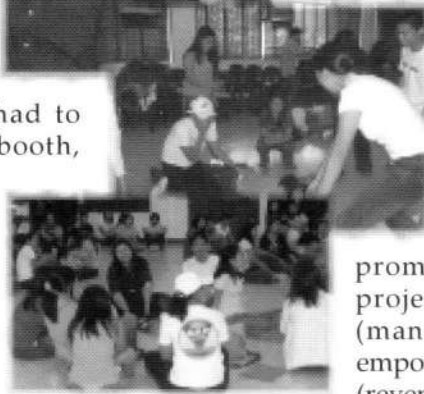
The third challenge was a marketing challenge where the groups had to create a marketing package and defend it before a panel of judges composed of the Executive Board (EB). Several managers who saw the groups' marketing packages were impressed by the effort and presentation of the groups. Attired formally and presenting using laptops, the marketing challenge showed how committed the members were in their training.

Fourth Challenge: Robopong

Leaving only 2 groups for the fourth challenge, each group then had to manage the Robopog booth during the Celadon Week for a day. As judged by Larissa Hao and Hyung-Seo, captains of the Ateneo table tennis varsity team, each group had to manage and promote the booth, acquire higher sales, and be better in public relations. The top eight individual were then chosen out of the winning group, while four other members were taken out of the losing group. How the top 8 and the top 4 were ranked depended upon how the group members ranked themselves.

Fifth Challenge: Mock Interview

The fifth challenge was an individual mock job interview, where each person was questioned about his motives for joining the LDP



and grilled on how he thought he was best qualified to be Celadon's top manager. Out of the interviewees, only 6 were short-listed, and those six were divided into 2 groups for the sixth and final challenge. The first group

was composed of Mike Jarantilla (II BS MIS), Van Nadres (I BS MGT-H), and Trina Ong (I AB IS). The second group was composed of Cheryl Lu (I BS MGT), Neil Ching (I BS LM) and Charlotte Chua (II BS MGT).

Sixth Challenge: Fundraising

In the sixth and final challenge, the remaining two groups had to come up with their own fundraising project for the HR department. Mike, Van and Trina did a newspaper drive and cookie sale while Cheryl, Neil and Charlotte opted for a rummage sale in Novaliches and *isaw* sale. The final teams were judged according to pre-project preparations (creativity, planning, promotions, empowerment), project implementation (management, logistics, empowerment), and project results (revenue).

After a whole month of training, the team of Cheryl, Neil and Charlotte were awarded as Celadon's Next Top Managers in the org's year ender party held at the Acropolis Clubhouse, Libis. ☺

What We Can Never Really Explain

By: Abigail Kwok (2 AB COM)

"HE won't give us stocks anymore! What do you expect me to do? Sit here and wait for a miracle?"

"Well isn't that what you do everyday? Sit there?"
"I'm thinking okay? THINKING!"

"Sure! Go ahead and think while I shamelessly keep borrowing money from people!"

Stop it.

Mom. Dad. Please stop.

I shut my eyes, covered my ears and cried. I'm inside the bathroom. My sanctuary. My haven. It's already a habit of mine. Sort of like part of my daily routine. When their voices die down, I would wash my face and come out. Then I would continue whatever it was I had been doing. Everyday the same old thing.

"I don't know where else to go. No one would lend us money anymore," my mom was saying as I left the bathroom. She was sitting in the sofa watching TV. A Chinese soap opera was showing — her favorite.

Dad must have gone to sleep. I had no idea it was already 1AM. I must have been hiding in the bathroom for about an hour and a half.

I slumped on the sofa opposite my mom and stared blankly at the TV screen.

"I mean, he doesn't understand me. He just stays here at home and watches TV. EVERY SINGLE DAY! And then he would say that he's *thinking* of ways to make our lives a little better. Who's he kidding?"

"I don't know what else to do, *shobe*..."

I woke up early the following morning, my eyes throbbing and swollen because of all the tears I had cried the other night. I went to the bathroom to wash my face, splashing water on my eyes trying to remove any traces of crying.

I got dressed for school and went down for breakfast. There was nothing on the table. *What's new?* I thought to myself. I went to the fridge and drank milk straight from the carton, then went to school.

I walked to school every day. It was a ten-minute walk, not too far. I loved walking to school anyway, it gave me plenty of time to think and reflect on the things around me. It made me feel refreshed and at the same time, lucky to be alive.

I was greeted by Irene outside our classroom. She's my best friend. "MAY!!" she screamed, rushing over to me and giving me a quick hug. "Happy Valentine's Day!" She was beaming.

Valentine's Day. I totally forgot. The day of hearts. The day of love. And my parents were currently furious at each other. Wow.

"Oh hey," I said, returning her hug "Happy Valentines! Looks like you woke up on the *right* side of the bed this morning."

"Well, it's Valentines! And I have a lot of love to give! And besides, *you* should be the one who's supposed to be beaming today. You didn't tell me you had someone crushing on you," she said, her hands on her hips, pouting.

"What are you talking about?" I asked her, confused.

"Come with me," she said, grabbing my hand and leading me to our classroom. Inside, everyone was smiling at me. I was confused. But then I realized what Irene had been talking about.

On my table was a bouquet of white roses and a big teddy bear was sitting on my chair. My eyes grew wide at the sight. "What's this?" I asked Irene, failing to hide the excitement in my voice. "Don't ask me," Irene shrugged. "I got here and *that* was already there."

"Me too," Linda said approaching me. She's my seatmate. "I thought I was the first to arrive in class but *that* was way earlier than me."

I approached my table and looked at the roses and the stuffed toy. I brushed my hand gently on the bear's hand, feeling the softness of it. And then I saw it. A note was placed between the bear's closed paws. I picked it up, not noticing that my hand was shaking.

"Open it! See who's it from." Irene said. I jumped at the sound of her voice. She seemed to have crept up behind me.

I opened the note slowly and looked at the message. A one-liner:

12nn at the Caf. @>, —

Irene squealed. "This is so exciting! May's got a date!" I didn't know what to say.

Noon finally arrived. All throughout my classes, everyone was looking at me and smiling, commenting on the bouquet of flowers and teddy

bear that I was carrying around campus. I was ashamed, of course. It was big. besides, I looked stupid, what with all my books and stuff plus the roses and bear. I could hardly see where I was walking.

Irene walked with me to the cafeteria, volunteering to carry the roses and the bear, so that, according to her, I wouldn't look stupid.

We were a few steps from the cafeteria when my cell phone suddenly rang. Irene looked annoyed.

"Don't answer it," she said. "This is more important than a mere cell phone call."

I looked at who was calling. It was my mom.

"I have to answer it, Irene. Wait a sec," I said. I stopped by a bench and placed all my things down.

"Mom?"

"Shobe..." her voice sounded distant, muffled, I could tell she was sobbing.

"What is it, mom? What's wrong?"

"I'm in jail." Silence.

"Police came to my office this morning and they had with them a warrant. I don't have any money for bail. Your father's cell phone cannot be reached. I..." She wasn't able to finish her sentence. She broke down into sobs.

My knees felt like rubber at that moment, I could hardly stand up. I sat down the bench, forgetting everything. The guy I was supposed to meet, the roses and even Irene. All of them seemed so far away.

"Where are you, mom? I'll go there."

"No...you still have class."

"No. No I don't. Where are you?"

She told me to go the NBI office nearby.

"I'll go there as soon as I can. Hang in there, mom."

"What's wrong, May?" Irene asked, the excitement gone in her eyes too. "It's mom..." I said, then broke into tears. I didn't have to finish my sentence. Irene already understood.

We arrived at around 2PM. Irene offered to come with me but I declined. I wanted to go there alone. I wanted to see my mom so bad. Irene gave me hug before she left. "Be strong. Okay?" she said, giving me a faint smile.

I nodded and smiled back, then watched her drive away bringing with her my roses and my bear.

I went to see my mom and gave her a hug. She was sitting in a room, staring ahead, her eyes were swollen. She told me that dad was coming to see her. "He said he'll look for some bail money and asked me to hang on until he arrived," she said, smiling weakly.

I looked at her, not smiling back. "How do you do it mom? How can you smile when everything's wrong? How can you trust dad after all that he's done?" I asked her, my hands clenching into fists, tears threatening to fall from my eyes.

"Because I love him, May," She answered, her voice barely audible.

"Love? Does he love you?" I asked through my tears. "You don't understand May...perhaps one day you will," she said then looked away.

I sat on the chair opposite her and buried my face in my hands. We didn't talk for a while. I was crying and mom was looking at me, but she wasn't crying. By 4PM, mom asked me to go home to watch the house. She said that dad was coming at around 6 and then they'd go home. I didn't answer her. I just got up and left.

I reached the house and was exhausted emotionally. *So much for Valentines* I thought to myself. I was nearing our house when I stopped. Someone was sitting on our door step. The sun made it hard for me to see who it was.

I walked over to the person slowly, trying to see who it was.

"Can I help you?" I ask.

The man looked up at me and my eyes grew wide.

"John?" I asked, "Is that you?"

He got up, brushing his pants and smiling at me.

"Hey," he greeted, his right hand raising up for a slight wave. I ran over to him and gave him a hug. We held each other for about five minutes.

John had been my best friend for 8 years. He had been my next door neighbor when I was small and we had been classmates in elementary until high school. His family moved to the United States when he graduated from high school, and that was the last time we ever saw each other again.

It was a sad farewell. We cried in each other's arms and talked the whole night before his flight, reminiscing about all the times we were together. Three years had passed, and now he was back. He said that he was going to finish his college here. I had never been happier.

We sat on my doorstep but not talking, just looking at the setting sun. We had plenty of time to talk. Now we just wanted to savor each other's company. He was the first one to speak.

"You didn't show up a while ago," he said quietly, still looking at the setting sun.

I looked at him, confused. "What?"

He looked at me, intently, "12 noon at the cafeteria. You didn't show up."

My eyes grew wide. He smiled at me gently. I couldn't help it and tears started to fall from eyes again. I hugged him and he hugged me back.

My parents arrived later that night and John and I were still on the doorstep. We got up to meet them. I smiled at what I saw. Mom was holding a bouquet of red roses and dad's arm was around her. She was glowing with love evident in her eyes. When they saw us approaching, both of them seemed surprised but quickly smiled back at both of us. Everything was going to be alright. Maybe I didn't understand it, and maybe I never will. Love, that is. ☺

STILL PRODDING ON

By: Joshua Dy (3 AB DS)

Turning red, the last leaf bade goodbye with contrition.
Uncertain where it's destined, unwillingly it danced with the wind.
Time dictates it to fall, its fate left entirely dependent.
Alas, its descent begun, weary from the arduous and tedious journey.
Yet as it embraced the ground, cold numbed its unwavering spine.

Sleet and snow had tarnished the previously abundant greenery.
Desolation mocked the once alive community with audacity.
Rustling leaves, which used to sound so dominant, now are silent.
Eerily it rendered the vast expanse, intricately immobile.
Yet no viable reason is expected to explain the uncanny gloom.

Till the horizon clears, stillness not serenity shall be supreme.
The leaf continues to carve its form and embed it in the frozen abyss.
Ice crystals, defiant and arrogant, relentless and undaunted.
So long as melting is constant, hope may just spring eternal.
Yet no clear change is in sight, only seasons due its course. ☹

"hope may just spring eternal..."

REMEMBERING THE WACKY CHARACTERS OF COLAYCO 112



By: Tristan Rosario (4 AB COM)

*To Sharky,
a loving friend.*
WE LOVE YOU.



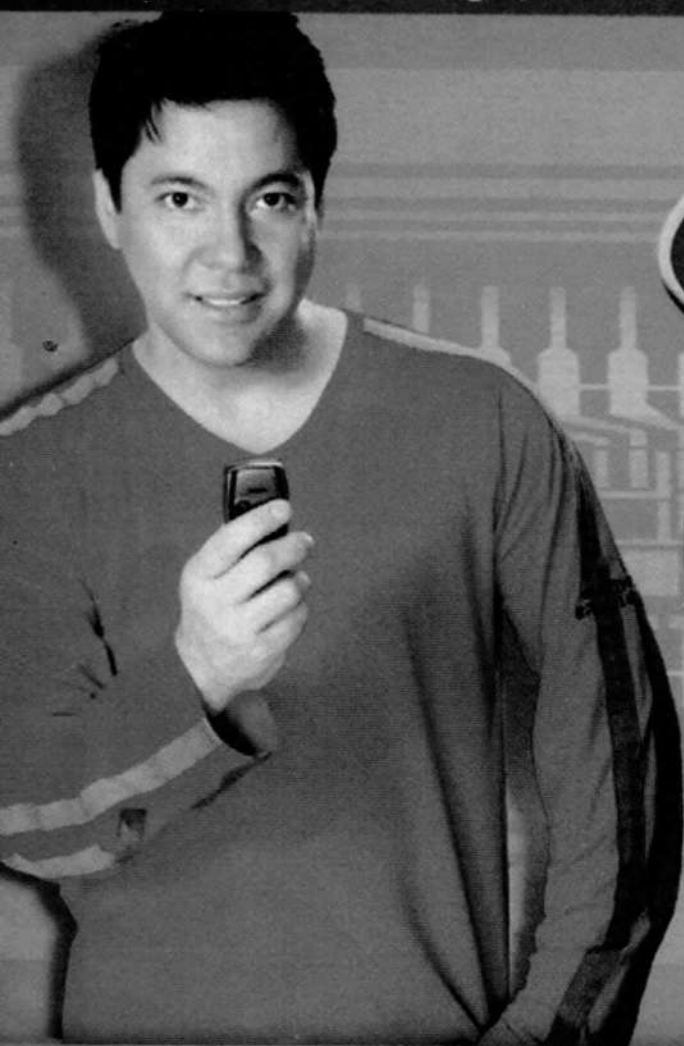
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The unbeatable choice
of millions!



SMART Buddy is No. 1 to millions of subscribers because its many innovative SIM firsts have made life easier, better and so much more productive!

It was the **first** to introduce load transfers with PasaLoad!

It is also the **only** wireless company to have been honored twice by the **World GSM Association Awards in Cannes, France** for innovations for SMART Money & SMART Load!

All these SIM technology advancements is why more and more people have chosen it.

No wonder SMART Buddy has the country's largest Pre-paid community!

The SMART Buddy Super SIM 3 is another breakthrough from the leader in innovation—it's the **only Pre-paid SIM** from SMART that offers the following:

- ▶ **The Power To Start A Business** with BuddyLoad™
- ▶ **Locator Service** to help you find establishments, your buddies, or your general location!
- ▶ **Password Protection** for your phonebook entries or text messages so you can keep things secure!

All these plus more for only P150!

So, if you want a power-packed Pre-paid service with the **Nationwidest coverage**, then get the **SMART Buddy Super SIM 3!**

* BuddyLoad feature for all SMART Buddy Super SIM 3. No need to get a separate retailer SIM to avail of this feature.

SMART
Simply Amazing!

For inquiries, comments, or comments, you may call the SMART Buddy at 488-7777, send a text message to 888 (P150 per message) or e-mail us at customerservice@smart.com.ph, or visit the SMART Wireless Center nearest you.

SIM Swap for FREE at all SMART Wireless Centers, participating dealers and agents nationwide!