

My version of this story is inspired by the short story “The Money”, by Junot Diaz. Two styles that are presented in the body paragraph are Notation and Reported speech. Notation was easier for me to start with as it was from a first person perspective. It allowed me to tell the story with more detail from the character or narrator. Reported speech was also among the easiest style to end it with as it was a story about crime. This would allow me to understand the story in a third person perspective whereas the first person perspective does not.

In the poorest neighborhood in East Harlem, Manhattan where all the recent immigrants would reside. My father who was a cop recently won a gold award, and 5,000 in cash for protecting the neighborhood. Now, my father did not earn much but this was a blessing seeing as we barely had money to buy ourselves a meal for a week, we mainly relied on cereal or cans of tuna. I had a friend named Angel, his mother had recently died a few days ago. It was on the news that my father murdered her while trying to arrest her for robbery. He had taken it hard and broke down which had caused him to have complicated grief disorder. He was feeling very angry lately, so I had decided to go to his house. I knocked a few times and he finally answered the door. As soon as he saw me, his eyes turned black. I did not think much of it as I am sure it probably could have been my imagination. “Hey man! I just wanted to see how you were doing”, I said. Angel did not reply just simply nodded his head so I took it as a yes that he was probably okay. “Well, I just came by to see if you were doing ok. I'll see you another time then.” Again, he did not reply, just nodded and closed the door on me. Well, his mother did just die, so I am pretty sure right now he is still grieving and is in no mood to speak to anybody. So, what really happened that day when I went back home? My father had already been home and told me he took 3 days off, and is taking us on a vacation. I guess going to a run down motel in the middle

of Manhattan is called a “vacation”. A couple days later when we returned to East Harlem, my father and I found our door bashed open which seemed to be with an axe. We went inside towards my father’s room where the thief had mostly been in, seeing as his room was the messiest. We saw that the mattress had been flipped over, and our stash of money that my father had received for protecting the neighborhood along with the gold award and my favorite video game Last of Us 2, is no longer where it should have been. My father accused me of going around telling my friends that he has money now, and that I led them to steal it. Ofcourse, I could not say anything to him as he kept on rambling about it. He cursed the whole country, the neighborhood, his job, the thief, including me; his own son, as if I was there during the robbery. Everyone in the neighborhood had been robbed at least once, and this time it was ours. While my father was investigating the crime scene, I decided to go visit Angel. As I got there, I noticed he was already outside as if he was waiting for me. I waved and said “Hey man, what's up? I just came back from vacation. The craziest thing just happened, when I came back my father and I saw that we had been robbed. This is outrageous.” Once again, Angel just nodded. This is not the first time he's been doing this, it's been going on for a while. The least he could do is speak to me. When I finally stopped listening to my thoughts, I realized something. You know that moment when everything becomes clear to you, when you finally get the answer to what you were looking for? Well, this was it. Angel finally replied, and said “Yeah man, that's horrible.” When he said that, he was looking very nervous along with looking around me. Angel never does that, he looks you right in the eye whenever he speaks, so this time it's different; I guess that would explain his behavior lately. This man right here who I called a “friend” had robbed my home and stole our valuables. I am guessing he is still not over the fact that my father had

murdered his mother accidentally, and is now taking it out on us by robbing us. I had told Angel that I was thirsty and asked if I could go inside his kitchen and serve it myself. He agreed, and let me go. As I went inside, instead of going to the kitchen I went to his room where I saw my father's gold award, stash, and even my Last of Us 2 video game. I quickly retrieved them back, and opened the window to his room and jumped out from it. As I was leaving, I saw that Angel had caught me leaving his room out of the window. He sees my things with me, and marches towards me. He tries to throw a punch, but I quickly dodge it. I drop my things on the ground and proceed to fight him. After the fight, I left Angel bleeding on the ground and ran home with my things. I was debating whether or not to give the gold award and stash to my father, but at the end of the day I knew that the guilt was going to haunt me. I eventually decided to give my father back his things, and I told him what happened with Angel. He took that opportunity to arrest him, and that was that.

A local immigrant who resides in the poorest neighborhood in East Harlem, Manhattan reported having a father who works as a cop. His father had won a gold award, and 5,000 in cash for protecting the neighborhood. To this father and son, it was a blessing as his father did not earn much in his job, and only relied on eating cans of tuna and cereal. This young man had a friend named Angel who had reportedly broken down and acquired complicated grief disorder right after his mother's death. It was reported that the cause of his mother's death was from the young man's father, the cop who arrested his mother for robbery. It was after that, this boy went to check up on his friend as he was worried about his anger. He had reportedly seen his friend's eyes turn black upon seeing him but chose to ignore it. He wanted to see if his friend Angel was alright, but his friend did not speak at all. The young man then went home to find out that his

father had taken 3 days off his job, to then take him on vacation. The vacation was both the father and son in a rundown motel in the middle of Manhattan. When both father and son had returned from their 3 day vacation, upon seeing their front house door was bashed open with an axe, they were shocked. They noticed that the thief who broke into their home had mainly focused on stealing from the father's room. The items that were stolen were the young man's video game Last of Us 2, the gold award and the 5,000 in cash that this cop had received for protecting the neighborhood. After the incident, the young man went to go visit his friend Angel who was already outside his home. When he mentioned the robbery in his home to Angel, he noticed his friend got nervous and looked around him. The young man realized it was his friend who had robbed him, and that it was a revenge for his father murdering his mother; even if it was accidental. He told Angel if he could pour himself a glass of water in the kitchen as an excuse to go inside and see for himself. Once he went inside, instead of going to the kitchen he had gone to his friend Angel's room and that is where he had found his video game, and his father's belongings. After gathering his belongings, he decided to escape through Angel's bedroom window, where Angel caught him in the act. The young man reported that Angel had thrown the first punch but he had dodged it, and they both resumed having a fist fight. He said he had left Angel on the ground bleeding and fled home to tell his father the incident between both of them. Angel got arrested a while later, and the crime was solved.

In conclusion, writing this story helped me understand both perspectives of the situation. One perspective gave out more detail, and the other gave out the necessary but basic information. Some things I struggled with was trying to come up with the character development, and choosing a style in which I can fit the story to. What I learned from the styles of writing are that

there are many interpretations in every writing. This is why most people take things out of context whether it is a post online, or on the news it impacts the way others think or feel.