We often hear stories and believe them to be true without question. In her TED Talk, "The Danger of a Single Story," Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie speaks to the power of storytelling; that stories can be used to both broaden our understanding of ourselves and the world around us, but can also limit our perspectives when presented from only one single viewpoint. "The Danger of a Single Story" is a powerful video that explores the idea that there is more than one side to every story. It highlights how stories, whether written or spoken, can form a narrative that paints an incomplete or even distorted version of the truth and how that can lead to stereotypes and prejudice. The video encourages people to seek out multiple points of view and to be open minded when hearing stories, in order to form a more accurate understanding of the world around them. This can also be true for people when they conduct research, getting information from one source can heavily prohibit your full understanding of the topic. When you are doing research you should be looking for many different viewpoints in order to not miss important information and to see the research from multiple point of views. Doing so will help lead your research in a direction where you have a complete understand of the situation and how to go about problem solving.

Growing up as an African immigrant in America has been both a blessing and a challenge. Arriving to America at the age of three meant adjusting to a culture far different from the one that had surrounded me and that of my parents. The immigration process is such a long process that I’ve only been an American citizen for about 3 or 4 years even though I’ve been living here for the past 16 years. Growing up as an African immigrant was an incredibly unique experience for me, from being put into grade school to seeing so many new things. The sudden change in culture, language and environment was a challenge, yet I was fortunate enough to have a supportive family and community around me who helped me adjust to the transition. Language has been my biggest struggle by far, coming into the states at a young age and going to school for the past 14 years has change my identity. I’ve heard English from the time I arrived and have only heard my native language at home. I learned English quick and even excelled at it but that came at the cost of forgetting how to speak the language my family speaks. As the years go on I feel as though I am losing that part of my identity and transforming into something entirely new. My parents instilled in me the importance of education and hard work, and encouraged me to take advantage of the many opportunities available to me in the new life we had. I was able to gain an appreciation for both African and American cultures. I was also able to gain an understanding of the importance of diversity and inclusion, which has shaped me into the person I am today. Overall, my experience growing up as an African immigrant is filled with a lot of joy but also a lot of struggle. As a first-generation American, I was exposed to a world of different cultures and ideologies, which has helped me understand the different ways people think. But being a first-generation American I find myself doing a lot of things on my own with no sort of guidance from those around me, this has encouraged me to pave my own path from nothing and create knowledge from the smallest things.

I grew up in a low income family which was a challenge, but it was also a blessing. Actually now that I think about I wouldn’t call it that much of a blessing because of all the hardships we had to endure. I am a much more humble person because of it but I would never want to grow up in a low income home if I had the choice. I was raised by a single mother who worked hard to provide for me and my siblings. We didn't have a lot of money, but we had each other and that was enough. My mother worked long hours at a factory to make ends meet, and sadly she still does today. She was always exhausted when she came home, but she still managed to make time for us. She would read us stories, help us with our homework, and take us to the park on the weekends. Even though we didn't have much, she made sure we had everything we needed. My mother taught me the value of hard work and the importance of education. She encouraged me to do my best in school and to never give up. She also taught me to be kind and generous to others, no matter their circumstances. Growing up in a low income family was difficult, but it also taught me a lot of valuable lessons. I learned to be resourceful and to make the most of what I had. I also learned to appreciate the little things in life, like spending time with family and friends. Most importantly, I learned that money isn't everything. I learned that having a loving family and a strong support system is more important than anything else. I'm grateful for the lessons I learned growing up in a low income family, and I'm thankful for the strength and resilience it gave me.

The person who I would say doesn’t see me as I do is Mrs. Anderson (Fake name, don’t want to say the persons real name). I’ve talked to Mrs. Anderson a couple of times and every time we speak she makes assumptions of the way I am. She see a young man who is attending university, who has a strong voice, and an impactful mind. A young man who knows how to carry himself as well as present himself. With all this information she makes the assumption that I grew up privileged and had access to so many things. Mrs. Anderson is missing all the stories that created this young man, all the struggles that held me back and discouraged me. She hasn’t seen all the rejection that I have faced and the will to continue ripped out of my body. I don’t want her to have a definitive story about me, but instead look at the different circumstances that I have been through to get to the point where I am at today.