

My battle with college admissions! By Roberta M. Rosa

I always wanted to be an Air Traffic Controller, then got away from it because no one knew or gave me information on how to get into the profession; you know information such as to what colleges offer Air Traffic Controlling courses. I took my surf board and rode the waves of the internet and I found ...nothing. I asked my counselors for three years and ...nothing! So I said to myself, "Well ol' girl, let's get into computers or something." So I did, and through high school went through a two-year "Network Communications Technology and Computer Information Systems" course. <-sounds fun, right? After accomplishing the course; I graduated high school and earned 4 college credits for completing it. Now what's next? College? Gee Mija, I think so. Okay then, let's go to freaking college! Oh wait! I don't have a car and my dad has to work...umm ok, I found a bus schedule. Ok wonderful! Now let's go to the community college to pick up my books, so I can become an expert web designer. Sweet!

OK, so I took the bus to the mall (Not to shop Mijas) to catch a transfer bus that goes to the college. I get to the college with my empty book bag and went up to financial aid and was like, "I need books, SHOW ME THE MONEY!" The over-jeweled Latina with the layers hoochie red lipstick said, "Esta comica hoy?" (Oh, so you are a comedienne?) I said, "No, I want my money for my books. So here's a tissue for your lipstick, put the money in the bag...and I need my free lunch ticket too." She said, "Oh no you didn't?! Well Mija, this AIN'T little escuela no more, so JU need to fill this out porque ...blah coco blah tita laka blah chi na tu ta." <-- she spoke really fast Spanish. What she handed me was a ["FAFSA" \(Free Application for Federal Student Aid\)](#) form. This form was blue and confusing. I remembered seeing one of these things in high school, but no one told me how to use it. The financial aid lady told me, "Did you bring your familia's W-2's?" I suddenly gave her a blank stare and said, "What are you talking about mujer? All I brought was this darn book bag! And what in this great world is a W-2? She got somewhat frustrated and told me to take the application home and fill out what I can, then come back to see her.

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 story continues in part two, but I wanted to let you all know that this FAFSA form and the whole college process; is frustrating and confusing enough to make you actually want to quit! New seniors in high school have a whole year to learn and master this circus, freshman in college quiver at the thought of hearing the word, "FAFSA" and teachers probably hate questions about it. What we need is thorough education on the whole college process. Instead of stupid "College Experience" classes; colleges should have a pre-requisite course on mastering the "How To's" in every single sector in admissions. This class would be better during the semester prior to starting freshman year.

Yes, a few students may not need to know all the information learned in this course, but it's good to know, on a "just-in-case" basis. Porque, all college students know that you "never-say-never". Cause I never wanted to start a magazine and now look at me! I'm working on Mija at 3:20a.m. on a Sunday night. Pero, I love it and so do you! This part of my college battle is not over! Check the next few issues to see who wins the war. *wink