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It's often the worst of humanity that ruins things for the rest of us. I have met some truly wonderful people in Tucson. For example, today on the phone, someone complimented me, saying I was very nice and had a soothing, gentle voice. It really meant a lot. It was also so nice to talk to someone with such a positive mindset.

This morning, I was frustrated when the laundry room wasn't working after I had already put my laundry into a washing machine. It was very early, and the woman working in the lobby where I am staying was incredibly helpful. I was grateful for how she handled our interaction, and I made sure to compliment her. I have been very fortunate to have so many positive interactions.

I also really love the White American people I encounter here, as they carry a certain Western vibe that I truly adore and naturally synergize with. It's that dichotomy, the presence of hostility, that is so hard to navigate when it becomes widespread, because it throws us off balance.

Throughout the day, I experienced moments of aggression. For example, I was driving on a roundabout when the person behind me honked, which is illegal in Arizona. They also tried to wave me out of the way, as if I had somewhere else to go. We were navigating a slow roundabout turn that required careful awareness, as other vehicles were entering from additional lanes. There was no reason for speed in this area, and the pace of traffic required mindfulness.

I made it clear that I was not the vehicle to push around. I signaled for them to slow down and adjusted my lane so I could note their license plate. Because there are so many hostile drivers, I have become more attentive to identifying them. There is no excuse for the driving aggression I have experienced, which is often unprovoked. I had the right of way in every hostile situation, which highlights the demanding and entitled nature of these encounters. So far, Tucson is the most aggressive driving environment I have encountered.

Additionally, the most violence I have experienced anywhere has been right here in Tucson. Observing radar behavior alone is overwhelming. Moreover, like Tampa, new activism art is widespread throughout the city. It is clear that white Americans have been left behind in this region, where immigrants have become the majority.

If the hostility were absent, the culture would be far more beautiful and easier to embrace. However, aggressive race-based tension persists, and it is noticeable both in direct interactions and in the way people communicate through nonverbal cues. I can sense that Americans are missing other Americans. This is simply the truth.

At the same time, there is a beautiful immigrant population here. It is not necessarily immigration that clashes with American culture, but hostility. Those who are truly American will understand; this level of aggression is not the norm.

Still, good spirits remain. They uplift, remain gentle, loving-natured, and kind-hearted. No matter our race or where we come from, it is those who choose decency, respect, and goodwill, those who rise above the arc~ who truly belong within American culture.

While this understanding has been incredibly challenging, leaving many Americans strained and unbalanced as we weigh decisions around immigration, I believe it is the defining question of our time. Though difficult to confront, it becomes easier to interpret when so many Americans experience hostility from foreigners. Immigration to America should not function as everlasting immunity, even in cases where crimes are committed or harm is done, but should instead remain grounded in shared humanity, no more and no less.