

Tuesday siesta essay



**ASSIGN
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Dametrious Bedgood Prof Bustos Eng 116 24 October 2008 " Tuesday Siesta: Morality" Being a good mother is the ability to conduct the child from the place of uncertainty, insecurity and not knowing, to the inside of the enclosure where all is safe and understandable. Good mothers protect and provide for their family all costs.

Though sometimes, that's untrue. Sometimes a child might feel the need to help his impoverished mother out by any means necessary. Though their intentions are good, the public perceives their action as criminal. In the story " Tuesday Siesta" by author " Gabriel Garcia Marquez", such a situation exists. A mother raised her son to the best of her ability and tried to keep him out of trouble. The town views her as a poor, self-independent mother who has raised her son into a life of crime.

Conformation to poverty is glaringly evident as the mother seeks honorable burial rites for her son and is described as wearing " severe and poor mourning clothes", while " she bore the conscientious serenity of someone accustomed to poverty" (106). Her daughter also kept taking off her shoes, because she seemed unaccustomed to wearing shoes due to their poverty. There also seems to be a strict regime of defining lines between the classes, as there is an established " third class car" (105) on the trains. Being on the train, and simultaneously in that state of poverty, it is indicative of an eternally sad, depressing and monotonous ride through life, which is inescapable. Inescapable also, because despite where they venture, they still fall victim to their poverty, which has become so encompassing, that even the sun is described as being " oppressive" (106), taking into consideration its sheer power, size and influence on the sustenance of life.

The town where Carlos Centeno Ayala, the alleged thief, is killed is also significant of the class barriers that have been imposed to create a rigorous and exclusive social caste. The town resonates of privacy, and is close knitted, quiet and safe. Being larger, with several features and stores implies that its inhabitants were at least better off than the town which Carlos came from. Carlos was not caught stealing anything, but the fear instilled by the idea of an intruder was real, given the perception that the town was relatively safe. Further conviction came upon the discovery of the body the following morning, and in particular the clothes, which he wore.

His attire implied that he was poor, and also did not fit in to the town. He was not known to any townsfolk, and was essentially an outcast, and posed a threat to them. When he attempted to tamper with the door, as proven with the shot to the lock which struck his nose (111), that threat was manifested, not only as someone trying to steal, but also someone who did not belong to their social group. Even the priest seems to condescend on Carlos' mother, when he inquires whether or not she attempted to 'right his wrongs'. The priest looks for someone in particular to blame, rather than considering an oppressive system, which may have denied Carlos the chance of a proper education to equip him with the tools essential to rescue his family from that poverty. Carlos fought quite hard many nights just to make ends meet.

The people of the town in this story were very particular with who they were acquaintances with. They did not want someone who could cause such trouble to be a part of their town no matter what the reasons for his doings were. Besides the money that boxing offered, it also gave those with so little, a chance to at least reap something positive out of their sweat, blood and

tears, far away from the ungratefulness that they were accustomed to getting from their employers. They were able to win the respect of their peers for the very least, which was some consolation for the teeth lost in the process.

By using boxing to support his family, as well as to gain respect, he found some hope of a new life. However, with basically nothing else to supplement his boxing income, he would have to resort to other means of making money, and from the evidence provided, turned to crime. Carlos' mother understands the division of class thoroughly, and knows how not to expose her frailties to those who are scrutinizing her to harp on her weaknesses. The situation of trying to find her recently dead son's body poses as difficult a time to maintain self-composure as any other time, especially for a mother. Quite remarkably, Carlos' mother is able to control her emotions, as well as those of her daughter. She also had a tremendous influence on her son, as she warned him " never to steal anything that anyone needed to eat" (111).

It was not incidental when, upon Carlos' slumping to the floor, he exclaimed, " Ah, Mother", which showed whom he had been thinking of upon the time of his death. The mother says, " Centeno Ayala", and " He was my only boy" (111). When it comes to morals, you should not judge a book by its cover; but rather the contents within. Because this was all that these people did, they looked at this guy and labeled him a thief and nothing else, that's all they thought of him as.

They never thought to realize that this man was a kind- hearted man just trying to do something good for his family to survive. Carlos' mother was

also ready to face the ridicule and wrath of the town folk for what her son had seemingly attempted to do. However, she had come there to accomplish a mission, and was not going to leave until she had done that. She came to administer the proper rights of burial for her son, regardless of the further shame that he had brought to his mother.

It was a final act of a mother's love to her son, even though she knew that he had paid the ultimate price for going against her wishes. It was the least that she could have done to retrieve some dignity and respect for him in death. He now had an identity, rather than being a nameless thief in a strange town. Carlos' mother exemplifies that in a world where she knows nothing more or less than oppression and poverty, she can still salvage her pride by not allowing anyone to trample on her most treasured possession, that is, the love for her children. She does so without backing down or giving in as the weaker party to which she is normally assigned.

Her son may not have been an exemplary model to anyone, but in a world where money holds the key to material contentment, she has the love for her children, which is more than enough to continue the struggle to live amidst the exploitation of her class. WORKS CITED Marquez, Gabriel Garcia. "Tuesday Siesta". Collected Stories. United States: HarperCollins Publishers, 1984 Bisnath, Anthony. "Internalized 3rd World Oppression" English 1050: 22.

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