*The House on Mango Street* Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

What does it mean to have a home or to be home?

How do we value home as a society?

Tell me a story about someone who lives near you. What have you observed about one particular neighbor or household?

Here’s an example from my neighborhood:

A man lives five houses from me. I don’t know his name, but I call him Mr. Persnickety (persnickety means someone who is excessively precise about everything and fussy about detail). Mr. P., a thin, older man, walks with a unique gait. He stands very straight with a slight forward lean of his shoulders, but he never swings his arms. He passes my house every afternoon at four on his way to the post office. He does not look side-to-side and will cross the street if anyone is coming at him on the sidewalk.

Mr. Persnickety’s home, a large-older style one, is perfect. No peeling paint, no garbage cans in view, and an immaculate (perfect) yard. Let me illustrate his fussiness. I once witnessed him picking magnolia blossoms (pretty pink ones that come out in the spring) from his lawn with tweezers (tweezers!) after they had fallen from the tree. Underneath the tree is a perfect circle of soil. Apparently, the fallen blossoms are allowed to be on the soil but not in the lawn. Furthermore, he plants the same type of flower (begonias) in the same color (red) in the same locations around his front porch and under the magnolia tree every year.