

In the modernized cultured that we live in today has changed the ways we interpret everything, from stories, poems, and even music. Depending on our points of view we can interpret things differently and since everyone has a unique point of view, many interpretations come to light especially with all the new ways of communicating those messages. The story I'm writing in different styles is "The Money" by Junot Diaz, the first being a shift in perspective to see the point of view of the "friend" of his that stole the money and the second being a reported speech. I chose the shift in perspective because seeing both points of view can change the way we see the story by understanding both sides we can end up with a different interpretation of the story. The reported speech style seems to fit right in my opinion with this kind of story since it is a narrative in the first person view we can change it to an outside view of a person who didn't experience it first hand and is just reporting what the author went through.

#### Point of view: Thief

It was a usual day in our neighborhood in New Jersey, my friends and I are sitting in the park bench talking our usual bro stuff. Junot a Dominican boy, was always complaining about how his mom chipped dollars off the cash his dad was giving them for daily necessities to send to DR to there family and the fact that she was hiding it from them. I asked him "Why don't you just take the money or talk to your mom about it?", he answered, " Because I knew it was for a good cause and also I didn't wanna get the spanked with the chancla." I thought he was annoying, to be honest, I didn't like him much so one day I made decided to take that money for myself since he already told us the hiding spot was easy, all I had to do was wait for the perfect opportunity. I told my friends about it and they agreed with me. He knows that this neighborhood was dangerous, people always stealing bikes if you didn't pay attention to it for a second, cars, and robbing houses. What he didn't know is that we were one of those people. I did it because it's either there family or mines which for me was an easy choice.

Later on that day he tells us that they are going on a road trip for the summer and I asked " The usual sleeping on a van trip?" and he responded, "Yes sadly" and how he loved the new dungeons and dragons hardcovers that he got for his birthday. I loved dungeons and dragons too so I decided i was going to steal that too. After he went home my friends and I started coming up

with the plan, since we have done this before it was as easy as taking candy from a baby especially when he tells us everything that he has and where he has it, plus we been to his house to hang out with him so we knew the setup. During the plan, we discussed what each what we were going to take and where we were going to hide it at, they all said that my house was the best choice and I agreed of course. All we had to do was wait for the day they leave for that trip and man I couldn't wait to take his stuff.

The day finally comes and we break into the house in the middle of the night, once we were in it was easy since we knew what we were looking for. All we did was follow the plan and take what we came for, on my way to the spot where the money was I saw a portable radio and the D&D hardcovers that I wanted so I took them easy as that. Once we were done we left running towards my house leaving the door unlocked to his place. We got to my house and hid the money while I enjoyed looking at my dungeons and dragons hardcovers. A few days went by, Junot and his family returned to town and of course, saw what happened to there poor savings, it was all mine now.

One day we were sitting in the same spot with Junot and of course, he starts telling us about the awful robbing that happened to him and his family and how bad they took it. My homie and I just said all the right things so he wouldn't suspect that it was us who did it. Later on, we were sitting in front of my building ready to go to our usual hangout spot, Junot said he wanted to use the bathroom and of course I let him. We waited for him downstairs, once he came down we headed to the park, and out of nowhere, he says that he forgot something at his house. We were annoyed but we kept it going to the park without him. When I went home to enjoy the dungeons and dragons book I stole and the sweet money I noticed they were gone, I looked everywhere and couldn't find it. All I could think was "Well karma is a bitch." Next day I went to our usual hanging spot (annoyed at the fact they stole from me) to meet up with Junot and the homie, I complained to both of them about what happened and about this shitty neighborhood, and Junot has the decency to look at me with a serious face and say "No kidding."

## Reported Speech

Junot Diaz said that his mother didn't have a regular job caring for five kids and his father couldn't keep his forklift jobs. He explained that both his grandparents were in the Dominican Republic alone, that his mother would chip off the money of the cash his father will give him for daily necessities to save it and send a couple of hundred dollars every six months or so. He said that the reason her mother did that was to negotiate the absence, and the distance caused by them leaving his grandparents alone.

He said that they know where she hides this money to send off but that if they touch that money it would mean a violent punishment approaching death. He would take her purse without thinking and couldn't bring himself to look for the forbidden stash.

He said that the summer he turned twelve, his family and him, went away on a road trip vacation extravaganzas and that when he returned to Jersey, exhausted, and battered found his front door unlocked. He states that his parents' room looked like a tornado just flew by in there and it was where the thieves concentrated their search. He said that they took a portable radio, some of his Dungeons and Dragons hardcovers and of course his mom secret stash of the money. He states that it didn't come as a huge surprise to him since it was a bad neighborhood basically things got stolen on the regular, and that summer was their turn. He said that his mother out of all of them took the robbery the worse.

He states that he was moaning about the robbery to some guys he was hanging with at the time and they were cursing sympathetically and that out of nowhere it struck him, a mental clarity moment where he realized that the two guys he called his friends did it. He said that he couldn't go to the cops with just little to no evidence, he asked his main friend to let him use his bathroom and pretended to piss while unlatching the window. When they all headed towards the park he pretended that he forgot something at home and went back to his main friend's apartment and got in by the window he just opened. He says that the dolt and his family had everything in that apartment, he knew where to look so he popped up the friend's mattress and underneath found his D&D books and some of his mom's money.

He said that just like that he solved the case and that he also took two days thinking about if he should give the money back to his mom which he did. He expected some kind of reward but at the end he got nothing.

In conclusion, re-writing this story was difficult because not only I have to word things differently but also see it differently, also I have never done this kind of assignment where I have to write in different styles yet maintain the same main plot of the story. I learned that writing a story in different ways can affect the way we look at it, also it can make us see it in a new perspective and understand it more. My opinion on the interpretation of something it stills the same being that it's a way that we explain our perspective and point of view of something to someone.