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ENG 1121'

Essay 1

Intro

There are many ways a story can be interpreted. The definition of interpret is the action of explaining the meaning of something. Interpreting something can also be viewed by someone's perspective in the story. "The Money" by Junot Diaz is about how his family had just immigrated to the United States. The narrator also talks about how in his neighborhood, there are always invasions of homes and it's bound to happen to his family soon. Like the narrator predicted, his house gets broken into and the burglars steal money from his mother and books. After this he tells his friends that his house got broken into and while explaining he figures out that it was them due to the facial expressions they make and how guilty they look. I'm going to tell the story through the main character's perspective and his mother's perspective. The first interpretation of the first story would be about the main character / older brother. I will talk about his viewpoint on wanting to help his family out no matter what he has to do due to their income situation being second-class. The second interpretation would be from his mother's perspective and her position on how she's not able to provide for her family as much as she could. So the things her son does bothers her because she thinks she can do a better job raising her family. Therefore she blames herself for the poor decisions her son makes. Both stories will

have a different view on living in the United States and will have different interpretations of living as an immigrant.

Narrator / Main Character's Perspective

Growing up in the Dominican Republic I was a troubled kid. I did many things I'm not proud of but I made sure it was for a good cause for my family. I remember this one time money was needed in my household to pay bills and I had stolen from a nearby shop that provided basic necessities we need to survive. I stole things like water, fruits and bread. I came home to my mother being upset that she couldn't feed her children but I made sure we all were able to have something in our stomach that day. Although I came home with goods, I can feel the disappointment in my mother's face. Her exact words were " You shouldn't have done that, there are many other ways you can provide for the family legally. I'm disappointed in you hijo ". After I thought I was doing the right thing. That was the spark of my delinquent activities. Years later, we moved. I am currently living in The United States of America, specifically in a small town in New Jersey. See, All my life I was told that living in America would solve all your problems. Especially our financial situation. The only person in our family that worked legally was our dad. He worked all day and all night to make sure he can provide for his family, yet that wasn't enough for everything we needed. The main priority is putting food in our belly's and having a roof over our heads and that's what I'm thankful for. But honestly I'm bored in this house. I barely have fun with my brother because he's into that little kid stuff, like toys and pretty much a little kid. My mom has her ways of making money but it's not enough for the whole family.

Here's the thing regardless of my dad working extremely hard every single day, It can all be gone in less than an hour. See, we live in a neighborhood where things like robberies, home invasions, and killings can happen to anyone. And the fucked up shit about that is it happened to us. But the way it happened was ironic because I had a couple friends in the neighborhood that were pretty close and I invited them to my house one day which could've been the worst decision I have ever made. While they were over, they were being sketchy the whole time they were here. They kept looking all over the house and etc but I didn't really pay mind to it. Next thing you know my house had been hit the following day while my dad was working and we were all sleeping. They stole everything important to us. Especially the saving my mom had been doing since we arrived in the United States. It broke her and It honestly made me furious. At the current I'm not sure who it was that broke into our house but I eventually found out. See one of my "friends" Robert, who was a part of the robbery, felt too guilty and gave in to me eventually. At the park one day he told me if he can speak to me privately and I said sure. Robert says "Look man I know your house got broken into and honestly I wish I didn't have part in it." As soon as he ended his sentence I was ready to punch him right in the face but he continued with "I wish I didn't do it. I was forced by the others and It doesn't feel right to me at the end of the day. Everything that was stolen is at Tristan's house, but you didn't hear it from me". Wow to think the people I almost became close with, were the ones who invaded my home. I've had experience stealing, so trust me when I say this I'm gonna steal what belonged to my family back and I don't care who gets hurt in the process. Since I found where my things were kept at I made sure to set up Tristan without looking suspicious. We were all hanging out one day at the front of Tristan's building one day and I already found out a way of getting into his house. See Tristan

was dumb enough to get his spare key everytime from a nearby carpet. He'd pick up the carpet and boom there would be a key there every time. So I knew when the right time would be because I sat in a place where He wouldn't see me and waited for his family to leave together. The right day came and it was time to get back what's mine and my families. I saw them leave one day and as soon as they left the area I picked the key up from under the carpet and got inside the house. As soon as I entered I ran straight to Tristan's room and checked all the obvious places to hide money and jewelry. I found all 300 dollars and 1 gold watch in less than 5 minutes which was fast enough and good timing. It was all under his bed which was the third place I checked. I got the stuff and left right away and put the key right back under the carpet. I got home knowing I'd feel good because I just got back what broke my mother's heart. I put it all back where she kept them in the first place and when she found it there she had the only smile on her face and I knew from there that I did something bad but for the good reason. And I'm glad it made my mom happy.

Perspective From the Mother.

As a mother I'd do anything for my children. I know life recently hasn't been the best for us but I try to be the best I could be to make sure my two sons have the best life. My husband had recently just moved us out to the United States of America and we live in a poor and high crime town in New Jersey. The reason my husband brought us here was for a better opportunity in a better life. He had gotten a job that didn't pay well but paid better than the one in the Dominican Republic. See it didn't matter though because no matter how hard of a worker he was,

it wasn't enough. I myself can barely provide food for the table because I've been trying to save money since we arrived here. One morning we all woke up the sudden changes in our house. Our front door was open and we knew what had happened. We checked all our places to hide money and the money we did hide was no longer there. All the money I saved up was no longer there. We were the poorest we had ever been and It hurt so much. My son had been providing more than me this whole time but I knew the stuff he'd been doing was only going to get him in trouble one day. And everytime he comes home with new things it makes me feel bad because I just wish I could provide for him and be the mother that would make sure he doesn't do things that make me disappointed. That's part of the reason why we moved here to begin with, yet he is still involved in such criminal acts and I know it's for the family but he shouldn't be doing it. I remember having a talk with him one day and I'd hope it would change him but it didn't. I told him " look mijo.. I know the things you do are for us but I can't keep seeing you do things that would only lead you to a life in prison. I want you to better yourself and I hope one day we will all be living wealthy in the right ways". Yet he still hasn't listened and I blame myself every time. One day after waking up, there was a note on the kitchen table. It was from my son and it said " mom I know the things I do aren't good. I know they don't make you happy but at the end of the day I'm just doing it for my family. Check under your bed for me after reading this, I hope I did the right thing ". I was confused at what he had been saying because I didn't keep anything under there anymore. I went to go check and everything that had been stolen that night, had been back in our possession. Although I know my son did something that wasn't the best, I couldn't be mad. He truly made me happy that day and I was only going to make sure I would try and be the best mother I can be.

Conclusion

In conclusion, the many ways to tell a story is by interpretation. Interpretation means, expressing an idea the way you view it. In the two stories I told, the parts I've struggled the most with was putting myself into the shoes of the characters. It was easier with the older brother because I've heard stories related to his life. But with trying to see the mother's perspective of not having money and not being able to provide for her family, it was hard trying to be her and tell a story from her view. This essay assignment made me realize that it can be used in the real world. We should try and interpret things by using other people's perspective. It's important to hear what others have to say on their part of the story.