

Summer Reading
7th grade English
New Albany Middle School

Text: “Names/Nombres” by Julia Alvarez

Materials: Three-prong report folder
Loose leaf notebook paper (if you are not typing it)
Blue or black ink only- no pencil (if you are not typing it)

Formatting: Begin each of the assignments on a new page. If you type the assignment, it needs to be typed in Times New Roman, 12-point font, with 1” margins. Write in complete sentences. The assignments should be in a three-prong folder.

Grade Value: The summer reading assignment counts as a major grade. The assignment is due the second day of school. Your grade will drop a letter grade for each day the assignment is late.

Assignment: You will complete all of the sections to be placed in a three-prong folder.

1. Title Page: You need the title of the text, the author, and your name.

2. Vocabulary: Define each of the following vocabulary words. Write each word in a complete sentence.

Vaguely	Inevitably	Ironically
Memoir	Specify	Commencement
Convolutd	Surname	Florid
Ethnicity		

3. Discussion Questions: Answer the discussion questions in a strong paragraph (5-7 sentences)

1. What is the theme of the story? Why do you think so?

2. How does the description of Julia’s extended family further reveal her need to fit in?

3. What is the author’s attitude towards the importance of a name, as shown through her words and actions?

4. This story is told from whose point of view? Why would the author choose to tell this story using this point of view?

5. How does Alvarez’s attitude about her and her family being different change during the story? Cite evidence from the story in your answer.

4. Essay: Read the following prompt and write an essay based on the instructions.

In Spanish tradition, a child's full name can include many generations of family names. In the personal essay "Names/Nombres" by Julia Alvarez, the author describes the hardships of being a member of an immigrant family in New York City. People mispronounced her name, the Alvarez family held different social etiquette than accepted in the States, and all Julia wanted to do was fit in.

Think about the ties people have to their heritage: the different languages, diverse customs and traditions, and unique characteristics of every ethnicity.

Write an essay explaining whether one should cherish those roots and incorporate them into his or her new American life, or whether an immigrant should completely assimilate into American society and abandon his or her original characteristics.

NAMES/NOMBRES By Julia Alvarez

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?

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."

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.

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.

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?

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.

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

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.

“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!

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.

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!”

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?”

“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.”

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

“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.

“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.

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?

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

