Haziq Mohamed June 7, 2020

 Essay 1, first draft

For my interpretation, I have decided to base it off of “The Money”, by Junot Diaz. For the first style, it’ll be from the perspective of a guy with lots of potential, and yet is still overshadowed by his younger sister. In this story, the characters plot will basically remain the same, but the exposition and setting will be different. For my second story, I have decided to base it off of a victim getting revenge, but the main character is bully.

My family loves my sister more than they love me. You know how I know this? While she studies overseas, I’m stuck working at my dad’s restaurant. And it’s not like I’m stupid, I excelled in school. I even speak better English than my sister does. I wanted to be a lawyer but no, my parents want to judge me by who my friends are.

So last week as I was serving tea to one of the customers, my dad comes in with the ‘good’ news that my sister’s coming back for the summer, despite the fact that she comes bac k every year. But since she got all As this semester, my dad wanted to get her something special. Two hours later, we’re in the bank getting a loan so he could get her a 22 karat gold necklace. What did I get for straight As all my life? “You could have done better”.

The next day, my dad invites everyone my sister knows for a surprise party. We went to the airport to pick her and when we got home, let me save you the time of reading through the most cliché surprise party you’ll ever know of, and fast forward to the situation. As the clock reaches 2AM, the last guest leaves, and we hear mom scream. We all come into the room where we see her on the floor, along with her jaw, holding an empty the necklace case. My dad immediately looks at me, with a vein popping out of his forehead, yelling “YOU”, and proceeding to grab a vase and attempt to throw it at me, but it hit the wall as I was out the house. But its amazing how out of all the people that were in the house, my dad still manages to blame me.

So now I’m on the street, looking for an abandoned hut or truck I can sleep in, and then I spot my sister’s best friends. I ran over to her, and told her what just happened. As usual, she responded with one or less words, but this time it was a little weird. And then I notice something glistening on her neck. The thing looked very familiar and then it clicked in to my head. She realized that I had noticed where she got her latest piece from and starts to make a run for it, and I try to chase after her. A cop sees all this and starts to chase me. I end up losing him by jumping in to the river, which for my whole life, I have dreaded doing.

I ended up lodging at my friend’s house where I realized something: She had a crush on him. And then I had it all planned out.

The next day I sent my friend George to her house with a bouquet of flowers. He walks in, and five minutes later, opens up a window. He then, gives the signal and I climb in. I looked everywhere and then noticed a string on the floor. I pull it and not only did I see a necklace, I saw everything that my sister had lost over the years, including a shirt I got her for birthday (which was the last gift I got her since I didn’t actually think she lost it). I took the necklace, replaced it one of George’s phony necklaces, and jumped out, and kept running.

I debated whether I should pawn it, get started on a new life in Australia, and possibly have kids that my parents would never see, and brag about it to them. But then I remembered my sister to have it as I stilled loved her, even if I despised my father. So I went home, gave her the necklace, and told them the whole story. After all this, my father get’s up, walks over to me, and says, ”You missed work today”.

You’d think selling crack would get you that good money, but it really does not. At best, you break even. Luckily, I have another way to get my finances, and that’s through Kevin, the freshmen who always had his pockets filled with cash, until I get to him, and the same thing happens every 24 hours, five days a week.

Except for that one day.

I was supposed to pay back my supplier but Kevin wasn’t in school. And I really needed cash. I then see my girlfriend and asked her if she had money. Like she usually responded, “ I don’t carry cash, how many times I gotta tell you this?” With no other options, I go home. I decided if I ever wanted to see another birthday, I’d have to sell like I’m Jordan Belfort. I go to my house, pull of my bed sheets to get to my hiding space only to see a hollow space where my inventory was supposed to be. I must have smoked it all.

So with no other option, I snuck in to my mother’s room, to get to her purse. Just as I find it, I hear the door open. I thought it was my mother, but I heard more one person’s footsteps. Matter of fact, it was at least ten. I try to jump out of the window, but my collar goes backwards, as a cop drags me out. I see my mother in the hall, and all she says is, “so we’re doing drugs now?” as I’m dragged in to the squad car.

Instead of going straight to the precinct, we stopped by at my school. And they directed me to the deans office. There were cops, holding my stuff, but what was weird was they were holding more crack than I usually leave in my locker. Suddenly, my girlfriend walks in, but when I tried to say hi, she looked the other way. Then they explained it to me. The love of my life was a narc. I shared every last thing with her, and all I got was a drug possession and distribution charge.

As they walked me to the squad car, the every last person in the school borders my path, and out of the corner of my eye, I saw Kevin, smirking. “Sucks to be you”, he said. I gave him a dirty look, and yet he kept that same face, which was weird. Usually, when I give him-or anyone for that matter-a dirty look, it will instantly result in a frown.

I ended up getting a year in juvenile. My mother visited once a month, of course that rat I trusted never did. But one day I got a visit from a familiar face. It took me minute to realize it was Kevin. He sat down picked up the phone, and so did I. “School just isn’t the same”, he said. “Yeah and?” I responded.

” There’s no one I’ve busted who had a nice a hiding space like that”.

When he said that sarcastic comment, it all came together. “ SO YOUR-“

He nodded.” Me and your girlfriend have been doing this for months, and you’re the biggest fish we ever caught”.

“YOU MOTHERF\_” I was dragged away while Kevin laughed. Just a few more months.

In conclusion, writing these stories helped me understand the original story much better. Although mine have emotions that are a bit exaggerated, it still almost remains in line to what happened in the original. The first story was a story that has been in the back of my mind for years, just with a different plot. The second story on the other hand, was a lot harder to write, because it’s a little complicated to write the role of an anti-hero. The idea came from an episode of *The Sopranos*, an episode of *South Park,* and the second half of the movie *Goodfellas.* I basically mashed those three up with a somewhat original perspective.