

LOST WHILE FOUND



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Letter to the Readers

Dear Reader,

Hey there Reader, whoever that might be. First of all, I want to say I hope you will have or have had a great day! I wonder how far into the future you would be reading and where I would be. Oh well that for me at a later time! Oh also, thank you for picking my magazine to read! I know there was a lot to choose from so I'm delighted that you chose mine to read! All right then enough of me giving greetings, let me get to what this magazine is about. This magazine is about my love for gaming, my yearning to learn more about people's history, and a few extras here and there of the things that I am currently enjoying. I am now going to be listing off the extras you will find in my magazine! One of them is statistics I personally have found interesting. Another is a manga and anime recommendation because I have read and watched a lot. Finally a bunch of pictures of different landscapes that I have traveled to that look absolutely stunning.

Once again thank you for choosing my magazine to read and I really hope you find out more about me when you read this magazine. Enough about me ranting about the magazine I should let you actually see what's in it. Oh well, I hope you enjoy it.

Sincerely, Angel Keav

Manga Recommendation: "Eminence in Shadow"



“Connector”

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I don't know when exactly I developed my interest in games but I could probably attribute it to when I was young, I had always been in the basement of my grandparent's house with my two older cousins, Sam, who is a year older, and Liz who is around 3 years older. I have many fond memories about being down in the basement, from all the fruit boxes stacked in the corner to the frigid temperature to the couch that we would always sit and play games on, it was where I spent most of my childhood. I had another friend whose name was Jordan, he used to be my best friend until the pandemic. That's another subject though. Us 4 would always be down there, we could be there late at night when the adults would play card games and leave us kids alone.

I was a shy kid back then, I didn't like talking a lot and always hated meeting new people. That was at least in person but when I played a game I could be a different person than what I was. I could also enjoy losing track of time whenever I would play with my friends because we would all be laughing and talking about the game. I struggled with starting and keeping up a conversation but whenever I played a game I had something to talk about.

Even when I was meeting people for the first time, whenever we both liked a game we would be able to share our love for it and grow closer because of it.

Back then and even now I play games to destress and relax and not worry about anything else. When I play really good games I get so immersed in them I can easily imagine myself as the character I am playing and traveling the world inside of the videogame. I would easily spend hundreds of hours playing a single game because I would just travel the world, doing quests and talking to the characters. I loved to learn more about the lore behind the world the game developers took so long to create just for the player to experience. I felt like it would be a waste to not do everything that the game developers had created.

Another reason I would lose track of time is that I love the feeling of euphoria that I get from completing a really hard part of a game. Once I had started to do something I would stop at no end to get it completed. In the process of that, I would lose track of time and just keep grinding at the game for hours or even days until I got to my desired result. I also would like to do long sessions of gaming whenever I had come from experiencing something extremely stressful because as stated before playing games help relieve a lot of my stress.

Anime Recommendation: Great Pretender



“Stories Behind History” 7

I had no idea about so many things that had happened in history. I probably still have no idea about many things in history. I used to not care about that. I didn't care about it until my mom would tell me a specific story. Stories about her parents, my grandparents, and their parents. She would always talk about them when we were in the car, the music always playing in the background. She would always lower the music and start talking. I used to not really pay attention to them. That was until she told me a certain distinct story. I remember that drive vividly, it was a hot summer day, we were coming back from the beach, and my mom was talking to her boyfriend who was in the passenger seat. I don't know how the conversation had gotten to where it had been, whatever it was it allowed my mom to start talking about my grandparents and how they narrowly escaped death. As always she had turned down the music so I could hear her better. This time though, I didn't try to ignore my mom and focus on the music as I usually did. Instead this time I decided to listen to her rant about the story.

Probably the main reason I had focused on this story was that it talked about them actually dying. The previous stories were about how hard it was to live there, how hard food was to get, and how my grandma and grandpa met. The story goes as my grandparents and their families had been on the run from the Khmer Rouge and they had stopped along a riverbank. They had joined up with a group of other people who were trying to run away and they had all decided to cross the river in the morning. My grandma, for whatever reason, had this distinct feeling like she and my grandpa's family should leave that night even though it was pitch black. After some convincing, they decided to go and leave the rest of the group behind. When they had reached about halfway across the river they could see lanterns of the Khmer Rouge hunting down the group that had stayed on the riverbank.

I was so engrossed and confused by the story. Who in the world are the Khmer Rouge? Why were my grandparents running from them? Why were the Khmer Rouge hunting people down? I had so many questions running through my head but before I could ask them we had gotten home. The questions in my head were running wild. I couldn't sleep with all the questions in my head so I decided to research what they were on my own.

The information I found out stunned me.

The Khmer Rouge were a tyrannical communist party that was absolutely ruthless and merciless. They had committed so many atrocities my words wouldn't even scratch the surface. I had done hours of research and watched so many documentaries but now I am learning more about the horrible things they had done. A good movie to watch to learn more about how it was like to live in Cambodia in those times is "The Killing Fields"

After learning more about this I realized how little I knew about the whole world and its history. That being good and bad. Ever since then I always try to find out more about different people and the experiences they had gone through.

Interesting Stats 10

- 1 in 3 adults sleep with an object to comfort them**
- More than 36 million adults in America can't read above a 3rd-grade level**
 - Less than 2% of the U.S population are farmers**
- Less than 10% of U.S citizens don't wear seatbelts but they make up for more than 50% of fatalities for car-related deaths**
- Dragonflies have a 95% success rate in hunting**



Niagra Falls at night

Angkor Wat in Cambodia



Sea of Forests in Cambodia