Your family was not on the Mayflower. Nor were they on any ship after that. No, you were little-already born- when they took that 21st-century airplane to America.

Yet, an American-Asian born classmate,

who had just shared with the class that she,

indeed,

did not celebrate Thanksgiving over the break,

because her parents are immigrants,

begs to question why you,

a white woman,

had the *audacity* to not celebrate.

You now hold the attention of the classroom. Your classmates take a breath in, but no one dares to breathe out. All expressions tell you that they are starting to wonder the same question. It is not the first time, nor the last time, that your own, respective story will be eclipsed by the whiteness of your skin; You're not special because you are white.

"Are you not from here?", she asked,

with what sounded like the intention to,

maybe

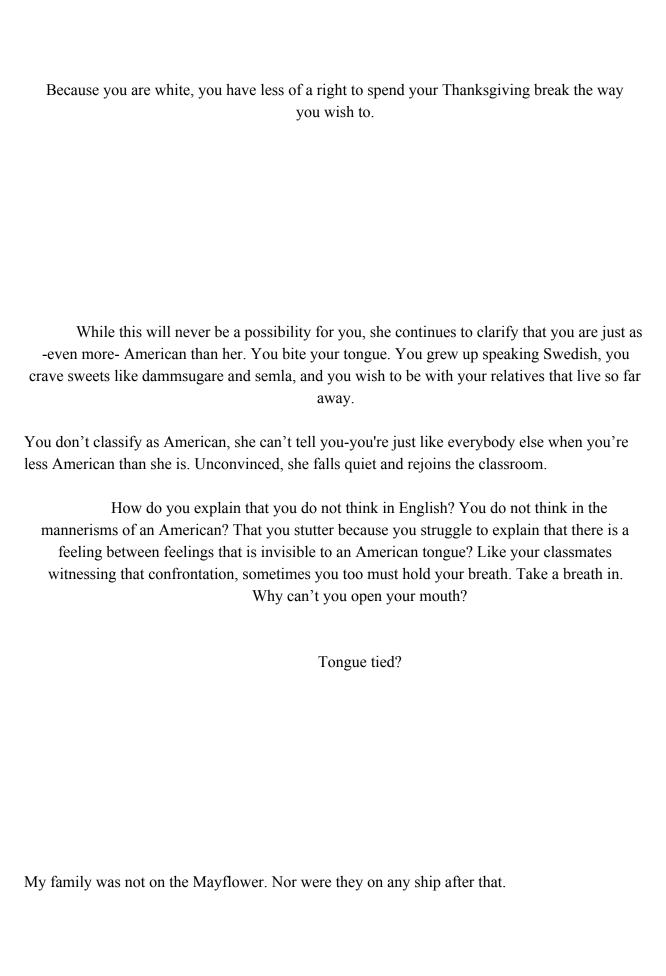
listen

You try to tell her that you weren't born here-

I'm from Sweden!

"Well, every white person in the US is from Europe."

Because you are white, you must celebrate Thanksgiving with the enthusiasm of a football fan.



People claim you are American, you are from **here**,

that you do not have a specific culture or heritage that can be celebrated.

Yet all of Thanksgiving, you tried doing just that.

You tried to find the ingredients to make Havregrynskugler, and though the scent was familiar, here, the taste will never be the same.