

### WATCH ME COMMENT SLIDE #2

I never grew up anywhere (confusing). When people ask me where I am from, I can only help to dread the (confusing too) over-recited monologue of complicated family history. My mom is from Katowice, Poland. My dad is from Sevilla, Spain. My sister was born in America. I was born in Canada. My family is a multinational and multilingual patchwork of people knit together by a network of transatlantic threads. Throughout my life, I have been surrounded by a jumble of different cultures (redundant) and ~~experiences~~ that I learned to appreciate and let shape the way I view the world around me.

What's for dinner (transition)? ~~— I can say with certainty that~~ (wordy) This very question plagued my mom throughout my childhood. Everyday I would ask, and everyday there seemed to be an entirely different and sometimes surprising new answer. As a child, I envied my friends at school who ate pizza all the time for dinner. I would hungrily peer into my classmate's lunch (You said dinner in the last and lunch in this one) boxes, packed with chips, Lunchables, and other foods that seemed like incredible feasts in my plate-sized eyes. It was not until recently that I really began to appreciate my mom's cooking. Coming from such a unique multicultural family meant that the food we ate came from all over the world. (transition) My mom is an excellent chef who ~~that~~ never fails to prepare a delicious meal for us. (transition) I never grew up eating the way my friends ate, and learning to appreciate that (appreciate what?) was the first step in my life to appreciating and embracing my background. The food was a patchwork of styles and flavours, everything from steaming ~~p~~Pierogi to chilled ~~g~~Gazpacho soup. Food is a thread connecting my family together.

**FIGURE 5.3 • The Detached Proofreader Approach**