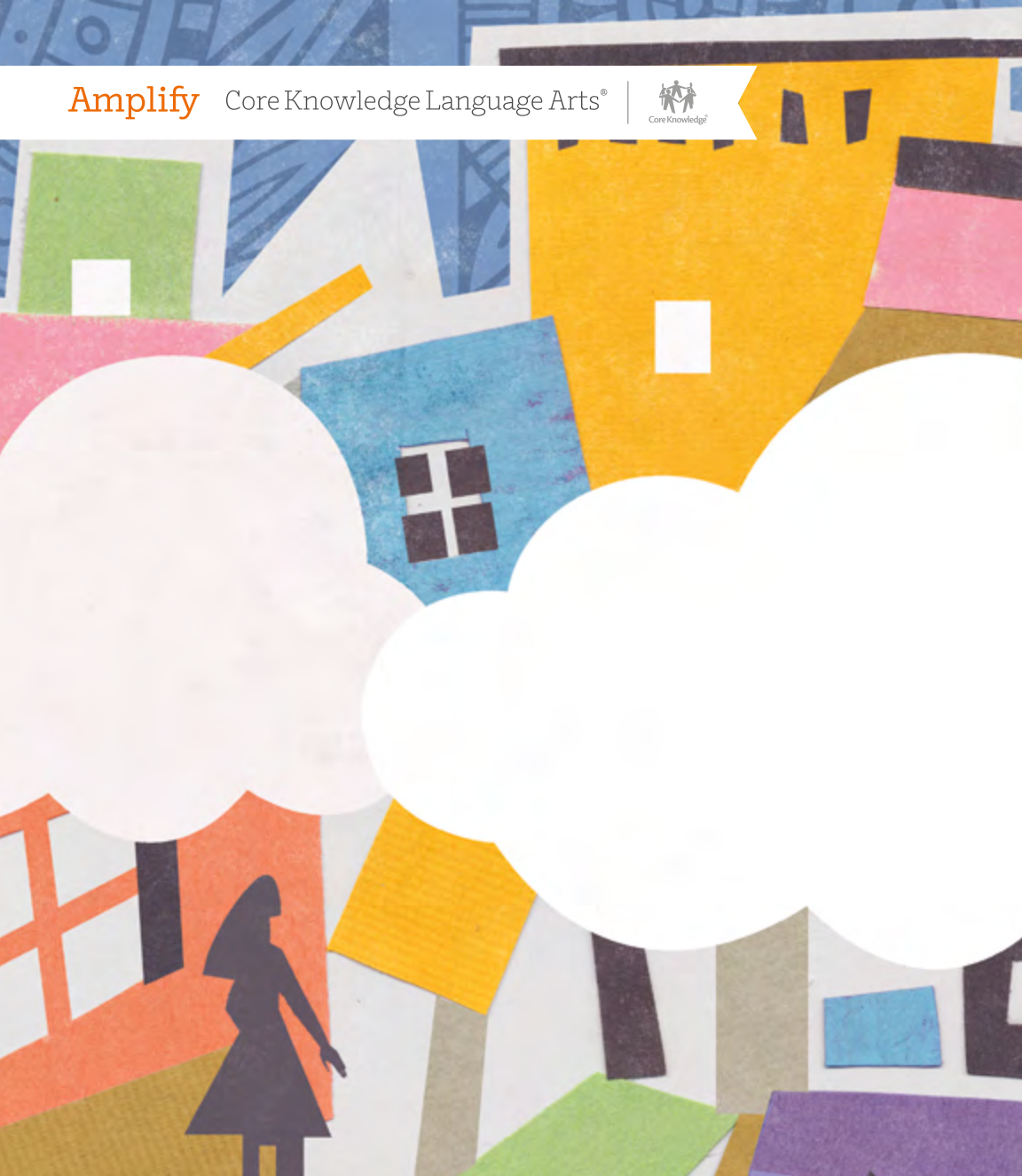




Unit 6

Writer's Journal

Grade 4

Contemporary Fiction with excerpts from
The House on Mango Street



CONTEMPORARY FICTION

WRITER'S JOURNAL

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BY SANDRA CISNEROS

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VIGNETTES



VIGNETTE 1

THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET

We didn't always live on Mango Street. Before that we lived on Loomis on the third floor, and before that we lived on Keeler. Before Keeler it was Paulina, and before that I can't remember. But what I remember most is moving a lot. Each time it seemed there'd be one more of us. By the time we got to Mango Street we were six—Mama, Papa, Carlos, Kiki, my sister Nenny and me.

The house on Mango Street is ours, and we don't have to pay rent to anybody, or share the yard with the people downstairs, or be careful not to make too much noise, and there isn't a landlord banging on the ceiling with a broom. But even so, it's not the house we'd thought we'd get.

We had to leave the flat on Loomis quick. The water pipes broke and the landlord wouldn't fix them because the house was too old. We had to leave fast. We were using the washroom next door and carrying water over in empty milk gallons. That's why Mama and Papa looked for a house, and that's why we moved into the house on Mango Street, far away, on the other side of town.

They always told us that one day we would move into a house, a real house that would be ours for always so we wouldn't have

to move each year. And our house would have running water and pipes that worked. And inside it would have real stairs, not hallway stairs, but stairs inside like the houses on T.V. And we'd have a basement and at least three washrooms so when we took a bath we wouldn't have to tell everybody. Our house would be white with trees around it, a great big yard and grass growing without a fence. This was the house Papa talked about when he held a lottery ticket and this was the house Mama dreamed up in the stories she told us before we went to bed.

But the house on Mango Street is not the way they told it at all. It's small and red with tight steps in front and windows so small you'd think they were holding their breath. Bricks are crumbling in places, and the front door is so swollen you have to push hard to get in. There is no front yard, only four little elms the city planted by the curb. Out back is a small garage for the car we don't own yet and a small yard that looks smaller between the two buildings on either side. There are stairs in our house, but they're ordinary hallway stairs, and the house has only one washroom. Everybody has to share a bedroom—Mama and Papa, Carlos and Kiki, me and Nenny.

Once when we were living on Loomis, a nun from my school passed by and saw me playing out front. The laundromat downstairs had been boarded up because it had been robbed two days before and the owner had painted on the wood YES WE'RE OPEN so as not to lose business.

Where do you live? she asked.

There, I said pointing up to the third floor.

You live *there*?

There. I had to look to where she pointed—the third floor, the paint peeling, wooden bars Papa had nailed on the windows so we wouldn't fall out. You live *there*? The way she said it made me feel like nothing. *There.* I lived *there*. I nodded.

I knew then I had to have a house. A real house. One I could point to. But this isn't it. The house on Mango Street isn't it. For the time being, Mama says. Temporary, says Papa. But I know how those things go.



VIGNETTE 2

MY NAME

I n English my name means hope. In Spanish it means too many letters. It means sadness, it means waiting. It is like the number nine. A muddy color. It is the Mexican records my father plays on Sunday mornings when he is shaving, songs like sobbing.

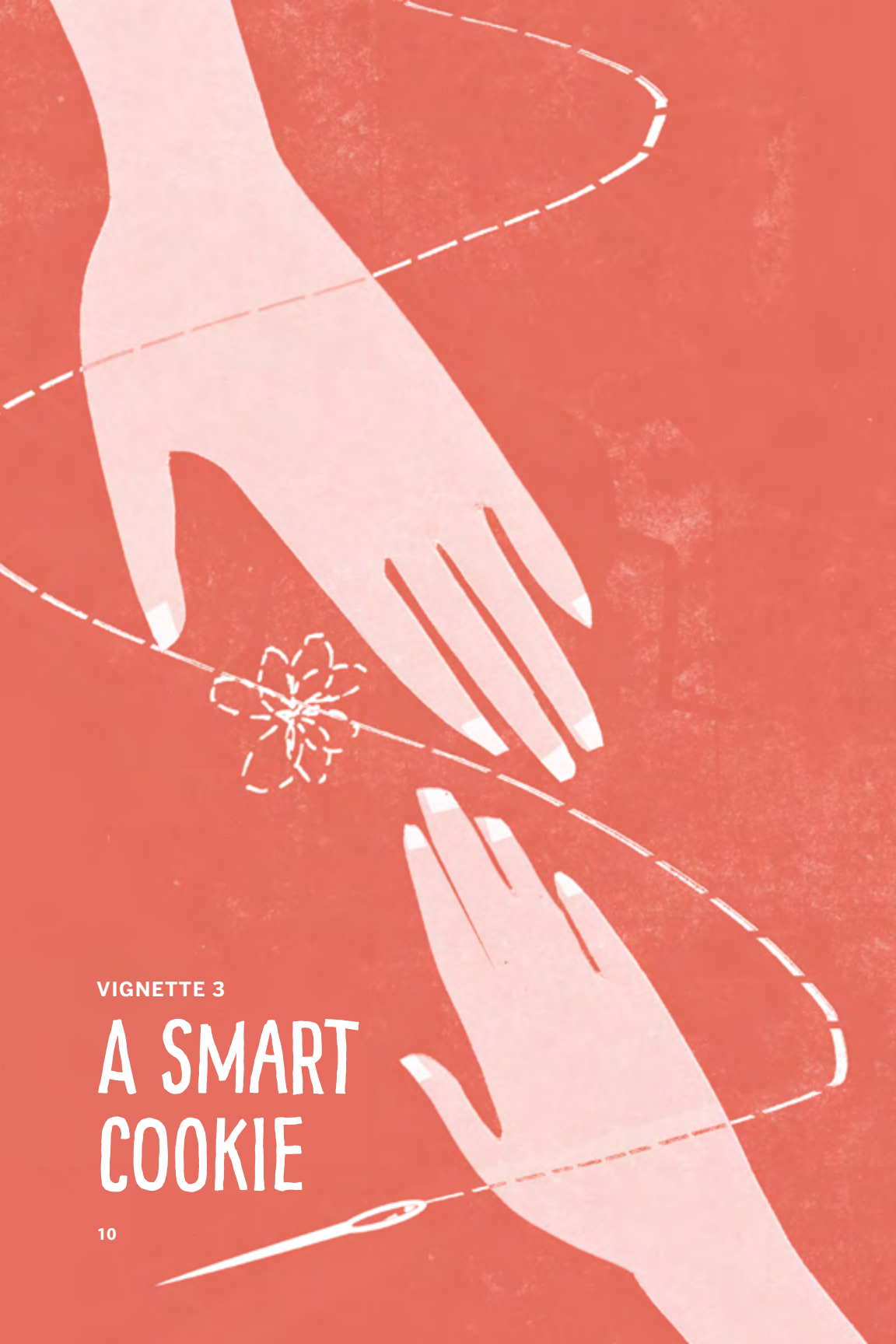
It was my great-grandmother's name and now it is mine. She was a horse woman too, born like me in the Chinese year of the horse—which is supposed to be bad luck if you're born female—but I think this is a Chinese lie because the Chinese, like the Mexicans, don't like their women strong.

My great-grandmother. I would've liked to have known her, a wild horse of a woman, so wild she wouldn't marry. Until my great-grandfather threw a sack over her head and carried her off. Just like that, as if she were a fancy chandelier. That's the way he did it.

And the story goes she never forgave him. She looked out the window her whole life, the way so many women sit their sadness on an elbow. I wonder if she made the best with what she got or was she sorry because she couldn't be all the things she wanted to be. Esperanza. I have inherited her name, but I don't want to inherit her place by the window.

At school they say my name funny as if the syllables were made out of tin and hurt the roof of your mouth. But in Spanish my name is made out of a softer something, like silver, not quite as thick as sister's name—Magdalena—which is uglier than mine. Magdalena who at least can come home and become Nenny. But I am always Esperanza.

I would like to baptize myself under a new name, a name more like the real me, the one nobody sees. Esperanza as Lisandra or Maritza or Zeze the X. Yes. Something like Zeze the X will do.



VIGNETTE 3

A SMART COOKIE

I could've been somebody, you know? my mother says and sighs. She has lived in this city her whole life. She can speak two languages. She can sing an opera. She knows how to fix a T.V. But she doesn't know which subway train to take to get downtown. I hold her hand very tight while we wait for the right train to arrive.

She used to draw when she had time. Now she draws with a needle and thread, little knotted rosebuds, tulips made of silk thread. Someday she would like to go to the ballet. Someday she would like to see a play. She borrows opera records from the public library and sings with velvety lungs powerful as morning glories.

Today while cooking oatmeal she is Madame Butterfly until she sighs and points the wooden spoon at me. I could've been somebody, you know? Esperanza, you go to school. Study hard. That Madame Butterfly was a fool. She stirs the oatmeal. Look at my *comadres*. She means Izaura whose husband left and Yolanda whose husband is dead. Got to take care all your own, she says, shaking her head.

Then out of nowhere:

Shame is a bad thing, you know. It keeps you down. You want to know why I quit school? Because I didn't have nice clothes. No clothes, but I had brains.

Yup, she says disgusted, stirring again. I was a smart cookie then.



VIGNETTE 4

OUR GOOD DAY

If you give me five dollars I will be your friend forever.

That's what the little one tells me.

Five dollars is cheap since I don't have any friends except Cathy who is only my friend till Tuesday.

Five dollars, five dollars.

She is trying to get somebody to chip in so they can buy a bicycle from this kid named Tito. They already have ten dollars and all they need is five more.

Only five dollars, she says.

Don't talk to them, says Cathy. Can't you see they smell like a broom?

But I like them. Their clothes are crooked and old. They are wearing shiny Sunday shoes without socks. It makes their bald ankles all red, but I like them. Especially the big one who laughs with all her teeth. I like her even though she lets the little one do all the talking.

Five dollars, the little one says, only five.

Cathy is tugging my arm and I know whatever I do next will make her mad forever.

Wait a minute, I say, and run inside to get the five dollars. I have three dollars saved and I take two of Nenny's. She's not home, but I'm sure she'll be glad when she finds out we own a bike. When I get back, Cathy is gone like I knew she would be, but I don't care. I have two new friends and a bike too.

My name is Lucy, the big one says. This here is Rachel my sister.

I'm her sister, says Rachel. Who are you?

And I wish my name was Cassandra or Alexis or Maritza—anything but Esperanza—but when I tell them my name they don't laugh.

We come from Texas, Lucy says and grins. Her was born here, but me I'm Texas.

You mean *she*, I say.

No, I'm from Texas, and doesn't get it.

This bike is three ways ours, says Rachel who is thinking ahead already. Mine today, Lucy's tomorrow and yours day after.

But everybody wants to ride it today because the bike is new, so we decide to take turns *after* tomorrow. Today it belongs to all of us.

I don't tell them about Nenny just yet. It's too complicated.

Especially since Rachel almost put out Lucy's eye about who was going to get to ride it first. But finally we agree to ride it together. Why not?

Because Lucy has long legs she pedals. I sit on the back seat and Rachel is skinny enough to get up on the handlebars which makes the bike all wobbly as if the wheels are spaghetti, but after a bit you get used to it.

We ride fast and faster. Past my house, sad and red and crumbly in places, past Mr. Benny's grocery on the corner, and down the avenue which is dangerous. Laundromat, junk store, drugstore, windows and cars and more cars, and around the block back to Mango.

People on the bus wave. A very fat lady crossing the street says, You sure got quite a load there.

Rachel shouts, You got quite a load there too. She is very sassy.

Down, down Mango Street we go. Rachel, Lucy, me. Our new bicycle. Laughing the crooked ride back.



VIGNETTE 5

THOSE WHO DON'T

Those who don't know any better come into our neighborhood scared. They think we're dangerous. They think we will attack them with shiny knives. They are stupid people who are lost and got here by mistake.

But we aren't afraid. We know the guy with the crooked eye is Davey the Baby's brother, and the tall one next to him in the straw brim, that's Rosa's Eddie V., and the big one that looks like a dumb grown man, he's Fat Boy, though he's not fat anymore nor a boy.

All brown all around, we are safe. But watch us drive into a neighborhood of another color and our knees go shakity-shake and our car windows get rolled up tight and our eyes look straight. Yeah. That is how it goes and goes.



VIGNETTE 6

GIL'S FURNITURE BOUGHT AND SOLD

There is a junk store. An old man owns it. We bought a used refrigerator from him once, and Carlos sold a box of magazines for a dollar. The store is small with just a dirty window for light. He doesn't turn the lights on unless you got money to buy things with, so in the dark we look and see all kinds of things, me and Nenny. Tables with their feet upside-down and rows and rows of refrigerators with round corners and couches that spin dust in the air when you punch them and a hundred T.V.'s that don't work probably. Everything is on top of everything so the whole store has skinny aisles to walk through. You can get lost easy.

The owner, he is a black man who doesn't talk much and sometimes if you didn't know better you could be in there a long time before your eyes notice a pair of gold glasses floating in the dark. Nenny who thinks she is smart and talks to any old man, asks lots of questions. Me, I never said nothing to him except once when I bought the Statue of Liberty for a dime.

But Nenny, I hear her asking one time how's this here and the man says, This, this is a music box, and I turn around quick thinking he means a *pretty* box with flowers painted on it, with a ballerina inside. Only there's nothing like that where this old

man is pointing, just a wood box that's old and got a big brass record in it with holes. Then he starts it up and all sorts of things start happening. It's like all of a sudden he let go a million moths all over the dusty furniture and swan-neck shadows and in our bones. It's like drops of water. Or like marimbas only with a funny little plucked sound to it like if you were running your fingers across the teeth of a metal comb.

And then I don't know why, but I have to turn around and pretend I don't care about the box so Nenny won't see how stupid I am. But Nenny, who is stupider, already is asking how much and I can see her fingers going for the quarters in her pants pocket.

This, the old man says shutting the lid, this ain't for sale.



VIGNETTE 7

THE THREE SISTERS



They came with the wind that blows in August, thin as a spider web and barely noticed. Three who did not seem to be related to anything but the moon. One with laughter like tin and one with eyes of a cat and one with hands like porcelain. The aunts, the three sisters, *las comadres*, they said.

The baby died. Lucy and Rachel's sister. One night a dog cried, and the next day a yellow bird flew in through an open window. Before the week was over, the baby's fever was worse. Then Jesus came and took the baby with him far away. That's what their mother said.

Then the visitors came . . . in and out of the little house. It was hard to keep the floors clean. Anybody who had ever wondered what color the walls were came and came to look at that little thumb of a human in a box like candy.

I had never seen the dead before, not for real, not in somebody's living room for people to kiss and bless themselves and light a candle for. Not in a house. It seemed strange.

They must've known, the sisters. They had the power and could sense what was what. They said, Come here, and gave me a stick of gum. They smelled like Kleenex or the inside of a satin handbag, and then I didn't feel afraid.

What's your name, the cat-eyed one asked.

Esperanza, I said.

Esperanza, the old blue-veined one repeated in a high thin voice. Esperanza . . . a good good name.

My knees hurt, the one with the funny laugh complained.

Tomorrow it will rain.

Yes, tomorrow, they said.

How do you know? I asked.

We know.

Look at her hands, cat-eyed said.

And they turned them over and over as if they were looking for something.

She's special.

Yes, she'll go very far.

Yes, yes, hmmm.

Make a wish.

A wish?

Yes, make a wish. What do you want?

Anything? I said.

Well, why not?

I closed my eyes.

Did you wish already?

Yes, I said.

Well, that's all there is to it. It'll come true.

How do you know? I asked.

We know, we know.

Esperanza. The one with marble hands called me aside.
Esperanza. She held my face with her blue-veined hands and looked and looked at me. A long silence. When you leave you must remember always to come back, she said.

What?

When you leave you must remember to come back for the others. A circle, understand? You will always be Esperanza. You will always be Mango Street. You can't erase what you know. You can't forget who you are.

Then I didn't know what to say. It was as if she could read my mind, as if she knew what I had wished for, and I felt ashamed for having made such a selfish wish.

You must remember to come back. For the ones who cannot leave as easily as you. You will remember? She asked as if she was telling me. Yes, yes, I said a little confused.

Good, she said, rubbing my hands. Good. That's all. You can go.

I got up to join Lucy and Rachel who were already outside waiting by the door, wondering what I was doing talking to

three old ladies who smelled like cinnamon. I didn't understand everything they had told me. I turned around. They smiled and waved in their smoky way.

Then I didn't see them. Not once, or twice, or ever again.



VIGNETTE 8

A HOUSE OF MY OWN

Not a flat. Not an apartment in back. Not a man's house.
Not a daddy's. A house all my own. With my porch and my
pillow, my pretty purple petunias. My books and my stories. My
two shoes waiting beside the bed. Nobody to shake a stick at.
Nobody's garbage to pick up after.

Only a house quiet as snow, a space for myself to go, clean as
paper before the poem.



VIGNETTE 9

MANGO SAYS GOODBYE SOMETIMES

I like to tell stories. I tell them inside my head. I tell them after the mailman says, Here's your mail. Here's your mail, he said.

I make a story for my life, for each step my brown shoe takes. I say, "And so she trudged up the wooden stairs, her sad brown shoes taking her to the house she never liked."

I like to tell stories. I am going to tell you a story about a girl who didn't want to belong.

We didn't always live on Mango Street. Before that we lived on Loomis on the third floor, and before that we lived on Keeler. Before Keeler it was Paulina, but what I remember most is Mango Street, sad red house, the house I belong but do not belong to.

I put it down on paper and then the ghost does not ache so much. I write it down and Mango says goodbye sometimes. She does not hold me with both arms. She sets me free.

One day I will pack my bags of books and paper. One day I will say goodbye to Mango. I am too strong for her to keep me here forever. One day I will go away.

Friends and neighbors will say, What happened to that Esperanza? Where did she go with all those books and paper? Why did she march so far away?

They will not know I have gone away to come back. For the ones I left behind. For the ones who cannot out.



VIGNETTE 10

A RICE SANDWICH

The special kids, the ones who wear keys around their necks, get to eat in the canteen. The canteen! Even the name sounds important. And these kids at lunch time go there because their mothers aren't home or home is too far away to get to.

My home isn't far but it's not close either, and somehow I got it in my head one day to ask my mother to make me a sandwich and write a note to the principal so I could eat in the canteen too.

Oh no, she says pointing the butter knife at me as if I'm starting trouble, no sir. Next thing you know everybody will be wanting a bag lunch—I'll be up all night cutting bread into little triangles, this one with mayonnaise, this one with mustard, no pickles on mine, but mustard on one side please. You kids just like to invent more work for me.

But Nenny says she doesn't want to eat at school—ever—because she likes to go home with her best friend Gloria who lives across the schoolyard. Gloria's mama has a big color T.V. and all they do is watch cartoons. Kiki and Carlos, on the other hand, are patrol boys. They don't want to eat at school either. They like to stand out in the cold especially if it's raining. They think suffering is good for you ever since they saw that movie *300 Spartans*.

I'm no Spartan and hold up an anemic wrist to prove it. I can't even blow up a balloon without getting dizzy. And besides, I know how to make my own lunch. If I ate at school there'd be less dishes to wash. You would see me less and less and like me better. Everyday at noon my chair would be empty. Where is my favorite daughter? you would cry, and when I came home finally at three p.m. you would appreciate me.

Okay, okay, my mother says after three days of this. And the following morning I get to go to school with my mother's letter and a rice sandwich because we don't have lunch meat.

Mondays or Fridays, it doesn't matter, mornings always go by slow and this day especially. But lunchtime came finally and I got to get in line with the stay-at-school kids. Everything is fine until the nun who knows all the canteen kids by heart looks at me and says: You, who sent you here? And since I am shy, I don't say anything, just hold out my hand with the letter. This is no good, she says, till Sister Superior gives the okay. Go upstairs and see her. And so I went.

I had to wait for two kids in front of me to get hollered at, one because he did something in class, the other because he didn't. My

turn came and I stood in front of the big desk with holy pictures under the glass while the Sister Superior read my letter. It went like this:

Dear Sister Superior,

Please let Esperanza eat in the lunchroom because she lives too far away and she gets tired. As you can see she is very skinny. I hope to God she does not faint.

Thanking you,

Mrs. E. Cordero

You don't live far, she says. You live across the boulevard. That's only four blocks. Not even. Three maybe. Three long blocks away from here. I bet I can see your house from my window. Which one? Come here. Which one is your house?

And then she made me stand up on a box of books and point. That one? she said, pointing to a row of ugly three-flats, the ones even the raggedy men are ashamed to go into. Yes, I nodded even though I knew that wasn't my house and started to cry. I always cry when nuns yell at me, even if they're not yelling.

Then she was sorry and said I could stay—just for today, not tomorrow or the day after—you go home. And I said yes and could I please have a Kleenex—I had to blow my nose.

In the canteen, which was nothing special, lots of boys and girls watched while I cried and ate my sandwich, the bread already greasy and the rice cold.





LESSONS



VIGNETTE 1

THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET

We didn't always live on Mango Street. Before that we lived on Loomis on the third floor, and before that we lived on Keeler. Before Keeler it was Paulina, and before that I can't remember. But what I remember most is moving a lot. Each time it seemed there'd be one more of us. By the time we got to Mango Street we were six—Mama, Papa, Carlos, Kiki, my sister Nenny and me.

The house on Mango Street is ours, and we don't have to pay rent to anybody, or share the yard with the people downstairs, or be careful not to make too much noise, and there isn't a landlord banging on the ceiling with a broom. But even so, it's not the house we'd thought we'd get.

We had to leave the flat on Loomis quick. The water pipes broke and the landlord wouldn't fix them because the house was too old. We had to leave fast. We were using the washroom next door and carrying water over in empty milk gallons. That's why Mama and Papa looked for a house, and that's why we moved into the house on Mango Street, far away, on the other side of town.

They always told us that one day we would move into a house, a real house that would be ours for always so we wouldn't have

to move each year. And our house would have running water and pipes that worked. And inside it would have real stairs, not hallway stairs, but stairs inside like the houses on T.V. And we'd have a basement and at least three washrooms so when we took a bath we wouldn't have to tell everybody. Our house would be white with trees around it, a great big yard and grass growing without a fence. This was the house Papa talked about when he held a lottery ticket and this was the house Mama dreamed up in the stories she told us before we went to bed.

But the house on Mango Street is not the way they told it at all. It's small and red with tight steps in front and windows so small you'd think they were holding their breath. Bricks are crumbling in places, and the front door is so swollen you have to push hard to get in. There is no front yard, only four little elms the city planted by the curb. Out back is a small garage for the car we don't own yet and a small yard that looks smaller between the two buildings on either side. There are stairs in our house, but they're ordinary hallway stairs, and the house has only one washroom. Everybody has to share a bedroom—Mama and Papa, Carlos and Kiki, me and Nenny.

Once when we were living on Loomis, a nun from my school passed by and saw me playing out front. The laundromat downstairs had been boarded up because it had been robbed two days before and the owner had painted on the wood YES WE'RE OPEN so as not to lose business.

Where do you live? she asked.

There, I said pointing up to the third floor.

You live *there*?

There. I had to look to where she pointed—the third floor, the paint peeling, wooden bars Papa had nailed on the windows so we wouldn't fall out. You live *there*? The way she said it made me feel like nothing. *There.* I lived *there*. I nodded.

I knew then I had to have a house. A real house. One I could point to. But this isn't it. The house on Mango Street isn't it. For the time being, Mama says. Temporary, says Papa. But I know how those things go.

1.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

 READING**VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"**

Along with your teacher, underline each word or phrase that describes the house on Mango Street.



But the house on Mango Street is not the way they told it at all. It's small and red with tight steps in front and windows so small you'd think they were holding their breath. Bricks are crumbling in places, and the front door is so swollen you have to push hard to get in. There is no front yard, only four little elms the city planted by the curb. Out back is a small garage for the car we don't own yet and a small yard that looks smaller between the two buildings on either side. There are stairs in our house, but they're ordinary hallway stairs, and the house has only one washroom. Everybody has to share a bedroom—Mama and Papa, Carlos and Kiki, me and Nenny.

Name: _____

Date: _____

1.1



1.2

Name: _____

Date: _____

 READING**VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"**

Underline the words or phrases describing the Imagined House or the Loomis Street flat (your teacher will assign you one of these passages).

Once you have underlined the words or phrases, read them *exactly as written*, as quotes, to your partner. You and your partner should be sitting back to back.

Your partner should then draw exactly what you have read, and annotate his or her drawing with the words and phrases. For example, if you read "small" and "red," your partner should draw a small, red house and write the words *small* and *red* in quotation marks.

If you are describing the Imagined House, you should go first. If you are describing the Loomis Street flat, you should go second.

By the end of this exercise, you should have either (a) underlined the words about the Imagined House and drawn the Loomis Street flat according to your partner's description, or (b) underlined the words about the Loomis Street flat and drawn the Imagined House according to your partner's description.

Once you are both done, show each other your drawings and check for any details that may have been missed.

Name: _____

Date: _____

1.2

 DRAWING**VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"**

Draw in the space below.



Don't forget that when you are annotating with words or phrases from the text, you should use quotation marks!

1.3

Name: _____

Date: _____

 WRITING

VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"

In the space below, write your descriptions. Write for ten minutes, trying to be as precise and detailed as possible.

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Now look back over your description and add one more detail. You could add verbs or adjectives to make your description clearer.

Name: _____

Date: _____

1.3

[illegible]

1.3

Name: _____

Date: _____

 DRAWING

VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"

Read your partner's description and draw what your partner has described! Remember: draw only *exactly* what is written on the page. Don't forget to annotate your drawing.



CORE VOCABULARY

crumbling—*adj.*, slowly falling apart, usually by breaking into small pieces

elms—*n.*, a type of tree, usually large

flat—*n.*, an apartment

temporary—*adj.*, not lasting a long time, not permanent

washroom—*n.*, a room, often public, with washing and usually toilet facilities

LITERARY VOCABULARY

annotate—to add notes to a text or drawing to explain it or comment on it

deduction—a conclusion or answer arrived at from the evidence

emphasis—added stress, or force, to something written

setting—the time and place of the story

vignette—a short episode, account, or description

visualization—*n.*, forming images in your mind



VIGNETTE 2

MY NAME

I n English my name means hope. In Spanish it means too many letters. It means sadness, it means waiting. It is like the number nine. A muddy color. It is the Mexican records my father plays on Sunday mornings when he is shaving, songs like sobbing.

It was my great-grandmother's name and now it is mine. She was a horse woman too, born like me in the Chinese year of the horse—which is supposed to be bad luck if you're born female—but I think this is a Chinese lie because the Chinese, like the Mexicans, don't like their women strong.

My great-grandmother. I would've liked to have known her, a wild horse of a woman, so wild she wouldn't marry. Until my great-grandfather threw a sack over her head and carried her off. Just like that, as if she were a fancy chandelier. That's the way he did it.

And the story goes she never forgave him. She looked out the window her whole life, the way so many women sit their sadness on an elbow. I wonder if she made the best with what she got or was she sorry because she couldn't be all the things she wanted to be. Esperanza. I have inherited her name, but I don't want to inherit her place by the window.

At school they say my name funny as if the syllables were made out of tin and hurt the roof of your mouth. But in Spanish my name is made out of a softer something, like silver, not quite as thick as sister's name—Magdalena—which is uglier than mine. Magdalena who at least can come home and become Nenny. But I am always Esperanza.

I would like to baptize myself under a new name, a name more like the real me, the one nobody sees. Esperanza as Lisandra or Maritza or Zeze the X. Yes. Something like Zeze the X will do.

2.1

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"

Refer back to Writer's Journal 1.3 and Vignette 1: "The House on Mango Street." You will use the drawings your partner created to gain feedback on your written description and understand how you can make it even better.

Look at the drawing your partner made of your written description. Compare the description to your partner's drawing and see if anything is missing or was drawn differently by your partner.

Ask your partner the questions below, pointing him or her to the differences or missing parts, and listen carefully to his or her answers. Write your partner's answers below and then swap.

1. Was there anything in my description that was confusing or that you weren't sure of?

2. What could have made my description clearer?

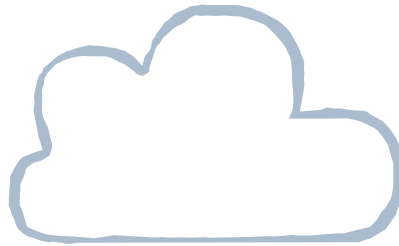
Name: _____

Date: _____

Now go back to your original description and write notes for revision, so that:

- Anything confusing is made clearer.
- Anything your partner missed, or drew differently from what you intended, is described clearly.

You may wish to add additional sentences at the bottom, or add in adjectives, or cross out words or sentences and write new ones.



NOTE TO STUDENT

Did you know you can create new descriptions, or continue to work on these, in the back of your Writer's Journal? There is space for you to explore creative writing.

2.2

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"

Below are a series of words that might be appropriate for how the narrator feels about the different places you described in the previous lesson. Choose the word you think is most appropriate. Fill in the blanks below with the word you have chosen and your evidence from the text. Remember to use quotation marks!

excited**ashamed****proud****happy****unhappy****disappointed****bored****sad**

MANGO STREET HOUSE

1. Complete the blanks below to convey how the narrator feels about the house on Mango Street.

I think the most appropriate word to describe the narrator's feelings is:

because the chapter says: _____

Name: _____

Date: _____

IMAGINED HOUSE

2. Complete the blanks below to convey how the narrator feels about the Imagined House.

I think the most appropriate word to describe the narrator's feelings is:

because the chapter says: _____

LOOMIS STREET FLAT

3. Complete the blanks below to convey how the narrator feels about the Loomis Street flat.

I think the most appropriate word to describe the narrator's feelings is:

because the chapter says: _____

CHALLENGE!

Can you come up with your own adjectives to describe the narrator's feelings?

2.3

Name: _____

Date: _____



GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET," VIGNETTE 2: "MY NAME"

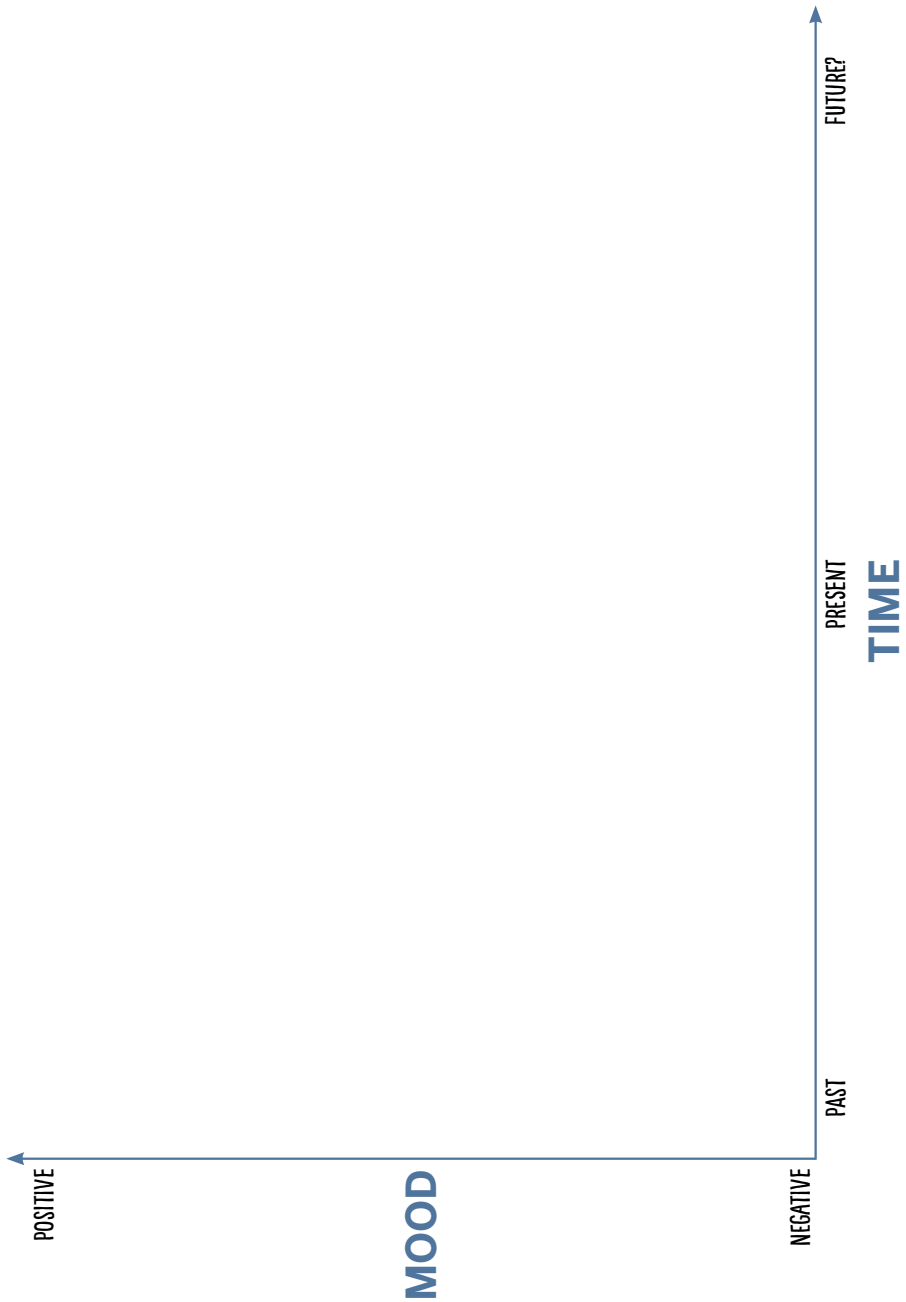
Fill in the table below with your teacher. For each place listed, indicate whether the narrator lived there in the past, the present, or would like to live there in the future. Then, place the word you selected in the previous activity indicating the narrator's mood. Finally, add one of the quotes you chose in the previous activity (so, for the Loomis flat you might insert, "it made me feel like nothing.").

	Time	Mood	Quote
Imagined House			
Mango Street House			
Loomis Street Flat			

Name: _____

Date: _____

2.3



2.4

Name: _____

Date: _____



GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 2: "MY NAME"

Using the table below, write all of the words and phrases the narrator uses to describe her name in the first paragraph of "My Name." If the word or phrase is positive, place it in the Positive column. If it is negative, place it in the Negative column. Otherwise, place it in the Neutral column. At the end, count how many words or phrases are in each column and show the total in the Total row.

	Positive	Negative	Neutral
Quote			
Total			

Write your answers to the questions below:

1. What is Esperanza describing in paragraphs 2, 3, 4?

2. Did her great-grandmother have a happy life or a sad life?

Name: _____

Date: _____

3. Can you provide evidence from the text that backs your answer above?

4. Does Esperanza want the same life as her great-grandmother?

5. Can you provide a quote from the text as evidence for your last answer?

6. What would Esperanza most like to be called?

7. Would she feel happy if she were called Zeze the X?

2.5

Name: _____

Date: _____

 GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 2: "MY NAME"

Name/Person	Time	Mood (least positive to most positive)	Quote to show mood
Great-Grandmother (old Esperanza)	Past		<i>"sit their sadness on an elbow"</i> <i>"I don't want to inherit her place by the window"</i>
	Present		(You do not need to place a quote here)
	Future?		

VOCABULARY FOR MY NAME

READING VOCABULARY

aspiration—n., the hope of achieving something

baptize—v., perform a Christian ceremony through which people are named

chandelier—n., a lamp that hangs from the ceiling

Chinese year of the horse—idiom, the Chinese have a twelve-year cycle where each year is named after an animal

fancy—adj., nice and probably expensive

records—n., flat discs that store music and can be played aloud

sobbing—adj., crying a lot

LITERARY VOCABULARY

character— the qualities and personality of someone in the book

theme— a key subject or idea, usually seen repeatedly in the text

3.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

READING

VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"

1. Who are the characters in this scene?



Name: _____

Date: _____

2. Underline the dialogue in the paragraphs below (when something is being said out loud.)

Once when we were living on Loomis, a nun from my school passed by and saw me playing out front. The laundromat downstairs had been boarded up because it had been robbed two days before and the owner had painted on the wood YES WE'RE OPEN so as not to lose business.

Where do you live? she asked.

There, I said pointing up to the third floor.

You live *there*?

There. I had to look to where she pointed—the third floor, the paint peeling, wooden bars Papa had nailed on the windows so we wouldn't fall out. You live *there*? The way she said it made me feel like nothing. *There*. I lived *there*. I nodded.

3. Now go back and underline in a different color any action in the scene—anything that is carried out by Esperanza or the nun.

3.2

Name: _____

Date: _____

 ACTING**VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"**

In your groups of three, one of you will be the director, and the other two will play Esperanza and the nun.

The director's job is to make sure the scene is accurately showing what happens and how the different characters talk to each other and feel. The director has to concentrate hard on the text, listen to the actors, and give them feedback.

The actors have to make the audience believe they *are* the nun and Esperanza!

Read and think about the specific questions below to prepare for your role.

As the nun, think about:

- How would the nun walk?
- How might the way she said "Where do you live?" *before* she knew where Esperanza lived be different from the way she said "You live *there*?"
- What look might she have on her face in different parts of the conversation?

As Esperanza, think about:

- How would Esperanza look when she is playing before the nun shows up?
- How might her feelings change as she talks to the nun?
- What might her facial expressions be in different parts of the conversation?

Name: _____

Date: _____

3.2

As the director, think about:

- Are the characters standing or sitting? Where are they looking? Where are they pointing?
- How do they emphasize their words? Is it “You live there?” Or “You *live* there?” Or “You live *there*?”
- How does what one character says change what the other character says or feels?

When listening as an audience, think about:

- How did the actors show the emotions of the characters?
- Were they following the text? Did they look and point in the right places?
- How did the nun say “You live *there*?”
- Look at the actors’ facial expressions. How do they change throughout the scene? Look at the sentences below.

**NOTE TO STUDENT**

Sometimes actors spend weeks rehearsing just one line and making sure that they portray the feelings and ideas of their characters perfectly!

3.3

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"

You are now going to write an opinion statement. Writing an opinion means that you state your opinion in answer to a question, then use evidence from the text to back up that opinion.

The question you will answer is:

How did Esperanza's mood change through the scene with the nun?

You may wish to start your sentence with the following:

I think Esperanza's mood went from ____ to ____ in this scene.

For example you might say:

I think Esperanza's mood went from miserable to ecstatic. I think that because in the third paragraph she said "I am jumping up and down and grinning," and you only do that when you are very happy or ecstatic.

As you write your opinion think about the following questions:

1. Are there any clues in the text about how Esperanza felt before the nun arrived?
2. Do we think Esperanza felt the same after the nun's first question ("Where do you live?") as her second question ("You live there?")?

Remember to use quotes from the text and to explain what you think those quotes mean.

Name: _____

Date: _____

3.3

[illegible]

3.4

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"

You will now rewrite the scene between Esperanza and the nun, imagining that Esperanza is now called Zeze the X and that the nun can see the real her.

How would Esperanza behave differently if she had the name Zeze the X and if she were behaving like the real her? What would she say? How would the nun respond?

Remember that details are very important when you create scenes. Think back to your description writing from Lessons 1 and 2 and the feedback you received. Think about how to use the feedback you received into this description.

You can always look back to the text for clues about the characters and what they may have wanted to happen.

Name: _____

Date: _____



NOTE TO STUDENT

You might want to think about the following questions as you write:

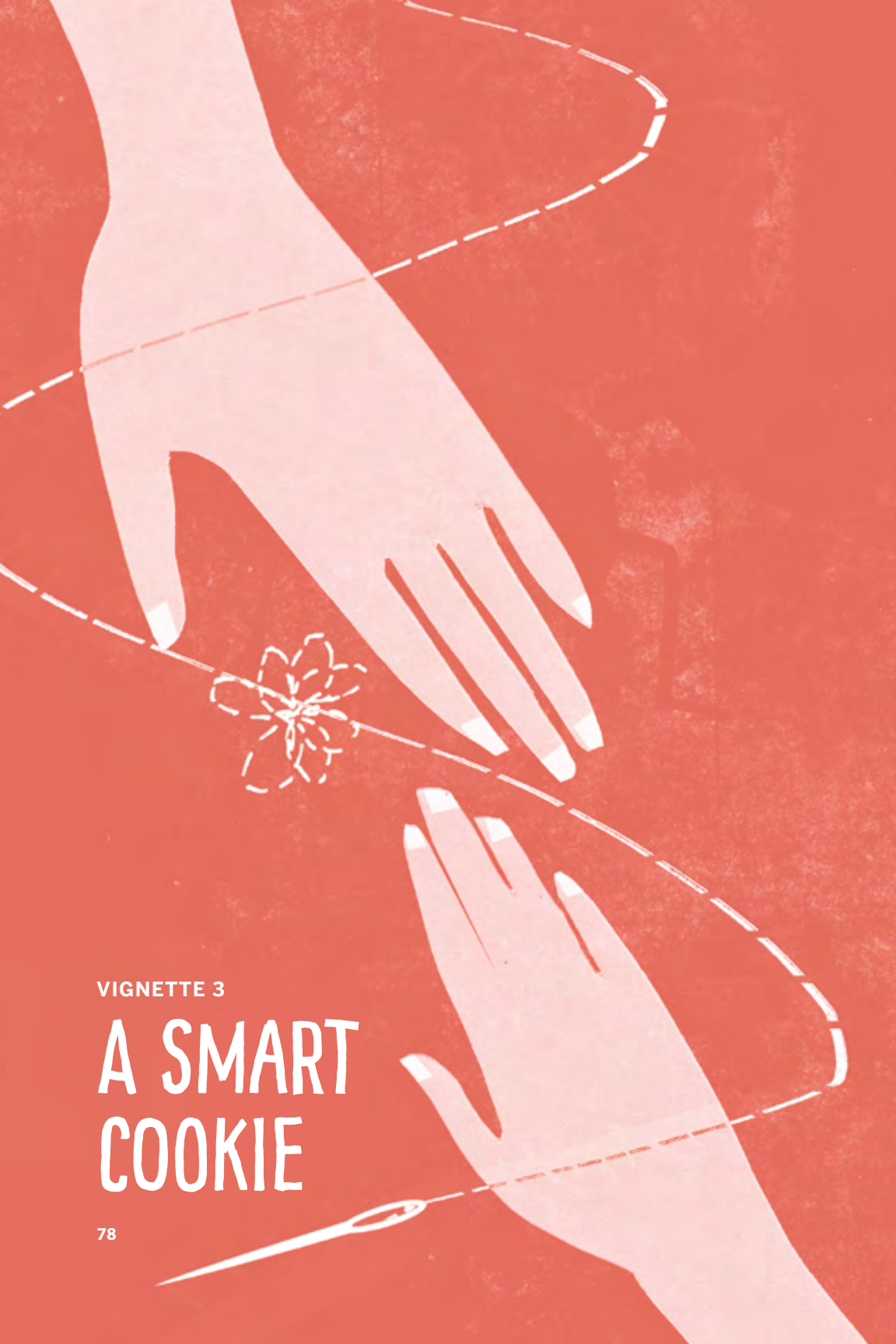
- What was Zeze the X wearing?
- Who spoke first?
- What did they say?
- How did Zeze the X feel at the end of the conversation?



LITERARY VOCABULARY

perception—the way something is seen. People can have different perceptions of the same event

scene—the place where an event happens or a sequence of action in a movie, play, or book



VIGNETTE 3

A SMART COOKIE

I could've been somebody, you know? my mother says and sighs. She has lived in this city her whole life. She can speak two languages. She can sing an opera. She knows how to fix a T.V. But she doesn't know which subway train to take to get downtown. I hold her hand very tight while we wait for the right train to arrive.

She used to draw when she had time. Now she draws with a needle and thread, little knotted rosebuds, tulips made of silk thread. Someday she would like to go to the ballet. Someday she would like to see a play. She borrows opera records from the public library and sings with velvety lungs powerful as morning glories.

Today while cooking oatmeal she is Madame Butterfly until she sighs and points the wooden spoon at me. I could've been somebody, you know? Esperanza, you go to school. Study hard. That Madame Butterfly was a fool. She stirs the oatmeal. Look at my *comadres*. She means Izaura whose husband left and Yolanda whose husband is dead. Got to take care all your own, she says, shaking her head.

Then out of nowhere:

Shame is a bad thing, you know. It keeps you down. You want to know why I quit school? Because I didn't have nice clothes. No clothes, but I had brains.

Yup, she says disgusted, stirring again. I was a smart cookie then.

4.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

 READING**VIGNETTE 3: "A SMART COOKIE"**

Turn back to the vignette at the beginning of the lesson, placing quotation marks around all the dialogue. Remember to close quotation marks when the person has finished speaking.

**NOTE TO STUDENT**

Dialogue is the words someone says aloud to someone else.

**NOTE TO STUDENT**

Comadres is a Spanish word that means "female friends."

Name: _____

Date: _____

4.2

 ACTING**VIGNETTE 3: "A SMART COOKIE"**

Today you will work in pairs. One of you will be the actor playing Esperanza's mother, and the other will be the director. Don't worry about Esperanza.

The actor should pay close attention to:

- The mother's emotions at different times. How does the mother feel when she is speaking these lines? How can you convey that with your tone and your facial expressions?
- What kind of person is the mother, and how does that affect how she moves and speaks?

The director should pay close attention to the mother's actions, such as:

- Where is the mother looking?
- At what is she pointing?
- What is she doing?

As the director, you may wish to help the actor by gently moving his or her hands and arms to where you think they should be pointing.

**NOTE TO STUDENT**

Remember the poems we read on sarcasm and tone? Look for the same clues here to figure out how to speak the lines.

4.3

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

VIGNETTE 3: "A SMART COOKIE"

Think about whether other people's views are holding you back or whether they make you want to work harder and do more.

In the space below, write how you think you respond to other people's opinions and whether you would like that to change.

[illegible]

[illegible]

NOTE TO STUDENT

Esperanza's mother wants Esperanza to do well and learn from her (the mother's) mistakes. You may wish to have a conversation with a loved one tonight about the chapter you just read. Tell that person about your hopes for the future and ask advice about how to achieve your dreams.



CORE VOCABULARY

Madame Butterfly—n., a famous opera in which the title character falls in love with a man who betrays her

opera—n., a musical performance in which all the words are sung

rosebuds—n., small young roses before they become full flowers

smart cookie—idiom, clever person

velvety—adj., like velvet, a soft, expensive fabric

5.1

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

Some of the phrases below are metaphors and some are similes.
For each:

- 1) Write down the meaning of the phrase.
- 2) Write whether the phrase is an example of a metaphor or a simile.

The first has been completed for you.

1. I'm so hungry I could eat a horse!

Meaning: I am very hungry.

Type of figurative meaning: metaphor

2. It's raining cats and dogs!

Meaning: _____

Type of figurative language: _____

3. I'm frozen with fear!

Meaning: _____

Type of figurative language: _____

4. Clouds like marshmallows

Meaning: _____

Type of figurative language: _____

Name: _____

Date: _____

5. Yesterday's homework was a breeze.

Meaning: _____

Type of figurative language: _____

6. He cried like a baby.

Meaning: _____

Type of figurative language: _____

CHALLENGE!

IF YOU FINISH WITH TIME REMAINING, CAN YOU CREATE YOUR OWN SIMILE OR METAPHOR ABOUT AN OBJECT IN THE CLASSROOM?

5.2

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

Look at the sentences below. They are examples of personification. Just as in the example, write down what is being personified and the human characteristic or action the object is being given.

Example:

Windows so small you'd think they were holding their breath.

Personified: windows

Human characteristic: holding their breath

1. The sun glared down at them.

Personified: _____

Human characteristic: _____

2. The wind danced through the streets.

Personified: _____

Human characteristic: _____

3. The phone woke up and rang loudly.

Personified: _____

Human characteristic: _____

4. The house was depressed and lonely.

Personified: _____

Human characteristic: _____

Name: _____

Date: _____

5.3

 GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 2: “MY NAME”

Working in your pair, look at the chart below and write down the ways in which you think the chandelier’s description compares with the great-grandmother’s. For example, under “Great-Grandmother” and next to “A chandelier is an object,” write down in what way the great-grandmother might be like an object. Remember to use evidence from the text!

Great-Grandmother	Chandelier
<i>“threw a sack over her head”</i>	Chandeliers can be moved by being wrapped in a sack, just as the great-grandmother was carried by a sack being thrown over her head.
	A chandelier is an object.
	A chandelier is “fancy.”
	We use chandeliers to provide light and to make our rooms look pretty.

5.4

Name: _____

Date: _____



GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 2: "MY NAME"

Complete the chart below for the phrase you have been assigned.

Phrase: "Sit their sadness on an elbow"	
Metaphor or simile?	
Thinking about the phrase "sitting on an elbow." What does that look like? Where would the person's weight be?	
Now think about the phrase "sitting your sadness on an elbow." How might people sitting that way look? Would their shoulders be hunched or straight? Would they look down, up, or straight ahead? Would they be frowning, smiling, or something else? Describe how such a person would look.	
Close your eyes and imagine where the person is. Is that person in a room or outside? What is the person sitting on and looking at? Hint: Look at the last words in this paragraph: "I don't want to inherit her place by the window." Does that give you clues about where the great-grandmother might have been and where she would have been looking?	

Name: _____

Date: _____



GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 3: "A SMART COOKIE"

Phrase: "She used to draw when she had time. Now she draws with a needle and thread, little knotted rosebuds, tulips made of silk thread."

Metaphor or simile?	
What could "drawing with a needle and thread" mean? What is the literal activity Esperanza is referring to?	
Why would someone draw rosebuds and tulips with a needle and thread? Hint: Women used to sometimes have jobs as "seamstresses" to earn money. Seamstresses sewed things.	
In the next sentence Esperanza says her mother did other things "when she had time." What might that mean?	

Once you have finished your notes, turn to your partner and explain your answers. When your partner is explaining, listen attentively.

**NOTE TO STUDENT**

If you haven't understood something or have additional ideas, wait until your partner is finished to ask your questions. Your partner will do the same for you!

5.5

Name: _____

Date: _____



GRAPHING

+



WRITING

In this activity you will start working on your own stories of aspiration! You will continue working on these stories tomorrow and next week.

First, decide whether you want to write nonfiction or fiction. If you write nonfiction, the story will be about you and your real aspirations. If you write fiction it can still be about you, but you will invent things about your life, your aspirations, and your actions. You can also write about someone completely different if you choose fiction.

Now decide what your, or your character's, aspirations are! What do you or your character want from life that is different from today?

Your story will tell us what you or your character's aspirations are and how you or your character works to achieve them.

Today you will write the first chapter with the setting and the first encounter with another person. This is just like the first vignette you read, "The House on Mango Street." You may wish to reread that vignette for help.

First you should plan your chapter. Fill in the following table.

The character's aspirations	<i>e.g., He wanted to be a soccer player.</i>
Setting (Remember to put in lots of details!)	

Name: _____

Date: _____

5.5

People the character met	<i>e.g., a soccer coach</i>
Sensory details: What the character saw/heard/touched/smelled/tasted	
Dialogue: What the character said to the person he or she met, how the person responded	
What the character felt/thought/learned because of the conversation How this links to his or her aspirations	
Optional: Figurative language you would like to include (a metaphor or a simile)	



LITERARY VOCABULARY

figurative language—words or phrases that mean more than their dictionary definition; similes and metaphors are two examples of figurative language

metaphor—a comparison that does not use the words *like* or *as*

personification—describing non-human things as if they had human qualities

simile—a comparison using the words *like* or *as*

6.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

 **WRITING**

In the space below, write the first chapter of your story of aspiration.

[illegible]

Name: _____

Date: _____

6.1

[illegible]



VIGNETTE 4

OUR GOOD DAY

If you give me five dollars I will be your friend forever.

That's what the little one tells me.

Five dollars is cheap since I don't have any friends except Cathy who is only my friend till Tuesday.

Five dollars, five dollars.

She is trying to get somebody to chip in so they can buy a bicycle from this kid named Tito. They already have ten dollars and all they need is five more.

Only five dollars, she says.

Don't talk to them, says Cathy. Can't you see they smell like a broom?

But I like them. Their clothes are crooked and old. They are wearing shiny Sunday shoes without socks. It makes their bald ankles all red, but I like them. Especially the big one who laughs with all her teeth. I like her even though she lets the little one do all the talking.

Five dollars, the little one says, only five.

Cathy is tugging my arm and I know whatever I do next will make her mad forever.

Wait a minute, I say, and run inside to get the five dollars. I have three dollars saved and I take two of Nenny's. She's not home, but I'm sure she'll be glad when she finds out we own a bike. When I get back, Cathy is gone like I knew she would be, but I don't care. I have two new friends and a bike too.

My name is Lucy, the big one says. This here is Rachel my sister.

I'm her sister, says Rachel. Who are you?

And I wish my name was Cassandra or Alexis or Maritza—anything but Esperanza—but when I tell them my name they don't laugh.

We come from Texas, Lucy says and grins. Her was born here, but me I'm Texas.

You mean *she*, I say.

No, I'm from Texas, and doesn't get it.

This bike is three ways ours, says Rachel who is thinking ahead already. Mine today, Lucy's tomorrow and yours day after.

But everybody wants to ride it today because the bike is new, so we decide to take turns *after* tomorrow. Today it belongs to all of us.

I don't tell them about Nenny just yet. It's too complicated.

Especially since Rachel almost put out Lucy's eye about who was going to get to ride it first. But finally we agree to ride it together. Why not?

Because Lucy has long legs she pedals. I sit on the back seat and Rachel is skinny enough to get up on the handlebars which makes the bike all wobbly as if the wheels are spaghetti, but after a bit you get used to it.

We ride fast and faster. Past my house, sad and red and crumbly in places, past Mr. Benny's grocery on the corner, and down the avenue which is dangerous. Laundromat, junk store, drugstore, windows and cars and more cars, and around the block back to Mango.

People on the bus wave. A very fat lady crossing the street says, You sure got quite a load there.

Rachel shouts, You got quite a load there too. She is very sassy.

Down, down Mango Street we go. Rachel, Lucy, me. Our new bicycle. Laughing the crooked ride back.

7.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

 GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 4: "OUR GOOD DAY"

The table on the next page shows personal pronouns used in the first few paragraphs of "Our Good Day." The first column indicates in which paragraph each pronoun is found. Read the text, and in the third column name the character the pronoun refers to.

In the final column, find a quote from the text that helped you identify the character (hint: it may not be the same sentence that uses the pronoun).



NOTE TO STUDENT

Did you know that hundreds of years ago English used to have different words for *you* depending on whether it was singular or plural? *You* was the plural (for talking to many people). *Thou* and *thee* were used for talking to a single person. English is one of the only languages that does not have a different singular and plural word for *you*. Do you think that can be confusing?

Name: _____

Date: _____

7.1



7.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

Paragraph	Pronoun
1	<i>You</i> in “If you give” <i>Me</i> in “little one tells me”
1	<i>Me</i> in “me five dollars” <i>I</i> in “I will be your friend forever”
4	<i>She</i> in “She is trying to get somebody to chip in”
4	<i>They</i> from “they already have ten dollars”
7	<i>Them</i> in “But I like them” <i>They</i> in “They are wearing shiny Sunday shoes”
7	<i>Her</i> and <i>she</i> in “I like her even though she lets the little one do all the talking”

Name: _____

Date: _____

7.1

Character	Record the sentence that helped you identify this character
Esperanza	"that's what the little one tells me"

7.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

READING

VIGNETTE 4: "OUR GOOD DAY"

1. The first sentence of the vignette introduces a character without using her name and without using quotation marks to show dialogue:

If you give me five dollars, I will be your friend forever. That's what the little one tells me.

The author could have written:

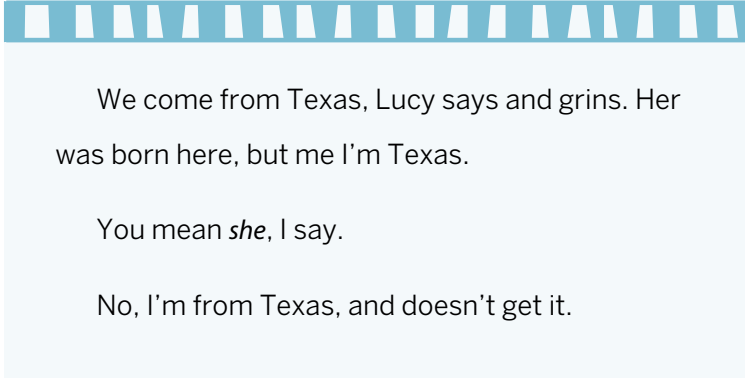
"If you give me five dollars I will be your friend forever," said Rachel.

Why do you think the author introduced this character without first using her name?

Name: _____

Date: _____

2. Read the following passage from the text:



Esperanza comments that she “doesn’t get it.” Whom is Esperanza referring to?

3. What doesn’t she “get”?

7.2

Name: _____

Date: _____

 GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 4: “OUR GOOD DAY”

With your partner, complete the following chart. Remember to use evidence from the text.

Character Name	How does Esperanza feel about this character?
1. Rachel	
2. Cathy	
3. Lucy	

VOCABULARY FOR
“OUR GOOD DAY”

READING VOCABULARY

chip in—**idiom** contribute, help out

complicated—**adj.**, difficult to explain

crooked—**adj.**, not straight

especially—**adv.**, particularly

LITERARY VOCABULARY

personal pronoun—shows the person or people speaking, being spoken to, or being spoken about without naming that person or people





VIGNETTE 5

THOSE WHO DON'T

Those who don't know any better come into our neighborhood scared. They think we're dangerous. They think we will attack them with shiny knives. They are stupid people who are lost and got here by mistake.

But we aren't afraid. We know the guy with the crooked eye is Davey the Baby's brother, and the tall one next to him in the straw brim, that's Rosa's Eddie V., and the big one that looks like a dumb grown man, he's Fat Boy, though he's not fat anymore nor a boy.

All brown all around, we are safe. But watch us drive into a neighborhood of another color and our knees go shakity-shake and our car windows get rolled up tight and our eyes look straight. Yeah. That is how it goes and goes.



Name: _____

Date: _____

 GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 5: "THOSE WHO DON'T"

Read the vignette "Those Who Don't" again. In pairs, fill in the table below to show who the characters mentioned in this vignette are and what we know about them.

What other people see	What Esperanza's community knows

8.2

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

VIGNETTE 5: "THOSE WHO DON'T"

Working individually, you will each create three characters just like the three men people see when they drive through Esperanza's neighborhood. But this time it is Esperanza who sees those characters as she is driving through another neighborhood.

First you should imagine how those characters look to Esperanza. Fill in the table. Remember, the more details the better!

	What do they look like?	What are they wearing?
Character 1		
Character 2		
Character 3		

Name: _____

Date: _____

You may wish to use the following questions to help you.

For what they look like:

- Are the characters tall or short or a medium height?
- What color hair and eyes do they have?
- Are they men or women?
- How are they standing or sitting? Are they using objects—a book, or a hammer, or a chess set, or something else?
- Where are they looking? At Esperanza? At one another? Somewhere else?
- What are their facial expressions?

For what they are wearing:

- Are they wearing shoes? What kind of shoes? Are they dirty or clean? What color are they?
- Are they wearing trousers, or skirts, or something else? Are their clothes new or old, cheap or expensive? How can you tell?
- Do they have hats on? If they do, what does that change about how their faces look?
- How about jewelry? If they are wearing jewelry, is it big and flashy or small and less obvious?

Try to make your characters different from each other. But remember they are all in the same community.

8.2

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

VIGNETTE 5: "THOSE WHO DON'T"

Now trade character descriptions with your partner. Read each other's descriptions and ask questions if anything is unclear.

You are now going to take the characters your partner described as they appear to Esperanza, and decide what the reality is. You may wish to reread the second paragraph of "Those Who Don't" to help you.

First decide characters' names and what they do for a living. Then think of other facts about them that Esperanza wouldn't realize as she drives past them on the street. Write those into your table.

My partner's characters	Their names	Their jobs	Other facts about them
Character 1			
Character 2			
Character 3			

Name: _____

Date: _____

When Esperanza drives past, the car windows are rolled up tight so she can't hear anything. Imagine a conversation among the three characters. Maybe they're talking about a movie they'd like to see. Maybe they're discussing what a nice person Esperanza looks like. Maybe they're discussing something completely different. Write the conversation below.

When you have finished, show your partner your scenes and discuss why you made the choices you did.



VOCABULARY FOR
“THOSE WHO DON’T”

READING VOCABULARY

dumb—*adj.*, stupid

straw brim—*n.*, a straw hat with a band that casts shade on the face



VIGNETTE 6

GIL'S FURNITURE BOUGHT AND SOLD

There is a junk store. An old man owns it. We bought a used refrigerator from him once, and Carlos sold a box of magazines for a dollar. The store is small with just a dirty window for light. He doesn't turn the lights on unless you got money to buy things with, so in the dark we look and see all kinds of things, me and Nenny. Tables with their feet upside-down and rows and rows of refrigerators with round corners and couches that spin dust in the air when you punch them and a hundred T.V.'s that don't work probably. Everything is on top of everything so the whole store has skinny aisles to walk through. You can get lost easy.

The owner, he is a black man who doesn't talk much and sometimes if you didn't know better you could be in there a long time before your eyes notice a pair of gold glasses floating in the dark. Nenny who thinks she is smart and talks to any old man, asks lots of questions. Me, I never said nothing to him except once when I bought the Statue of Liberty for a dime.

But Nenny, I hear her asking one time how's this here and the man says, This, this is a music box, and I turn around quick thinking he means a *pretty* box with flowers painted on it, with a ballerina inside. Only there's nothing like that where this old

man is pointing, just a wood box that's old and got a big brass record in it with holes. Then he starts it up and all sorts of things start happening. It's like all of a sudden he let go a million moths all over the dusty furniture and swan-neck shadows and in our bones. It's like drops of water. Or like marimbas only with a funny little plucked sound to it like if you were running your fingers across the teeth of a metal comb.

And then I don't know why, but I have to turn around and pretend I don't care about the box so Nenny won't see how stupid I am. But Nenny, who is stupider, already is asking how much and I can see her fingers going for the quarters in her pants pocket.

This, the old man says shutting the lid, this ain't for sale.

9.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

 READING**VIGNETTE 6: "GIL'S FURNITURE BOUGHT & SOLD"**

Look at the third, fourth, and final paragraphs in the following excerpt.

1. Working with a partner, first underline all of the dialogue—when someone is speaking. Then use a different color to underline all of the actions of the characters (for example, when someone gets up or moves).

Hint: Make sure you don't include nonphysical actions or actions in similes!





But Nenny, I hear her asking one time how's this here and the man says, This, this is a music box, and I turn around quick thinking he means a *pretty* box with flowers painted on it, with a ballerina inside. Only there's nothing like that where this old man is pointing, just a wood box that's old and got a big brass record in it with holes. Then he starts it up and all sorts of things start happening. It's like all of a sudden he let go a million moths all over the dusty furniture and swan-neck shadows and in our bones. It's like drops of water. Or like marimbas only with a funny little plucked sound to it like if you were running your fingers across the teeth of a metal comb.

And then I don't know why, but I have to turn around and pretend I don't care about the box so Nenny won't see how stupid I am. But Nenny, who is stupider, already is asking how much and I can see her fingers going for the quarters in her pants pocket.

This, the old man says shutting the lid, this ain't for sale.

9.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

2. There are three similes in the passage on the previous page. Can you write them all down?

3. As a class, work on what these similes might mean.

The simile	How this might relate to music

Name: _____

Date: _____

9.2



WRITING

VIGNETTE 6: "GIL'S FURNITURE BOUGHT & SOLD"

Esperanza has talked about the "real" her—the one no one else sees. But what about the "real" Gil? Think about how the events with the music box might have seemed through Gil's eyes.

Write a short description of the events in the excerpt you underlined but write as Gil in the first person (so when you say *I*, you mean Gil, not Esperanza).

Use the actions and the dialogue you underlined in the previous activity and make sure that exactly the same actions and dialogue occur now. But instead of knowing how Esperanza thinks, tell us what Gil thinks!



VOCABULARY FOR

“GIL’S FURNITURE BOUGHT & SOLD”

CORE VOCABULARY

ballerina—n., a kind of professional dancer (female)

brass—n., a shiny metal that is quite expensive and heavy

marimbas—n., a musical instrument, similar to a xylophone, that you hit in different places to get different musical notes



VIGNETTE 7

THE THREE SISTERS



They came with the wind that blows in August, thin as a spider web and barely noticed. Three who did not seem to be related to anything but the moon. One with laughter like tin and one with eyes of a cat and one with hands like porcelain. The aunts, the three sisters, *las comadres*, they said.

The baby died. Lucy and Rachel's sister. One night a dog cried, and the next day a yellow bird flew in through an open window. Before the week was over, the baby's fever was worse. Then Jesus came and took the baby with him far away. That's what their mother said.

Then the visitors came . . . in and out of the little house. It was hard to keep the floors clean. Anybody who had ever wondered what color the walls were came and came to look at that little thumb of a human in a box like candy.

I had never seen the dead before, not for real, not in somebody's living room for people to kiss and bless themselves and light a candle for. Not in a house. It seemed strange.

They must've known, the sisters. They had the power and could sense what was what. They said, Come here, and gave me a stick of gum. They smelled like Kleenex or the inside of a satin handbag, and then I didn't feel afraid.

What's your name, the cat-eyed one asked.

Esperanza, I said.

Esperanza, the old blue-veined one repeated in a high thin voice. Esperanza . . . a good good name.

My knees hurt, the one with the funny laugh complained.

Tomorrow it will rain.

Yes, tomorrow, they said.

How do you know? I asked.

We know.

Look at her hands, cat-eyed said.

And they turned them over and over as if they were looking for something.

She's special.

Yes, she'll go very far.

Yes, yes, hmmm.

Make a wish.

A wish?

Yes, make a wish. What do you want?

Anything? I said.

Well, why not?

I closed my eyes.

Did you wish already?

Yes, I said.

Well, that's all there is to it. It'll come true.

How do you know? I asked.

We know, we know.

Esperanza. The one with marble hands called me aside.
Esperanza. She held my face with her blue-veined hands and looked and looked at me. A long silence. When you leave you must remember always to come back, she said.

What?

When you leave you must remember to come back for the others. A circle, understand? You will always be Esperanza. You will always be Mango Street. You can't erase what you know. You can't forget who you are.

Then I didn't know what to say. It was as if she could read my mind, as if she knew what I had wished for, and I felt ashamed for having made such a selfish wish.

You must remember to come back. For the ones who cannot leave as easily as you. You will remember? She asked as if she was telling me. Yes, yes, I said a little confused.

Good, she said, rubbing my hands. Good. That's all. You can go.

I got up to join Lucy and Rachel who were already outside waiting by the door, wondering what I was doing talking to

three old ladies who smelled like cinnamon. I didn't understand everything they had told me. I turned around. They smiled and waved in their smoky way.

Then I didn't see them. Not once, or twice, or ever again.

10.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

 READING**VIGNETTE 7: "THE THREE SISTERS"**

Reread the excerpt below.



What's your name, the cat-eyed one asked.
Esperanza, I said.
Esperanza, the old blue-veined one repeated in
a high thin voice.
Esperanza . . . a good good name. My knees
hurt, the one with the funny laugh complained.
Tomorrow it will rain.
Yes, tomorrow, they said.
How do you know? I asked.
We know.
Look at her hands, cat-eyed said.

Find each piece of dialogue and write it in the left-hand column of the table on the next page. Remember you need to read the text closely since dialogue is not indicated by quotation marks.

Name: _____

Date: _____

10.1

In the right-hand column, name which of the three sisters speaks each piece of dialogue. Sometimes it may be all the sisters speaking, or we may not know.

You can refer to the three sisters as “Cat-eyed,” “Hands like porcelain,” and “Laughter like tin.”

Although the vignette doesn’t use quotation marks, you should. Place all dialogue in the left-hand column in quotation marks.

Dialogue	Sister

10.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

 READING**VIGNETTE 7: "THE THREE SISTERS"**

Now look at the rest of the excerpt below. Next to each line, write whether it is Esperanza or the sisters who are saying or doing something. You will have to use clues to decipher who is speaking.

Use the following abbreviations as indicators:

S= sisters and E=Esperanza.

She's special.

Yes, she'll go very far.

Yes, yes, hmmm.

Make a wish. A wish?

Yes, make a wish. What do you want?

Anything? I said.

Well, why not?

I closed my eyes.

Did you wish already?

Yes, I said.

Name: _____

Date: _____

10.1



Well, that's all there is to it. It'll come true.

How do you know? I asked.

We know, we know.

Esperanza. The one with marble hands called me aside. Esperanza. She held my face with her blue-veined hands and looked and looked at me. A long silence. When you leave you must remember always to come back, she said.

What?

When you leave you must remember to come back for the others. A circle, understand? You will always be Esperanza. You will always be Mango Street. You can't erase what you know. You can't forget who you are.

10.2

Name: _____

Date: _____

READING

VIGNETTE 7: "THE THREE SISTERS"

Complete the questions below.

1. Esperanza says, "I felt ashamed for having made such a selfish wish." What do you think Esperanza's wish was? Find clues in the text to back up your answer, and make sure you put lines from the text in quotation marks.

2. One of the sisters says "A circle, understand?" Which sister says this?

3. What do you think she meant by "a circle"?

4. What quotes in the text back up your answer?

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

VIGNETTE 7: "THE THREE SISTERS"

Think about what you read in "The Three Sisters."

In Lesson 5 you began a story of aspiration. You will continue that story today with a new chapter or vignette.

You will introduce your character to new people who may be from the same community or somewhere else. Those new people should make your character consider his or her aspirations in a new way.

You should start to plan and write your chapter now and continue to work on it tonight. You will write a concluding chapter tomorrow.

1. First, fill in the table below:

Character's name from your aspiration story in Lesson 5	New characters that he or she will meet

2. Now think about:

- Where the new characters met your character
- What they look like, sound like, how they are dressed
- What they say to your character
- How your character responds
- What your character thinks about his or her aspirations before meeting these new people, and how those aspirations change

Name: _____

Date: _____

3. Now begin writing below:

[illegible]

Name: _____

Date: _____

10.3

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



VOCABULARY FOR
“THE THREE SISTERS”

CORE VOCABULARY

barely—adv., only just; almost not.

cinnamon—n., a kind of spice

porcelain—n., almost transparent china; it can have “veins” a little bit like the hands of an elderly person

satin—n., a smooth, shiny fabric

selfish—adj., only thinking about oneself



VIGNETTE 8

A HOUSE OF MY OWN

Not a flat. Not an apartment in back. Not a man's house.

Not a daddy's. A house all my own. With my porch and my
pillow, my pretty purple petunias. My books and my stories. My
two shoes waiting beside the bed. Nobody to shake a stick at.
Nobody's garbage to pick up after.

Only a house quiet as snow, a space for myself to go, clean as
paper before the poem.



VIGNETTE 9

MANGO SAYS GOODBYE SOMETIMES

I like to tell stories. I tell them inside my head. I tell them after the mailman says, Here's your mail. Here's your mail, he said.

I make a story for my life, for each step my brown shoe takes. I say, "And so she trudged up the wooden stairs, her sad brown shoes taking her to the house she never liked."

I like to tell stories. I am going to tell you a story about a girl who didn't want to belong.

We didn't always live on Mango Street. Before that we lived on Loomis on the third floor, and before that we lived on Keeler. Before Keeler it was Paulina, but what I remember most is Mango Street, sad red house, the house I belong but do not belong to.

I put it down on paper and then the ghost does not ache so much. I write it down and Mango says goodbye sometimes. She does not hold me with both arms. She sets me free.

One day I will pack my bags of books and paper. One day I will say goodbye to Mango. I am too strong for her to keep me here forever. One day I will go away.

Friends and neighbors will say, What happened to that Esperanza? Where did she go with all those books and paper? Why did she march so far away?

They will not know I have gone away to come back. For the ones I left behind. For the ones who cannot out.

11.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

 READING**VIGNETTE 1: "THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET"**

Look again at the first vignette you read and answer the following questions.

1. What did Esperanza say she wanted (her "aspiration") in the first vignette you read, "The House on Mango Street"? Remember to use quotes.

2. Whom did Esperanza meet? Give a quote from the text about how that meeting made Esperanza feel.

3. What did we discover through the interaction with the nun about why Esperanza had aspirations?

Name: _____

Date: _____

VIGNETTE 4: "OUR GOOD DAY"

Now look at Vignette 4: "Our Good Day."

4. Whom did Esperanza meet for the first time in this vignette?

5. By the end of this vignette, what was Esperanza's relationship with Rachel and Lucy?

6. In "The House on Mango Street" and other vignettes we looked at Esperanza's aspirations. We discovered that Esperanza wanted a different life and was not happy with the one she had. What did this vignette show that was different?

11.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

VIGNETTE 5: "THOSE WHO DON'T"

1. In the vignette "Those Who Don't" Esperanza talked about people outside her community. How did people outside her community feel when they drove through Mango Street? Use a quote.

2. How did Esperanza feel about other communities when she drove through them?

3. In the first vignette, "The House on Mango Street," we discovered that Esperanza wanted people to have a different perception of her. In this vignette, what does Esperanza understand about the link between her own perceptions of others and others' perceptions of her?

Name: _____

Date: _____

VIGNETTE 6: "GIL'S FURNITURE BOUGHT AND SOLD"

4. At the beginning of "Gil's Furniture Bought & Sold," how did Esperanza feel about the old man?

5. By the end of the vignette, Esperanza had heard the music in the music box. She understood something about the old man that she hadn't understood before. She called Nenny "stupider" for not realizing this. Do you remember what Esperanza realized?

**NOTE TO STUDENT**

You can look at your previous work to help you answer.

11.2

Name: _____

Date: _____

 GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 1: “THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET,” VIGNETTE 4: “OUR GOOD DAY,” VIGNETTE 5: “THOSE WHO DON’T,”
VIGNETTE 6: “GIL’S FURNITURE BOUGHT & SOLD”

With your teacher complete the table below.

Vignette	Major interactions	How the interaction changes Ezperanza
“The House on Mango Street”		
“Our Good Day”		
“Those Who Don’t”		
“Gil’s Furniture Bought & Sold”		

Name: _____

Date: _____

11.2

1. Do you think Esperanza's empathy grows, shrinks, or stays the same through the vignettes? Explain your answer with examples from the vignettes.

12.1

Name: _____

Date: _____



PLANNING YOUR CONCLUSION

Today you will write a conclusion to your story of aspiration. You may wish to think about the following questions from *The House on Mango Street* as you work:

Does your character have empathy? Has that changed through the story?

Have your character's aspirations changed? Or maybe, like Esperanza, your character has the same aspirations, but they now include concern for others as well as for the main character.

What happens to your character?

Does your character achieve his or her aspirations?

Have your character's aspirations changed?

Does your character develop empathy for others? How has this changed?

Is there anything from your first or second chapter that you'd like to refer to again?

Name: _____

Date: _____

12.2



WRITING

[illegible]

12.2

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

[illegible]

CORE VOCABULARY

marched—v., walked fast and with purpose

trudged—v., walked with heavy steps



VIGNETTE 10

A RICE SANDWICH

The special kids, the ones who wear keys around their necks, get to eat in the canteen. The canteen! Even the name sounds important. And these kids at lunch time go there because their mothers aren't home or home is too far away to get to.

My home isn't far but it's not close either, and somehow I got it in my head one day to ask my mother to make me a sandwich and write a note to the principal so I could eat in the canteen too.

Oh no, she says pointing the butter knife at me as if I'm starting trouble, no sir. Next thing you know everybody will be wanting a bag lunch—I'll be up all night cutting bread into little triangles, this one with mayonnaise, this one with mustard, no pickles on mine, but mustard on one side please. You kids just like to invent more work for me.

But Nenny says she doesn't want to eat at school—ever—because she likes to go home with her best friend Gloria who lives across the schoolyard. Gloria's mama has a big color T.V. and all they do is watch cartoons. Kiki and Carlos, on the other hand, are patrol boys. They don't want to eat at school either. They like to stand out in the cold especially if it's raining. They think suffering is good for you ever since they saw that movie *300 Spartans*.

I'm no Spartan and hold up an anemic wrist to prove it. I can't even blow up a balloon without getting dizzy. And besides, I know how to make my own lunch. If I ate at school there'd be less dishes to wash. You would see me less and less and like me better. Everyday at noon my chair would be empty. Where is my favorite daughter? you would cry, and when I came home finally at three p.m. you would appreciate me.

Okay, okay, my mother says after three days of this. And the following morning I get to go to school with my mother's letter and a rice sandwich because we don't have lunch meat.

Mondays or Fridays, it doesn't matter, mornings always go by slow and this day especially. But lunchtime came finally and I got to get in line with the stay-at-school kids. Everything is fine until the nun who knows all the canteen kids by heart looks at me and says: You, who sent you here? And since I am shy, I don't say anything, just hold out my hand with the letter. This is no good, she says, till Sister Superior gives the okay. Go upstairs and see her. And so I went.

I had to wait for two kids in front of me to get hollered at, one because he did something in class, the other because he didn't. My

turn came and I stood in front of the big desk with holy pictures under the glass while the Sister Superior read my letter. It went like this:

Dear Sister Superior,

Please let Esperanza eat in the lunchroom because she lives too far away and she gets tired. As you can see she is very skinny. I hope to God she does not faint.

Thanking you,

Mrs. E. Cordero

You don't live far, she says. You live across the boulevard. That's only four blocks. Not even. Three maybe. Three long blocks away from here. I bet I can see your house from my window. Which one? Come here. Which one is your house?

And then she made me stand up on a box of books and point. That one? she said, pointing to a row of ugly three-flats, the ones even the raggedy men are ashamed to go into. Yes, I nodded even though I knew that wasn't my house and started to cry. I always cry when nuns yell at me, even if they're not yelling.

Then she was sorry and said I could stay—just for today, not tomorrow or the day after—you go home. And I said yes and could I please have a Kleenex—I had to blow my nose.

In the canteen, which was nothing special, lots of boys and girls watched while I cried and ate my sandwich, the bread already greasy and the rice cold.

Name: _____

Date: _____

 READING**VIGNETTE 10: "A RICE SANDWICH"**

Please answer questions in complete sentences and use evidence from the text to back up your answer. If possible, quote directly from the text, showing quotation marks.

1. Look at the three excerpts from this vignette below. Underneath each excerpt write down who is speaking, and in one sentence summarize what is happening in the excerpt.

- a. "Oh no, she says pointing the butter knife at me as if I'm starting trouble, no sir. Next thing you know everybody will be wanting a bag lunch—I'll be up all night cutting bread into little triangles, this one with mayonnaise, this one with mustard, no pickles on mine, but mustard on one side please. You kids just like to invent more work for me."

The person speaking: _____

Summary: _____

Name: _____

Date: _____

- b. "And besides, I know how to make my own lunch. If I ate at school there'd be less dishes to wash. You would see me less and less and like me better. Everyday at noon my chair would be empty. Where is my favorite daughter you would cry, and when I came home finally at three p.m. you would appreciate me."

The person speaking: _____

Summary: _____

- c. "Okay, okay, my mother says after three days of this."

The person speaking: _____

Summary: _____

2. In the letter to Sister Superior, Esperanza's mother writes something that is incorrect English. What does she say that is incorrect?

Name: _____

Date: _____

3. In this vignette Esperanza has a discussion with Sister Superior. Read that discussion in the last four paragraphs of the vignette.

- a. What are the similarities between this discussion and the conversation between Esperanza and the nun in the first vignette you read, "The House on Mango Street"? You may refer back to the original text to help you.

- b. What are the differences between this discussion and the conversation between Esperanza and the nun in the first vignette you read, "The House on Mango Street"? You may refer back to the original text to help you.

4. What does Esperanza want in this vignette?

Name: _____

Date: _____

5. Does she achieve her aspiration?

6. There is a common saying, “The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.” What do you think this saying might mean? How does it apply to the vignette you just read?

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

VIGNETTE 10: "A RICE SANDWICH"

Read the excerpt from "A Rice Sandwich" below. After reading, underline all the dialogue in the excerpt. Circle all the personal pronouns.

Mondays or Fridays, it doesn't matter, mornings always go by slow and this day especially. But lunchtime came finally and I got to get in line with the stay-at-school kids. Everything is fine until the nun who knows all the canteen kids by heart looks at me and says: You, who sent you here? And since I am shy, I don't say anything, just hold out my hand with the letter. This is no good, she says, till Sister Superior gives the okay. Go upstairs and see her. And so I went.

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

QUESTION 1

Respond to the question below by stating your opinion and providing quotes from the text to support that opinion.

The question you will answer is:

How do Esperanza's feelings about the canteen change from the beginning to the end of the vignette?

As you write your case think about the following questions:

- a. Are there any clues in the text that show how Esperanza thinks about the canteen in the first paragraph?
- b. Are there any clues in the text that show how Esperanza thinks about the canteen in the last paragraph?

Remember to use quotes from the text and to explain what those quotes mean.

Name: _____

Date: _____

[illegible]

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

QUESTION 2

Why do you think her feelings have changed?

As you write a response think about the following questions:

- How does Esperanza feel after her conversation with her mother?
- How does Esperanza feel after her conversation with Sister Superior?
- During their conversation Sister Superior points to a house that isn't Esperanza's. How does Esperanza feel about that house, and how might that feeling have affected her mood? You can use examples from other vignettes you have read to back up your answer.

P.P.1

Name: _____

Date: _____

 GRAPHING

Revise the plot of your story using the graphic organizer below. Fill in what has happened in your story so far in the first squares, the last squares, and the squares in the middle. Think about what might have happened in between. Revise what happens in the beginning, the middle, or the end if you think it no longer makes sense.

BEGINNING

	→		→	
			↓	
	←		←	
↓				
	→		→	

ENDING

Name: _____

Date: _____

P.P.2

Complete the lines below, and then use the space here or at the back of your journal to create a new scene for your story.

My favorite vignette is . . .

The summary of what happened is . . .

I am going to use what happened in that vignette in my story by . . .

Use the space in the back of your Writer's Journal to create a new scene.

P.P.3

Name: _____

Date: _____



WRITING

Use the prompts below to think about what your story looks like now, and how you may wish to revise it.

Setting

Where?

When?

Characters

Main character

a. Name:

b. Physical appearance:

c. Personality:

d. Example of dialogue:

Name: _____

Date: _____

Character #2

a. Name:

b. Physical appearance:

c. Personality:

d. Example of dialogue:

Character #3

a. Name:

b. Physical appearance:

c. Personality:

d. Example of dialogue:

P.P.3

Name: _____

Date: _____

Character #4

a. Name:

b. Physical appearance:

c. Personality:

d. Example of dialogue:

You can continue at the back of your journal if you have more characters.

Plot

Summarize the plot of your story.

Name: _____

Date: _____

P.P.3

What is the problem your character faces?

How does your character deal with the problem?

How do the character's thoughts and feelings change?

How is the problem solved? Does your character achieve their aspiration? If so, why and how?

P.P.3

Name: _____

Date: _____

Title

I chose this title because . . .

Name: _____

Date: _____

P.P.4

GRAPHING

VIGNETTE 10: "A RICE SANDWICH"

Look at the vignette, "A Rice Sandwich." Place the events in the story in the chart below.

Climax _____ _____	
Rising Action _____ _____ _____ _____	Falling Action _____ _____ _____ _____
Introduction/Beginning _____ _____ _____ _____	Resolution/Ending _____ _____ _____ _____



SANDRA CISNEROS

Born in Chicago, Illinois, on December 20, 1954, Sandra Cisneros grew up with six brothers and began writing as a teenager. Her many books of poetry and fiction include the children's book *Hairs/Pelitos* and the well-known *The House on Mango Street*. Cisneros earned degrees from Loyola University in Chicago and from the University of Iowa and has won numerous awards, including a MacArthur Fellowship.

Cisneros began writing *The House On Mango Street* when she was 22 as an attempt to help people understand her own culture and background. Cisneros values giving back to her community, and she has founded several organizations to help writers and the arts. She has taught students of many ages and has also worked with students who have dropped out of school. Cisneros lives in Mexico.

GLOSSARY

A

- annotate—v.** add notes to a text or drawing to explain it or comment on it
- aspiration—n.** the hope of achieving something

B

- ballerina—n.** a kind of professional dancer (female)
- baptize—v.** perform a Christian ceremony through which people are named
- barely—adv.** only just; almost not
- brass—n.** a shiny metal that is quite expensive and heavy

C

- chandelier—n.** a lamp that hangs from the ceiling
- character—n.** the qualities and personality of someone
- cinnamon—n.** a kind of spice
- complicated—adj.** difficult to explain

crooked—*adj.* not straight

crumbling—*adj.* slowly falling apart, usually by breaking into small pieces

D

deduction—*n.* a conclusion or answer arrived at from the evidence

dumb—*adj.* stupid

E

elms—*n.* a type of tree, usually large

emphasis—*n.* adding stress or force to something written

especially—*adv.* particularly

F

fancy—*adj.* nice and probably expensive

figurative language—*n.* words or phrases that mean more than their dictionary definition; similes and metaphors are two examples of figurative language

flat—*n.* an apartment

M

- Madame Butterfly—n.*** a famous opera in which the main character falls in love with a man who betrays her
- marched—v.** walked fast and with purpose
- marimbas—n.** a musical instrument, similar to a xylophone, that you hit in different places to get different musical notes
- metaphor—n.** a comparison that does not use *like* or *as*

O

- opera—n.** a musical performance in which all of the words are sung

P

- perception—n.** the way something is seen. People can have different perceptions of the same event
- personification—n.** describing non-human things as if they had human qualities
- porcelain—n.** almost transparent china; it can have “veins” a bit like the hands of an elderly person

R

- records—*n.*** flat discs that store music and can be played aloud
- rosebuds—*n.*** small young roses, before they become full flowers

S

- satin—*n.*** a smooth, shiny fabric
- scene—*n.*** the place where an event happens or a sequence of action in a movie, play, or book
- selfish—*adj.*** only thinking about oneself
- setting—*n.*** the time and place of the story
- simile—*n.*** a comparison using the words *like* or *as*
- sobbing—*v.*** crying a lot
- straw brim—*n.*** a straw hat with a band that casts shade on the face

T

- temporary—*adj.*** will not last a long time, not permanent
- theme—*n.*** a key subject or idea, usually seen repeatedly in text
- trudged—*v.*** walked with heavy steps

V

- velvety—*adj.*** like velvet, a soft expensive fabric
- vignette—*n.*** a short episode, account, or description
- visualization—*n.*** forming images in your mind

W

- washroom—*n.*** a room, often public, with washing and usually toilet facilities

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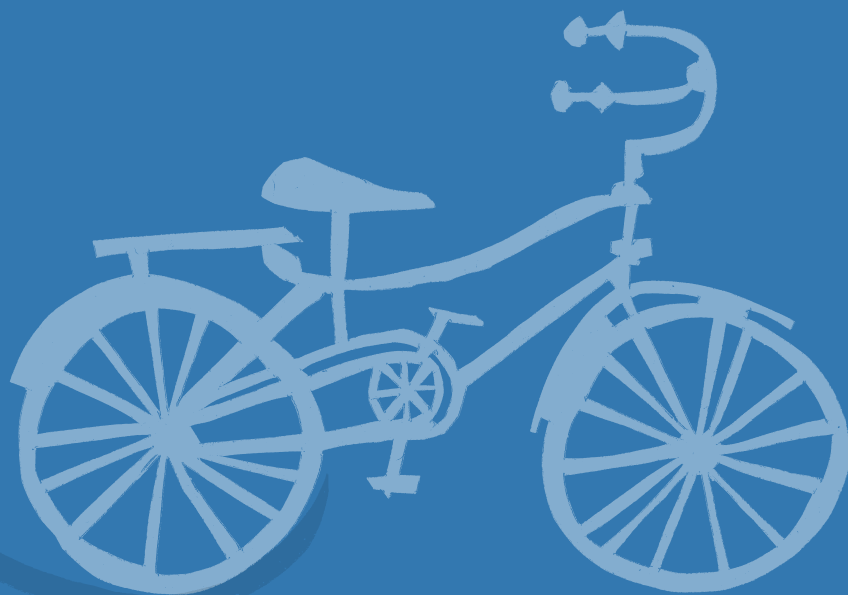
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