



English I

Summer Assignment

Name



2026

Welcome to English I

This summer assignment is designed to prepare you for the reading, writing, and thinking you will do in high school English. You will read a novel and complete activities that focus on analysis, not just understanding. This assignment will count as a major assessment grade.

Part 1:

Analysis Journal

For **EACH** vignette, you must complete:

1. Annotations

While you read, focus on:

- Key quotes that reveal ideas about identity
- Character development (especially Esperanza)
- Moments that show change
- Important vocabulary

How to annotate:

- Underline or highlight important quotes
- Write brief notes (1–2 sentences max)

2. Title Analysis

- What does the title mean?
- How does it connect to the vignette?

3. New Vocabulary

- Identify unfamiliar words
- Define them using context clues or a dictionary

4. Important Moment (Quote)

- Select a meaningful quote from the vignette

5. Analysis of Quote

- What does the quote mean?
- Why is it important?
- What does it reveal about character, theme, or message?

Reminder:

- Do NOT summarize
- Focus on thinking and explaining
- Write in complete sentences

Words to Know

Dialectical Journal:

Analysis:

Vignette:

Character Development:

Theme:

Vignette: The House on Mango Street

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

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: My Name

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

My Name

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.

Vignette: Alicia Who Sees Mice

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

Alicia Who Sees Mice

Close your eyes and they'll go away, her father says, or You're just imagining. And anyway, a woman's place is sleeping so she can wake up early with the tortilla star, the one that appears early just in time to rise and catch the hind legs hide behind the sink, beneath the four-clawed tub, under the swollen floorboards nobody fixes, in the corner of your eyes.

Alicia, whose mama died, is sorry there is no one older to rise and make the lunchbox tortillas. Alicia, who inherited her mama's rolling pin and sleepiness, is young and smart and studies for the first time at the university. Two trains and a bus, because she doesn't want to spend her whole life in a factory or behind a rolling pin. Is a good girl, my friend, studies all night and sees the mice, the ones her father says do not exist. Is afraid of nothing except four-legged fur. And fathers.

Vignette: Sire

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

Sire

I don't remember when I first noticed him looking at me—Sire. But I knew he was looking. Every time. All the time I walked past his house. Him and his friends sitting on their bikes in front of the house, pitching pennies. They didn't scare me. They did, but I wouldn't let them know. I don't cross the street like other girls. Straight ahead, straight eyes. I walked past. I knew he was looking. I had to prove to me I wasn't scared of nobody's eyes, not even his. I had to look back hard, just once, like he was glass. And I did. I did once. But I looked too long when he rode his bike past me. I looked because I wanted to be brave, straight into the dusty cat fur of his eyes and the bike

stopped and he bumped into a parked car, bumped, and I walked fast. It made your blood freeze to have somebody look at you like that. Somebody looked at me. Somebody looked. But his kind, his ways. He is a punk, Papa says, and Mama says not to talk to him.

And then his girlfriend came. Lois I heard him call her. She is tiny and pretty and smells like baby's skin. I see her sometimes running to the store for him. And once when she was standing next to me at Mr. Benny's grocery she was barefoot, and I saw her barefoot baby toenails all painted pale pale pink, like little pink seashells, and she smells pink like babies do. She's got big girl hands, and her bones are long like ladies' bones, and she wears makeup too. But she doesn't know how to tie her shoes. I do.

Sometimes I hear them laughing late, beer cans and cats and the trees talking to themselves: wait, wait, wait. Sire lets Lois ride his bike around the block, or they take walks together. I watch them. She holds his hand, and he stops sometimes to tie her shoes. But Mama says those kinds of girls, those girls are the ones that go into alleys. Lois who can't tie her shoes. Where does he take her?

Everything is holding its breath inside me. Everything is waiting to explode like Christmas. I want to be all new and shiny. I want to sit out bad at night, a boy around my neck and the wind under my skirt. Not this way, every evening talking to the trees, leaning out my window, imagining what I can't see.

A boy held me once so hard, I swear, I felt the grip and weight of his arms, but it was a dream.

Sire. How did you hold her? Was it? Like this? And when you kissed her? Like this?

Vignette: What Sally Said

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

What Sally Said

He never hits me hard. She said her mama rubs lard on all the places where it hurts. Then at school she'd say she fell. That's where all the blue places come from. That's why her skin is always scarred.

But who believes her. A girl that big, a girl who comes in with her pretty face all beaten and black can't be falling off the stairs. He never hits me hard.

But Sally doesn't tell about that time he hit her with his hands just like a dog, she said, like if I was an animal. He thinks I'm going to run away like his sisters who made the family ashamed. Just because I'm a daughter, and then she doesn't say.

Sally was going to get permission to stay with us a little and one Thursday she came finally with a sack full of clothes and a paper bag of sweetbread her mama sent. And would've stayed too except when the dark came her father, whose eyes were little from crying, knocked on the door and said please come back, this is the last time. And she said Daddy and went home.

Then we didn't need to worry. Until one day Sally's father catches her talking to a boy and the next day she doesn't come to school. And the next. Until the way Sally tells it, he just went crazy, he just forgot he was her father between the buckle and the belt.

You're not my daughter, you're not my daughter. And then he broke into his hands.

Vignette: The Monkey Garden

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

The Monkey Garden

The monkey doesn't live there anymore. The monkey moved—to Kentucky—and took his people with him. And I was glad because I couldn't listen anymore to his wild screaming at night, the twangy yakkety-yak of the people who owned him. The green metal cage, the porcelain table top, the family that spoke like guitars. Monkey, family, table. All gone.

And it was then we took over the garden we had been afraid to go into when the monkey screamed and showed its yellow teeth.

There were sunflowers big as flowers on Mars and thick cockscombs bleeding the deep red fringe of theater

curtains. There were dizzy bees and bow-tied fruit flies turning somersaults and humming in the air. Sweet sweet peach trees. Thorn roses and thistle and pears. Weeds like so many squinty-eyed stars and brush that made your ankles itch and itch until you washed with soap and water. There were big green apples hard as knees. And everywhere the sleepy smell of rotting wood, damp earth and dusty hollyhocks thick and perfumy like the blue-blond hair of the dead.

Yellow spiders ran when we turned rocks over and pale worms blind and afraid of light rolled over in their sleep. Poke a stick in the sandy soil and a few blue-skinned beetles would appear, an avenue of ants, so many crusty lady bugs. This was a garden, a wonderful thing to look at in the spring. But bit by bit, after the monkey left, the garden began to take over itself. Flowers stopped obeying the little bricks that kept them from growing beyond their paths. Weeds mixed in. Dead cars appeared overnight like mushrooms. First one and then another and then a pale blue pickup with the front windshield missing. Before you knew it, the monkey garden became filled with sleepy cars.

Things had a way of disappearing in the garden, as if the garden itself ate them, or, as if with its old-man memory, it put them away and forgot them. Nenny found a dollar and a dead mouse between two rocks in the stone wall where the morning glories climbed, and once when we were playing hide-and-seek, Eddie Vargas laid his head beneath a hibiscus tree and fell asleep there like a Rip Van Winkle until somebody remembered he was in the game and went back to look for him.

This, I suppose, was the reason why we went there. Far away from where our mothers could find us. We and a few old dogs who lived inside the empty cars. We made a clubhouse once on the back of that old blue pickup. And

besides, we liked to jump from the roof of one car to another and pretend they were giant mushrooms.

Somebody started the lie that the monkey garden had been there before anything. We liked to think the garden could hide things for a thousand years. There beneath the roots of soggy flowers were the bones of murdered pirates and dinosaurs, the eye of a unicorn turned to coal.

This is where I wanted to die and where I tried one day but not even the monkey garden would have me. It was the last day I would go there.

Who was it that said I was getting too old to play the games? Who was it I didn't listen to? I only remember that when the others ran, I wanted to run too, up and down and through the monkey garden, fast as the boys, not like Sally who screamed if she got her stockings muddy.

I said, Sally, come on, but she wouldn't. She stayed by the curb talking to Tito and his friends. Play with the kids if you want, she said, I'm staying here. She could be stuck-up like that if she wanted to, so I just left.

It was her own fault too. When I got back Sally was pretending to be mad . . . something about the boys having stolen her keys. Please give them back to me, she said punching the nearest one with a soft fist. They were laughing. She was too. It was a joke I didn't get.

I wanted to go back with the other kids who were still jumping on cars, still chasing each other through the garden, but Sally had her own game.

One of the boys invented the rules. One of Tito's friends said you can't get the keys back unless you kiss us and Sally pretended to be mad at first but she said yes. It was that simple.

I don't know why, but something inside me wanted to throw a stick. Something wanted to say no when I watched Sally going into the garden with Tito's buddies all

grinning. It was just a kiss, that's all. A kiss for each one. So what, she said.

Only how come I felt angry inside. Like something wasn't right. Sally went behind that old blue pickup to kiss the boys and get her keys back, and I ran up three flights of stairs to where Tito lived. His mother was ironing shirts. She was sprinkling water on them from an empty pop bottle and smoking a cigarette.

Your son and his friends stole Sally's keys and now they won't give them back unless she kisses them and right now they're making her kiss them, I said all out of breath from the three flights of stairs.

Those kids, she said, not looking up from her ironing. That's all?

What do you want me to do, she said, call the cops? And kept on ironing.

I looked at her a long time, but couldn't think of anything to say, and ran back down the three flights to the garden where Sally needed to be saved. I took three big sticks and a brick and figured this was enough.

But when I got there Sally said go home. Those boys said leave us alone. I felt stupid with my brick. They all looked at me as if *I* was the one that was crazy and made me feel ashamed.

And then I don't know why but I had to run away. I had to hide myself at the other end of the garden, in the jungle part, under a tree that wouldn't mind if I lay down and cried a long time. I closed my eyes like tight stars so that I wouldn't, but I did. My face felt hot. Everything inside hiccupped.

I read somewhere in India there are priests who can will their heart to stop beating. I wanted to will my blood to stop, my heart to quit its pumping. I wanted to be dead, to turn into the rain, my eyes melt into the ground like

two black snails. I wished and wished. I closed my eyes and willed it, but when I got up my dress was green and I had a headache.

I looked at my feet in their white socks and ugly round shoes. They seemed far away. They didn't seem to be my feet anymore. And the garden that had been such a good place to play didn't seem mine either.

Vignette: Red Clowns

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

Red Clowns

Sally, you lied. It wasn't what you said at all. What he did. Where he touched me. I didn't want it, Sally. The way they said it, the way it's supposed to be, all the storybooks and movies, why did you lie to me?

I was waiting by the red clowns. I was standing by the tilt-a-whirl where you said. And anyway I don't like carnivals. I went to be with you because you laugh on the tilt-a-whirl, you throw your head back and laugh. I hold your change, wave, count how many times you go by. Those boys that look at you because you're pretty. I like to be with you, Sally. You're my friend. But that big boy, where did he take you? I waited such a long time. I waited by the

red clowns, just like you said, but you never came, you never came for me.

Sally Sally a hundred times. Why didn't you hear me when I called? Why didn't you tell them to leave me alone? The one who grabbed me by the arm, he wouldn't let me go. He said I love you, Spanish girl, I love you, and pressed his sour mouth to mine.

Sally, make him stop. I couldn't make them go away. I couldn't do anything but cry. I don't remember. It was dark. I don't remember. I don't remember. Please don't make me tell it all.

Why did you leave me all alone? I waited my whole life. You're a liar. They all lied. All the books and magazines, everything that told it wrong. Only his dirty fingernails against my skin, only his sour smell again. The moon that watched. The tilt-a-whirl. The red clowns laughing their thick-tongue laugh.

Then the colors began to whirl. Sky tipped. Their high black gym shoes ran. Sally, you lied, you lied. He wouldn't let me go. He said I love you, I love you, Spanish girl.

Vignette: Linoleum Roses

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

Linoleum Roses

Sally got married like we knew she would, young and not ready but married just the same. She met a marshmallow salesman at a school bazaar, and she married him in another state where it's legal to get married before eighth grade. She has her husband and her house now, her pillowcases and her plates. She says she is in love, but I think she did it to escape.

Sally says she likes being married because now she gets to buy her own things when her husband gives her money. She is happy, except sometimes her husband gets angry and once he broke the door where his foot went through, though most days he is okay. Except he won't let her talk on the telephone. And he doesn't let her look out the window. And he doesn't like her friends, so nobody gets to visit her unless he is working.

She sits at home because she is afraid to go outside without his permission. She looks at all the things they own: the towels and the toaster, the alarm clock and the drapes. She likes looking at the walls, at how neatly their corners meet, the linoleum roses on the floor, the ceiling smooth as wedding cake.

Vignette: A House of My Own

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

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: Mango Says Goodbye Sometimes

1. Title Analysis

What does the title suggest before and after reading? Explain your thinking.

2. New Vocabulary

Write at least one unfamiliar or powerful word/phrase. Define it and explain its effect.

3. Important Moment / Quote

Copy one short, important quote or moment from the vignette.

4. Analysis of Quote

Explain how this moment reveals Esperanza's identity, perspective, relationships, or growth. Reminder: A strong analysis explains why the quote matters, not just what it says.

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.

Part 2: Writing Analytical Paragraph

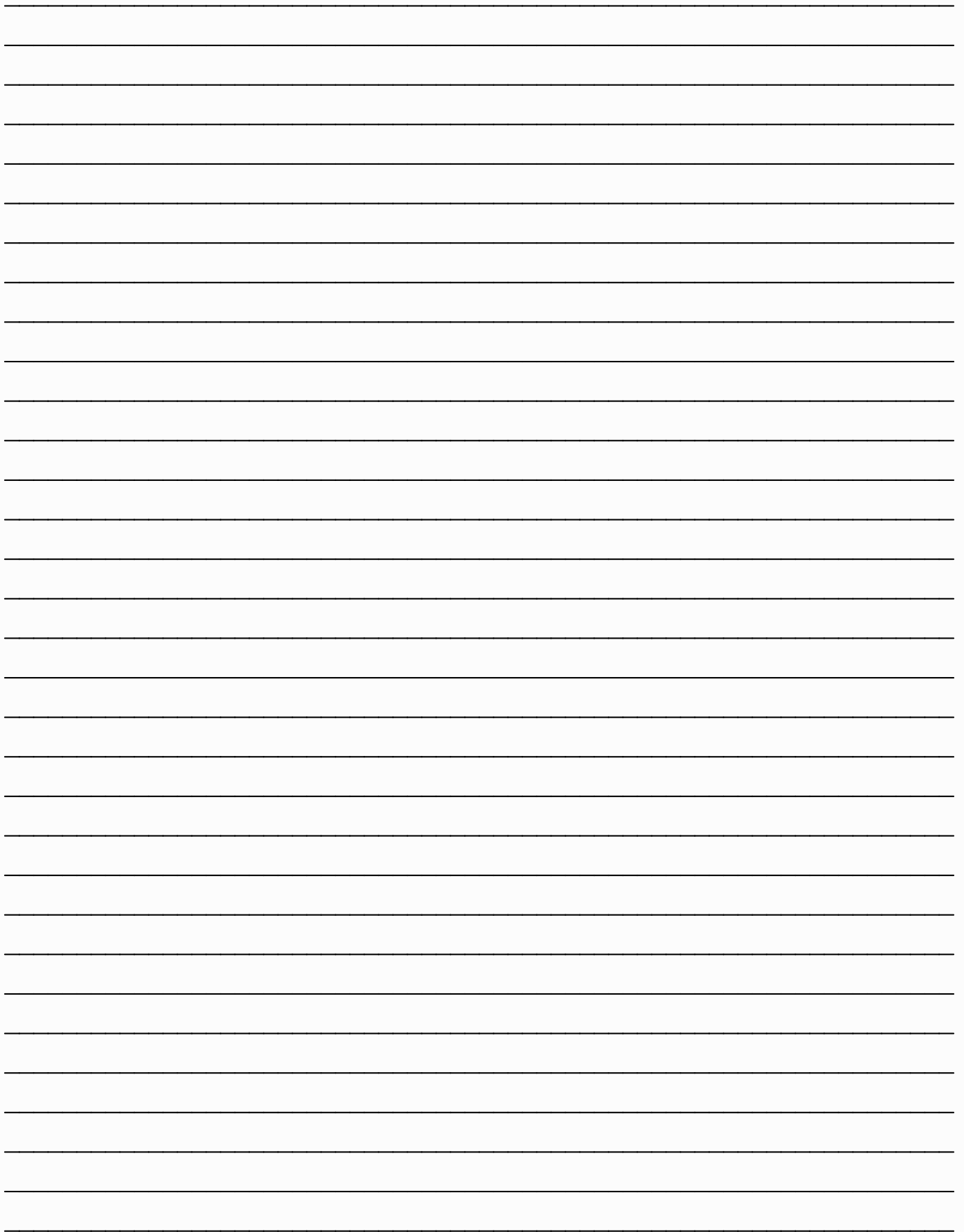
Compose a 6-9 sentence analytical paragraph on the theme surrounding the topic of identity. Theme is a universally applicable message the author delivers through character development, plot, and symbolism. Analyze how Esperanza's views on romance, poverty, and individuality change over the course of the novel.

Criteria:

1. Clear and direct claim on the theme
2. Precise and appropriate evidence that supports the claim
3. A rational explanation of the logistical thinking behind the claim.
4. Work should be clear, neat, and adhere to the standard written conventions

Rubric:

	Exemplary	Proficient	Satisfactory	Needs Improvement	Unsatisfactory
Clear and Direct Claim	The paragraph begins with a clear, direct, and insightful claim that effectively identifies a specific theme in the text and its significance.	The claim is clear and direct, adequately identifying a theme in the text.	The claim is present but may lack clarity or specificity regarding the theme.	The claim is vague, unclear, or only loosely connected to the theme.	The claim is missing or unrelated to the theme.
Precise and Appropriate Evidence	The paragraph provides precise and highly appropriate evidence from the text that strongly supports the claim. Evidence is well-chosen and effectively integrated.	Evidence from the text is appropriate and supports the claim. It is integrated into the paragraph effectively.	Evidence supports the claim but may be less precise or not fully integrated into the paragraph.	Evidence is present but may be weak, not well-integrated, or only loosely supports the claim.	Little to no evidence is provided, or the evidence does not support the claim.
Rational Explanation of Logical Thinking	All evidence is accompanied by a clear, rational explanation that demonstrates sophisticated understanding and analysis of how the evidence supports the claim and theme.	Explanations are clear and logical, effectively connecting the evidence to the claim and theme.	Explanations are present but may be more general or less insightful in connecting evidence to the claim and theme.	Explanations are weak, incomplete, or do not adequately connect the evidence to the claim and theme.	Explanations are missing or do not make logical connections between the evidence and the claim.
Adherence to Conventions	The work is exceptionally clear, neat, and free of errors. It adheres perfectly to standard written conventions, including grammar, punctuation, and spelling.	The work is clear and neat with few errors. It adheres well to standard written conventions.	The work is mostly clear and neat with some errors. It generally adheres to standard written conventions.	The work lacks clarity and neatness, with multiple errors. Adherence to standard written conventions is inconsistent.	The work is unclear, messy, and contains numerous errors. It does not adhere to standard written conventions.





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