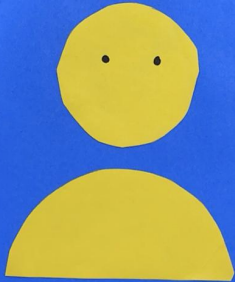


EXISTING
OR
LIVING?
?



By: Kale Cuo

To the reader:

There's a difference between existing and living. In existence or operation at the time under consideration, this is the definition of existing. An income reflecting to live on or the means of earning it, this is living. Most people group these two words together, as if they have the same meaning. But in reality, they mean the complete opposite. To exist, you are just another life in this world, you have the same schedule, the same attitude. To live, is to do what you love, what you care for. You adventure, attend new things and love the way your life is. To live, you have to embrace change and discomfortability. Nothing lasts forever, and you have to understand that. I guess the world is funny like that, one year you could be gloomy and lazy, the next you could be optimistic and active. It all depends on your view and effort into making life worth living.

That's what writing this magazine helped me learn. Reflecting on my past made me realize the significance of embracing change. One day, I hope you can learn this for yourself. It's okay to adventure, explore new places and be the person you strive to be. But you can't do that without change.

I can't tell you how many times this memory stays in my head, like a broken record player looping around and around. People say the first day of school is exciting, maybe a little nerve wracking. But for me? It's something I wish I could forget, something I wish I never did. In the 6th grade I made a transfer in school, somewhere closer but at the same time better. The school's ranking was high and was well funded, unlike my previous school. I remember holding onto the straps of my bag as I waited patiently in line for my first class. I was a short guy, standing at the height of merely 4'8", but even at that short of a height I could still see people looking at me up and down judgmentally. I attempted my best to ignore their stares and hopped the teacher would open up the door to let us in. The hallways were loud, loud enough I was able to hear a small ring in my ear. The door swung open, and the line swarmed into the room. Everyone rushed to find their coordinated desks, I found myself sat dead center of the room.

For every day of that week, we were just settling in, making adjustments for the school year. Over the 4 days I was there, I had regained my excitement to be in a learning environment. Maybe that's why I was so eager to go over the teacher's review that day, we were finally going to get into academics. If only I could describe the look on my face to you, I'm sure the color in my skin drained from my face the further we got into the work. I didn't know a single thing on that board. Words too extravagant for my vocabulary, grammar mistakes I couldn't correct. English had always been a hard subject for me, but I knew this year I was definitely going to endure. She handed out loose leaf paper for each student to write their answers down. I scanned through the questions, but couldn't find myself writing anything down. 20 minutes were up in no time, and I had not written a single word on my paper. The teacher circled the room, collecting the due work, and when she stopped at my desk and gazed upon my empty paper, I felt my stomach turn. She gave me a sharp glare before continuing down the rows. After she had completed her task, she called on me to stand at the front of the class. She stood beside me, handing me my empty paper, "Kade, why don't you share your answers with the class?". I felt my heart drop. I had written nothing, and yet everyone stared at me. At that moment, I wanted to shrink, to disappear. Seconds felt like minutes standing there, until finally she snagged the paper from me. "Ladies and gentlemen, kade wrote nothing on his paper. Is that the expectation for this class? No. I gave you MORE than enough time to complete the assignment. Everyone here wrote something on their paper, except you Kade." I felt eyes stare at the back of my head as she waved me off to sit. From that day on, I felt more alone than ever. Every ELA class the teacher would put me in the hot seat, and I could never give the correct answers. I felt stupid, and I gave up on myself. I was behind, and nobody was there to help me

PASSION

"Cookin up a pa

It began with a head, like a broken record that's exciting, maybe a little strong 12 years ago. When I was the same time better. The school, I remember holding onto the straps of my bag as I waited patiently in line for my first class. I was a short guy, standing at the height of merely 4'8", but even at that short of a height I could still see people looking at me up and down judgmentally. I attempted my best to ignore their stares and hopped the teacher would open up the door to let us in. The hallways were loud, loud enough I was able to hear a small ring in my ear. The door swung open, and the line swarmed into the room. Everyone rushed to find their coordinated desks, I found myself sat dead center of the room.

steps to make that dream come true. My mother would let me help her in the kitchen for dinner, cutting and washing vegetables at 7. Eating what we made by the TV as we watched the Food Network. I remember watching shows like "CHOPPED" or "Guys drive-ins and dines", imagining what'd it be like for me to be featured. Dreaming about being in food competitions and being praised for being such a young cook like the kids I saw on TV. So everyday, I would always begin to cook more advanced meals, even some of my own recipes. To this day I've made a lot of 1 outstanding recipe, the others failed. Cooking became something I loved, something that was a part of my everyday life. Then, at 11 my father called me to work along with him, his sous chef at the restaurant. I was beyond excited. It's been my dream to work in an environment like that since I was a child. My father was in desperate need of help with COVID-19 hit in 2020, and couldn't pay another person to take the job. So, I began to work in the kitchen. Four days a week, for 7 hours each day. Cutting vegetables, cleaning rags and dishes, washing the produce, making sauces, cleaning the restaurant and plating dishes. It was a part of my routine. I was the backbone of the kitchen. I assisted all cooks with whatever they needed done. We worked even despite the restrictions of 2020, and the rolls as well. Serving food was something I loved. However, when I began highschool and the pandemic began to ease, I was no longer needed there. I ended up getting a job in the shoe industry, now working 18 hours over the course of the weekend. Even despite that, I still make time for my passion cook. When I can, I love to try new recipes I find online. From Italian food to my homeland meals. Learning how to make dishes you've never heard of or are familiar with, it's all so enjoyable. Even my social media is filled with culinary arts. I plan to continue practicing this passion, while being able to maintain my job and school work. Cooking will always hold a special place in my heart.

PASSION

"Cookin up a passion"

It began with a little boy, and a dream. My father is a chef, running his own restaurant for a strong 12 years now. It's only expected that his occupation would have an influence on me. When I was younger, all I wanted to do was work beside my father in the kitchen. So, we took

steps to make that dream come true. My mother would let me help her in the kitchen for dinner, cutting and washing vegetables at 7. Eating what we made by the TV as we watched the Food Network. I remember watching shows like "CHOPPED" or "Guys drive-ins and dines", imagining what'd it be like for me to be featured. Dreaming about being in food competitions and being praised for being such a young cook like the kids I saw on TV. So everyday, I would always begin to cook more advanced meals, even some of my own recipes. To this day I've made a lot of 1 outstanding recipe, the others failed. Cooking became something I loved, something that was a part of my everyday life. Then, at 11 my father called me to work along with him, his sous chef at the restaurant. I was beyond excited. It's been my dream to work in an environment like that since I was a child. My father was in desperate need of help with COVID-19 hit in 2020, and couldn't pay another person to take the job. So, I began to work in the kitchen. Four days a week, for 7 hours each day. Cutting vegetables, cleaning rags and dishes, washing the produce, making sauces, cleaning the restaurant and plating dishes. It was a part of my routine. I was the backbone of the kitchen. I assisted all cooks with whatever they needed done. We worked even despite the restrictions of 2020, and the rolls as well. Serving food was something I loved. However, when I began highschool and the pandemic began to ease, I was no longer needed there. I ended up getting a job in the shoe industry, now working 18 hours over the course of the weekend. Even despite that, I still make time for my passion cook. When I can, I love to try new recipes I find online. From Italian food to my homeland meals. Learning how to make dishes you've never heard of or are familiar with, it's all so enjoyable. Even my social media is filled with culinary arts. I plan to continue practicing this passion, while being able to maintain my job and school work. Cooking will always hold a special place in my heart.

I
AM
LIVING
😊

OREGON CHEESESTEAKS

Oregon Steaks is open 24 hours, located at 10th & Oregon. We are just a few blocks from the sports complex and Live! Casino.



Reviews Write a review Add a photo

- 

"Very tasty cheese steak sandwich. Speedy service and very friendly staff."
★★★★★
- 

"I love this place they have the best cheese steaks and roast pork sandwiches"
★★★★★

- PERLIST
- ARE WE STILL FRIENDS? - Tyler the Creator
 - See you again - Tyler the Creator
 - Glimpse of us - Joji
 - For the First time - Mac Demarco
 - My kind of woman - Mac Demarco
 - 505 - Arctic Monkeys
 - Bad Habit - Steve Lacey
 - Dark Red - Steve Lacey
 - Chamber of Reflection - Mac Demarco
 - Looking out for you - Joy again
 - Moonlight on the River - Mac Demarco
 - YOUNG - Vacations
 - Slow dancing in the dark - Joji
 - N side - Steve Lacey
 - YKWIM? - Yot Club
 - Telephones - Vacations
 - Sparks - Coldplay
 - Bound 2 - Kayne West
 - Heart to Heart - Mac Demarco
 - Apocalypse - COS (Cigarettes after S—)
 - One more Love song - Mac Demarco
 - A heart like hers - Mac Demarco
 - No Other Heart - Mac Demarco
 - Lover is Day - CUCO
 - Me and your mama - Donald Glover