

By: Quincy Fong
5th Grader
Buena Vista Horace Mann K-8

A Spanish-Speaking Asian Girl Growing Up in America with Two Moms

I am any ordinary Asian girl growing up in America. The only catch is that I have two moms and I am growing up speaking Spanish. Even though I live in a city that is more than one-third Asian, I am one of the only Asians in my K-8 Spanish Immersion public school in the Mission District of San Francisco.

In my first year at BVHM during 3rd grade, I wore my Chinese dress to school for cultural day. I received many discriminatory comments. Like “you can’t wear that, it looks stupid, it’s cultural day so you have to wear something Mexican not Chinese”. Everyone else was wearing white, red and green for Mexican Independence Day in September.

Even though people made fun of me in 3rd grade, I still chose to wear my Chinese dress in 5th grade because it was cultural day and I should be able to wear whatever I want related to my culture. Even if they make fun of me, I am still proud to be Asian. I celebrate the traditions of being Chinese, like my moms had a Red Egg and Ginger Party for me. My grandparents give me red envelopes every year for Chinese New Year. And I save and spend a little bit of my lucky money.

When I moved to BVHM, after they stopped teasing me about my last name, everything went well until my classmates found out I had two moms. They started asking me questions like, “How is that possible?” “Why do you have two moms?” It was all really overwhelming since most of my answers were “I don’t know.”

I hope that people will stop making fun of me for being who I am: having two moms and being Asian because I can’t change it, I can’t decide. When people ask me about my two moms I tell them that I’m lucky to have two moms. When they ask me about my race, I tell them that I’m not different from them. Even though people made fun of my last name and my parents and even for being the fastest kid in my class because I am a girl, I still hold my head up high. I bring my red envelope money to buy a

champurrado (a mexican rice milk drink) in the morning. I help the librarian read Chinese New Year stories to the kindergarteners in Spanish. I have friends from Nicaragua, Guatemala, Mexico, El Salvador, and Honduras. I hope that people will be more tolerant just by me being me.

It's hard to think about 25 years from now. But maybe in Middle School, my last name won't be a big deal and no one will care that I have two moms. In the future, growing up Asian in America, speaking Spanish and having two moms will be normal. I feel like a pretty normal 5th grader, no matter what anyone says.