

The tragedy of pudd nhead wilson projec assignment

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Could I have handled it differently? Of course I could have. Now I have to deal with the consequences of my actions. It really does hurt to see Chambers grow into such a malicious, dissolute, and vicious person. I never wanted my son to be an arrogant spoiled brat, but in order to save him I had no choice but to switch him. He deserved a chance at a “ regular” life. Although the resulted outcome wasn’t great, I regret none of the decisions that I made because I was doing it to protect him.

Holding both Tom and Chambers, I step outside Pudendum’s house. He comes outside and we chat for a bit. I go on to say how no one could ever tell the difference between the two boys except me when they’re not dressed. Oddly, Pudenda asks if I would allow him to take the finger prints of both boys and myself. I’m not exactly sure on his motives for doing this but I think nothing of it and I hand both Chambers and Tom over to him. He collects both boys finger prints and mines as well. Two months later, I ran into Mister Wilson again. Like before, he asks if he could comment the boys fingerprints.

He said he’d like to have a “ series” of prints during the period of childhood to be followed over the years. The next day, Mister Percy called all the servants down to alert us that a small sum of money had been stolen and to “ warn” us that he’d teach us a lesson from stealing from him by selling the thief. I was terrified even though I hadn’t committed the crime that I had been accused of. I went to bed that night but couldn’t sleep with the thought in the back of my mind that my son could grow up to be sold down the river. I knew what I had to do. It was one of the hardest choices I had to make, there was no other option.

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I had been contemplating for a while. I was confused; I was scared and didn't know what to do. For me, there was no other way out. I had to kill Chambers; it had to be another way I convinced myself that Chambers would be much better off in heaven. It was the only way I could save him. No, not only had I made my mind up that I was going to kill him; I had to kill myself too. I caught a glimpse of my new Sunday gown in the doorway. I'd decided that I would want to be fished out of the river dead in the dirty, old, raunchy gown I was errantly wearing.

I slipped out of the old gown and into the new one. I grabbed Chambers. While holding him in my arms I felt ashamed, ashamed at the fact that I could even consider hurting my child. There had to be another way. Still supporting my baby boy in my arms, I walked quietly over to Tom's cradle. I'd noticed once more how identical they were to each other. Suddenly I had an idea that was so ludicrous that it could've actually worked. I knew I couldn't spend any more time procrastinating, it's was either now or never. I picked up Chambers and I'm immediately ashamed of how he looks.

Being the child of a slave, he has nothing on but an old raggedy gown to wear. I decided to take one of Tom's beautiful crisp white ones. I changed Chambers into Tom's clothes. The Tragedy of Puddle knead Wilson Project By grandee I did it. I had courage to save my son by switching him with Tom. I figured that no one could have ever known the difference between my baby and Perry's. I gently laid Tom in Chambers cradle and Chambers in Tom's. Lying back down in my bed I made every excuse in my head to justify what I

had just done. Vive gotten away with it. My boy, Chambers, is now known as Tom.