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Letter from the Editor

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Cooking is not my strong suit.
In fact, I think the only “recipes” I knew before coming to college were for cereal and mac-n-cheese. I did try to make a cake when I was little… but it ended up tasting so bad that I tricked my little sister into eating it.

This is my third year at Iowa State and I have managed to elude the need to cook until now. I live in west Ames where I find myself without the comfort of a Seasons or a Hawthorn. So, I decided to dive in—headfirst.

After making a few basic meals like spaghetti, I found a recipe online for cornbread muffins with hotdogs in them. It seemed simple enough.
I carefully read through the directions, mixing the baking soda, flour, cornmeal and salt in a small bowl. After mixing the wet ingredients in a separate bowl, I combined them with the dry ingredients then spooned the mixture into a muffin tin. I proceeded to add the one inch thick hotdogs to each tin and pop it in the oven.

As I stood proud of my accomplishment, my boyfriend got up from our desk and came over to taste the leftover mixture. He dipped his finger in it, tasted it, then gagged.

Turns out—not every measurement is for a cup. I had—like the blonde that I am—used ¼ cup of baking soda and a ¼ cup of salt (yikes) instead of ¼ teaspoons. Big mistake. After I freaked out over my epic fail, my boyfriend helped me scurry to make a fresh batch (with much less salt).

After a long while, I put aside my pride and laughed. Things don’t always go the way we plan—like a life-changing move to the United States from China (p. 26), working on an organic farm for a couple days (p. 34) or playing Quidditch without magical powers (p. 38)—but we should learn to pause, take a deep breath, then make the leap. Whether it’s literally leaping out of a plane (p. 8) or leaping into bed with your significant other (p. 20), the ride will be worth it.

Can’t make this sh*t up

P.S. Don’t let this taint your view of the recipes on p. 11—they really will help you have a kick-ass date.