

Track 1

Imagine being able to walk from Guadalajara to Bangalore—I can do this where I live, in Jackson Heights. My neighborhood, in Queens, New York, is home to people of at least twenty different nationalities. Some say the number is much higher— maybe as high as one hundred. As I walk along the streets of Jackson Heights, the sounds and smells continually change. For a few blocks I hear a mixture of Spanish and English. The restaurants celebrate the foods of Mexico and many different parts of Central and South America. I walk to the rhythm of cumbias and salsa.

If I walk a few more blocks, towards 74th Street, the air is scented with the spices of South Asia. Here, the streets are splashed with the bright colors of traditional Indian, Bangladeshi, and Pakistani clothing and the music takes on the tones and rhythms of Bengali and Hindi music. Salesmen, speaking in the dialects of their home regions, encourage shoppers to view their goods. Sometimes I look into the shops that sell beautiful handmade jewelry and silk cloth. On other days, the restaurants call out to me and I stop to find out what's on the daily menu. 74th Street is a dream come true for anyone who loves spicy food, as I do.

Track 2

Do you have any brothers?

Track 3

attitude

Track 4

Its camouflage is famous.

Track 5

He's gone next door to help with painting.

Track 6

It's not my fault, is it?