

Tuesday

Valentina Herrera

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Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University

Abstract

Have you ever experienced different energy on the days of the week? Tuesdays are the day chosen by the author to explain inevitable tragedies and why he feels that this day should not exist. From the moment the protagonist wakes up, he does everything possible to demonstrate that everything that happens on Tuesdays leads him to another problem. However, the second character in the story, his mother, helps him understand that all this is just hallucinations in his head and that regardless of the day of the week, he can achieve great things. Finally, the protagonist gets a big surprise when he knows what day of the week it was.

TUESDAY

Have you ever heard the story of the girl who made it to Mars? Neither do I, but I dreamed of her last night. Maybe it's because I fell asleep watching that movie about invading Martians, or perhaps it's because Mars sounds like Tuesday. Wait, Tuesday? Oh no, today is Tuesday! Tuesday of..., Tuesday of..., math test Tuesday! Some people hate Monday because it is the beginning of the week; others hate Wednesdays for being the middle ground between weekends; I hate Tuesdays because it is always the day of math tests, and there is nothing more tedious than math.

For this reason, I am sure that when I am president, my first decree will be to declare a holiday on Tuesdays and illegal mathematics. Besides, who can think of naming a day Tuesday? Mars, the Roman God of war, is evidence that it would be a day of massacres and fighting. What's more, did you know that Constantinople fell on a Tuesday or that the Tower of Babel's confusion happened on a Tuesday? Even that it was a Tuesday the last time, I saw my dad ...

"Son, come down for breakfast," my mom yelled.

"I'm coming," I replied as I continued to ramble on with Tuesdays' dilemmas.

My mom was serving me breakfast when I entered the kitchen. Her exclusive rancher eggs, which you could smell from the hallway and which, according to her, were the basis of a good breakfast, in addition to her always reliable orange juice with carrot, rich in "beta-carotene," vitamins that I am almost certain that she invented as a pretext to say that they improve my defenses and help my vision.

That morning, it looked incredibly bright, as if the day wanted to tease my face of my tedium on Tuesdays with a blue sky and a bright sun. I began to remember the last math class, to remember something that could help me in the evaluation, because I was already resigned to what was to

come, like a prisoner sentenced to death who tries his last dinner. I know it had something to do with the nameless fractions or bankruptcies, as my mother used to say; in any case, I didn't understand anything at all, and I was very sure that I would fail again.

At that moment, my mother served me a plate of fruit like every day. It was watermelon day. After putting the plate on the table, she told me: "don't eat the seeds or grow in your stomach." It was then, when I discovered the solution to my problems, the irrefutable proof that God did not want it to be Tuesday or for it to have a math test, and that is that when has a watermelon been seen taking a math test? I never thought, so without thinking twice, I decided to eat the whole watermelon. I even asked my mother for one more plate of that juicy fruit. I was putting one seed after another in my mouth, thinking little by little about what would happen to me. How my arms would turn into leaves and watermelon juice would start to come out of my nose, how my skin would turn a brownish-green color, and my bones into a pulp with a sandy texture with lots of water. I was sure that I would no longer have to study mathematics, that people would come from all over the world and pay to see me, to meet the watermelon boy, who for the same would make me a millionaire and that I would only need water to grow. No more beta carotene, no more rancher eggs, no more Math Tuesdays!

But then I thought: "a watermelon can't be president, can it?" My uncle used to say that the government was full of vegetables. "Maybe one of them could be watermelon," I said to myself. But there is something that watermelons cannot do: they cannot run or play soccer, much less travel to Mars. I wanted to play soccer; I wanted to run, I wanted to be like that girl who came to Mars; Then I understood the great mistake in my plan, but it was too late, I had eaten all the seeds and, in my desire not to want Tuesday math, I would no longer have anything, I would no longer play, run or travel to Mars. Desperate, I started to cry. I cried like a few times; I cried like

when dad left, I cried, waiting for the tears to remove all the seeds that I had eaten, even though I knew that this would not happen.

My mother, who was getting ready to go to work at the time, ran out of her room when she heard my sobs in the background. Distraught, she desperately entered the kitchen expecting to find a cut, a broken plate, or some sign of a domestic accident, but, to her surprise, she only saw a small child with tears in his eyes as he looked at an empty plate.

"Forgive me, Mommy, forgive me," I said, sobbing.

-What do you have a baby? She said to me while her eyes also filled with tears, seeing the sadness in mine.

"I want to be president, I want to be a footballer, I want to get to Mars," I told him as my tears grew and sadness invaded me more and more.

My mother, with all the love in the world, looked me in the eye and said:

—My life, everything that you propose you will achieve, all your dreams will be fulfilled, and nothing will prevent you.

At that moment, in the middle of stammering, I told him that it was not like that, then with all the courage, I had I confessed my fearful and naive plan, that I ate all the seeds of the watermelon, that I would become the watermelon child and that people would pay to see me ...

Still, with some tears in her eyes, my mother outlined a huge smile, looked at me, and wrapped me in an eternal embrace. After that, she said to me: "Did you know that moms have a super healing power?" I, with amazement, replied: "really?" She told me that yes, a mother could cure any discomfort with a kiss, so she tenderly took my face and gave me a warm kiss on the forehead. I felt the roots that were growing in my stomach slowly disappear. In the end, I asked her: "Mommy, am I cured?" To which she said that, of course, she had, that she had already

vaccinated me to become any fruit, that it would never happen, that I could go outside to play. Somewhat confused, I said no, because I had to get ready to go to school. She softly whispered to me: "not today, my son; today is a festive Tuesday."

References

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