

Alright so this happened after I joined a predominantly white lacrosse fraternity as the first Asian since 1993. Uhh, it was probably the, the morning after my initiation. I'm walking with two of-of the active seniors and as we were walking on, um, like, the main road of the entire, just the, undergrad college where I went, in the middle of fuck nowhere Ohio too but I digress. Uh, there's, like, you know, a car coming down the street and one person just yells out "Asian fuck." And at that point I'm just like, I just don't, I'm just like, what-I-like I'm walking with two white guys and it's just like, you're just like, I don't know. You know like do I want it to like hurt my feelings? Do i want to cry about it? Do I want, you know, some sort of justice to be done as a result of it? Or am I going to continue enjoying my life, having a great ass fucking time, not holding it against other people by stereotyping and trying to see them as a, as a, as a, as a part of the problem or something like that. No, no, not at all. I decided that I was going to do my own best to be the best influence for at least them, as a representative for my own identity, whether it's a racial identity or any other identity that somebody could conceive of, whether it's spiritual, mental, physical, blah blah blah blah blah. Alright, kind of sounded very, um, pathetic at that point, which I will end this right now. Thank you for listening to my story.