

Does Esperanza like her name?	The narrator moves from literal to abstract.	For me, this shifts in tone from happy to despondent. Why?
Does Esperanza appreciate her name?	Such vivid imagery--conveys the narrator's tone and adds characterization	When names cross languages...
Interesting Q: If you could rename yourself, what would your name be?	Zeze the X--this tells me a lot about her as a person. Or her perception of herself.	Nicknames...does she wish she had one?
Narrator must disagree with this view of women	I wonder what the connection to numbers is?	Is naming someone after someone else a way of passing on their spirit?
Intentional fragment	Intentional run-on sentence	Is the reason that she doesn't like her name <i>because</i> of the way people pronounce it in English? Or a different reason?

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

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.

"My Name" by Sandra Cisneros from *The House on Mango Street*

Does Esperanza like her name? literal to abstract

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Is naming someone a way of putting them back to names

Nicknames Does she wish she had one?

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Zeze the X This tells me a lot about her as a person. Or her perception of herself.

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intentional fragner

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Such vivid imagery convey the tone characterization

When names cross languages

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