

My battle with college admissions part II

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Where were we? ...oh yeah...

Annoyed was I, as I took all the free pens, magnets and mints that were on her desk. (I wasn't leaving empty-handed.) I brought the FAFSA form home and just looked it up-and-down like it was some type of challenge to me; and challenge is SO not the word. I filled out what I could and even on the simple things I was questioning myself... "Did I put my name in the right place?" My father was no help, he just handed me his tax forms and told me to go to town. (Bendito, he knew less than I did.) This application looked more like I was reading Chinese than anything, so I took it back to the over-jeweled financial aid rep.

She looked at it then looked at me and said, "You couldn't fill this part out?" "Uh, No" I said. That junk is hard. She was somewhat annoyed at me, but I really didn't care. If she refused to help me, I know someone who would love to help me...the dean. I wasn't playing with her either. I was there waiting in line real early (even before she got there) and I had a bus that I had to catch to go home.

A few weeks later, I got my letter showing me how much I was going to get. I bought my books, a sweet backpack, one-month bus pass, lunch, the best pens in town and much more. I went crazy, as if I were a millionaire! I thought I was one for a minute, have you seen the cost of those books?! I'm surprised I didn't end up working at a strip club!

I finally attended my courses. I was doing well for a while, but as it got closer to mid-terms my life was getting more complex. I was waking up in the morning, taking a bus to the mall, so I can catch the next bus that goes to the college! I was doing homework by hand, but I had some computer classes that actually required me to do pc work. The problem I had was I didn't have a computer at home. Thanks to a couple family members that reneged on the deal. By the way thank you, you guys are great! *thumbs up* My father told me that I needed to keep a job, so I had to weigh things out and my job was more important.

I was hurt by not getting a computer from my family. It was promised to me for my birthday before I even started college. So I flat out quit and didn't go. My dad thought it was a bad decision, but hey I had to work. So what did I do in replace of college?

I utilized the resources around me. I will tell you more in part three; I have to leave you in suspense.

My opinion/conspiracy theory:

The college admissions process is so lengthy and timely. I swear they make it difficult enough so a majority of the students would get discouraged and quit.

Your argument may be: "No way, colleges wouldn't do that! They want to educate the world, plus they are somewhat a business.

My rebuttal: Yes, they are a business. Most professors and college staff mean well, but there are still some that just want to discourage us Latinas to the point of quitting. Let's face it, there are some ignorant people out there that just do not want Latinas, let alone, anyone of color to gain knowledge further then the barrio where they came from.