

KAPPA- Summer Reading 2018!

For students entering 8th grade

Student's Name _____

DIRECTIONS (ALL DUE ON THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL):

1. READ AND ANNOTATE THE STORY.
2. ANSWER THE 10 QUESTIONS ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER USING EVIDENCE FROM THE TEXT.
3. READ AT LEAST ONE INDEPENDENT BOOK OF YOUR CHOICE.
4. KEEP A BOOK READING LOG.
5. COMPLETE A BOOK PROJECT (FROM ONE OF THE 5 CHOICES)

NAMES/NOMBRES

By Julia Alvarez

(1) When we arrived in New York City, our names changed almost immediately. At Immigration, the officer asked my father, Mister Elbures, if he had anything to declare. My father shook his head no, and we were waved through. I was too afraid we wouldn't be let in if I corrected the man's punctuation, but I said our name to myself, opening my mouth wide for the organ blast of a trilling my tongue for the drumroll of the r, All-vabrrr-es! How could anyone get Elbures out of that orchestra of sound?

(2) At the hotel my mother was Missus Alburest, and I was little girl, as in, "Hey, little girl, stop riding the elevator up and down. It's not a toy."

(3) We moved into our new apartment building, the super called my father Mister Alberase, and the neighbors who became mother's friends pronounced her name Jewlee-ah instead of Hoo-lee-ah. I, her namesake, was known as Hoo-lee-tah at home. But at school I was Judy or Judith, and once an English teacher mistook me for Juliet.

(4) It took me a while to get used to my new names. I wondered if I shouldn't correct my teachers and new friends. But my mother argued that it didn't matter. "You know what your

friend Shakespeare said, 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet'." My family had gotten into the habit of calling any famous author "my friend" because I had begun to write poems and stories in English class.

(5) By the time I was in high school, I was a popular kid, and it showed in my name. Friends called me Jules or Hey Jude, and once a group of troublemaking friends my mother forbade me to hang out with called me Alcatraz. I was Hoo-lee-tah only to Mami and Papi and uncles and aunts who came over to eat sancocho on Sunday afternoons, old world folk whom I would just as soon go back to where they came from and leave me to pursue whatever mischief I wanted to in America. JUDY ALCATRAZ, the name on the "Wanted" poster would read. Who would ever trace her to me?

(6) My older sister had the hardest time getting an American name for herself because Mauricia did not translate into English. Ironically, although she had the most foreign-sounding name, she and I were the Americans in the family. We had been born in New York City when our parents had first tried immigration and then gone back "home," too homesick to stay. My mother often told the story of how she had almost changed my sister's name in the hospital. After the delivery, Mami and some other new mothers were cooing over their new baby sons and daughters and exchanging names and weights and delivery stories. My mother was embarrassed among the Sallys and Janes and Georges and Johns to reveal the rich, noisy name of Mauricia, so when her turn came to brag, she gave her baby's name as Maureen.

(7) "Why'd ya give her an Irish name with so many pretty Spanish names to choose from?" one of the women asked.

(8) My mother blushed and admitted her baby's real name to the group. Her mother-in-law had recently died, she apologized, and her husband had insisted that the first daughter be named after his mother, Mauran. My mother thought it the ugliest name she had ever heard, and she talked my father into what she believed was an improvement, a combination of Mauran and her own mother's name, Felicia.

"Her name is Mao-ree-shee-ah," my mother said to the group of women.

(10) "Why, that's a beautiful name," the new mothers cried. "Moor-ee-sha, Moor-eesha," they cooed into the pink blanket. Moor-ee-sha it was when we returned to the

States eleven years later. Sometimes American tongues found even that mispronunciation tough to say and called her Maria or Marsha or Maudy from her nickname Maury. I pitied her. What an awful name to have to transport across borders!

(11) My little sister, Ana, had the easiest time of all. She was plain Anne—that is, only her name was plain, for she turned out to be the pale, blond “American beauty” in the family. The only Hispanic thing about her was the affectionate nicknames her boyfriends sometimes gave her. Anita, or, as one goofy guy used to sing to her to the tune of the banana advertisement Anita Banana.

(12) Later, during her college years in the late sixties, there was a push to pronounce Third World names correctly. I remember calling her long distance at her group house and a roommate answering.

“Can I speak to Ana?” I asked, pronouncing her name the American way.

“Ana?” The man’s voice hesitated. “Oh! You must mean Ah-nah!”

(15) Our first few years in the States, though, ethnicity was not yet “in.” Those were the blond, blue-eyed, bobby-sock years of junior high and high school before the sixties ushered in peasant blouses, hoop earrings, serapes. My initial desire to be known by my correct Dominican name faded. I just wanted to be Judy and merge with the Sallys and the Janes in my class. But, inevitably, my accent and coloring gave me away. “So where are you from, Judy?”

(16) “New York,” I told my classmates. After all, I had been born blocks away at Columbia- Presbyterian Hospital.

“I mean, originally.”

“From the Caribbean,” I answered vaguely, for if I specified, no one was quite sure on what continent our island was located.

“Really? I’ve been to Bermuda. We went last April for spring vacation. I got the worst sunburn! So, are you from Portoriko?”

“No,” I sighed. “From the Dominican Republic.”

“Where’s that?”

“South of Bermuda.”

(23) They were just being curious, I knew, but I burned with shame whenever they singled me out as a “foreigner,” a rare, exotic friend.

(24) “Say your name in Spanish, oh, please say it!” I had made mouths drop one day by rattling off my full name, which, according to the Dominican custom, included my middle names, Mother’s and Father’s surnames for four generations back.

(25) “Julia Altagracia María Teresa Álvarez Tavares Perello Espaillat Julia Pérez Rochet González.” I pronounced it slowly, a name as chaotic with sounds as a Middle Eastern bazaar or market day in a South American village.

(26) My Dominican heritage was never more apparent than when my extended family attended school occasions. For my graduation, they all came, the whole lot of aunts and uncles and the many little cousins who snuck in without tickets. They sat in the first row in order to better understand the Americans’ fast-spoken English. But how could they listen when they were constantly speaking among themselves in florid-sounding phrases, rococo consonants, rich, rhyming vowel?

(27) Introducing them to my friends was a further trial to me. These relatives had such complicated names and there were so many of them, and their relationships to myself were so convoluted. There was my Tía Josefina, who was not really an aunt but a much older cousin. And her daughter, Aida Margarita, who was adopted, una hija de crianza. My uncle of affection, Tío José, brought my madrina Tia Amelia and her comadre Tía Pilar. My friends rarely had more than a “Mom and Dad” to introduce.

(28) After the commencement ceremony, my family waited outside in the parking lot while my friends and I signed yearbooks with nicknames which recalled our high school good times: “Beans” and “Pepperoni” and “Alcatraz.” We hugged and cried and promised to keep in touch.

(29) Our goodbyes went on too long. I heard my father’s voice calling out across the parking lot, “Hoo-lee-tah! Vámonos!”

(30) Back home, my tíos and tías and primas, Mami and Papi, and mis hermanas had a party were many gifts-that was a plus to a large family! I got several wallets and a suitcase with

my initials and a graduation charm from my godmother and money from my uncles. The biggest gift was a portable typewriter from my parents for writing my stories and poems.

(31) Someday, the family predicted, my name would be well-known throughout the United States. I laughed to myself, wondering which one I would go by.

Respond to the following questions, using textual evidence, on a separate piece of paper.

1. "Names/Nombres" is a memoir. How is this form of writing different from a persuasive or argumentative text?
 2. Read paragraphs 1-4. (a) Who is speaking? (b) How do you know?
 3. What is the theme of the story? Why do you think so?
 4. Analyze the speaker. How do her words and actions influence the thoughts and/or actions of another character?
 5. What is the author's attitude towards the importance of a name, as shown through her words and actions?
 6. This story is told from whose point of view? Why would the author choose to tell this story using this point of view?
 7. What main literacy devices does the author use to give insight into the characters and advance the theme? Provide evidence from the text to support your answer?
 8. In paragraph #15, the author says, "My initial desire to be known by my correct Dominican name faded. I just wanted to be Judy and merge with the Sallys and the Janes in my class." What are the circumstances that led to this change of feeling in Julia?
 9. Reread paragraph #28. The author says that she and her peers promised to "keep in touch"
What is the meaning of this idiom?
 10. Read paragraph #26. What does the underlined word, convoluted, mean? How do you know?
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Additionally, you must read *at least* ONE BOOK of your choice, keep a READING LOG, and COMPLETE A PROJECT from the list of choices below. Please find a suggested book list below for independent reading. We encourage you to visit your local library or use the free NYC Library App to download ebooks and audiobooks for FREE :)



Abby Spencer Goes to Bollywood
Varsha Bajaj
J FIC BAJAJ
EBK

Hold Me Closer, Necromancer
Lish McBride
YA FIC M
DB, EAUD, EBK

A Time to Dance
Padma Venkatraman
YA FIC VENKATRAMAN
DB

The Backstagers
James Tynion
YA GRAPHIC GN FIC
TYNION

If I Ever Get Out of Here
Eric Gansworth
YA FIC G
BR, DB, EAUD, EBK

Falling Over Sideways
Jordan Sonnenblick
YA FIC SONNENBLICK
DB, EAUD, EBK

Drama
Raina Telgemeier
J GRAPHIC GN FIC
TELGEMEIER
EBK

Legends, Icons & Rebels: Music That Changed the World
Robbie Robertson
YA 784 R

BOOK PROJECT CHOICES:

1. **SYMBOLISM BOOK COVER:** Create a NEW COVER for this book to emphasize one or more symbols used by the author to convey a THEME or MESSAGE to the reader.
2. **CHARACTER ANALYSIS:** Draw a character and describe and SHOW that character’s INNER and OUTER TRAITS.
The following are due on the first day of school:
 3. **MINI-COMIC BOOK:** Draw pictures with speaking bubbles and short descriptions showing the major events in the whole book or one specific chapter.
 4. **DRAWING:** Draw a detailed picture of an important scene in your book. It should be in color and have clear details that are accurate to the book’s descriptions. Add captions and/or a short description stating which part of the book is being illustrated.
 5. **CREATE a DIORAMA** (three-dimensional scene which includes models of people, buildings, scenes, places) of one of the major events in the book. Include a written description of the scene as well.