

## The Essay: Sunday Dinner, Three Languages, Zero Personal Space

My family speaks three languages simultaneously at dinner, which sounds impressive until you realize no one is actually listening to anyone else.

Every Sunday, seventeen people cram into my grandmother's apartment that comfortably holds eight. My grandmother speaks Cantonese to my grandfather, who responds in Mandarin because he's from Beijing and refuses to "compromise his dialect." My father yells in English over both of them. My cousins text each other in a hybrid of all three languages, plus emojis that somehow convey more meaning than actual words.

The noise level violates multiple city ordinances.

For years, I thought this chaos was normal. I assumed every family operated at 80 decibels with four concurrent conversations happening at once. When I went to my friend Maya's house for dinner, and her family took turns speaking, waited for responses, and used "inside voices," I felt like I'd walked into a museum. It was quiet enough to hear people chewing. I didn't know how to act.

"Is something wrong?" Maya's mom asked, concerned by my silence.

Nothing was wrong. I just couldn't figure out when to speak.

At my house, conversation doesn't have turns. You don't wait to be called on. You jump in when you have something to say, or more accurately, you shout over your aunt, who's already shouting over your uncle, who's already shouting over your grandmother. Waiting for a turn means never speaking. Asking "May I share an idea?" means someone else has already moved the conversation three topics forward while you were being polite.

This aggressive communication style has downsides. I interrupt people more than I should. I talk too loudly in libraries. I treat every conversation like a competition for airspace.

But it also taught me to think fast, argue passionately, and not take disagreement personally.

When my cousin Victor declared that chemistry was "the only real science" and physics was "just applied math," I had three seconds to formulate a counterargument before someone else jumped in. I learned to organize thoughts while speaking, to find examples on the fly, to admit when I was wrong, and pivot to a stronger position.

Sunday dinners taught me that being wrong isn't shameful—it's informational. Victor has changed his stance on which science is "most real" at least four times after various cousins demolished his reasoning. No one holds grudges. We're loud, we argue, we move on.

The communication style extends beyond verbal chaos. My family shows love through food pushed onto your plate when you're clearly full, through criticism disguised as concern ("You look tired, are you eating enough?"), through teasing that would seem mean to outsiders, but actually means we're comfortable enough to be honest.

When I told my grandmother I got into the Governor's School for Science, she said, "Of course you did, you're smart. Now eat more dumplings, you're too skinny." This is peak family emotional expression.

I've learned to translate this communication style for different contexts. At school, I've trained myself to pause before speaking, to let others finish their thoughts, to modulate my volume to match the environment. My teachers probably wouldn't describe me as aggressive or loud. They'd use words like "participative" and "engaged."

But sometimes I miss the chaos.

There's something beautiful about a dinner where three generations argue about politics in three languages while passing dishes across the table with the efficiency of an assembly line. Where you don't have to explain yourself because someone will interrupt with the point you were trying to make. Where silence is suspicious, and loudness is love.

My friends who come to Sunday dinner don't always understand what's happening. The volume overwhelms them. They can't follow three conversations at once. They think my family is fighting when we're just discussing whether dumplings should be steamed or pan-fried (obviously, pan-fried, the crispy bottom is the best part).

But I understand it perfectly. I can track multiple conversations, switch languages mid-sentence, and interpret the subtext under the volume. I know that when my aunt tells me I need a haircut, she means I'm growing up too fast. I know that when my grandfather shouts at my father about politics, he's actually saying he's proud my father cares enough to have opinions different from his.

This is how I learned to communicate—not through taking turns or waiting patiently or speaking at appropriate volumes, but through diving into the noise, making my voice heard, and understanding that conversation is chaos that somehow creates connection.

I'll probably never master Maya's family's quiet turn-taking style. But I'm fluent in organized chaos, three-language hybrid arguments, and love expressed at high volume. And honestly, I wouldn't have it any other way.

### **Expert Analysis:**

#### **What Makes This Essay Effective:**

- 1. Engaging opening:** The first sentence is humorous, specific, and immediately establishes the essay's theme and voice.

2. **Vivid sensory details:** 80 decibels, seventeen people in space for eight, conversations in three languages—specific details bring the scene alive.
3. **Honest self-awareness:** The writer acknowledges downsides of her communication style (interrupting, talking too loudly) rather than presenting it as purely positive.
4. **Humor throughout:** The essay makes readers smile while still being substantive—"peak family emotional expression" after describing grandmother's praise.
5. **Balance of showing and telling:** The essay alternates between describing scenes (Sunday dinner chaos) and reflecting on what it means (how it shaped her).
6. **Cultural specificity:** The essay explores what's unique about the writer's family without exoticizing or explaining for white audiences.
7. **Universal theme:** While the specific cultural context is unique to the writer, themes about family communication and learning to navigate different contexts are universal.
8. **Strong comparative moment:** The Maya's house dinner scene provides contrast that highlights what's distinctive about the writer's family.
9. **Meaningful reflection:** The essay shows how family communication style taught specific skills (thinking fast, arguing without grudges, reading subtext).
10. **Natural voice:** The writing sounds conversational and authentic—like the writer is actually speaking to you about her family.