To interpret a form of art, literature, song, etc. is your representation of that work. To explain the meaning of the work in one’s own perspective. Raymond Queneau is a French novelist/poet and is known for interpreting the same short story in many different styles from many different perspectives. Different styles of writing create a new way for the reader to understand what the author was trying to portray. “Dirty wedding” by Denis Johnson is the short story I will be writing two different perspectives on. I will be writing from the perspective of Michelle and

 Style 1

I can’t believe I was pregnant with his baby. I can’t believe I was pregnant at all. What was I thinking? I was about twenty-three or twenty-four when I found out I was pregnant with that bastard’s baby.

“I’m pregnant” I remember telling him walking out of the Motel bathroom where we stayed. He looked at me high as a kite and said “I’d actually gotten a vasectomy a long time ago, and somebody else must have made you pregnant.” I remember feeling numb and going quiet. There was no possible way I was going to bring life in to this world with a man like this. A man I clearly fallen out of love with. Siting in silence he taps my shoulder and continues to say he had inoperable cancer and would soon be passed away and gone, eternally. I sighed, rolled my eyes in tears, wishing the same fate for myself.

It was cold outside. Gray, it’s always gray in Chicago. I walked by the protestors yelling and screaming at us. I was overwhelmed. I quickly stiffened up as a man with these dark glasses started to tell me that God will forgive me. He forgives all his children. I was silent. I was scared. I was alone. This bastard looked at me as if he wanted to ask me something but, he also remained silent.

I handed my appointment card to the nurses and she led me to a curtain. Behind the curtain I changed into a hospital gown and sat anxiously. Will it hurt? Can the baby fell at this stage? Am I a murderer? My mind was racing. I wanted to get up and run. Run anywhere far away from here. Far away from the clinic, far away from the pain, far away from it all and then I heard the knock.

The nurse came in and asked if I was ok. She seemed nice. I liked her. I was quiet, I couldn’t say. I remember the nurse explaining to me the procedure and reassuring me I wasn’t going to feel anything and that it wouldn’t hurt. I kind of wish it did though.

When I woke up I felt empty. I was on a chair with a bunch of other women who made the same choice as me. I heard loud talking behind the curtain but I couldn’t properly make it out. I see the bastard walking toward me and instantly I felt anger.

“How are you feeling?” He says

“I feel fine.”

“What did they stick up you?”

“What?” I said. Before I knew it the nurse I liked called the security guard to escort him out. I was happy. I wanted the peace. I wanted to be free from him.

After the abortion I left my old life behind and moved to Kansas City. I felt broken. I felt as if nobody in the world understood what I was going through. I didn’t want to feel alone but after the abortion I couldn’t shake the pain. I left to Kansas City with a man named John Smith. He was charming, he was nice. I needed charming, I needed nice. I just wanted someone to be there for me. I just wanted someone to save me from my pain.

It was all too much. I remember writing a note leaving it on his pillow because I wanted the pain to stop. I wanted to not feel so alone anymore. I took a handful of pills and the world went black.

 Style 2

 Everyone always wonders why I do what I do. I like to help people. I like to help women I believe cannot help themselves. I want to be an advocate for the voiceless. Working at the clinic gives me that satisfaction. I have three daughters of my own so protecting the voice of women is important to me.

 Throughout my day I see about thirty to forty women a day. However, I will never forget Michelle. Michelle was beautiful. She seemed so broken yet there was something mesmerizing about her. I saw her face as she walked in. She came in as if she seen a ghost which is understandable because of all those crazy fanatics outside protesting every day. The man she came in with seemed so unkempt. They didn’t look happy. Both of them looked like they were dealing with pain. Michelle’s pain was written all over her face. When she handed me the appointment card I tried to smile at her as she stared blankly at me. I led her through the curtain and advised her to change into the hospital gown.

 I knew this case was rare because Michelle looked depressed.

“Can I come in?” I asked knocking on the door.

“Come in.” she whispered.

“Hi there, I’ll be your nurse throughout the entire process, I’ll be here for you and I can reassure you that you will not feel a thing.” I proceeded to say. She was just silent. Every now and then she would make eye contact with me but I believe it was just to see if I was finished talking.

 Her procedure went well. I went to the waiting area and saw the unkempt boyfriend obnoxiously chatting in the waiting area. I approached him and said “Michelle is comfortable now”

“Is she dead?”

“Of course not.” I said with a puzzled look on my face.

“I kind of wish she was.”

I was scared, I didn’t know how to respond or what to say. Is this why Michelle was so quiet and afraid because of him? “I don’t know what you mean.” I said but before I knew it he was walking through the curtain.

 I came back to see this unkempt man badgering Michelle. “Hey. Out of here, Out of here.” I stated. I ran through the curtain to get our security guard to escort him of the premises.

Michelle looked at me and for the first time throughout the day she smiled a smile of relief.

 Conclusion

 The process of writing from a different perspective is tricky. That is your own interpretation on what you feel the author was trying to portray. I struggled with choosing a perspective to write from. Ultimately I felt it would be interesting to write from Michelle’s perspective as well as her nurses. The effects of different “styles” of language really helps you understand the story better. I learned more about the relationship between the main character and Michelle from writing through different styles.