“My Name” Vignette Directions

Directions: You will write your vignette of your name mimicking the writing structure of Sandra Cisneros. The structure of this vignette has been provided for you, so do your best to follow it, but you may deviate as you see fit. **Yes, you may write more** AND **about any subjects not mentioned in the excerpt we just read**. **<u>The main objective is to be creative and to write a brief picture of the history, meaning, thoughts, and feelings related to your name.</u>**

Paragraph 1:

In English my name means _____. In _____ it means _____. It is like _____ (use one or more similes). It is _____ (use one or more metaphors).
(In this paragraph, explain the different meanings of your name and describe your name using at least one simile and one metaphor.)

Paragraph 2:

It was _____...
(In this paragraph, develop that main person, thing, or idea that you will compare your name to.)

Paragraph 3:

My _____. […]
(In this paragraph, tell a brief story about your name, like Cisneros does with the "great-grandmother" who "looked out the window her whole life." This quick story has to relate to why your name was given to you. For example, write about the relative that you are named from and be creative.)

Paragraph 4:

My _____.

(Finish the story in this paragraph by making judgments about the person, thing, or idea of where you name comes from and make **a final statement the last sentence about your true feelings of your name**.)

I have inherited _____.

Paragraph 5:

At school they _____.
(In this paragraph, share examples of how people pronounce your name and/or create nicknames for your name, and make comparisons with your siblings' and/or friends’ names.)

Paragraph 6:

I would like to _____ .
(Finish your name story by describing why (or if) you would change your name, and what your new name would be if so. If you would not change your name, end with a statement declaring why you would not change it.)

“My Name” from The House on Mango Street by Sandra Cisneros

In 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.