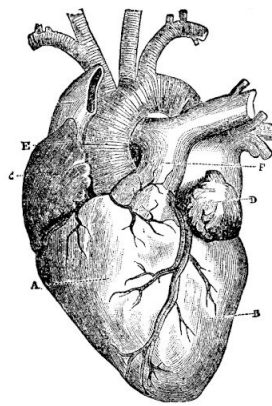


### Skin Test

You will have seventy-five minutes to complete this test. The use of a calculator is not permitted. Show all work clearly and thoroughly; no credit will be given for answers without the necessary work shown. When finished, simply leave the test booklet on your desk. Once you are certain that you have completed the exam entirely and to the best of your abilities, you may leave to hang out with your racially homogenous friends.

1. In a kindergarten art class, the blonde girl sitting across from you asks for the skin color marker. You pass her a tan marker, the color of your mom's chai that she drinks every morning with milk and sugar, a light brown that is closest to the your skin's caramel hue. The girl looks at you for a second too long and then begins to laugh, saying that you're silly, that you know what the *real* skin color marker is, as she reaches across the table for a pale peach marker. Her nose scrunches up in laughter as she holds it up to her face and says see? *This* is the skin color marker, she tells you in a teasing, sing-song voice. She giggles again and slowly twirls the peach Crayola marker in between her thumb and her index finger. Knowing this, name and provide evidence for three emotions you feel in this moment, not including self-hatred, confusion, anger, and sadness.
2. Daniel sits next to you in algebra. He has butterfly blue eyes and a laugh that sounds like the tinkling of wind chimes in a light summer breeze. He wears the same grey sweatshirt to school every day and when you see him you want nothing more than to wrap yourself in its soft cotton fabric while you run your hands through his floppy brown hair.

Sometimes he catches you staring at him during class and shoots you a wink that makes you feel hot pink excitement shoot through your veins every time. On Valentine's Day, emboldened by the cupid cut-outs and pink paper hearts that seem to cover every storefront you walk by, you ask him after class if he would like, um, maybe, perhaps, to um, hang out some time? He chuckles, a fake plastic laugh, and says that you're not really his type. Your eyes begin to sting with the acid sharp feeling of rejection. You try to laugh it off and jokingly elbow him a little too hard, asking him what is your type then? He zips up his black Jansport backpack with the rips in the shoulder straps and hoisting it onto his shoulders he tells you that well, no offense, but I only really like white girls. Please circle and name which part of your heart hurts the most in this moment on the diagram below.



(+2 points extra credit if you can describe how the pain feels in your heart, i.e. a million tiny paper cuts right on your pulmonary arteries, a thousand little glass shards swimming through your right atrium, etc.)

3. A few things you know to be true:

- a. At a big family party, your Nepalese auntie compliments you for being “so light and fair!” You smile and take the compliment, pushing the weird feeling that settles in your stomach when she says this to the outer reaches of your mind.
  - b. Summer is over and school has started again. All the girls have come back from the Bahamas with shiny new tans and fresh dustings of freckles. In between biology and history, you’re sitting in the clammy darkness of a bathroom stall when you overhear a girl lamenting, groaning about how she just wanted a nice little tan, y’know, not to be turned into, like, an Indian! Your eyes begin to sting and you wipe them with the back of your hand, storing these feelings in one of the abandoned cobwebbed corners of your thoughts for a later time.
  - c. Six months have come and gone. You’re at a drugstore when out of the corner of your eye you see a bright purple sign for alleged “skin whitening treatments.” Do you step out of your spot in a sixteen-person line to buy it? Explain your reasoning, accounting for the fact that the desire to shed your brownness can be expressed as a mathematical constant with a value of 9.7 on the Crazy Fantasy Scale of Things That Would be the Case in Your Alternate Dream Universe.
4. Consider the following system of equations:

$$\text{Your mother} = \text{Blonde white woman with blue eyes}$$

$$\text{You} = \text{Brown girl with dark black eyes}$$

If the number of times you are asked if you are adopted can be expressed by the equation  $a^b = c$  such that  $a$  = your mom’s whiteness,  $b$  = your brownness, and  $c$  = the obvious look

of shock that appears on people's faces when you tell them that you're related as quantified numerically on the Oh-My-God-Are-You-Sure-You-Are-Not-Adopted-Scale, how much do you want to scream? (+1 point extra credit if you can calculate how much you want to yell until your lungs grow hoarse when classmates ask you if your mom is your nanny. Non-integer values are permitted; please round to the nearest tenth.)

5. You're sleeping over at your best friend's house and you've been up all night, binge-watching the entire High School Musical series, your laughs echoing off the seafoam green walls of her room as you try to unsuccessfully muffle your giggles in her pink patchwork quilt. It's three in the morning and you have now progressed to the final movie, your eyes growing droopy with sleep and your gut still aching from all the giggling. Suddenly she rolls over on her side, and as she turns to you she says that, you know, like, I don't really *see* race. You don't know what to do except smile and tell her that's just *so* awesome and good for her as you shrug your shoulders with a rehearsed nonchalance. Quantifying this moment numerically on a pain scale of one to ten, how much does this hurt? (Please express your answer as a whole number; points will be deducted for non-integer values.)

6. You're in ninth grade and going into a brand new high school. You have lost fifteen pounds, learned how to put the right jeans with the right shirts, and how to put on eyeliner, eye shadow, lipstick, blush, highlighter, foundation, mascara, bronzer, lip liner, and concealer. How long will it take for you to feel beautiful? (Please express your

answer in terms of months/years/decades as appropriate, and remember to account for the variables of: brown skin, hairy legs, bushy eyebrows, and self-hatred.)

7. Your mom is the best person you know, buying you dolls that are every shade of the rainbow, from the palest snow-white Barbie doll to the darkest-brown princess wearing a tiara shaped of silver plastic stars. One day you think about the idea of being able to be a life-size version of your dolls with glossy tall legs and perfect hair and an infinite supply of tiny pastel dresses to wear forever. Slowly, indulging yourself in a little make-believe, you put all the dolls you would most want to look like if you had this superpower in a small pile in the corner of the living room rug. When you look at your pile, you realize it's a stack of entirely blonde dolls, and suddenly your heart fills with an overwhelming desire to possess one of their perfect tiny white bodies.

You realize:

- a) you hate yourself
- b) you hate yourself
- c) you hate yourself
- d) ...
- e) when do I get to love myself?