

The House on Lakeview Drive

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A series of vignettes by me. An English 3 assignment inspired by The House on Mango Street by Sandra Cisneros

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1 - 1) My Name

My Name

When I was a kid, I hated my name. I always wanted to change my name to Jessica. I thought it was a much prettier name than Ashley. I wanted to keep my middle and last names the same though, Dawn and Riedel. I'm not so harsh on my name now. I remember in sixth grade, we had a program called Accelerated Reader that encouraged kids to read and take short tests on the books to earn extra points. I never saw why they chose to call it Accelerated Reader, since it really didn't accelerate anyone. Everyone shortened the bulky title to AR. It always bugged me that this abbreviation happened to coincide with my initials. Ironically, I was an avid reader and often earned the most AR points in my class. I was never sure whether I thought this amusing or pathetic. Despite this uncanny coincidence, I now love my name. The name Riedel is derived from the German word for either 'fame' or 'royalty,' which exactly, I'm not sure. My name has belonged to some amazing people. I have, for example, a great-uncle (or something of that sort) buried in Westminster Abbey. Yes, by now I think I love my name.

2 - The House on Lakeview Drive

The House on Lakeview Drive

We live on Lakeview Drive, but we didn't always live here. Before that we lived on Kensington Avenue in Tinley Park. We lived in Homewood before that and before that we lived in a different house in Tinley Park. It's Kensington Avenue that I remember best though. I sometimes miss that house. I miss the painted window bow with the dead, dried up flowers. I miss the prickly mums and the barbed tree next to the driveway that I wouldn't let my parents cut down due to all the birds that lived there. I remember the birch trees on the lawn that you could peel paper from. I remember the huge magnolia tree next to the door, the pear tree with sweet little white flowers which never bore fruit, and I remember the sandbox that became a vast mud puddle anytime it rained. I remember the big pines that got hit by lightning and fell in our backyard. We replaced that space with a shed. I helped Papaw build that shed. I was so proud of all that I accomplished on that shed. I hammered just as many nails as the boys and carried just as much wood, and when it was all put together, Mom and I painted the whole thing until our arms fell off, then we found some spares and painted some more with those. Mom also had a long row of irises that the rabbits would always eat in the spring. Mom loves irises, but we don't have enough land to grow irises here. They wouldn't last very long anyway. But we have a lake, so that'll have to do until we can figure out a good place for a garden. We also have a forest as our front yard, so we have even more trees than we did in Tinley Park. Even so, we don't live on Kensington Avenue anymore.