

I Am American by Helen Brewer, grade 9

Sometimes I've wondered what would have happened if the people I call my parents today chose a different child from that orphanage.

You see, I'm Chinese, adopted by American parents at age one.

But also, I must tell, I don't feel quite Chinese, but... am I American?

I don't have Chinese parents, I don't speak the language, I don't understand the culture.

I just... don't.

So let's define what it means to be American. America is for everyone, or so it seems.

The big city dream of wealth and prosperity. The refuge of immigrants, the star-spangled country that preaches equality and freedom.

A home.

And like in all homes, Americans fight.

Racism, unequal education, assault, rape.

We could be

So

Much

Better

We could be perfect.

We could be

A family.

But like all homes this one isn't perfect.

But it's a home.

So welcome to my home.

Because I am American.