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Story I've chosen to recreate is "The Republic, Book X" by Plato (the excerpts.)

Interpretation is the explanation/meaning of something but this definition of interpretation is very vague because in fact in life we all see things through a different set of eyes, we are beings who are defined by our cultural upbringings and collective experiences in life and this all determines our perspective which can have an outcome of different interpretations on different things. I've chosen to rewrite the story metaphorically and negatives. Metaphorically because it is not too different from the way the original text is written it's almost as Plato spoke strictly in metaphors much of the text is left up to the reader to annotate and decipher what is being said. Negatives are a way to contradict what was being said but also to make it more clear to the reader. The whole point of the excerpts was that Plato has banished the poets for their injustice to human kind by making their poems relatable through suffering and sadness. It is harder to imitate a real genuine person's feelings and easier to recreate these sad emotions in people.

Negatives

The painter does not know of the truth displayed. The painting of a shoemaker isn't the essence of the shoemaker; it is not providing the knowledge nor the understanding of what the

shoemaker does. This is not wrong so it must be true. It is neither a painter or a musician but a poet. The poet doesn't speak the truth either much like the painter the poet uses neither nicknames or aliases but names of the unreal and phrases not meant to be spoken clearly but as if we were speaking a different language of meter, rhythm, and harmony. Not the real deal but instead imitator, does not possess wisdom so it does not appeal to the strong but instead the weak. Not always but hardly. He doesn't speak the truth so he imitates not whatever reaches the smallest amount of people but instead the majority with no real knowledge instead fake news. Not compatible but when an opposed tendency arises in a human they split in two is it not? Indeed not deniable but very true. No when something is divided in our nature we lead not to which we deem reasonable but instead where we are persuaded I don't understand? He said. Not trapped but we must be free from these events taking place. Not a rubber ball nor a card game but when the dice are rolled whatever it lands you must act accordingly not like a child but as a man or woman you must be strong and independent not placing blames on others but instead taking responsibility. Not the painter but the poet is good at these imitations that don't appeal to the realness and the few who are always trying to project the best of themselves but instead to the sheep who indulge in not the good but the bad parts. You mustn't enjoy these stories of the not real but imaginary people because it reflects on your soul the suffering and enjoyment from this suffering. One doesn't pretend that they don't enjoy an inappropriate joke as long as you're not the one who's telling it or being affected by it. You don't say it in fear of being ridiculed is it not true. Good cannot exist without the bad. Good saves and benefits and bad destroys and corrupts. No one person's evil soul cannot corrupt another evil soul but instead adds to the fire and in the

not bad but good person it may ignite the flame. Not injustice but justice and virtue must be sought while alive to not lose but reap the benefits of your truth and justice in the after life.

Metaphors

The poet is much like a toxic ex-partner, they convey lies and attack the deepest part of your subconscious making it feel as if you are the one with the issues. Ex because you want to get rid of a partner is pulling and not pushing you in your life creating an illusion. They can make you a good justice seeking soul into a dark soul just like a tiny lit match burning down your house something you've worked on for many years. The house being your foundation of who you are. The poet speaks of the hardships of a made up character, someone who seems to be unreal but when expressed through poetry the lyrics touch your soul almost as if you're turning the pages in your own auto-biography or looking deeply into the mirror with a reflection of yourself. The audience of these poets are the mass of people who are like sheep following the shepherd and afraid of the shepherd's dog. Going wherever master commands in regards to how these poems make you feel deep in your soul. Don't view others suffering and find enjoyment that it's not you or that they aren't real because these very things can happen to you. Faster than you know it, one second everything's good another second life hits you harder than a dodgeball aimed straight for your head by the most athletic kid in class. Worldly desires are like a fat kid loving cake. The kid is already, probably at high risk blood pressure, diabetes etc.. none of these things are good for the fat kid but he knows nothing else other than over indulging instead of

earning the sweets, the kid just gives the sweets all his attention creating a monster. Our desires of sex and spiritedness must be left in the darkness these are plants we must not let grow but instead many water and nurture these plants. Good and bad are like two sides of the same coin; one doesn't exist without the other but we mustn't be indulging in the bad when our after life depends on what we do in our lives now and today. Good saves and benefits, bad destroys and corrupts. Seek justice and virtue for the benefits in the after life.

In conclusion, writing this story in a different form proved to be somewhat difficult; it requires a lot of abstract thinking. I struggled with the negatives and probably should've picked a different style to rewrite instead of that one. However when it comes to interpretation there is no wrong answer. Just like I said in the introduction the interpretation may be different, our minds don't work the same. I haven't learned much on the effects of different styles because this is something I'm still trying to wrap my head around on how to necessarily do it. However I did choose this story because Platos is a famous philosopher. He is someone we've been studying for centuries, I reinforced the idea of we are the masters of our own fate and you can't let a bad roll of dice determine the outcome of the rest of your life. You need to take responsibility on what's happened and act accordingly to handle it.