

2019-2020

Jacky Lin



# Mosaic



## Editors' Note

What does culture mean to you? For some of us, food, language, clothing, and background make up our cultural identity. For others, culture is the memories and traditions that relate to our native country.

For many of us, these memories and traditions are connected to how we understand and experience gender. With that in mind, this year's theme for Mosaic is gender and culture. Specifically, how does your gender influence your cultural identity? At the same time, how does your culture shape your views on gender? What is it like being a certain gender in your culture?

This edition of Mosaic includes many pieces submitted by Central students who have expressed themselves through poems, stories, artworks, recipes, and more. Every submission explores a viewpoint on gender, culture, or the way that the two intersect.

We would like to thank our members, teachers, students, and contributors who made this magazine possible. Thank you to Mr. Hung for supporting and helping this magazine become a success. Thanks to Mr. Kahn for printing the pieces and allowing us to share this magazine with others. Thank you to all the students who have submitted their work. Last but not least, thank you to all of the students, teachers, and staff who take their time to read this magazine. We hope you gain insights on the many aspects of gender and culture addressed through these pieces.

Hope you enjoy this year's edition of Mosaic!

Jaime Johnson and Jenny Huynh, Co-Editors in Chief



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## **Equal Chance - Lloyd Kayagba**

Evidently, exquisite excellence rests in the melanin that you possess.  
That's what I want to believe...  
People say "no matter what, appearance doesn't reflect success"  
But I won't be deceived,  
and I feel like the world that we live in has regressed  
to before the colored had achieved.  
And the world we live in will stay depressed and distressed unless  
our success is guaranteed.



## **Oshino-Mura, Minamitsuru-Gun, Shibokusa -David Lu**

The village is extremely captivating as the water is crystal clear and the scenery is just breathtaking. The ponds in the village are from melted snow on Mount Fuji and have Mount Fuji right in the background.

## **Misir Wot (Ethiopian Spicy Lentils) -Faya Tekyane**



### **Ingredients:**

- 1 cup of red lentils
- 4 tbsp of niter kibbeh (Ethiopian spiced butter) or unsalted butter
- 1 small finely chopped yellow onion
- 4 cloves of finely chopped garlic
- 2 tbsp of berbere (Ethiopian Spice Mix)
- 1 small tomato, cored or chopped
- Kosher salt to taste
- 2 cups of water

### **Recipe:**

1. Rinse the lentils in a sieve under cold running water and set aside.
2. Heat the butter in a medium saucepan over medium heat.
3. Add the onions and cook while stirring occasionally until it's golden brown.
4. Add the garlic and cook while stirring constantly until it's fragrant or about 30 seconds.
5. Include the red lentils, 1 tbsp of the berbere, tomato, and 2 cups of water to the saucepan.
6. Reduce the heat to medium-low and simmer while stirring occasionally until it's thick and the lentils are tender which may take 45-50 minutes.
7. Stir the remaining berbere and season to taste with the salt.

I'm Ethiopian and this recipe was something that I used to eat all the time. It was my most favorite dish that my mom made. Those times when my mom and I would eat Misir Wot are the memories I cherish the most. I would help her while she cooked and then we would eat together while talking about anything and everything. We bonded over our love for our food and our culture which helped me feel proud of where I came from.

## Woman

-Anastasia Volyanyuk

I, a woman in the making  
My mother's best friend and support  
A second parent to my little sister  
And through this I constantly disport  
Inspiring  
I, a loyal, understanding friend  
Person made of compassion and trust  
A helping hand to raise you up  
A heart that does not tolerate the unjust  
Trustworthy  
I, an embodiment of success  
Future savior and protector of lives  
A dependable, kind, loving mother  
And the absolute best of wives  
Delighted  
I, a woman in the making  
Built on flaws and mistakes  
A force able to persevere and overcome  
A human that has healed her cracks and breaks  
Genuine

**Family**  
**Haoyun Deng-**

I've seen the world from two points of view.  
One that embraces the richness of its history,  
And one that celebrates the diversity of hue.

Deep in my memory,  
To the time when we were all related to one culture,  
Festivals for traditional events unite us as one family.

In a country defined as cultures' mixture,  
I've learned ways to connect despite our differences.  
After all, diversity is a gift from nature.

## India: My Country, My Home

-Sharon Mathew

People from all over the world respect you  
Rivers and roads overflowing with pride  
Open arms, which welcome all  
Unstoppable from becoming great  
Diversity is what you are known for  
The Taj Mahal, symbolizing love, is found within you  
Outstanding is a vague way to describe you  
Beauty and grace in every state  
Enjoy street food that tastes like a mother's cooking  
It's dignified music and dance fills the souls of many  
Nothing but unity can be seen from you  
Displays culture and tradition everywhere  
In you, many find their motherland  
Amazingly rich in history  
Never ever will I be ashamed to call you my home, India.



**Stargazer Lilies**  
**-Mia Jeftic**

**Untitled**  
**-Onyeka Umeweni**

I used to never feel limited by my gender.  
I kind of thought it just wasn't a thing for guys.  
I always thought I could just do whatever.  
But when you break that box of what's allowed or expected?  
The backlash feels so sudden and harsh.  
It's like we're all trapped in boxes.  
I just wish it wasn't so cramped.



**Pressure**  
**-Stephanie Lu**

**Soda bread**  
**-Caitlin Hanna**

Soda bread is an Irish bread, generally served at breakfast with butter. It is made with black currants which is a type of berry that is grown in parts of Europe. It is called soda bread because of the unique taste that is caused by the extra baking soda used to make it. Here is a simple recipe for traditional Irish soda bread:

4 to 4 1/2 cups of flour  
1 tablespoon of sugar  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon of baking soda  
4 tablespoons of butter (half of a stick, softened)  
1 large egg, lightly beaten  
1 3/4 cups of buttermilk or plain yogurt (Depends on preference, but either will do the job)  
1 cup of black currants



Soda bread is fairly easy to make. First, preheat the oven to 350°F. Mix all of the dry ingredients into a large bowl. So the flour, sugar, salt, and baking soda. Then add the egg and add the butter. Use your (clean) hands to work the butter into the dough. It should be a bit grainy. Pour in buttermilk or yogurt and again, use your hands to knead the dough. Add the currants to the dough and mix until they are evenly dispersed. Bake for 30 minutes.

Tips-

- Try to measure out all of the ingredients as accurately as possible.
- Cover your hands in flour to easily handle the dough.
- It is best served warm with butter, but it is also good to slice and toast.

Soda bread is an everyday breakfast food in Ireland. It was originally created in the 1830s because it was so easy to make and it required very little ingredients, which was perfect for the farmers and poor people during the famine. Now, soda bread is a very popular Irish dish and is well known in America for being a good St. Patrick's Day food. However, it isn't just a novelty food like Irish Potatoes (which are actually an American creation).

I grew up eating soda bread, though I normally make it without the currants and sugar. It is a simple bread, but it reminds me of my granny's house. I go to Ireland almost every summer, so even though I wasn't born there, it is home to me. I make soda bread when I miss my family or during special occasions. It makes me feel connected to my culture.

## What are you? And the Stories They Offend -Gabbie Wong

Inside the walls of school  
A place where color is questioned  
Where people find it their business to ask me what my race is.  
Blurred faces ask in hallway corners  
A girl I hardly know asks, leaning against the gymnasium wall.  
I am proud of my heritage but it is not a thing to fill someone's  
time with  
It is not a thing or object meant to amuse  
It is part of me  
It is my families' history and their story  
It is my grandfather living in China for eight years and being a part  
of the US Army in World War II  
It is the family that came over in the Potato Famine - starving and  
tired  
It is my grandmother immigrating from Ecuador at the age of 18  
It is the racism they faced  
The jobs they worked  
The oh - so many jobs they worked.  
A store by the corner, the family restaurant, the buildings that no  
longer bear my family's home  
Somewhere lost in the depths of New York

It is my grandfather's lost knowledge of his Cantonese  
It's my cousins' Spanglish chattered over an old table about an  
even older recipe at my abuelita's funeral  
It's the bite of cilantro - hidden in soups  
The wooden chopsticks I struggled to hold for so long  
My grandmother's outrageously pink lipstick  
And my grandfather's trunk with his sword and rough uniform  
It's the eggrolls and the dim sum and scalding hot tea  
The bright red of Chinese New Year and the chatter of the restau-  
rant painted with gold  
It's the struggle for the language that follows me everywhere  
The tumble of the unfamiliar words from my lips  
(Spanish may be one of the easier languages to learn but it's still  
foreign to me)  
It's green everywhere on March 17th  
And the thick cream of potato soup and warm kerrygold butter on  
bread  
It's Muñeca China  
A play on words, making me a China doll but in Spanish-half my  
heritage rolled into one nickname  
It is the stories from family so long ago that we hardly remember  
It's the food and the memories and my life  
And it hurts when it is treated as anything less than  
As something small  
Because the stories?  
-Oh the stories  
They are there  
And they burst with color and music  
And abrupt "What are you?"s have no place in that music

**Too familiar**  
**-Algjerta Profka**

Yes, we stand united.  
We have to in this world.  
Yes, we recognize the division.  
That word haunts us.  
Yes, we are used to this.  
But it's not familiar.  
It's understood to be true,  
Mankind or womankind?

Is there a difference between our worlds?

Yes, but we don't stand united, they don't recognize the division, and it is too familiar.

**With Light There is Darkness**  
**-Reeya Shah**

In school, I am diligent and focused.  
I am encouraged and told that I am powerful.  
My friends guide me through the darkest days.  
I feel a light shine through me.  
I am weak and fragile because I am a girl.  
I must want to pursue science because I am Indian.  
There is darkness.  
Which one am I?

At home, I am diligent and focused.  
I am encouraged and told that I am powerful.  
My family guides me through the darkest days.  
The light grows brighter.  
I am too emotional because I do not internalize my feelings.  
I must dress modestly because I should not provoke men.  
The darkness surrounds me.  
Which one am I?

I decide who I am.



**Janggu**  
**-Erin Ma**

This instrument is called a janggu. It's the most representative drum in traditional Korean music. It is a drum with an hourglass-like shape. The name is derived from the word waist, which is where the drum is placed. The outfit is a more modern twist on the traditional Korean dress. Usually, the clothes are characterized by bright vibrant colors. In this drawing, the colors of the clothes are toned down, which is the westernized version. The background is an example of traditional landscape art in Korea.



**Berat, Albania**  
**-Mrika Ustelenca**

Pots, coffee kettles, trays, boilers—objects of oppression resting on a pink blanket.



**Unity**  
**-Samyah Smalley**



## Undeserved -Andrew Mullen

Male,  
A description of power,  
Strength, Courage, Success,  
Superior status,  
I despise that created "reality",  
Yet it's too common,  
People ask, "What do you want to be"  
I answer,  
"Something"  
I love their looks of confusion, wondering why,  
Their perception clings to success,  
But in reality, I've failed constantly,  
Female,  
A description of Determination, Attitude,  
Intelligence, Talent, Skill,  
Unnoticed,  
I see that too often,  
There are women who push themselves,  
Letting nothing chain them from overcoming setbacks,  
And yet when they display their work,  
No one stands to listen and applaud their contributions  
Male and Female,  
Competitive, Connected, Supportive,  
Normal, Repetitive,  
When each gets to the stage,  
One gets a handshake of respect,  
The other, a nod of recognition,  
I am thankful to be a male,  
But honestly, I'd wanna learn from both genders,  
Work hard, even if not noticed  
Because even without recognition,  
I know I still did work,  
So what does gender remind me?  
That I don't want just be classified,  
Just as a stereotypical male,  
I want to prove myself, show I'm  
Nothing,  
Nothing like others, like people like me,  
While everyone else keeps to genders and identities,  
I will try to work with them all,  
No matter what class they join,  
Then, truly, might the words "You earned it",  
Be deserved

## I Am Me -Michellin Putra

Who am I,  
Who exactly am I?  
Is there something that's supposed  
to define me?

So I am a woman  
I am known to make smart choices  
To do the dishes  
To fold the laundry  
To help and make dinner

"Sit with your legs crossed"  
"Stop slouching"  
"Be home before dark"  
"Don't show your stomach"  
"Get back in the kitchen"

"Keep your fair skin"  
"Don't talk back"  
"Stay quiet"  
"Don't eat so much"  
"Go study"

There comes good and bad in who  
I am  
In what I am  
I have restrictions  
Limitations  
But can I say a sense of freedom?  
Are there high standards that will  
make people disappointed  
If I fail to achieve?

Regardless  
I learned over the years  
To follow the rules  
But to also believe in what you feel  
is right  
What can make you happy  
And what can give you future suc-  
cess  
And if that's the case,

Then it looks like I'm gonna have to  
bend the rules

Potent, intelligent, humane  
Is exactly who I am  
So can I finally answer,  
"Who am I?"

## **Proud To Be Me** **-Jaime Johnson**

There was a time when I was made fun of  
There was a time when I was ashamed to show who I was  
There was a time when no one understood me

But I'm proud to be who I am  
I'm proud to represent the part of me that no one else will  
My culture, my gender, my identity

Some may discourage me,  
Some may put me down  
There's no guarantee for the future,  
But one thing's for sure

I'm proud to be me

## **I'm Not You Mom** **-Jenny Huynh**

As a daughter from Vietnam, you have to follow whatever your parents say  
You must not swear or act any less than a woman,  
You have to stay away from boys until it's time for marriage,  
You must represent your family and care about what other people think of you.

But mom, I'm not you, I don't live in Vietnam  
I like expressing myself through swear words  
I like wearing sweatpants and a hoodie without a bra outside,  
I like hanging out with my friends, guys and girls,  
I like not caring what other people think of me because their opinion of me doesn't matter,  
I like being me, mom.



This photo is from the port of Sadarghat, Dhaka, Bangladesh during the summer of 2019. It depicts two groups of people traveling on boats on the Buriganga River. I found this sight to be interesting because it demonstrates the roles of men and women in a primitive setting. Often-times, fit, wise men are put into positions of power. Upon closer inspection of this photograph, you can see two “well-respected” men rowing boats that are filled with women. This presents a clear establishment of superiority and exemplifies gender roles in my country, one that is still ingrained in its oppressive roots.

**-Prianon Shahid**

We all have our own lines,  
How strange,

Yet quaint,  
That yours tangled with mine.  
At the end it unraveled,  
Yet I still found it nice.

The river's long,  
And the lake is wide.  
But our fate will mix again,  
Past the mountain high.  
And if not in this,

Then perhaps the next life

**Moirae**  
**-Qianhui Peng**

## Arroz Duce (Portuguese Rice Pudding) -Briana Tavares

### Ingredients:

2 cups of water  
1 cup of rice  
4 cups of milk  
1 cup of sugar  
1 cinnamon stick  
Entire lemon peel  
Pinch of salt



### Recipe:

1. Allow the water to boil for 5 minutes with the cinnamon stick and lemon peel in the water.
2. After the five minutes, remove the cinnamon stick and lemon peel from the water.
3. Wash the rice and add it, as well as a pinch of salt, to the water.
4. When the water evaporates (about 10 minutes), warm up the milk and add it little by little to the rice.
5. Let the rice and milk simmer until it is creamy.
6. Add sugar to the creamy milk and rice and allow it to simmer for 5 more minutes.
7. Put on a plate and allow it to cool a little bit.
8. Sprinkle cinnamon on top.

Portuguese people make this dessert and eat it for any special occasion. It is a traditional dish that appears at special occasions such as birthdays and holidays. My mom would make this for Thanksgiving when I was younger. I can't remember going to a Portuguese birthday party that did not have arroz duce as a dessert option.

Whenever I eat it, I am reminded of an August day in Portugal, celebrating someone's birthday. I see smiling people relaxing and not worrying about anything besides the present moment. They are all chatting with each other, catching up on each other's lives.

## Me -Ashley Alexander

What do you see when you see yourself?  
We are influenced so much by what's around us,  
But we strive to be different, sometimes getting lost.  
What do you find when you look a little deeper?

It takes a lot of courage to be oneself,  
When there are so many others you can be,  
When the world says to be like this,  
But don't be like that.

I am me because of this  
I am me because of culture  
I am me because of that  
I am me because who else can be?

## You Are Not Forgotten -Emily Hang

It is that time again  
When those who have fallen  
Rise with the sun.  
Early in the morning,  
Just before the break of dawn,  
Prayers and treats are readied  
At the Buddhist temple.  
With the light of the candle  
And the blessing of the monks,  
The offerings are scattered  
For the spirits to eat.

Cook and clean, cook and clean  
The doorbell sings but doesn't disturb  
The preparations have already been arranged  
The guests observe with scrutinizing eyes  
The voice in my head is aggravated  
But the look on my face is welcoming  
My mother calls me with her eyes  
I make my journey to the guests, tray in hand  
Cautious of how my left foot follows the right  
My brother smiles with no obligation  
I must serve the drinks, not him  
I try to reassure myself that it's okay  
For this is the life of a woman, even today  
I serve the guests and stand  
My mind is programmed  
Cook and clean, cook and clean.

### **Our Roles** **-Algjerta Profka**

### **Gender and Culture** **-Juby Benny**

Gender and culture,  
for many young desi girls they are iron walls closing them in  
especially in a society where a woman's purpose is only to serve  
But growing up in America I have been taught to celebrate my gender  
and culture  
Embracing them makes me unique  
Especially in a place like Philadelphia  
But in going back home I feel what the other girls feel  
the only way to truly stay safe is to stay in the shadows  
otherwise there will be numerous eyes following the clearly American  
girl out of her place  
But change is here  
Media has given HOPE to the young girls back home  
Women have begun to make their voices heard  
They lead protests for the greater good  
Trading places with disapproving eyes and voices which once flourished  
but are now being pushed into the shadow

### **Hot Dog Fried Rice** **-Sophia Senh**

When people ask me, "Who are you?"  
I simply say "hot dog fried rice".  
You might not think it's true  
But it actually tastes quite nice.

An after school snack created by my grandpa  
Made with hot dogs and ketchup to taste,  
The flavors make my taste buds go "hurrah!"  
And no grain of rice is gone to waste.

Two cultures blended  
In this dish dear to me,  
A taste so splendid  
That shows who I'm truly meant to be.

Servings: 1 if you're me, 3 for normal people  
Cook Time: about 5 minutes

Ingredients:  
3 cups of cooked rice (tip: do not use rice that is too soft, mushy, or  
warm. A day old, cooled rice is best.)  
1 hot dog chopped  
1 egg  
¼ cup diced onions  
2 tablespoons low sodium soy sauce  
Salt and pepper to taste  
Ketchup (optional)

Instructions:  
Heat the pan to medium high.  
Add oil to the pan.  
Crack the egg into the pan and immediately scramble with chopsticks.  
Add onions and hot dogs. Raise the heat to high and cook for 2 minutes.  
Add rice, soy sauce, salt, and pepper. Cook for another 2 to 3 minutes.  
Serve in a bowl and add ketchup to taste.

## Fare Thee Well! -Maxwell Keer

The kids had their first taste of beer, wine, or whisky  
And there was grandma giving lectures on ancient family history  
The women would start to chatter, and the men made themselves busy  
And at the end of the night, when you tried to leave, it would take an hour fifty.

Fare thee well! I'm going away  
To the shores where my fathers lay.  
I'm going where the skies are blue as the water in the bay.  
And when I write back to you, you'll often hear me say,  
"I will never return to the U.S.A!"

Nana told us stories of her life when she was young.  
How Sebastian was called Paul, otherwise he wouldn't make it in the Bronx.  
And we sat there, enthralled by her tales, and her grip on us was strong  
While my father's dad drones on about how old cars used to honk.

Fare thee well! I'm going away  
To fields where my ancestors lay.  
I'm going where the air is clear as dew after a rainy day.  
And when you remember me, you'll recall how I was known to say,  
"I will never return to the U.S.A!"

I remember that one morning when I said goodbye to you.  
I remember how from your eyes came the freshest dew.  
And as the sun slowly rose, over the bay so blue,  
I turned around and said these gentle words to you.

Do not cry! I'm going to stay  
Where my family will lay one day.  
I'm staying where my heart is true, and by your side I can lay.  
And when you talk to me, you'll often hear me say,  
"My one love lives in the U.S.A!"

## Egg Tart -Tracy Zhang

Egg tarts are a type of pastry found in bakeries all around the world. They originated in China and were later brought over to Macau. The base of the dessert is a flaky shell filled with a creamy egg custard. The Macau version of the egg tart also includes a caramelized custard top. This dessert is eaten during holidays such as Chinese New Year and on casual mornings at dim sum. Homemade egg tarts are frequently eaten in my family, as they are fairly popular at family gatherings.

Puff Pastry:  
1 1/4 stick of softened unsalted butter  
2 cups of flour  
2/3 cup water  
1/4 teaspoon of salt

Filling:  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup flour  
2/3 cup water  
1 1/3 cup milk  
6 egg yolks



1. First, to make the puff pastry, whisk the butter until it is a cream consistency.
2. In a stand mixer, combine the flour, water, and salt.
3. Place the mix onto a floured surface and roll the dough to a 1/2 inch thickness.
4. Cover the dough with a plastic wrap and let it sit for around 20 minutes.
5. Shape the dough into 1 1/2 inch balls.
6. Press the dough into tart molds so that the bottom and sides are covered. Refrigerate until firm.
7. Spread the butter all over the pastry.
8. Preheat oven to 450 degrees fahrenheit.
9. To make the filling, first, bring the sugar and water to a boil in a saucepan, cook it for 1 minute, then let it sit.
10. Heat 1 cup of milk until bubbles form (around 5 minutes on medium heat). Pour in the sugar and water mixture.
11. In a bowl, combine the flour and remainder of milk together.
12. As the heated milk and sugar mixture is poured, continue whisking.
13. Cook over low heat until thickened. Add the yolks and whisk.
14. Strain the mixture through a sieve.
15. Pour the filling into the dough in the tart molds.
16. Bake in the oven until the dough is golden brown and the filling is set.

## **Wings of Hope** **-Andrew Mullen**

My culture contains colors seen  
through the eyes of an ancient jungle,  
The world often forgets my home,  
For there are so many countries,  
And with so many global issues,  
It's hard to forget the world of Guatemala,  
Guatemala is my home, my birthplace, my blood,  
It has given me meaning and hope throughout the years,

America has been a sanctuary,  
But Guatemala will always be my light,

I often dream of what the world would be without my home,

And honestly,  
Life just would never be as bright,  
If asked about my culture and home,  
I would say it is like any other one,  
It has food, traditions, religions, destinations,  
And it has the people who make it so memorable,  
My culture is painted with memories of the past and present,  
Those written by the Mayans in the temples,  
And the generations after, who wrote with speech and artistry,  
As time continues, I can't wait to see the texts constructed,  
I would say that Guatemalan culture shares one thing very different, from  
other cultures

Depending on where you are brought up, you learn different talents,  
Some strong, some mysterious, some challenging,  
But no matter where the path leads,  
Guatemala has a heart, for its people, talent, culture,  
Especially for those who wish to learn about Guatemala,  
So the next time you find yourself in Guatemala,  
Take time to not only embrace the culture of Guatemala,  
But the heart it brings too, for everyone



The following photo encapsulates the ability to fix the divide in gender norms. It is said in certain cultures that men have certain roles involving the work for the family and women have the roles of supporting the family. This is a typical mindset of many cultures; but, I myself have witnessed the ability culture has to fix this divide. Personally being Bengali, this same ideology of gender norms is followed, but there's something amazing that happens when looking at the following photo. I was last in Bangladesh eight years ago, and looking at this photo demonstrates how such norms do not matter in such a photo. The goal of my family in that photo is to simply celebrate the return of the family that lives across the world. These things do not matter in such a situation, showing the ability for our cultural celebrations able to defy the gender norms.

## **Gender Norms** **-Riaz Meah**

## **American Girl No More**

### **-Lucia Layden**

*Bang! Bang! Bang!* goes my heart when I walk along the streets, afraid of what obstacles the bright light of day and the dark, weary night may present me on the sole basis of my gender. I want this no more. No longer will I be constrained as a female in this society, limited by the roles we are locked into as children, which often later define our roles and how we must act in society.

Growing up, I had to wear little dresses each day that weighed my confidence down like an anchor at sea. When I watched television, my bright round eyes glittered with the reflection of the princesses, who needed help in every scene--never being exposed to the powerful women warriors. Does this emanate power to you? No, the media chooses to focus on the damsels in distress rather than events such as the 1,100,000 women who marched for women's rights last year. I refuse to let the hands of the media continue to mold little girls, such as myself, into believing that all they will grow up to be are those damsels in the movie we have grown to admire.

I no longer wish to spend ninety minutes every morning making myself appealing to the 2,500 students at Central. I should accept my natural self without the constraining drops of makeup tainting my beauty with each stroke.

I sat in school, absorbing every detail as a sponge absorbs water. I was never asked to carry the heavy boxes full of knowledge that I would one day come to need. Only the boys, whose strength wasn't defined by their muscles, but by their masculinity, were able to bear these loads. In a similar scenario, I was always picked last for sports because the coaches thought the boys were better. Stronger. I will no longer subject myself to being viewed as lesser when I stand high in the ranks of success.

I have quit being afraid of needing to protect myself with my keys in hand like a weapon against a predator just because I am a female. I do not want to have to worry about crossing the street when I see someone walking in the opposite direction who might view me as an object instead of a person. I should feel safe in the city promising Brotherly love. I am through with having to pretend to be talking to a friend that isn't there to avoid the confrontation of a man who sees me as a Barbie just waiting to be played with. I will cease to suffocate myself in the layers of clothes knitted with the strings of surrender in order to prevent exposing myself to the world. I will disregard who people say exposure means weakness when it only emanates confidence.

I will no longer allow myself to be kept quiet by the chains of a society that shuts out the hard truth. I will no longer fall into the constricting lists of gender which constrains my way of life. I am constricted by the title "American Girl" no more.

# Cover Art

Outside Covers by Ivy Liu

Inside Front Cover by Jessica Perez-Salinas:  
"Three Generations of Women In My Family"

Inside Back Cover by Reeya Shah:  
Central students were asked "what words come to mind  
when you think about gender and culture?"

## Works Cited (recipes)

1. Misir Wot (pg. 2)  
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2. Soda Bread (pg. 6)  
Bauer, Elise. "Irish Soda Bread Recipe." Simply Recipes, [www.simplyrecipes.com/recipes/irish\\_soda\\_bread/](http://www.simplyrecipes.com/recipes/irish_soda_bread/).
3. Arroz Duce photo (pg. 15)  
Jetter, Kate. Caldwell, Melinda. "Portuguese Rice Pudding", Home.Made.Interest. <https://www.homemadeinterest.com/portuguese-rice-pudding-arroz-doce/>
4. Egg Tart (pg. 20)  
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PINK "TAKEN CARE OF"  
MULAN PHILLY IDENTITY MEN  
GENDER NORMS  
WOMEN'S RIGHT  
HERITAGE CONTOVERY STEREOTYPES DIVERSITY STANDARDS OPPRESSION DISCRIMINATION  
STIGMA GENDER INEQUALITY  
FAVORITES XX XY GENDER ROLES CLOTHES PRIDE  
BOYS AND GIRLS SEXISM MALE PRIVILEGE  
ORIGIN  
US CULTURE NOT HAVING GENDER EQUALITY  
MEN AND WOMEN'S ROLES  
WOMEN STAYING AT HOME  
EQUALITY FOR WOMEN



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*Justin*

# Mosaic

