Describe the world you come from — for example, your family, community or school — and tell us how your world has shaped your dreams and aspirations.

**Sup Ashley** green = added red = deaded (including punctuation pls)

I am a Chinese-Korean born in America. No, I cannot speak either language. No, I am not that great at math. No, I am not in the top ten percent of my school. No, I do not want to be a doctor. I somehow seem to break all the stereotypes most Asian-Americans face today. You could say to an extent, I am not Asian. I have noticed since middle school that there is an “Asian standard” we have to live up to. We are supposed to be the best students, excelling in grades, study habits, and academics. Because of this standard, I thought those factors defined a person’s worth. I would ignorantly correlate intelligence with test grades*.* When I received grades that failed to meet the standards, I would mentally beat myself up about it, thinking that I was worthless.

This mentality continually worsened through middle school, especially when I was in “regulars” math while my friends and peers were placed put into “honors” math in middle school. I was so embarrassed of myself for being “regular” myself and this class, that I nervously avoided the fact, avoiding it in conversations. often hid this fact and tried not to bring it up in conversation. In retrospect, although the experience was pure agony to me, my friends did not care whether I was in honors or regulars, but to me it was pure agony. I felt like an outcast of society, a pariah in by social standards. To make matters worse, my parents were obviously disappointed [b/c you use “disappointed words” in the next sentence so it sounds repetitive] let down / saddened by in my lack of mathematical genius; to To the fourteen-year-old me, my parents were the still at the [this implies they aren’t anymore which you don’t want to do] center of my world, and their disappointed words only stung and made me bitter. To make up for this, I made would make friends and social circles with the “smart” group, vainly ignoring other social groups., and interact as minimally as possible with the “dumb” group [this sounds super negative and also overly judgemental]; this was a completely vain thing to do. I missed out on the opportunity to understand other people outside of my comfort zone. When I think back to the cringe-worthy [ya ok I looked it up cringe-worthy is definitely not a formal word] my naïve eighth-grader days, I realize that the people in my “regulars” classes were genuinely [as opposed to fake good people?] good people.; Grades didn’t make a person. It didn’t matter whether you had an A or C in math, or if you were ranked first [avoid typing out actual digits] 1 (like pro ronbo in 10th grade) or last [brings more of a contrast, and doesn’t sound so specific] 300 in school. The academic aspect of yourself didn’t determine who you were, or what you were like.

This philosophy did not hit me until my junior year of high school [“hit me” is too informal], when it was recommended by my counselor to take regulars physics. It wasn’t until my junior year of high school, after my counselor recommended for me to take regulars physics, that I was enlightened by this new philosophy. I remember walking into the classroom on the first day, ignorantly chiding myself for failing to meet “the standards” yet again. thinking *I am in a class full of unintelligent slackers [sounds way too harsh lol].* I again selfishly inconsiderately judged the appearance of these students based on their achievements rather than their personalities. However, I ended up making some of my closest friends in this class. I had wrongly determined their value self-worth [normally this word is only used when you’re referring to yourself] by their grades [you can keep it the way it was but there’s something weird about it and im dumb so I figure out what it is] the letter of their grade, and realized how messed up [well you highlighted this yourself so wtevr] my ignorant thinking was. At some point in my time in this class, I stopped caring about what others thought and decided I would not be tied down by the thought of being judged by a class or grade I had; the judgment of others did not determine whether I was “good” or “bad”. This psychological metamorphosis