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English 1121

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In this Essay, I've selected Two Writing Styles that will Incorporate the tone, vocabulary, mood, symbols or signs, and in one of the styles the writer can give an opinion in the story. The two forms to be discussed in the body paragraphs are the notation and the subjective style. I chose those styles because both of them develop the plot in their own way into a more emotional and captivating story and It helped me to tell the story with more character information. The story that I will be interpreting is "The Money" By Junot Díaz, which is about a Dominican kid and his poor family who live in a poor neighborhood in New Jersey. The boy stresses that his mother skips the top of the already low funds available to provide economic relief to their poor family in the homeland. In my first interpretation of this story I'm going to be focusing from the point of view of the Mother. The second story is going to be from the point of view of the thief.

We live in New Jersey, and have not been here for too long. My family and I came to the United States to live here out of necessity. We left our homeland to have a better futuro(future). I would have never thought that it would be this hard, the American dream sounded pleasing and easy to achieve when we were back home. Money has not been easier to get, as an immigrant there are not as many job opportunities open for us, things are even harder when you don't know the language and don't know how things work around you. My husband has been trying to make money as many ways as he could but he keeps losing the jobs. I wonder if this world was even made for us. I wake up everyday thinking about which day would be the end of us. I keep

praying that my kids don't get involved with gangs or that our current situation would cause them to lose focus in school. The only thing I want for them is to achieve the things I couldn't, I only want the best for them.

This week I received another call from my parents in Santo Domingo, mama said to me “mi hija necesitamos dinero para lo comida y el gas, puedes mandar dinero”( we need money to buy food and gass, can you send us some money), I said to her “mama todavia no e juntado suficiente dinero para mandarle, pero voy haber que voy hacer”(I still haven't gather enough money to send you, but i'll see what i'm going to do). This triggered a fight with my husband at night while the kids were sleeping, I remember being so frustrated saying to him “estoy harta de tantas veces que has perdido tu trabajo, porque siempre lo pierdes?!” (I'm tired of how many times you lost your job, why do you alway lose it?!!) Because we needed money for so many things and he was fired from his job a while ago and still hasn't found another job. He always tries to calm me down, and tells me that he'll find a job. But the only thing I kept thinking is that I am a mother with five mouths to feed, we need to pay bills, I have to send money for my parents in my homeland, but I need to be strong for my family and figure things out with my husband.

But a few weeks passed and things started to get a little bit better for my family. My husband found a job again, I started hustling around trying to get money any way I can, haciendo el cabello a mis amigas o vecinas(doing hair for my friend and neighbors). We began to save money to send to my parents in my homeland, even though it meant being more broke for sending money. That savings, I placed it in my button drawer and my kids saw me from time to time placing money there from whatever my husband gave me and from whatever money I

hustle getting. Afterwards, I manage to save enough money to send every six month to DR, also we can use that money incase of an emergency. The summer came, me and my family and I thought that we could relax and spend time together, so we took a small vacation too. We had so much fun, to at least relajarme y no pensar de los problemas(relax and not think about the problems).

When we got back from the vacation we took, everything came back to my mind. I started thinking of the things we needed to pay and the money I needed to send to DR for my parents. It was time for me to send money to my parents, but when I thought things were going a little bit easier I found out that the money I had saved was gone. I started going crazy looking for that money, I was angry, I was Agitated, I cursed everything “Maldigo este pais, a mi esposo y a esta barrio”. I knew that my kids or my husband had told some about the money we had saved. I knew someone robbed us, but I couldn't do anything, I didn't know what to do, it was when you were to get some hope and then it gets taken away from you out of nowhere. I needed to think of another way to get that money that I lost. But a few days passed, and my son came to me and showed me some of the money that I had saved. I didn't know what to tell him, or what face expression I should've done. I took the money, but I started to question my son in my head, thinking, “was it him who stole the money” or “if he was the one that told or say that we have had some money saved”. But after all at least I got some money back so I can't send it to my homeland, and to pay some bills.

## Point of view of the Thief and writers Opinion

It was an afternoon, I was hanging out with my Dominican friend Junot, well or so he thought that I was his friend. He had told his story about coming to the United states and how hard it had been for his family to adapt to this new life. For him it was easy to talk to us about his problems, he had told us that his mom was saving money in his house to send back to his grandparents. Junot had told us that he and his family were going on a family trip back to his country, it accrued to me that with them gone it was the perfect time to break inside their home and steal a couple of things. When they left, the house was fully empty. I began to search the house and found Junot moms money on his mom's drawers, she had three hundred dollars saved, I didn't feel much guilt, she was never going to know who did it or that it was me, while I was in there I also took Junot D. & D. books.

I started spending some of the money for stupid things, things that i didnt really need but just wanted to buy. Junot Came to me with a desperate, angry, and a sad look on his face, and he expressed what had happened to him. The only thing I could tell him was "Damn that messed up bro". But a few days later, when I was going to spend some more of the money, I realized that someone had stolen it from me and also the book as well, I got so hangry. Then the next day the thief was talking to Junot about what had happened to him, and then only thing that Junot said to him was the same thing he told him "Damn that's messed up bro". Here we can see how fake people can be, they show you one side but on the other side they stab you in the back.

In conclusion, writing this essay helped me to understand both views, in the point of view of the mother, and the thief. One view provided more detailed information and the other provided the basic information and it also gave me the chance to give a personal opinion in the

story. The issues that I struggled when writing this essay were having to come up with the idea for the characters, and match the style. What I got from writing styles is that everyone will have a different interpretation even if we use the same styles of writing.