I am a largely uninteresting person. I have no real struggles. I have enough money to keep living the way I do. People have commented on how lucky I am. But I’m not. I am desperately trying to find something that makes me different: something that makes my story worth listening to.

I am original. I must be in someway... I don’t understand how I can’t be. Why is this so frustrating?

Do you want to hear an incredibly bad story? And it’s not bad in the way you would think; nothing really tragic happens, nothing unbelievably amazing happens, and nothing ridiculously stupid happens. It’s just my life, and according to everything I’ve been taught in my life by the media, society, and pop-culture it makes a bad story. I suppose I don’t really mean that; if everything I learned led me to this disheartening conclusion I wouldn’t even be writing this memoir. Anyways, basically, my life is what it is. I don’t think it’s normal, because normal is a very relative term, and I suppose I can’t use the word average for the same reason. My life isn’t difficult and it never really has been. But then again, my life is nowhere near over... hopefully. More people live difficult lives than people...

Race, it means a lot. I can’t really run from it in this memoir because I know that the second you read the author’s name on this book you knew that it was ‘foreign’, not Caucasian and definitely not American. You may not have even been bold enough to guess the gender of the name; though I’ll confirm it now, I am a female. I suppose I don’t really want to run from my race; it is an incredibly large part of who I am... I cannot say that I am from a stereotypical family or not. My parents are conservative but not REALLY conservative... I would say they are actually liberal with a lot of traditional viewpoints that deal with respect...

I’m sure I’m not the only one...

Selecting the word shitty to describe my life did not take much thought. After writing the first paragraph of this book I thought: “Maybe shitty is not the word I should be using.” My parents certainly wouldn’t approve of me writing a memoir with the first sentence as this one. In fact they wouldn’t approve of me using the word “wouldn’t”; it is a contraction therefore making it improper and un-academic. Any piece of work that would dare to use a contraction was probably not worth reading to them...

My life is average... Fuck my life...