My Story/Your Story Blog Post

Ms. Carrasco

1. **My Story post on the blog.**
2. **Your Story is your response to two other My Stories.**

This is my short story – my pivotal moment in time! You can use it as an example of how to structure your own short story.

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The Letter

I have always loved history and education.  Always.  When I was a little girl I would sit on my dad’s lap and listen to him talk with his *Chicano* buddies about politics, theories beyond my understanding and society’s ills and inconsistencies.  I did not understand what they were talking about back then, but I knew it was all very important and that my dad was passionate about every word they spoke.  So a fire was lit inside of me that has never been extinguished.

You would think that the contagious passion that had been passed on to me would have made me an excellent student in school.  Well it did until around 8th grade or so.  By the time I got to high school I was bored, hormonal and preoccupied with everything but logorithyms and *Of Mice and Men*.

So when I realized that even though I had always loved learning, I had not put myself in a position to be able to do so at the university level after high school graduation.  So I registered as a freshman at Oxnard Community College in Oxnard, California.  I loved every inch of textbook assigned for me to read for every class I took.  I was so proud of my first set of transcripts that reminded me that I was 9 credits closer to a college degree.  Some classes and professors captured my attention more than others but I put all of the new learning to use in some way or another because knowledge is always powerful and can be applied in more ways than you’d expect.

A year later, I was ready to apply for transfer.  While a college student I worked as a part-time bank teller for Wells Fargo.  A young man named Ray who was an engineering student at Cal Poly San Luis Obispo joined the staff just for the summer while on vacation.  In between customers he noticed that I was looking at my transcripts and filling out an application for the closest university to Oxnard, Cal State Northridge.  Although CSUN is a good university he suggested that I apply to one of the more prestigious universities in the area, UCLA or UC Santa Barbara, because my grades were good and I was smart. I did not have that much confidence in myself because of how much I slacked off in high school.  But I took Ray’s advice and applied to UCLA.  He never knew this because he returned to San Luis Obispo for school and Facebook did not exist back then.

I had been told that if you receive a regular sized envelope from the university you applied to, the letter will probably say something like, “Thank you for your application.  Unfortunately, we cannot admit you at this time.”

But, if you get an 9×12 sized envelope it will contain an acceptance letter and countless other forms for dorms, financial aid and so on and so forth.  I applied in November of 1996. I did not hear back from UCLA for several months.  And then one Saturday in April of 1997, while at a family garage party to watch the Oscar de la Hoya v. Pernell Whitaker fight, my mom and stepdad came walking up the driveway to join us in the boxing festivities.  In my mom’s right hand was a 9×12-sized envelope.  She handed it to me with the UCLA logo face up.  Before I even opened it I immediately started to cry tears of elation.

It was the most exciting boxing match I have ever witnessed, though I cannot remember who won anymore.  I will always be thankful to the summer bank teller Ray who cared to share his advice and changed my life forever.