

Campus Climate

She woke up to the sound of one person shuffling in and out of the room. The blinds had been raised slightly to include more natural light into the fairly spacious enclosure. Across from her, she could see another girl still buried under her covers.

It was another morning in college. She sat up slowly as to prevent herself from accidentally bumping her head against the popcorn ceiling. Even at her height, she still needed to exercise a level of precaution in order to prevent injuring herself. She then made her way down the ladder, groggily waddling over to her closet to pick out her clothes, and then set them aside as she took the small trip down to the bathroom to brush her teeth. After brushing, she travelled back to the room, changed, and set off for her morning classes.

The first class of the day didn't appear too tough. Yes, a fair amount of reading and writing were involved, but it wasn't too hard compared to the political science course she was taking. She took a seat on the right side of the classroom and preferred to position herself close to the front. Typically, she enjoyed doodling while the professor spoke in order to focus more. Fifty minutes passed and then it was time to move to the next class.

At times, she finds herself reflecting on her courses and her academic standing within those classes. She smiles sorrowfully at the major she's in and the expectations others, as well as her parents, have placed upon her. She thinks of how she got there. Opportunities were missing.

Reading Response #5

In a sense, Kong's reading did change my view of UC San Diego. Despite the incredible amount of Asian students, I remained unaware of the difficulty the API experienced in gaining representation and equality within the school. Yet, on a personal level, I have always been aware of the struggles of being a Filipino student who fell within the "Asian" category. I did not think the extent of this "model minority," as Kong refers to it, would reach the UC level. In some aspect, the idea has completely blown up more so than in a high school setting. I can't compare my own UCSD experience with those shared in Kong's essay, mainly because I have only been a part of the community for a quarter. However, I can relate to the struggles of being Asian and attempting to find equality in treatment. It's apparent that the struggles of the African American or Latino can be seen more clearly than the Asian. Academically, I see a lot of Asians excelling in their classes, but I have heard stories about the inhumane amount of hours they spend studying to achieve these results. It's very easy for the Asian or Pacific Islander student to crack under the pressure of college, considering how culturally academics are placed in the highest regards. From a critical standpoint, not many people acknowledge that Asians and Pacific Islanders are human too. They can only handle so much stress, and for a majority of their lives they have had to deal with achieving incredibly high standards. The high amount of Asian and Pacific Islander students succeeding tends to dwarf the mishaps of others, but the end results also cloud these so called "successor's" struggles in achieving these results. From personal experience, I can confirm how rigorous the Asian culture becomes. We're expected to make good grades and gain stable jobs. Failure hits us incredibly hard because when we fail to meet a standard, our families - the people we regard as our biggest pillars of support - make a large fuss about the failure. It affects us all. It's too easy to simply look at the end result and forgetting to account the multiple perspectives.