

**Examenul în vederea obținerii Diplomei de acces general în învățământul superior german și a
Diplomei de bacalaureat
de către absolvenții secțiilor /școlilor speciale germane din România – 2025**

Proba orală - Limba engleză

Model

Biletul nr. ...

- **Toate subiectele sunt obligatorii.**

Read the text below and complete the tasks that follow.

As the daughter of a Thai father and Chinese mother, I've always been aware of my heritage, but like many second-generation Americans who were brought up in mostly Caucasian communities, I strove to assimilate in white spaces. In public, I found solace in not drawing attention to my roots, in letting my ancestry be a quiet part of my identity in order to fit in with the majority. That chameleonlike part of me disappeared in early April 2021, when I found myself bawling uncontrollably in the shower one night. When I came out of the bathroom, my husband asked me what was wrong. I replied: "People are killing people who look like me."

Every attack I became aware of, from the assaults on elderly individuals in Chinatowns in New York City and San Francisco to the threatening comments sent to a Japanese restaurant owner in Arvada, conjured mental images of my mother and father getting pushed into oncoming traffic or being bullied at the grocery store. But my thoughts weren't just consumed by the well-being and whereabouts of my family members. I became anxious about my Asian American identity, about how I was perceived and seen by others, and about my place in the communities associated with my background that felt somewhat foreign to me. I didn't know what was happening in my mind, and I didn't know who to turn to.

And it wasn't only the bleak statistics and news reports that bothered me. And, honestly, it wasn't even the memories of my parents, who owned a gas station in Wheat Ridge from 1983 to 2018, being told to "go back to their country" by disgruntled customers that were causing my teary episodes. The thing was, I wasn't sure why I was so devastated and confused: *If I've always been Asian American, why did all these feelings take so long to surface?* As an adolescent, I remember joking with classmates about my heritage and other Asians. I'd laugh when friends referred to me as "mini-Mulan" or "Lucy Liu" and agree that the Chinese joint around the corner from our high school probably served dog. I once referred to my parents' native Thailand as Soy Sauce Land, and I recall deliberately hiding my mom's homemade Thai food from my college roommates to avoid questions about the contents of the containers. In short, I made all things Asian about myself seem as *other* to me as I imagined they were to all of my white friends. That othering, in my mind, made me more Caucasian.

Sang Lintakoon, a child and family therapist at Be and Belong Counseling in Westminster, explained to me, in stark terms, what I had been doing. "It is sad that at a young age, you learned how to make your identity more palatable.... We became experts at being white." Lintakoon's upbringing as a first-generation American raised by ethnically Chinese immigrants from Southeast Asia—and her personal journey in therapy—fueled her passion for helping others navigate life between various racial and cultural identities. She says Asians, in particular, have been so good at blending in and being the so-called model minority that we've often brushed off both micro-aggressions and outright racism. So this is why, when I was promoted to food editor at 5280 in April 2021, representing the Asian community through my presence and news coverage became a responsibility I bestowed upon myself.

(adapted from **Health**, February 2024)

SUBIECTUL I

(50 de puncte)

- A.**
- 1. Identify the theme of the text.**
 - 2. Sum up the text and dwell on the ideas it contains.**

10 puncte

40 puncte

SUBIECTUL al II-lea

(50 de puncte)

- B.** Do you think there is too much pressure on children to do well these days? **Use relevant arguments and examples to support your ideas.**