

A Hundred

By Princess Marie Athena H. Aquino

One hundred days.

One hundred days until we wake up and put on an ecru-colored dress or barong and place the maroon, green, and gold *sablay* across our right shoulder, like we've just been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, the Miss Universe crown, or a Heavyweight Championship belt.

One hundred days until my mother tears up as she puts on a necklace and a pair of pearl earrings on me, a family heirloom of some sort.

One hundred days until we walk a forty-foot red carpet up the stage and receive a piece of paper we've worked for (blood and tears included) five (or more) years of our lives.

One hundred days until we shift the *sablay* to the left.

One hundred days until graduation.

In contrast, it has been twenty-six thousand, six hundred and forty-seven days since we stepped foot in the university - fresh-faced, and with eyes full of dreams and wonder. I still remember the first few friends I made, although they didn't last very long. But later on, I found my constants - my best friends. And a little while later, I found a family too.

Today, we wait. We don't even realize how close we are or how our lives could change completely a year or so from now.

In a few more weeks, we'll stop waiting. We'll hold our heads up high, proud and grateful. And then, we'll say goodbye to our stressful, exhausting lives in the college, remember all the memories that come with it, and say hello to the rest of our lives ahead of us.