

## My Life As An Asian in America

By

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Growing up as an Asian in America is at time difficult but that doesn't mean that I, Maha Durrani, a Pakistani-American and Muslim, am not proud to be one. Growing up as an Asian in America has helped me shape my perspective and broaden the meaning of 'not fitting in'. Being an Asian but having fair skin also made people treat me as a non-Muslim when I was younger and didn't cover myself according to my religion. That brought me no difficulty until now where my religion steps in and I have to be modest in my clothing and behavior.

Wearing a scarf over my head as a sign of respect has given me an opportunity and is not a burden. But at times I feel misplaced, and to be honest, I don't feel that I belong. I feel that when people give me stares of admiration or hatred I have to pull my scarf down. Despite that, sometimes I feel myself glow when I wear a scarf.

Nothing would have been possible without my family that traveled thousands of miles overseas to start a new life for the future generations. My grandfather gave the most up, his school, friends, and family, to come to America so that the later generations could call themselves Asian-Americans.

Growing up as an Asian-American also gives me an advantage as it helps me blend more into the Asian culture, especially where I live. In Fremont, you don't have to worry about 'finding' your hometown or cultural food. Even if you are a mix of five different ethnicities, the perfect restaurant is just minutes away.

Of course, being an Asian in America doesn't mean I have a perfect life; I still face racism and am treated unfairly at times but that doesn't hurt my self-confidence and stop me from being myself in all situations. I'm glad to be who I am and nothing can stop me from doing that.....