

Annotating naturally means your responses to a text and at the same time can also stimulate paraphrases/summaries of bits of the text we have had to wrestle with. These logically line up with what a teacher might be going to do with the text after your class is done reading, as well as the purpose for reading it in the first place. You can annotate in a few ways. Writing things in the margins are **purposeful annotations** and can help with understanding and learning from the text **while reading**. One of the ultimate goals is that you will be cultivating curiosity, engaging with it for learning's sake, and enjoying the read along the way. You can also **highlight, underline, or circle** ideas that stand out to you such as words you might want to define, or questions you might want to ask that come to mind.

Annotating is a study technique that works!

Being a Ventura College student.
My story "Safe and Sound."

My name is Veronica Vasquez. I am 24 years old. I have lived in Ventura my whole life. I went to local schools, work at a local retail store (Target) on Telephone Road and I attend Ventura College. I feel pretty lucky to be attending school at this college and appreciate it. I like my teachers and do not mind doing my homework. But it wasn't always that way... I have learned some lessons in life along the way. It took me a while to treat my life with care so that I feel safe and sound.

I did not like going to school when I was in high school. I did poorly and got bad grades. I hung out with "bad" kids. We partied a lot, ditched school, even did drugs. For me, it was more about hanging out and being accepted by my friends. I never got addicted to anything or stuck on any one boy, either. I always went back home and had my family behind me. But some of the kids acted like our group or clique was their only "family" or place they wanted to be. Those kids didn't have a good home so they sometimes tried to push me to stay with them late or go places I knew were bad. I made the mistake a few times of not going home at night and my dad would come looking for me. My dad, who worked all day as a gardener and then sometimes in a restaurant at night, too, wouldn't go to sleep until I was home in my own bed.

I am older now and have stopped partying so much. I even really like to spend time with my grandmother. She taught me how to knit and she likes to sit at the table with me when I am doing my homework. My father is home now by 6 every night and he and I sometimes cook together. He likes to cook more than my mom does. I want to help take care of my family more now that I am older and know more what I want to do with my life. But I am tired of earning under ten dollars an hour. I can barely pay for my gas, car insurance and going to the movies or going out. I tried moving out and renting a room a few years ago, but it was it was all too much and every two weeks on the day I got my check, it was gone by the end of the day. I decided to just move back in with my family.

In lots of my friends' homes the kids have never even left or they left and are now back at home. They help out with rent or help with babysitting, or if a grandparent lives there, they help with the older person. At first I used to be embarrassed that my dad's mom lived with us. She would be cleaning the kitchen up, or sweeping, or watching a tv show in Spanish when a friend came over. However, the more I was in other people's homes I wasn't so awkward about mine. I realized it wasn't so bad.

One day my old car, a Corolla, broke down at work. It was dark out and I had not paid my Triple A bill so my account was canceled. It was late, around 10:00 pm. Some guys were out drinking and walking around not doing anything good. I had called my dad to come get me and I was thinking I would leave the car there until the morning and deal with it then. These guys began hassling me and I was getting scared. There were three of them and I am pretty sure they were drunk. Just as one pushed me against the car my dad drove up in his truck he uses for work. He jumped out so fast, grabbed a rake in the back part of the truck and yelled in Spanish at the three guys. He had such strength in his voice as he jabbed the rake in the air at them. There was not an ounce of fear in him. I was watching and I saw in his eyes—a look that spoke volumes. It said, "I love my daughter and I will die protecting her you jerks." In reality he yelled, "Quiero mucho a mi hija. Me mueren protegiendo la." They took off running across the parking lot making fun of "the Beamer old man." I was so relieved I started to cry. My dad hugged me and wiped a tear away from his eye as he held me. He said, "Get in the truck, hija."

I began to realize that I do not need to hurry going through school. Even if I am underpaid, I am still okay with working and going to school. I have decided I want to be a doctor. I have always had talent for science and math. I am bilingual and I am good with older people and little children. I volunteer two Saturdays a month at the hospital. I have a long way to go but that is okay. My grandma will sit beside me knitting or watching her "novella," my mom might be

painting, my dad is just home in the evenings tinkering around and i am here with them doing homework. I will be finishing my education and before you know they will all have a big garden like on tv, and we might take a vacation in the Bahamas and I may even get married or I may not. Either way I will be living my dream and giving them new dreams, too. Just like my teacher told us and I will never forget, "No one can steal your education, goals or motivation. They can take things, but not your heart and soul." I love my parents and my grandmother. I put them through some hard stuff a few years back and they stuck by me. Now I have this school, good teachers, an okay job. But mostly I have hope for my future and hope that my family will always be nearby... safe and sound.