

How do Authors let us know what they think is important about a character?

Hairs

Everybody in our family has different hair. My Papa's hair is like a broom, all up in the air. And me, my hair is ~~loose~~. It never obeys barrettes or bands. Carlos' hair is thick and straight. He doesn't need to comb it. Nenny's hair is slippery—slides out of your hand. And Kiki, who is the youngest, has hair like fur.

But my mother's hair, my mother's hair, like little rosettes, like little candy circles all curly and pretty because she pinned it in pincurls all day, sweet to put your nose into when she is holding you, holding you and you feel safe, is the warm smell of bread before you bake it, is the

What could each of these mean?

How is Mamma's different?

Eating boogers
and threatening
people



Daughters to Work Day, Father Leone said sons got to go to work too. So I got out of school!"

Abuela, looking starched somehow in one of Mom's old terry cloth robes, her silver hair in a bun, raised an eyebrow and gave a wry smile. "This is equality, yes?"

She often says yes when she means no, and vice versa.

"The *quinceañero*, *m'ijo*, this is the time when the girl becomes the woman."

Mark, who was eleven then, shied away from any discussion that even hinted at having to do with body parts or workings. He turned corpuscle red, a nice counterpoint to his royal blue Cubs baseball cap, which he wore all day every day during the pro season, except in school and church, until the end of the last game of the World Series. The fringe of his dark hair stuck out in a ragged halo around his face. He immediately lost interest in the *quince* party. "Nevermind, countmeout," he mumbled.

Abuela didn't notice. "The *quince* is the time when all the *resto del mundo* ass-cepts your dear sister as an adult in the eyes of God and family. And she, in turn, promises to ass-cept *responsabilidad* for all the wonders in the world of adults."

Responsabilidad. This sank in as deeply as the Country Crock into the nooks and crannies of my half-eaten English muffin, and raised a red flag. This *quince* party could be some sort of trap. "What if I don't want to--ass-cept more responsibilities?" I asked, mindlessly mimicking Abuela's pronunciation.

Mark slipped away, leaving his empty cereal bowl and milk glass on the table.

Shy

Not that interested in his appearance, not fastidious