

# Who's the fairest of them all?



by senior Halle Haack

I was only in first grade when I used to draw myself with blonde hair and blue eyes. I felt like nothing more than an outsider in my own body, a racial stereotype, and a little bit too different in comparison to the rest of the world.

I am a part of what makes up 5.6% of our entire nation's population- a minority. So, it's not hard to see how I don't fit in. In a world full of color, I continually see white.

It starts with the media.

What we see and who is presented to us sets a precedent and shapes our world's view of reality. But, the media continues to only showcase one standard: white.

Growing up, to put it plainly, I hated the way that I looked. Everywhere I went and everyone I saw fit a Eurocentric ideal I couldn't meet. Nothing explicitly told me to feel insecure, but it was almost impossible not to. The ideas of normal and desirable were only represented in a race that is not mine.

Little moments of vulnerability accumulated through-

out my childhood. It was when I didn't know what Disney princess to dress up as or when I watched yet another TV show that included a token Asian character perpetuating a stereotype. I had never once looked up at a screen and felt proud of who I was. Rather, I felt embarrassed. But, perhaps the saddest fact was that I had never realized what exactly I'd missed out on until I was older.

While the majority of the population finds affirmation in their identity every single day, it leaves a large margin underrepresented. Regardless, the media constantly gives that majority something to identify with. The rest of us? We can only identify with our own feelings of displacement. It's why diversity within the media is so important- so necessary.

There are millions of people that don't fit into the normalized Eurocentric standard, and they matter just as much. We matter. We deserve the same opportunity to be seen and appreciated as we are.

For a couple of weeks at the beginning of this year while backpacks were permitted (or at least not specifically reprimanded), my life was easy.

I would go from class to class with few cares in the world. I knew I had everything I needed. My homework wasn't forgotten, I had my textbook, and I even had my chapstick, lotion, earbuds, hand sanitizer, and an extra mask. I was set!

But once teachers began enforcing The Rule, it made it a lot more difficult for me to go about my day.

*Do I have the right folders with me? Will I*

*remember to switch supplies after lunch? Am I going to need anything else for the class I'm walking into?* I never knew.

Now, I know this rule wasn't put into place without having any reasoning behind it, but is it truly helping to combat the concerns that have arisen?

If the idea was to keep teachers from tripping, they can still fall over our monstrous piles of schoolwork on the floor. If the idea was to keep our school drug-free, anyone could have drugs in their pockets. If the idea to keep guns out of the school, a person could still bring a gun in their waistband or hoodie pocket.

All in all, the backpack rule does nothing to ensure the safety of classmates or teachers. But, it does guarantee an everlasting battle with anxiety over whether or not I'll arrive at my upcoming 90-minute class with everything I need to have a successful period.

A lot has changed this year at Hudson High School. But, one thing that hasn't

changed is the unfounded hatred of backpacks in the classroom.

For years, teachers have enforced a rule against bringing backpacks to class, but I honestly haven't heard a legitimate point against having them. However, I have found ample reasons as to why they should be allowed.

First of all, I'm already carrying around multiple books, binders, folders, notebooks, and now an iPad. While it may be a smaller device, we used to at least have computer bags for a little extra storage (to carry extra pencils, headphones, notecards, a folder, maybe a notebook, etc.) along with a specific place to put our device.

Even despite block scheduling lessening our daily load, we have more things to carry and less assistance in doing so....

## Better with backpacks

by senior Jetta Colsch



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