

*The house on Mango Street*

This isn't it, this can't be the house my parents kept talking about the house may be without a landlord or any other owner but it's also without a front yard and is rather small. This isn't at all what I imagined for our first actual house, I was hoping it would be a house I could finally point to proudly when someone asked me where I live, yet I find myself at this crumbling tiny house on a street known as Mango.

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*The canteen*

I finally did it!! I ate in the canteen, though it didn't seem as great as I thought it would be, it was still a nice experience, though most of it was ruined by tears running down my face. It's sad though that I can never ever go back to the canteen, it was a one in a life-time thing that I'll remember forever, that only I got to experience in my family.

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*Mamacita*

Wow it's about 10:00 p.m. and I'm up because I heard a rather strange noise just now and I think it was Mamacita, it sounded like cat getting attack in an alley. I guess the baby just spoke in english again resulting in Mamacita throwing a fit because of how much she dislike the language. I wonder why she hates the language so much, I mean everyone else uses it why won't she.

*They still don't*

So all day there has been a random red van just sitting outside, no one's left it, no one's got in. Once in awhile you'll hear the horn go off and when it does the lights flashing inside really quick and then silence. My mother went to check on them and they told her to go away because they have "weapons and will use them for self defense". Just some more people who don't know.

