***Everyone belongs to many different communities and/or groups defined by (among other things) shared geography, religion, ethnicity, income, cuisine, interest, race, ideology, or intellectual heritage. Choose one of the communities to which you belong, and describe that community and your place within it.***

**Option 1:**

It wasn’t until I felt tons of Catholic eyes staring at me that I felt the anxiety. How was I, the only Muslim, supposed to lead the daily prayer in a Catholic school. However, as I scanned the room, I realized that being a Muslim wasn’t the only difference between my friends and I. I looked over my friend group and was greeted by diversity. I saw JW, one of the most religious Catholics I know; and Bayu, who takes the train every morning; and Vitto, our genius born from Chinese descent; and Agy, the rich kid who always buys us treats. And then there was me, the Muslim boy who always brings snacks.

Though we were all different, we were united by our motto: having our backs. Our differences gave birth to our own unique roles in our daily lives within the group. If we ever needed help with homework, Vitto was there; if we ever needed some money, Agy came to the rescue. The same principle applied to everyone in the group, including me: the snack boy. Everyday I would bring extra snacks for them because I knew some of my friends were either low on money or time, disabling them to bring snacks for recess. Every recess I would have the privilege to enjoy seeing their happy faces munching on my snacks; though it may seem small, it made me the happiest man in the world.

Cherishing our identities and roles within the group was crucial to us. Our diversity actually became the ultimate string that attached us together, as it was the one thing we all had in common. I realized that our community is built on and cherished by our own unique identities and characteristics.

**Option 2:**

Active: what we call ourselves. A friend group from high school initially made because we would talk regularly on Discord, which then moved to regular Saturday night hangouts. We grew closer due to our geography: we were all in South Jakarta, which enabled us to hang out in the same locations, pick each other up when we needed to, and so on. Beneath our similarities though, we had our own identities. There was Aidan, the kind-hearted boy; Ray, the rapper; Nabil and Bilal, the musical twins; Ashley, the camera girl; Radya, the football athlete; Jeddi, the silent killer; Arsa, whose house became our headquarters; and then there was me, the Indonesian comedian.

Every hangout session I would always be the clown of the group. Whether we were playing guitar outside or just relaxing on Arsa’s iconic green sofa, I would always try to find the funny in everything to cheer them up. Aside from that, I am also known as the most Indonesian. Sometimes we would go on roadtrips where my Indonesian skills come in handy, like asking someone for directions in rural spots.

Having such a diversely similar group was a big asset for the group. Our diversity allows us to back each other up. There are times when my jokes would come off as inappropriate. Then, others would step in to rescue the group from unwanted friction. On the other hand, coming from the same region helps us a lot in terms of communication: we understand the same jokes, language, and words. In all, I've learned that being in a community means accepting your identity so you can cherish your role.