

Observing and Penning People

English Students Fictionalize Their Society

This short story anthology entitled OBSERVING AND PENNING PEOPLE is the initial work of 16 english literature students. This anthology is one of the final assignments of a prose (A) class in English Literature Department, Faculty of Humanities, Andalas Univeristy, Padang. This anthology is full of values of friendship, teenage love stories, love for a harmonious family, regrets in the past, even motivation that always makes us want to continue working again and again. This book is a pity to miss.

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Editor :
Ferdinal
Indhira Zikri Donny

*Observing and Penning
People*

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Padang, 2020

OBSERVING AND PENNING PEOPLE

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Non-Komersial.

Foreword

Firstly, we would like to thank the Almighty God. Because of the blessing of His grace we were able to complete this book entitled "OBSERVING AND PENNING PEOPLE: English Students Fictionalize Their Society".

The purpose of writing this book is to improve the academic atmosphere in the prose class, at the English Department, Faculty of Humanities, Andalas University, Padang and explore the students' potential in reading and writing about works of literature. The publication of this anthology owes to the help of various parties. On this occasion the editorial team would like to express sincere thanks to:

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We realize that this book is far from perfect. For this reason, the editors expect constructive criticism and suggestions for the improvement of this book. Finally, we hope that this book can benefit us all.

Padang, 20 June 2020

Editor

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A. What is Prose?

Prose is a form of language that has no formal metrical structure. It applies a natural flow of speech, and ordinary grammatical structure, rather than rhythmic structure, such as in the case of traditional poetry. Normal everyday speech is spoken in prose, and most people think and write in prose form. Prose comprises full grammatical sentences, which consist of paragraphs, and forgoes aesthetic appeal in favor of clear, straightforward language. It can be said to be the most reflective of conversational speech. Some works of prose do have versification, and a blend of the two formats that is called “prose poetry.”

Some common types of prose include:

1. Nonfictional Prose is a literary work that is mainly based on fact, though it may contain fictional elements in certain cases. The examples of this type include biographies and essays.
2. Fictional Prose is a literary work that is wholly or partly imagined or theoretical and it may be a novel.

3. Heroic Prose is a literary work that may be written down or recited, and employs many of the formulaic expressions found in oral tradition, such as legends and tales.
4. Prose Poetry is a literary work that exhibits poetic quality with some emotional effects and heightened imagery and which are written in prose instead of verse.

Examples of Prose in Literature

Prose in novels is usually written in the form of a narrative, and may be entirely a figment of the author's imagination. Prose in speeches often expresses thoughts and ideas of the speaker. Prose in plays aims to be dramatic and eventful and is often in conversational mode and is delivered by a character.

Function of Prose

The construction of prose can be attributed to its loosely-defined structure, when expressing or conveying their ideas and thoughts. It is the standard style of writing used for most spoken dialogues, fictional as well as topical and factual writing, and discourses. It is also the common language used

in newspapers, magazines, literature, encyclopedias, broadcasting, philosophy, law, history, the sciences, and many other forms of communication.

B. Unand's English Students Fictionalize Their Society

All 50 students taking the class of prose, even semester 2019/2020, were required to write a short story about what they have seen in their society. Before they wrote the story of their own, they studied five main elements of fiction such as characterization, setting, plot, point of view and theme. Then they were asked to look at the elements of some short stories. To evaluate their understanding, they were asked to write a short story on their own choice. The following stories represent 16 out of 48 stories the students have submitted. These 16 stories make up the second series of similar book of the class outcome.



Source: gunung.id



The Mighty Boy
by
Abellio Andestopano

Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Ajo Kumbara. Ajo Kumbara lived in a small village near Tandikek Mountain. This village was beautiful. Located around the mountain, this village was lovely. Even though the village was so beautiful, the area was in a landslide-prone zone.

Ajo Kumbara was a farmer. He lived alone. He had no family with him because all of his family had gone to big cities. Ajo Kumbara looked different from other villagers. Ajo Kumbara was a small boy. He had a little body. He did not grow like other villagers in the village.

Even though he had a small frame, Ajo Kumbara was a strong and hard-working boy. He could do everything himself. He could carry a massive log by himself. He could also bring lots of farming equipment at the same time by

himself. He was also a hard worker. He always tried to finish his works as soon as he could. He could do everything by himself, so he rarely asked help from other villagers.

When the villagers saw Ajo Kumbara, they always mocked him. The villagers always laughed at Ajo Kumbara because he was small. He looked like a kid. The villagers always said, “look at the old kid.” Ajo Kumbara always responded to them casually. One day, he met some villagers near his house. The villagers said, “Hey, everyone! Look at the small boy”.

The other villagers replied, “maybe he was left by his parents alone because he was useless.”

Ajo Kumbara said, “I live alone because my family live in big cities, I can do everything by myself.”

The villagers left Ajo Kumbara alone and said, “Goodbye, old kid. We hope you can handle all your problems,” said the villagers.

Ajo Kumbara was a good boy. He was actually a friendly person. He always responded to other villagers nicely, even though the villagers mocked him. He did not care about what other villagers said. He always believed that he was a good and strong boy. He always smiled when the villagers

laughed at him. The villagers did not care about Ajo Kumbara's response and always mocked Ajo Kumbara.

One morning, when other villagers wanted to start their routine, there was a sound from the peak of the mountain. It sounded like rocks falling from the mountain. The villagers did not care about that sound. They kept doing their activity. The noise was getting louder and closer. The villagers got curious about the noise. Finally, a villager said, "look from the peak of the mountain, a landslide is coming."

The other villagers panicked and evacuated from the village. Ajo Kumbara also heard the sound. He tried to get himself to a safe area. Finally, the villagers could move to the safe zone before the landslide buried the village.

The village was destroyed. Many of the villagers' homes were buried by stones. The villagers felt hopeless about how to move the rocks from the village. There were no villagers who could move the rocks, except Ajo Kumbara.

Kumbara took his hoe and tried to destroy the stones. He worked all night long to clean the rocks that buried the village. Ajo Kumbara used all his strength to clean the area from the stones. The next morning, other villagers were surprised because their houses were clear from stones.

Ajo Kumbara had done it all himself. They felt confused about why Ajo Kumbara could do it.

The villagers then said, “Look, Ajo Kumbara is moving the stone with his hoe.”

The other villagers gasped, “Wow, how strong he is. We should help him to clean our village”. Finally, all villagers helped Ajo Kumbara to clean the village from the stones.

The village was clean from the rocks at last. The villagers were surprised and dumbfounded by Ajo Kumbara. The villagers did not know that Ajo Kumbara was a strong and hard-working boy. Even though with his small body, he could do everything, including clearing the village from the stones. A villager said, “Wow, you do a good job. You are a strong boy”. Finally, the villagers realize that even though he had a small body, Ajo Kumbara was a strong boy.

The villagers thanked Ajo Kumbara. The villagers did not want to mock Ajo Kumbara with his small frame. The villagers said that Ajo Kumbara was a hero. He always helped the villagers who needed help. He also helped the villagers rebuild the village again. Ajo Kumbara and villagers could finish rebuilding the village at last.



Source: rinaldimunir.wordpress.com

2

Never Ending Love

By

Alma Shafira Anugrah

At Bandung Senior High School 3, near the center of Bandung City, there was a young man, named Daniel Tan. Daniel was a handsome boy with pale skin and a perfect frame. A lot of girls at his school were crazy about him. He was Chinese. He was very good at basketball. Basketball was not just a hobby to Daniel, it had become a part of his life. He attended many basketball games. Unlike most basketball players, Daniel was shy and introverted. He got excited when he's studying and playing basketball. Other than that, he would act like he doesn't care.

One day, his school received an invitation to be the representative in a national basketball competition. Of course, in this match, you could not bring average athletes. Multiple options for players had been proposed by several teachers.

Until the school basketball coach presented Daniel Tan's name to the competition as an athlete who has won many trophies for his school. On that day, the headmaster decided to call Daniel to discuss the invitation to the match.

The school's public announcement loudspeaker rang, signaling that an announcement was going to be made. After a few seconds, the principal's voice could be heard clearly. "To Daniel Tan, class 2A, please go to the headmaster's office immediately."

Upon hearing the voice, Daniel felt a twinge of panic. Daniel didn't feel like he had any problems with his friends. He usually stayed in class, too. He chose to listen again to the announcement. Perhaps he misheard.

But he did not mishear anything. After hearing the prompting several times, Daniel mustered up the courage to walk to the headmaster's office. Even so, on the way there, he continued to panic. His brain was riddled with questions. Why was he called? What did he do? Did the headmaster made a mistake with the names?

While he was lost in his thoughts, the distance from his class and the headmaster's room was getting shorter, his heart was racing, his hands were sweating. Then, as he opened the door of the headmaster's office, he looked around the

room and saw that some teachers were smiling at him. Daniel was bewildered. If he had made a mistake, the teachers' would not have been smiling. Slowly, he steps inside.

"What took you so long, Daniel?" said the headmaster, gesturing for Daniel to sit down on one of the chairs in the room.

"Oh...I had an assignment, ma'am. I'm very sorry, ma'am, but why exactly did you call me here, ma'am?" replied Daniel.

"So here's the thing. I received this invitation informing us that our school has been selected as representatives for the national basketball competition. There was a teacher who recommended your name, so I called you to this room to ask if you would be willing to participate in the competition?" explained the headmaster, Mrs. Siska.

At that, Daniel was elated.

"Oh, I see," He muttered. "Ma'am, if you ask me whether I will accept or not. My answer is yes because this is my passion." Said Daniel with a joyful face.

"Thank god, tell your club to start today," Mrs. Siska said.

"Okay, ma'am. if you'll excuse me." Daniel said as he stood up to leave the office.

As he walked to his class, he saw a pretty girl with long hair, glasses, and carrying a cheer-leading uniform, walking to the basketball court. Daniel stared at her for a long time, trying to guess who she was. Since he joined the basketball club, he had never seen her in the cheer-leading squad. Daniel stood in front of his class and stared at the beautiful girl. Through the window in his class, he saw her practicing cheer-leading routine. She was very nimble. Instantly, Daniel fell in love with the girl.

Several hours passed, and finally, the bell rang, signifying the end of school for the day. Daniel and his club mates were told to practice right after school. When he went inside the locker room, Daniel saw the beautiful girl standing right behind him. From the mirror inside, placed conveniently in front of the door, he could see her name tag. Her name was Silvia. It's a beautiful name. Daniel was pleased to know the name of the girl who had been haunting his mind since earlier that day. However, timid, introverted Daniel held on to the feeling. He didn't dare to express his feelings.

After a few weeks of practice, the day of the match came. The game opened with an appearance from the cheer leading squad. Daniel stared from a distance, he was fascinated by Silvia. Until his match began, Daniel warmed up

and prayed. Daniel's team had scored some points to the crucial stage of Daniel's attempt to convince himself that he could win the final round. Every now and then, he glanced towards Silvia to get a boost of energy. Then, the match ended with a victory for Daniel's team. Daniel had succeeded in presenting a trophy again for his school. From then on, he got more and more excited about practicing basketball.

A year later, Daniel was in the third grade, the stage to realize how stressful the trials had been. Unlike other students who focused on exams, Daniel took the time to practice basketball. Amid times when he felt exhausted, he chose to play basketball. Because of that, he seemed to have completed one test after another. One thing that had not happened yet is prom night. However, despite his delight at the end of the exam, he was sad, too. He thought that this would be the last day he could see Silvia. He also planned to meet Silvia at prom night. He mustered up the courage to do so.

That day was coming, Daniel hurried to get ready and made his way straight to the building. There, he looked around the building, trying to locate Silvia. Soon Silvia came along. At the entrance was a beautiful girl wearing a long dark blue dress. Daniel worked up the courage to talk to Silvia.

The two got to know each other and exchanged their personal contact numbers.

During the school holidays, they tested each other. They were getting closer. However, they had not met again since that night.

School holidays passed. It was the day Daniel would start studying in his new school. The high school was close to his favorite cafe. Unexpectedly, Silvia attended the same school. Daniel was pleasantly surprised. He felt that it was God's plan. Because of this, Daniel went and talked to Silvia. Daniel then invited Silvia to meet in the cafeteria during their lunch break.

Three hours later, break time came. Daniel rushed to the cafeteria. It turned out Silvia had arrived first. There, Daniel talked to Silvia and asked her to walk home with him, Silvia agreed. From that day on, they often met in the cafeteria and then came home together.

Within two months, Daniel told Silvia that he loved her. Silvia was shocked. Silvia accepted Daniel's love. They seemed to care for each other. They were called the school's favorite couple. Many of their fans were jealous. After three years of school, they graduated.

They sat side by side, holding hands, and Daniel rubbed Silvia's hair once in a while. They'd learned that they would be separated after high school. Daniel decided to study in London, and Silvia decided to study in Germany. They had a long-distance relationship. This was what made them miserable. They often fought and argued, eventually they decided that they could not be together anymore and they ended their relationship.

From that day, Daniel was inconsolable. He felt he was losing part of his soul. Especially when it was found out that Silvia had a new lover in Germany. Daniel found out about it from Silvia's Instagram account. Silvia often posted flowers, rings, or a picture of herself holding hands with a man on her Instagram. Daniel felt that he no longer had the opportunity to repair his relationship with Silvia.

A year after their breakup, Silvia posted a stunning wedding dress on her Instagram account with the caption, "*Yes, someone is finally genuinely in love with me.*" Seeing this post, Daniel felt very useless, the waiting he had been doing all this time was for nothing. He became very introverted. He stayed in his room a lot. He didn't play basketball anymore. He's very depressed.

Two years after that, Daniel 'exited' his house for the first time to join a farewell party with his fellow students. Before that, he only came out when he has class and eats alone.

After graduating from university, he prepared to return to his hometown of Bandung. After spending a few hours on the way, he finally arrived in Bandung. He chose to visit his favorite cafe. There he tried to relax and have a cup of hot chocolate. While he was drinking, he saw a girl who looked like Silvia walking into the cafe. It turned out Silvia had gone back to Bandung as well. Knowing this, Daniel chose to avoid Silvia. However, Silvia, having knowledge of Daniel's whereabouts in the cafe, immediately kept him from leaving in his seat. Silvia said that she wanted to talk about something.

Silvia: "Don't go, just sit here, and we'll talk in peace."

Daniel: "That's enough, Silvia. I don't want to discuss it anymore. Forget it already!"

Silvia: "No, you can't, Daniel. You should listen to my explanation just once."

Daniel: "okay, speak quickly. Don't waste my time."

Silvia: "You went through all of my Instagram posts, you saw pictures of flowers, rings, and wedding dresses. You've also

read all the captions of the post. You know what? They were all lies to me. It was all to get your attention. But it seems like you don't care about any of it."

Daniel: "What lies? Hahaha, I can't believe you. You've broken my heart. You know what's happened to me since we decided to break up? I'm depressed, I'm so sad, I'm lucky I'm not depressed and crazy for you."

Silvia: "I'm sorry, I know I'm wrong. But I do all of that because I love you."

Daniel: "It's not so easy to get back to me after the lies you've told me. For now, give me some time."

Silvia: "If you have found the answer, call me immediately. We meet back at this place, goodbye."

From that day on, Daniel became very religious, inquiring about the Almighty God to reassure him of his feelings. The wounds caused by Silvia were intense and made it hard for Daniel to forget. Although in his deepest heart, he loved Silvia very much. A month went by, Daniel got his answer. Daniel decided to call Silvia and invited Silvia to meet at their favorite cafe. Once there, Daniel revealed that he believed everything Silvia said was true. On that day, it rained. On the table were candles that added to the romance of the day. Daniel asked Silvia to stand up and close her eyes.

Daniel: "Silvia, can you stand up and close your eyes for just a moment?"

Silvia: "Sure."

Daniel knelt before Silvia and pointed a diamond ring at Silvia's finger.

Daniel: " Silvia, please open your eyes."

Silvia: "Oh my god, is this real? "

Daniel: "Will you marry me?".

Silvia: "Of course I will. I've been looking forward to this for a long time. Thank you, Daniel."

Daniel put the diamond ring on Silvia's ring finger, and they hugged.

Daniel: "Don't make any mistakes again, I love you."

Silvia: "I am so sorry, I love you, Daniel."

Two months after that day, Daniel and Silvia spent time, preparing for their wedding. Until the day came, they had the wedding they had dreamed of, and they decided to move to London because Daniel had to work there.

A year of marriage, they're gifted with twins who were so cute, named Adam and Aisyah. Perfect families make their lives so happy.

The End



Instagram

Source: ayobandung.com

3

Unknown friend
by
Andini Aprilia Putri

There was a popular student in Kartini Senior High School. Her name was Putri. She was beautiful, talented, and smart. Everyone at school liked her. She had a lot of followers on her Instagram. These things could describe how popular she was. She had one best friend, Olivia. They were always together at school. They always went together like two magnets. Putri knew everything about her best friend, from her favorite food, what she hated, and what she liked.

“Psst..... Olivia... Olivia...” called Putri to Olivia during a physics class. “What? you are too loud,” Olivia answered. “Let’s go outside after this class, I want to show you something,” Putri said. Olivia responded to her by nodding her head. Well, it was a very dull moment.

“Well, students, that’s all for our class, and don’t forget to do the homework.” said the physics teacher.

“Yes, Sir!” everyone in the class answered. Like Putri said, they were going to the place where they usually go after a boring class.

“Mg... Olivia, look at this, I got a lot of likes on my first Instagram post” said Putri when they just arrived at the school’s hidden grounds, it was like a park that was rarely visited by students of the school. This was the place where they used to chat or take a rest.

“Of course, you get a lot of likes, you have a pretty face,” Replied Olivia while holding a mirror in front of Putri’s face.

“Hmm..... you know what? I think you are right, hah aha...” Putri felt gratified.

“I think you should take a picture right here for your second post.” Olivia came up with an idea.

“Okay,” Putri began to pose. After Olivia finished taking a photo, Putri checked the results.

“Olivia, why don’t you take a picture too right here?” Asked Putri.

“No, I’m too ugly for that.” Olivia refused.

“Alright then, let’s go to the cafeteria! I’m starving.”

Soon after they arrived in the cafeteria, a lot of people greeted Putri, both the students and the teachers.

“Aren’t you uncomfortable with all this? Wherever you are, everyone is greeting you even though you’re eating,” Asked Olivia in amazement.

“No, I am not, it’s so nice when everyone recognized me wherever I am. It feels like I am a famous person,” Putri chuckled.

“Alright, pretty girl, it’s up to you,” Olivia gave up hearing her friend’s answer.

After school, Putri opened her Instagram that now had 2000 followers.

“OMG!!” she shouted. Her eyes were on the terrible comment on her Instagram post. Putri got a hate comment from an unknown account named @badgvrl. “Oh my God, who is this? Who comments like that on my account?” She scrolled down to see the hate comments

“Eww.... what kind of dress are you wearing? It looks tacky” - @badgvrl.

“Stop sucking on your face, you pretentious girl !!” - @badgvrl.

“It’s not even your real car!” -@badgvrl.

“Even you look worse in real life” -@badgvrl.

Suddenly her eyes keep on the last comment she saw. “Wait, in real life? Does that mean I know her? But why does she keep hating on me?” she was curious. “I think everyone at school already knows this,” she mumbles.

The next day she went to school as usual, but people kept looking at her and looking worried. “OMG girl, are you okay? We saw the bad comments on your account, and we were worried about you” One of her friends went over to her. She was her cheer leading partner.

“Well, I am okay with that. But actually, I’m very upset right now,” she answered firmly. “I want to find out who is behind these malicious comments,” she said with a blazing determination in her eyes.

“We support you,” Putri’s friend replied while patting Putri’s shoulder.

Putri sat in the garden and watched her phone. Her eyes were glazed. She sent a message to her best friend, “*Hey, where are you? I want to tell you something. Please come to our usual place,*” she types. A little later, Olivia came bringing some bread and milk for Putri because she didn’t meet Putri during lunch today.

“Hey, why don’t you have lunch earlier? I know you have a problem, but at least pay attention to your health,” She scolded Putri.

“How can I eat like this? I couldn’t even sleep last night,” She replied. Olivia didn’t answer. Instead, she gave her best friend a hug.

Five days passed, but the malicious comments continued to haunt her. She keeps wondering who was behind this. At lunchtime, Putri went to the library because she wanted to do the task that Mrs. Nurhaliza had given. She saw Olivia, who was busy typing on the library’s computer. She suspected what she was typing because Olivia's face was very serious when she did it. Pretty soon, she was off the computer and Putri. Putri went to the computer that Olivia had just used. Her eyes widened as soon as she read what was written on the screen of the computer.

“OH MY!! What did I just see?” She saw the account that recently attacked her Instagram. She could not believe it was her best friend.

When Olivia wanted to go back to the computer, she was shocked that Putri had already known the person behind the account that left those terrible comments about her.

Putri angrily went over to Olivia. “You are a coward! You are a coward hiding behind that evil comments!” Putri left Olivia immediately. Everyone in the library was shocked because they didn’t believe it. How could someone betray their own best friend? She went off with her shame.

“Hey !! meet me at the usual place. I need to hear your explanation,” Putri tested Olivia.

When Olivia arrived, Putri shouted, “How could you do that? Is there any mistake I've done to you?” Putri pushed Olivia’s shoulder.

“Yes, you did do something,” Olivia answered firmly. “You’re just selfish, you never think of anyone else. You never care about anybody. You never care about me!” She continued. Putri didn’t speak any word.

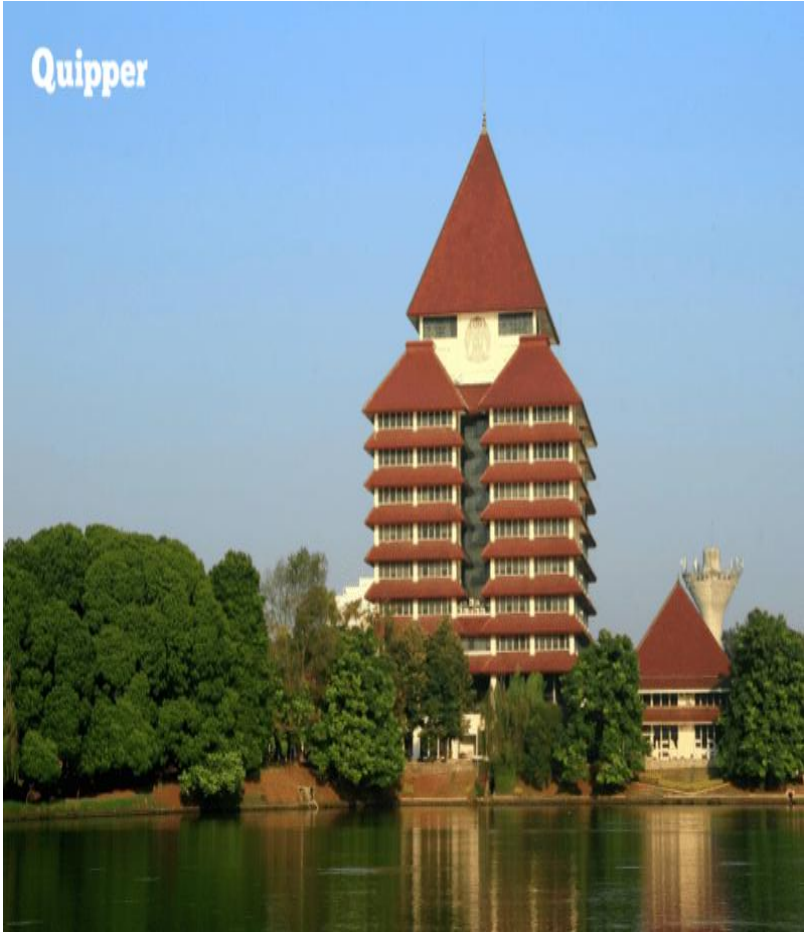
“I am your best friend, but you never listen to me. Is that what you call ‘Best friend’ everyone already knows what I do, I think it’s time I leave this school and I guess this is where our friendship ends.”

“No, wait, I think we can fix it” Putri’s eyes were glazed with tears.

“That’s it, Putri. I’m leaving,” Olivia answered mournfully.

Putri began to cry in a blaze of regret for what she had done. Yes, she has lost her best friend now.

Two years later, Putri got into a top college. But, she never heard any news about Olivia. And after Olivia left, the park was completely deserted.



Source: quipper.com



Pink in Black

By

Annisa Revaldi

Alisha and Aldy were best friends. They attended the same famous university in Jakarta. They were in the same university but in the different majors. Alisha was a medical major, while Aldy was a law major. They were best friends, but they looked like a couple. Alisha called Aldy a “*pink in black*” man because Aldy's face was very frightening and scary looking. But actually, Aldy had a very gentle and loving nature.

They always did everything together. Aldy always helped Alisha, and Alisha always helped Aldy too. One day, Alisha was too lazy to go to class. She just wanted to hang out. She wanted to have fun alone. So she decided to go alone. Alisha did not tell Aldy that she would not go to campus.

When he got to campus, Aldy looked for Alisha, but he could not find her. Worried, Aldy called Alisha and asked her where she was.

“Alisha, where are you? I could not find you in your class,” Aldy said.

“Oh, I'm not in class right now. I didn't want to go to class today, he he.” Alisha answered.

“Wait, what? Why, Alisha?” Aldy asked her.

“Well, I just wanted to have some fun, I was bored, so I decided to hang out alone, he he,” answered Alisha.

“Where are you? Will I go there,” asked Aldy. “I'm in the plaza right now, and I will wait for you near the Chinese restaurant,” Alisha said. So they spent the day together, having fun until the evening. At the end of the day, Aldy brought Alisha to her home, and he apologized to Alisha's parents for coming home so late. Alisha's parents did not mind this because they believed Aldy wouldn't do anything bad to their daughter. They believed Aldy would take care of Alisha very well.

One week later, Aldy invited Alisha to have dinner. Alisha was a little confused because Aldy was not usually like that, but agreed to Aldy's invitation. They had dinner at a very

fancy restaurant. They arrived at the restaurant, and Alisha was a little surprised by Aldy's sudden attitude.

After a long silence, finally, Aldy spoke up. He said “I love you, Alisha”.

Alisha was surprised by what Aldy said, “Hey, Aldy, I love you too. We have been friends for a long time, surely I love you.” She replied.

“But Alisha, I want you to be my girlfriend, not best friend anymore,” Aldy said.

Alisha was baffled by his statement, “Are you kidding, ‘Dy? It is not funny.” Disbelief was written all over Alisah’s face as she digested what Aldy meant.

“No, ‘Sha. This is serious. Do you want to be my girlfriend?” asked Aldy.

Alisha was perplexed. She didn’t want to be Aldy's boyfriend for fear of losing Aldy. “I'm sorry, ‘Dy, I can’t be your girlfriend. I just want things to stay the way they’ve been.” Alisha said.

“So you reject me, ‘Sha?” asked Aldy.

“Well, we can still be best friends, okay?” Alisha said, not taking her eyes off of Aldy. Aldy was very disappointed with Alisha's answer and immediately left Alisha alone in the restaurant.

Since that incident, Aldy has not contacted Alisha. Even when Alisha went to Aldy's house, there was no response. "Aldy must be so mad at me." Alisha said to herself.

A few days later, Aldy's parents suddenly called Alisha and said that Aldy had run away from home. It made Alisha very guilty. On that day, Alisha tried to find Aldy. For many days, Alisha searched for Aldy but to no avail.

Until Alisha met an Aldy's friend, and she found out where Aldy was. It turned out that Aldy was in his cousin's house, Rizky. Alisha went to Rizky's house and tried to persuade Aldy to go home because his parents were distraught. After a few hours of attempts, Aldy finally agreed to go home.

Finally, Aldy wanted to go home. On their way home, they didn't talk. Aldy didn't want to look into Alisha's eyes. Aldy also didn't answer Alisha's question. Arriving at home, Aldy went straight to his room without caring about her. After that, she went straight home and said goodbye to Aldy's parents.

Since then, Alisha's days were very dull because Aldy was not there with her. Aldy stopped coming to campus. Alisha really missed Aldy.

Without thinking, Alisha ventured to Aldy's house. Arriving at Aldy's home, Alisha saw a lot of suitcases and asked Aldy's mother. "Where are you going? Why do you need a suitcase?" Alisha asked.

Then, Aldy's mother explained that they were moving to Kalimantan. Aldy would continue his study in China. Hearing that, Alisha was stunned and could not say anything. Then, Alisha went home. She was shocked by what Aldy's mother said earlier. Since then, Alisha's days became more and more boring until the holidays arrived. Because she really missed Aldy. Finally, Alisha decided to go to Kalimantan to meet Aldy.

When Alisha arrived in Kalimantan, she immediately called Aldy's mother because she did not know Aldy's address in Kalimantan. They met at a restaurant. After that, Aldy's mother brought Alisha to Aldy's house. But Aldy hasn't come home from college yet. So Alisha prepared something to surprise Aldy.

After waiting, Aldy finally came home and saw a woman in the living room of his house. He was very surprised to know that it was Alisha. Aldy immediately hugged Alisha and apologized for leaving her. Aldy regretted leaving her. Alisha was very relieved that Aldy was not angry at her

anymore. During Alisha's stay in Kalimantan, Aldy invited Alisha to go out and enjoy the holidays. Aldy also promised to return to Jakarta and be together with Alisha again.



Source: balebengong.id

5

Great Father

by

Audesza Rizkia Zahra

Adit was the only child in his family. He lived with his father, who was paralyzed in an accident. His mother died on the spot due to being run over by a truck. Adit helped his father to move using a cart because his father could no longer walk. Adit and his father made money by collecting used boxes and bottles and then sold them.

“Sir, why is the price going down?” Adit asked the collectors who were looking at the results of the scales.

“Actually, you can get a lot of money, Dit. If the goods are glass bottles, they are heavy. If there are too many boxes and newspapers that you sell to me, you cannot make more money,” Explained Mr. Joni.

In the wagon, Adit’s father heard everything that Mr. Joni said. Remorse for not being able to give the child a

decent life continued to haunt the mind of the fifty-year-old-man. A child as small as Adit should play and enjoy his childhood, study at school and get good grades on exams.

But looking from afar, Adit smiled at his father. “Dad, we have this much today. Mr. Joni said, tomorrow, we have to find a glass bottle so that we’ll be paid more.” The boy showed the money and gave it to his father. His little lips were smiling as if this was not a burden. His small opaque face painted as if he was enjoying what he was doing.

“Yes, tomorrow we will look for the glass bottles together,” said his father in a trembling voice holding back tears that would come out.

“Now, Adit, let’s find a cool place, and let’s have some rest.”

Adit nodded enthusiastically and immediately pushed the cart. Without purpose, not knowing where to go. Life doesn’t always go smoothly. There was no home for them. There were no relatives they could visit for hospitality. Adit, the boy with the rabbit teeth, might have felt the cruelty of those around him.

One day, Adit was severely injured when a two-wheeled vehicle crashed into him. The driver just ran off and

was not responsible at all. Adit's father yelled at the driver, but the driver ignored him. They went to the hospital to treat Adit's wounds. But Adit's father realized that their money would not be enough to pay the hospital fees. So they went to a shop to buy bandages.

Adit cried, asking his father why people were so mean. When Adit never bothered them at all. Not knowing what to say, his father just hugged him with trembling shoulders. His father cried. After that day, life was even more challenging for them. But he no longer cried, he always laughed widely, showing the two rabbit teeth he had. Adit often got bullied by his friends because he was poor. But Adit never told his father about it.

One day, they stopped directly opposite a large building that reads the City Government Office. Adit helped his father to get off the cart. It was getting dark, the store where they stopped was already closed. They leaned their backs against the iron store door. In his heart, Adit hoped the store owner would not be angry.

A sigh of breath came out from his tiny mouth. Adit had to quit school when he was in the first grade of elementary school. He felt what it was like to study and have friends. The accident made him even more determined to

continue reaching for his dreams. But he was patient and understood his father.

There, Adit pointed his hand to the police and told his father that he wanted to be a policeman. He promised to be diligent. If he became a police officer, he could care for and protect his father. He wanted to uphold justice for everyone and create peace around him. Adit's father felt very lucky to have a son like Adit.



Source: paragram.id

6

Nadhila's Dream

By

Dara Permata Hati

“A whole new world... a new fantastic point of view, no one to tell us no, or where to go or said we’re only dreaming...” Nadhila was singing beautifully while cooking in the kitchen. Her brother—Naufal—who saw it could only shake his head and said, “Why don’t you register for Indonesian Idol? I support you, a hundred percent.”

“It’s a big no. You know that I won’t be that confident to sing in public,” said Nadhila. She cut the onion and sauteed it in the cauldron, “I will just mess things up.” She continued.

“Nad, since when have you become a pessimist? How long do you want to be like this? My sister is the bravest girl I have ever known.”

“Ssh, get out, you’re disturbing me!” Nadhila pushed her brother out of the kitchen then changed the subject, “Ah, you have a tutoring schedule this afternoon, right? You should get ready right away.”

“Tsst, whatever,” Naufal rolled his eyes and came out of the kitchen. Right after that, Nadhila was pensive. She remembered Naufal's words earlier. She wanted to do it. She’s *always* wanted to do it. But she couldn't, and it looked like she would never be able to.

Nadhila Adijaya was a sixteen-year-old girl who liked singing very much. She always sang when she was washing dishes, cooking in the kitchen, watering the plant, even when she was sweeping the floor. She sang whenever she could, especially when she was alone in her room. She would act as if she was a famous diva who was doing a concert. She could only express herself at certain times when she was not forced to study by her parents. No, it didn’t mean she was lazy when it came to her studies. She just hated being forced to learn things she didn’t like.

Nadhila took part in a singing competition without her parents’ knowledge when she was 12 years old. But, when she appeared on stage, she was so nervous that her voice cracked. Afterward, she was scolded by her parents because

she was caught running away to join the singing competition. Her parents said that Nadhila was wasting money by entering a singing competition. It was better for Nadhila not to pursue her hobby of singing because she would only be wasting her time.

Since that day, Nadhila became afraid to show her talent in public. Although her dream was to become a musician, her parents have never supported her dreams. Her parents said that being a musician on this day and age was useless. They wanted Nadhila to study medicine and become a doctor. It made Nadhila doubtful every time she was making decisions. She felt like the decision she took on her own would not be supported by her parents. Finally, Nadhila decided to do as her parents told her, and only sang when she was alone.

At least that's what Nadhila thought before one day; she was asked to meet Miss Laila, the guidance counselor at her school, who was very friendly to students at school. Even so, she didn't usually ask students to come into her room unless the student had a problem. Nadhila was curious, what made Miss Laila suddenly ask Nadhila to meet her?

“Excuse me, Miss. What can I do for you?” Nadhila asked as she entered Miss Laila’s room.

“Oh, Nadhila. Please sit down,” Miss Laila smiled as she asked Nadhila to sit down. Then, Nadhila sat awkwardly facing Miss Laila. “Nadhila, there is something I want to ask you,”

“What is that, Miss?”

“Do you like singing?”

Nadhila was a little surprised by Miss Laila's question. Unconsciously, she answered it with enthusiasm. “Yes! Yes, I do, Miss!”

Miss Laila smiled and said, “I knew it. You're very good at singing, aren't you?”

“Ah... I'm not that good, Miss,”

“I know you are that good to represent our school at the FLS2N. You will be a participant for solo song competition,” said Miss Laila.

“Miss, is this real? W-why am I chosen?” Nadhila was very surprised because FLS2N was such a big event. How could she be the representative of her school? She didn't have any experience except for her failed performance in a singing competition 4 years ago.

“Actually, I've heard you sing alone in the classroom. I think you have a unique and soothing voice, Nad. Our art

teacher, Miss Raisa, also said that you are very good at playing the guitar. You are very talented.”

Undeniably, Miss Laila's words made Nadhila very happy. But seconds later, she felt she was not that great. After all, if she accepted the offer, what would she say to her parents? That won't please them at all. They would prefer it if she joined a science Olympiad rather than an art competition. Therefore, she tried to reject the offer.

“I’m terribly sorry, Miss. I think I can’t join the competition.” Nadhila bowed her head as she finished her sentences.

“Dear, do you mind telling me about your difficulties with me?” Miss Laila asked Nadhila gently.

Nadhila paused for a moment. After she convinced herself, she told all the problems to Miss Laila, even the story when she joined a competition for the first time.

“Although I really want to take part in the competition, on the other hand, I am also very shy and afraid to appear on stage. Besides, my parents also won't approve of it, Miss,” she explained

“Have you tried to talk to your parents about your dream?” answered Miss Laila.

“Yes, I have. I once said that being a musician was my goal, but they didn't like it. Since then, I have only fulfilled what they asked me to do. Although in the end, their actions only ‘killed’ me and my dreams.”

“If you don’t mind, may I talk to your parents?” Miss Laila's asked carefully. She seemed to feel sad about the problem that was plaguing Nadhila.

“As a guidance counselor, Miss Laila would know better how to talk to Mom and Dad.” thought Nadhila. So, she agreed to Miss Laila's offer. They planned to talk to Nadhila's parents after school.

After school, Miss Laila and Nadhila headed to Nadhila's house. They were welcomed by Nadhila's mother, Mrs. Adijaya. She invited Miss Laila to sit in the living room. After making a small talk, Miss Laila tried to talk about her purpose for coming there. She told all the conversations that she and Nadhila had at school. As much as possible, Miss Laila tried to carry on the conversation without offending Mrs. Adijaya.

“I am sorry, Miss. I think I know better what’s best for my daughter.” Said Mrs. Adijaya. She looked embarrassed because of the way she educated Nadhila was indirectly judged by her daughter's teacher.

“Please forgive me if my words offend you. I have absolutely no intention of offending you, I just want Nadhila to achieve her dreams. All children have their abilities. We cannot force them to become what we want them to be. All children are smart and great with their respective talents. Let them determine their own future as long as it does not violate the norm. Our jobs as parents are to support their choices and guide their steps.”

Mrs. Adijaya was silent when she heard Miss Laila's words. She began to feel that she and her husband's way of educating Nadhila had gone too far. Then Miss Laila decided to go home and let Mrs. Adijaya think about their conversation earlier. She prayed silently that Nadhila could get her right to pursue her dream.

When night came, Nadhila and her brother, Naufal, were watching television in their family room. Then, their parents went inside the room and sat on the sofa. Their father, Mr. Adijaya, suddenly called Nadhila and asked, “Nadhila, are you really representing your school at the FLS2N?”

Nadhila was sure that her mother had discussed the matter with her father. Nadhila also tried to answer her father's questions casually, even though she was nervous.

“Yes, Dad.”

“Really? Whoa, that’s cool! Finally, my ‘Little sister goes public!” Naufal chattered while elbowing Nadhila's arm. Nadhila glared at her brother as if to say that this was not the right time to joke.

“What kind of competition will you join?” Mr. Adijaya asked her daughter again.

“My teachers ask me to join the Solo Song Competition,”

“When and where will it be held?”

“It will be held in Pancasila Building next month, Dad.”

“Do your best,” said Mr. Adijaya as he stroked Nadhila’s head. Wait—what? Did Nadhila mishear? Did her father really encourage her to join the competition?

Then, Mrs. Adijaya spoke up, “We’re sorry for doubting your dreams. If you really want to become a musician, be earnest in achieving it. Your Mom and Dad believe in you,”

“Okay, Mom, Dad. Thank you so much.” Nadhila said with a big smile.

“Alright, kids. It’s getting late. Turn off the TV, back to your bedroom and go to sleep.” Mrs. Adijaya's command

made Naufal pout, while Nadhila returned to her room with a relieved heart.

A month later, Nadhila was getting ready to perform in the Pancasila Building. She was very nervous, but when she saw her father, mother, and Naufal were sitting on the audience bench, her nervousness was gone. She felt energized by seeing her family gathered to see her performance.

Miss Laila approached Nadhila and asked her, “Nadhila, are you ready?”

“Yes, I am. But... I’m nervous, Miss,”

“That’s okay, I know you can do it. Good luck, Dear, make your parents proud.” Said Miss Laila.

Nadhila smiled and nodded. She realized that everything would never have happened without Miss Laila. If only Miss Laila did not talk to her parents, they might still force her to study medicine. She might still feel insecure. Also, she will probably never be able to stand on this stage.

“Thank you so much for everything, Miss,” Nadhila thanked Miss Laila sincerely.

Nadhila's parents might not be the best in the world, but they gave their best love to Nadhila. They might make mistakes, but everything they did was for the sake of her future.

Nadhila was one step closer to realizing her dream. She would not disappoint her family, who was staring proudly at her from the audience bench.

The end



Source: travel.detik.com

7

Good Bye My Plus One

By

Elga Madani Hanira

The doctor walked inside the room while carrying my lab results with a sad face. His name was Doni. He has been my family doctor for three years, and he also took care of my parents until they died because of that stupid accident. Now, I lived with my grandma. I did not have any family members except for my grandma.

Doni was the same age as me. He was so smart. He became a doctor when he was just 25 years old. I studied in a university in Padang. My name's Dinda. My friends said I was cheerful, calm and talkative until I got very ill.

“I am sorry, Dinda, but you have early-onset Alzheimer's. That is the reason why you always forget even a small thing. Your disease is quite severe.” He said. I just sat in my chair and digest every word he said.

“Everything is going to be okay, Dinda. You have to keep fighting,” he said again with tears on his eyes. I knew he was lying to me because there was no medicine for this disease except death. I thought this was the end of my life. Why should I keep fighting to survive? I was dying. After I got my medicine, I went home. On the way back with the results in my hand, I heard someone. I think he’s a boy.

“Move over stupid. We want to play basketball,” he shouted. I realized I was standing in the middle of the field. So I went over on the side, but the boy was still looking at me with his amazing blue eyes.

After the incident in court, I had to meet him every day because my lecturer told me to teach him math. His name was Panji, and he was the most wanted boy in my university, but he was so annoying. I admitted that he was handsome, though. But what surprised me was that he never had a girlfriend. Could you believe that? Many girls wanted to be his girlfriend, but he rejected all of them. His blue eyes made me nervous when I looked at him. I thought I was in love with him.....What a disaster!

“What are you doing, huh?” he asked me.

“We are going to school, right?” I said, and he chuckled.

“Without shoes? We are not going anywhere! You forgot to put your shoes and yesterday you forgot your bag, so what's next?” he said again.

“I hope I forget your name and your face.” I snatched my shoes and threw them at him.

“I will pick you up at your house tonight, and do not forget to bring your brain.” He said after we arrived on campus.

Lately, we often went home together. Panji always picked me up to go to campus and took me home. Many people thought we were dating. I was elated and he was the reason why I could smile when I knew I was dying. He was always beside me, and he understood my condition right. He was someone that I loved besides my family. He was my plus one.

“Although my memory is bad, my brain is smarter than yours!” I replied loudly. We were planning to study together in my favorite place. I have never invited anyone to my favorite place except my favorite person.

“How often have you come here? That was the most wonderful view I have ever seen, Dinda! How do you know this place, huh?” With his sparkling blue eyes. That was always my favorite.

We were on a hill with a beautiful view of Padang city. “Every time I feel sad, I always come here alone. My family always took me here when I was a kid, and now I feel like catching up with them. I think my life is no longer worth living, Panji. You have to solve your own problem. You have to study hard,” I said.

He shifted our position to make our eyes meet and I immediately turned away. I was blushing!

“Look at me. You are not alone anymore, you have me. We can get through this. I know you can fight your disease, and I know you will not leave me alone. I love you since we first met.” he said to me.

Suddenly my head was hurting. “Oh God, please do not take my life now, I really love this man” I whispered.

I smiled at him, “I promise. Let’s study. Which one do you not understand?”

“How about number one? Do you know how?” He said with a serious face. Oh my God, I cannot remember the formula about this. How come? I was always great at math. Was it because of the disease?

“Hmm, I do not remember any of that, I am sorry,” I said to him with guilt.

“It’s okay. You can do it slowly. Do you want to take a break? Want ice cream, princess?” He chuckled.

“I want vanilla ice cream with Oreo on top,” I said to him while looking at him with my puppy eyes.

He was always like that. He always made me smile and forget about my disease. He cheered me up when I did not have any reason to live. Doni said my condition was getting worse, but I could not tell him. I did not want to make him sad too.

My eyes suddenly blurred, and my head hurt a lot. I saw him panicking and asking for help from people nearby.

When I opened my eyes, I was in the most beautiful and peaceful place that I had ever seen. Was I in heaven? My head did not hurt, and I could not feel the pain anymore.

Dear Panji

Hello, my plus one.

I just want you to continue your life happily and keep being the you that I know. I write this letter when the doctor said I didn't have very long to live anymore. It was hurting me, but I do not believe him because you were the one that made me survive.

If you find this letter, it means you cannot see me anymore, and what the doctor said was right. I wish I could tell you that I love you since we first met, too, before I go, but I cannot bear this pain anymore. I have to leave soon. I want to see my parents. I've missed them so much!

I said to the doctor to give this letter to you when I die. When you get this letter, I know you are sitting on a park bench with tears on your face. Do not be sad. You do not have to worry this diseases can not hurt me anymore.

I promise we will meet again in your dreams. I will always come to visit you.

From heaven

Dinda

It's been almost five years since you were gone. I could not imagine that I lost you. You lied to me. You never come to my dream. I was always waiting for you every single night, but you never came. Were you happy up there? I hoped you found someone that made you happier than I made you feel. Although I never met anyone like you again.

I read your letter over and over again to make sure that I wasn't dreaming. I wish it was just a dream, and I would wake up and find you next to me with your puppy eyes when you asked for your favorite ice cream. Yeah, you were right. I was sitting on our favorite park bench. From here, we could see the wonderful Padang, that's why you loved this bench, right? But I was not alone, and I could not cry for you anymore.

I remembered when we were sitting on the same bench. You were good at pretending. Every time you acted, you did not remember our memories, and in our first meeting you just wanted to make me happy even you destroyed yourself.

"Hi, babe, this's your vanilla ice cream with Oreo on top. Your favorite" said the girl, who wore eccentric clothes next to me. I woke up from my daydream.

Vanilla ice cream with Oreo on top was not my favorite ice cream. Actually, it was hers. She always asked me to buy her when she was in the hospital.

“I was really upset with that guy because he was teasing me!” she said again. Her name was Rindu. She was my fiance. You did not have to worry. She was nice, although sometimes she could be whiny. She knew that I still loved you, but she always waited patiently for me to fall in love with her. Life had to go on, I had to move on even though it had not worked yet. You’re still in my heart. “Do not be jealous up there,” I inhaled my words.



Source: id.wikipedia.com

8

The Souls of Black Cat

By

Henki Setya Budi

I was watching a long street with a lot of humans stepping in my way. Their faces looked like spoiled-mush. I jumped onto the shadows and run under the tissues of rain falling from the sky. Some humans were throwing impolite words, many times and so rude, I believed. Perhaps they thought it's true.

I was a little black cat hiding under the shadows. I was sneaking into the dark shadow behind the lights. Walking slowly on the pavement, then scouting in the guardrail and watching. There were no mice here. Some rats I met were scarier than police dogs. They were bigger and darker than me. But of course, I would never eat them. They were odious. The gloomy little town in my life. I'd lived for a long time. The myths said that cats had nine lives, but it was incomplete.

I would get up from death eight times, and on the ninth death, my souls would be shattered, and my corpse disappeared from the world somewhere.

Humans were such unique creatures. They loved drinking poison than taking care of their own body. They preferred to spend their time working than talking and sharing with their family. Then, when they were bored, they would be the craziest creatures.

When I was hungry, I would come up to humans. Not all humans were bad. Some of them were angels. I knew some little girls who played in the park and gave me some food. A piece of bread, or if I was lucky, I got a delicious fish head. The scraps were not much, but it made me satisfied. I thank God.

The dusk and the sun were shining too bright. The beaks of nightingales had shown. The wings flapped under the head. One by one humans were showering my ears with footsteps, almost dipping me into the dust.

I was jumping to the guardrail. One meter concrete fence limited the pavements and yard of some old-building. I walked slowly while breathing at once. I was standing in front of an old building filled with grass reeds as high as the fences.

On a three metered gray building with a large front porch, two men were standing on it, one of them looked like a drunken man, and the other one looked like a red-faced man. The red-faced man was punching the face of the drunken man. Then, the drunken man fell to the floor. Blood flew from the drunken man's nose. The red-faced man hit the drunken man who was still staggering again. The drunken man fell again. The action repeated many times. In the end, he managed to keep him from getting up again. The drunken man was not waking anymore.

“Huh, finally, you stopped?” The red-faced man said. He left the drunk man lying on the floor.

Fuuuuuhhh, my species never killed each other. Even lions and tigers had never met, except me. The nose of the drunk man kept bleeding, and his face began to turn blue. I could even feel his lungs no longer pumping oxygen. His heart almost stopped. Soon.

However, they would increase the area of the cemetery. After a few moments, I approached the corpse of the drunk man. Here, at this moment, I would show that the legend in the mythology you listened was missing a part—the most important and most vital part about me, the black cat.

I crawled to the head of the drunken man. The blood from his nose made me slip a little when I put my foot on his thick mustache that was covered in blood. I banged my legs on his forehead. One, two, three, I jumped and left. The drunken man woke up while looking around in confusion. I hid in the shadows.

Not far from there, there was a large building, the center of the government. It was there that the government and politicians competed for power. Unfortunately, a dictator controlled the city. Residents were prohibited from owning private vehicles except for bicycles and roller skates. However, it was good because there was no pollution or noise, everything was calm. Inevitably, everyone had to use their feet. Sometimes, public transportation was seen passing by with passengers. I just saw it was crowded.

The mayor of this city was a dictator. The tax issued was quite high. Nevertheless, this was reasonable because the average income of the population was also high. But strangely, he even had a private luxury car. He said this was a government official vehicle, nobody was allowed to have a car beside him. Another policy prohibited its citizens from having more than one child. This was what caused many children in

orphanages. Moreover, he did not want to pay for the maintenance of these children. I was fed up with it.

I jumped into another building. An old building that was founded in 1983. How did I know? I had lived here for a very long time. Also, I had experienced five deaths. Moreover, with the drunk man, he became six deaths. That was my missing part of legends. I meant this orphanage.

A little girl named Lisa played with her doll. An old rag doll that had begun to get dust and cobwebs. Strangely, she never got tired of playing with her toy. In another corner, a boy named Rudi and Roni chased each other. Rudi always seemed to be wearing the same clothes since I first saw him a month ago. While Roni had only moved to this place for two days. This old building was an orphanage owned by a generous family, Maria and Amina, twin sisters who took care of this orphanage along with their younger brother, Doni. It was just that today I did not see Amina and Doni. Maria was seen taking care of a baby girl named Tifani, who was crying.

I jumped from the roof to the altar near the glass window. Maria never kicked me out. My visit was always welcome because the children loved to play with me. And this place was heaven to me. Not just a piece of bread, sometimes salted fish and a cup of milk I got.

“Hi, Pussy, are you coming again?” Maria said, still trying to calm Mia, who kept crying.

Meows. I was just meowing. Usually, there was an old woman named Mrs. Nova, who used to help Maria and Amina take care of the children. However, today she was nowhere to be seen. I knew that her husband forbade her to visit this place too often. Her husband was a politician like the mayor. They had the same view. For him, these children were no different from rubbish. They did not need to be pitied. This was what made me disgusted with him. Maybe this also caused Mrs. Nova not to come back here. Maybe never.

“I am sorry, today we are out of anchovies and milk. I cannot give you supplies for children, I am sorry.”

Strangely, there was usually a generous person who came with supplies for children. Where did he go?

“Mr. Hendri passed away this morning. He had helped us a lot. Amina and Doni went to his funeral and would return later in the afternoon. I hoped they came back soon. The children could not hold their hunger any longer.” The tears seemed to flow even though she immediately wiped it. While Tifani continued to cry.

I jumped from the altar near the window. I ran into the kitchen there was a small room where food was stored. Maria followed me while carrying Mia, who was still crying.

“Pussy, no!” Maria followed me halfway.

I jumped. I stepped my foot into the storage room door then shot through the back door that was half-open. Then I disappeared from Maria's view.

I was walking to the front yard. Lisa and her doll, named Dorothy, were playing on a swing. Occasionally she spoke to her doll.

“Hey, Dorothy. Am I going to be a beautiful girl? Will there be a prince who will pick me up when I grow up? I am really looking forward to it.” She smiled while hugging her favorite doll.

I jumped into Lisa's lap.

“Hey Pussy, you come, I'm sorry I can't give you anything. Amina and Doni have not returned yet, and I have not eaten since this morning,” she said.

Meows. I was just meowing. I felt sorry for you, Lisa. A little girl as sweet as you were, and no one wanted to adopt you. If I were a human, I would definitely marry you. Meows. I jumped then hit Lisa's forehead.

“Ouch, what are you doing, Pussy?” She stroked my head.

I ran away then jumped into the bushes, I sneaked up and then jumped on the sidewalk. I continued my journey.

I had seen many types of humans, starting from those who hated each other until those who loved each other. For example, the red-faced man and the drunk man. I had met both of them before. Both were the wealthiest traders in this gloomy city. The red-faced man was the boss of a clothing company. Almost all clothing stores and boutiques in this city were his. While the drunk man was a five-star restaurant owner. He was a gourmet. Both of them were competing, but as far as I knew, they were good friends. At least in business. What caused their dispute, I did not want to know.

Then leaders did not know themselves as the mayor of the town. I really wanted to eat him. It would only damage the order of his species. The lion, my brother, never ate his followers. Humans turned out to be more rotten. More rotten than hyenas who ate other animal carcasses. One thing in common, they both liked bones.

Humans were always imbalanced. Strong humans always did easy things. While the weak did hard things. They prohibited residents from having many children because the

government needed to issue more insurance for each birth. Bringing more responsibility to Amina, Maria, and Doni. Even so, they slightly changed my view that at least there were still a few parts of a species called humans that had hearts as vast as the open skies.



Source: pontianak.tribunnews.com



A Delayed Sorry

by

Khairunnisa Al Izzati

"Son, let's eat! It will get cold," Dodo's mother said, reminding him. Still, Dodo completely ignored his mother's call, he was lazy to eat because the side dishes his mother always provided were only anchovies and *tempe*. "Why does our side dish always anchovies and *tempe*?! Dodo was tired of eating anchovies and *tempe* all the time! Dodo was embarrassed if his friends found out that Dodo was only a fisherman's son who ate anchovies and *tempe* every day. Now Dodo's mother's eyes seemed to hold back tears. "Whatever you say, mom, I just want to eat if the side dishes have been replaced!", Dodo slammed the door of his house while leaving without caring about his mother's feelings.

The next morning when Dodo was going to school, Anto saw Dodo who was walking, Anto got out of his car and offered a ride to Dodo. Dodo agreed. Anto was the wealthiest boy in Dodo's school, Dodo felt very jealous of Anto because Anto was very rich, while he was only a fisherman's child. "By the way, why do you walk alone to school Do?", Asked Anto, "Aah .. that's because .. My father is busy working, so I have to walk alone," Dodo replied, lying. "Ooh ... just like my father, do you want me to give you a ride home later?", Asked Anto again, "No, thanks! My house is not far away from school," replied Dodo, who was afraid that Anto would find out his home was actually just a shack.

After school, Dodo came home with his classmates, Agus and Yayan, suddenly there was a voice calling from behind "Do...Dodo!" Shouted a middle-aged man who was holding a net, yes, the middle-aged man was Dodo's father. "Do, who is that? How can he know your name? Looks like he knows you?" Agus asked, "I don't know, maybe he got the wrong person," Dodo argued. "Impossible, he keeps waving at you. Not to another person", Yayan added. "It's true! I don't know that fisherman! Just ignore that stranger", Dodo answered. They continued their way after Dodo said that.

On the way, Dodo passed Anto's house. Anto had invited Dodo to visit his house when he entered Anto's house, Dodo was amazed by the luxury of Anto's house.

"Wait a minute, I'll get a drink first," said Anto, and he left to the kitchen. When Anto was taking a drink, Dodo suddenly felt something odd about Anto's family photo, there was a man wearing sunglasses. When Anto returned from the kitchen, Dodo then asked about the man in the picture.

"Ooh ... the man wearing these glasses is my father, he cannot see, yeah he is blind ", said Anto, Dodo was surprised to hear this.

"Is it true? Are you not ashamed?" Dodo asked cautiously,

"Hah aha .. why am I embarrassed? Because of him, I can have what we have right now. He struggles just for the family even though his physical condition is no longer perfect. I am proud to have a father like him, "Anto said with a smile. Dodo felt guilty from Anto's words just now. He felt guilty because he had ignored his father's call and instead told Agus and Yayan that he didn't recognize his own father. Dodo thought that he was actually luckier than Anto because Dodo's father had no physical flaws. Dodo's life was the opposite of Anto's. At that time, Dodo immediately asked

Anto to excuse him to go home. He wanted to quickly apologize to his parents, who he often disobeyed. On the way home Dodo felt a very big shock, people were running around in a panic to save themselves, shortly after a tsunami struck, Dodo climbed onto a coconut tree to save himself. He was truly sorry, now it was too late to apologize to his parents. He could only hope that he and his parents could be saved so that he could apologize to his parents. But suddenly, seawater rose again and now is bigger than before, making the area ravaged.

After the tsunami, Dodo survived the disaster. Then he came down from the coconut tree that he climbed. He ran with feelings of anxiety and fear. He ran to his house, hoping his parents were fine.

The house where he lived was razed to the ground. Dodo cried out loudly, he was very sorry for mistreating his parents. Now Dodo was left alone, and no one would love Dodo again. Dodo sank into his sadness. He fell ill and did not want to eat. After several months of illness, Dodo was not able to withstand the pain and longing for his parents. That night Dodo died in tears, longing for his parents.



Source: viva.co.id

10

My Last Birthday Party

by

Nabila Putri

Ayudia was an eighteen years old girl, and she was very beautiful. With her beautiful eye, long straight black hair that was unraveled, and clean white skin. She was born and lived in Jakarta. She had a very kind heart and a smart brain. Ayudia had a best friend, Cashe, Ayudia and Cashe had been friends since they were eight years old. Ayudia was known by people for her kindness to everyone, she was perfect. Only a few knew how Ayudia's life really was. Yes, only one of her friends really knew the twists and turns.

Only Cashe understood how Ayudia actually was. Cashe and Ayudia had gone through a lot of things together. They did everything together, to the point that people thought they were siblings. Sometimes they were even

mistaken for twins by people. Their parents knew each other closely, also their parents were business partners. Ayudia's parents were very busy and focused on their work, which often needed them out of the country. They were very successful. Ayudia's parents only had two days a week to be at home, and that was only briefly to sleep alone. In the morning, before Ayudia was awake, her parents had already left for work. Ayudia was very lonely if at home only accompanied by her maid, Bi Wati.

Ayudia asked, "Bi, where are mom and dad?"

Bi Wati answered, "Your mom was on her way to Amsterdam this morning."

Ayudia again asked her, "And my Dad? where is he going?"

Bi Wati replied, "Your father also get up early for business. He goes to Dubai this morning."

Ayudia said, "Bi, have you ever felt so lonely, and you can't tell anyone because you only need your parents beside you?"

Bi Wati said, "Sorry little princess, I have not."

Ayudia said, "So, why am I the only one who feels that way? I just need more time with my Mom and dad. I don't want to be in this position, it's hurting my heart."

Bi Wati answered, "You know why you are in this position?because you are a special beautiful lady."

Ayudia replied, "Thanks a lot Bi, as always you make me feel so quiet."

Bi Wati had taken care of Ayudia since she was born until now. Ayudia never felt happy at home, even though her father and mother were able to provide whatever she needed.

Ayudia tried to find a way so that her father and mother could celebrate her birthday this year. Unlike last year, her father and mother were in Switzerland on business. Ayudia gave a message to her father and mother on her cellphone telling them that tomorrow would be her birthday, and she wanted her father and mother to celebrate her birthday together. Ayudia's parents agreed to celebrate her birthday. Ayudia was very excited to go buy equipment to celebrate her birthday tomorrow with Cashe.

"What should I buy, Cas?" Ayudia said.

"I think you just need to buy birthday supplies in general," said Cashe.

Ayudia bought balloons, birthday cakes, and other equipment needed. After buying all the necessary equipment Ayudia and Cashe decorated the room to celebrate her birthday. After finishing decorating, Cashe went home.

"Is everything is finished, Cas? "

"Yes, I think."

"Okay, I'm going back home. My mother will scold me if I come home late."

"Be careful, Cas. Thanks for your help."

"Don't mention it."

But there was one important thing that Ayudia forgot to buy, candles. Ayudia went alone because she was in a hurry. She went to purchase candles in a shop near her house by bringing her own car. On the way home, Ayudia was hit by a large truck carrying goods. Ayudia was killed on the spot for the incident. Her mother and mother were told by Bi Wati.

They were shocked to know that their only daughter was gone. Ayudia was a good child, beautiful and not kind of gone. Ayudia's parents regretted that they did not spend more time with their daughter. Bi Wati and Cashe had lost the figure of a beautiful woman who was kind and cheerful. It was an intense sorrow for their family and relatives. On the next day, Ayudia would not have her birthday.



Source: kumparan.com

77

KARMA

by

Nadia Hadisty Azzahra

The sun started to rise, time flies, the brand new day began. Actually, I hated to see a new day begin, too tired to live my life. I was just sitting on my bed and try to figure out what really happened in my life.

I, Denis, 42 years old, was a rascal who had raped two victims and been in prison twice. My first victim was a teenage girl who I met on the street in the middle of the night. After that incident, I was jailed for five years, and my second victim was a nine years old girl that I met when she on her way back home from school. That incident was quite different than before. I chose to kill that girl after raping her. I did not know precisely why I did it to her, maybe evil possessed me. I stuffed her mouth with cloth and repeatedly tried to choked

her so she couldn't breathe. The reason why I chose to kill her was the voice inside me told me to do that.

“Good morning, Denis.”

Yet trying to listen. That voice kept whispering in my mind. I was tired. I tried to avoid it but I couldn't. I was diagnosed with schizophrenia, and the one who greeted me was a voice from my mind, sometimes it took control of me.

“Let me do what I want to do, please!” I shouted.

“No. you can't, Denis. Hahahaha!” another voice appeared.

All the voices that I heard in the back of my mind kept whispering to me over and over again. Overlapping, screaming painfully. I hated it when they started popping up together. It seemed to excruciating and deafening. I tried to find my sedative pill, at least I won't feel too much pain. When I started to take the pill suddenly, an unfamiliar voice came from my head.

“Don't take that pill, Mr. Denis.” That voice sounded like a girl.

“Who are you? You can't stop me!” I groan.

“So, you don't remember me, Mr. Denis? hah-aha”

“I don't even care who you are, get out of my head.”

“It isn’t that easy, Mr. Denis. I’ll help you remember me.”

I was petrified and remembered something. Suddenly the incident appeared in my head. That voice led me into something that happened several years ago.

“You look so pale, Mr.Denis. I think you remember something?”

“Go away. I don’t know who you are. Get out of my head.” I hit my head and try to chase that voice away.

“Do you remember me? Lisa, the nine-year-old girl who you raped in an alley and died tragically because you killed her.” The voice cries.

“Just leave me alone, please. I know I was wrong. I already got a punishment! I went to jail for ten years, and it was a worthy punishment. So, please don’t disturb me,” I whimpered. My tears fell down. But her voice won’t go away—the voices pound in my head.

“You know what? That girl’s supposed to get to her house safely. She should be able to meet her mom, she should be able to still meet her friends, going to school, and reach her dreams. That girl is me, Mr. Denis. If I were still alive, I would still be able to sleep in my mother’s arm. My mom shouldn’t be depressed, thinking about my murder.”

I bashed my head against the wall and grasped the side of my head while trying to chase the voice. But it was still there, I couldn't erase it.

"Forgive me, Lisa. Look at me, I've suffered enough. So, forgive me, please. I admit that I was wrong. Please, just leave me alone" I beg her. Tears just splashed on the floor.

My body was shaking.

"Why don't you kill yourself, Mr. Denis. I will be quiet if you do it."

"No, I won't do that!!!" I shouted.

"Kill yourself, Mr. Denis. No one loves you, you don't deserve to live. If you don't kill yourself. I will stay here, and you will spend the rest of your life being tortured by me." She shouted many times, and it hurts my head.

I took all of my sedative pills. But it didn't help me. I was shaking, I couldn't see anything clearly. Suddenly, blood came out of my nose.

"You look so bad, Mr. Denis. Like what I've said to you. You have to kill yourself. Just grab that knife beside you" the girl said.

She took over me. I looked down at that knife and hold it in my hand. The edge of the knife was very sharp and if you cut your vein with that knife, you would die instantly without

feeling any pain. My blood rushed all over my body immediately. I couldn't handle this pain anymore.

“Kill yourself!” that voice is getting louder.”

“I think this is the time,” I said. I point that knife to my neck. Suddenly, everything is dark, and the voice finally disappeared.

THE END



Source: watersports.bali.com

12

The Worst Holiday

by

Nadira Fajhira

This story is about four youngsters who were planning to go on a beach together. They were Chelsi, Tari, Daffa, and Dika. They had been friends since they were kids. Chelsi was a beautiful girl, but she was a little bit spoiled and childish. Tari was a strong girl and always be kind to everyone. Daffa and Dika were naughty boys, but they always protected Chelsi and Tari from every danger. They always loved each other.

One day, when the semester holiday came, they decided to go on a holiday together for the first time. Although they had been friends since they were kids, they had never gone on holiday together. Daffa and Dika suggested going hiking. Tari suggested going to Singapore and Malaysia, while Chelsi suggested going to the beach. After discussing

with each other, they finally decided to go on a holiday together to Kuta Beach, Bali. They were going to Kuta beach with Chelsi's parents because Chelsi's parents did not permit Chelsi to go to the beach without being accompanied by parents.

They were very excited about going on a holiday to Kuta beach. After a long journey, they finally arrived at Kuta beach. The beach was stunning and the view was very amazing. Then, they took pictures and made a video together. And a moment later, a man came and approached Chelsi. The man invited Chelsi and her friends to cross over to the island. Without a moment's thought, Chelsi accepted the man's invitation. Actually, Tari was a little suspicious of the man, because she thought that man just wanted to approach Chelsi. Then, they eventually went across the island with the man's boat.

Went they on the way to the island, they saw several sharks approaching the boat that they were riding on. Then, one of the sharks attacked the boat that they were riding on. A large size shark made the boat they were riding got destroyed and leaked. They also tried to dump the water that entered their boat. Dika and Daffa attempted to repel the sharks from their boat.

Unfortunately, the man who owned the boat accidentally pushed Chelsi and made Chelsi fall overboard. It made Chelsi surrounded by several sharks. Not long afterward, a storm came, which caused their boat to drift away from Chelsi, who was still surrounded by some sharks. It made Tari, Daffa, and Dika very scared and worried about Chelsi. Tari was very angry with the man who pushed Chelsi because the man was the one who invited Chelsi and them to get on the man's boat and cross the island.

Then, the man apologized to them and said that the man deliberately invited them to cross the island, then dropped Chelsi into the sea as a sacrifice.

It made Daffa, Dika, and Tari shocked because they finally knew why the man invited them to cross the sea to get to the island. Tari was crying, and she thought Chelsi died from being eaten by the sharks. But a miracle came, it turned out the Chelsi was helped by a dolphin and brought Chelsi to the ship earlier. Then, Tari helped Chelsi to get on the boat. After that, the man who dropped Chelsi was sorry and apologized to Chelsi.

Daffa and Dika were very annoyed with the man, then Daffa pushed the man and left him in the middle of the sea. They finally returned to the foreshore and did not go to the

island. Then, Chelsi's parents found out about it, and they were furious, especially to Dika and Daffa, because they did not protect Chelsi. Then, Tari said it was not Daffa and Dika's fault, but it was a tragedy. Because they didn't know who that man was, but they wanted to go across the island.

Finally, they came back home with Chelsi's parents. With a gloomy face and a sad heart, they returned and canceled their holiday. Then, Chelsi's parents forbade them to go on their next holiday together again. Because they could not protect each other. They finally decided to never go on holiday together anymore. Then, they thought that day was the very worst holiday for them.



Source: blog.oergi.com

13

Dear Anna

by

Rindu Salsabila

Dear Anna,

Do you remember summer'17? When the sun was high, and the music was playing.

I was sitting there with you under the palm tree. We were laughing together and making jokes at each other. Your dirty foot, your messy hair, and those sparkling eyes...everything was beautiful—such a good old day.

2 years have passed, and I haven't seen you on the next day, or the day after that. Not even a day passed without missing you and wondering where the hell was you, what were you doing, who were you with, why were you not with me? But I know it was useless. You won't come back, you will never come back.

Anna, I hope this letter reaches you, whatever it takes. I only want you to know that I'm living my best life so far, and my life is fine. Just ... fine. Not good and not bad. At least I'm still alive even though my life feels very dull since the day you left with no reason.

Anna, whatever happens to you, I hope you live your best life. Please be happy whatever and whenever you are.

Lots of love,

Raga

I folded the letter and kept it in the envelope. It felt like all the good memories two years ago that had been replayed in my mind were folded into the letter.

Raga, 2 years had passed, and the guilt continued to come every single day. If Raga didn't spend a day without missing me, then I didn't spend a day without feeling guilty about leaving him without saying goodbye.

I had no idea that my summer vacation in Bali would leave a massive scar on someone's heart. I did not expect that when I was leaving, it would leave pain for Raga. I didn't know that my sudden presence before him at that time would

not have imagined that I would create a fortress for Raga to survive again.

Raga Abipraya, eighteen years old, almost jumped off from a high cliff into the beautiful sea of Bali to end his life. I saved his life—the man who promised me not to repeat his action. The man who told me two years ago that he already had a reason to live—I never thought the reason was me.

Everyone had felt tired of life. All human beings had felt the moment they were at the lowest point in their life, and Raga was only one of many people who chose to end their life to solve all the suffering they felt.

And me, Anna, a young girl was only carrying out her duty as a human being to help others. I accidentally saw Raga who was about to jump and no one noticed at that time, immediately ran towards him and quickly pulled him from the edge of the cliff.

“Hey, what are you going to do?! You can’t do it! Whatever the reason may be!!” I shouted at that time.

All I felt him at that time crying. That man was crying—crying uncontrollably in my arms. The stranger cried like he was unloading all the burdens he had been carrying. That guy was crying so hard like there is no tomorrow.

“I don’t know who you are But let me help you.” I offered him help at that time. For whatever sake, I didn’t even know what I was doing at that time to help a man about to commit suicide.

“Are you a tourist like me?” It took 30 seconds for Raga to nodded to answer my question.

“Who did you come here with? Is someone with you?” Again, it took 30 seconds to wait for him to react. He nodded his head.

I didn’t know what to do, so I just followed my brain’s instructions. I stood up automatically from there, walked to the nearest mini-market and ordered two coco-mint flavored ice cream, and gave one to Raga. I realized he was still shocked and no longer wondered if he needed 30 minutes to finish his ice cream. Then I pulled his hand and invited him to swim.

We had a good time. It felt like only a few hours ago, he had almost ended his life, but he was laughing again. I did it. Anna just did a noble humanitarian mission. I felt my chest rumbling happily by pride in myself.

“I came here just to do that.” Said Raga when the dusk came out. “I only came to end my life here.”

“Why? Why Bali?”

“Obviously, because this place is far away. Very far away from home. So if someone finds my body, the locals will find it, it’s gonna be hard to find my family and they will end up burying me here. All alone. Without family.”

That day, I could not understand how an 18-years-old young man could think of such a thing.

I just found out recently that I meant so much to him that I only considered him as a man that I helped. I needed a long time to realize that he was waiting for me here, two years at the same place we met. And I never came back.

And today I’m back. I’m back, Raga. Sorry, it took so long for me to come back. Sorry, I let you down. I no longer felt proud because I saved someone’s life. That pride collapsed when I heard that you finally decided to jump off from that cliff without me around to stop you. And I felt sorry about that.

Dear Raga

I hope that wherever you go next, you feel peaceful.

You feel safe, in a way that you never did here.

And I’m sorry for everything that I did and everything that I didn’t do.

Sincerely,

Anna.



Source: tokopedia.com

14

UGH!

by

Rini Bidar Marhamah

Jullian thought that it was a bad morning. Especially considering the lizard myth that says if there are lizards perching on human body, then humans would be unlucky for days. Some even say up to a month. Oh no, Jullian was not a child who believed in such things. On everything, Jullian preferred logic. So to believe in myths like that? Jullian had even turned seventeen and considered himself mature enough not to believe in the childhood myth.

But today was different.

He was welcomed by a lizard when he woke up from his slumber, he was able to make the whole house tremble with his screech. After ten minutes of nothing but staying on the spot, and telling his brother to get rid of the lizard—

which appeared to his left hand to be utterly disgusting—his left hand was still trembling. Even Jullian thought he would have contracted long tremors.

When Jullian left the house to walk to school, he was accidentally hit by a stranger—who looks the same age as he. It made Jullian fall, and his right foot went into a ditch – which fortunately there was no water – Jullian immediately felt angry and hurt.

“HEY! YOU—” Jullian’s words stopped. When he saw that the handsome boy only revealed his body and bicycle. While the boy’s head had entered the ditch. Jullian just wanted to laugh if he wasn’t surprised by the boy’s sudden movements.

“ARE YOU OKAY ?!” the boy cried hysterically and then took a sitting position. “Sorry, sorry ... I didn’t mean it!” said the boy in a panic while holding both of Jullian’s hands. Whereas Jullian was just shocked to see that boy’s face resembled a ghost.

Blood rushed through the boy’s forehead up to his chin. And he could still worry about the boy’s condition? Absolutely. At that moment, Jullian screamed hysterically, holding the boy’s forehead with both hands and apologizing.

Trying to treat the boy's forehead with a handkerchief or anything that could stop the bleeding.

However, a second after their eyes collided. Jullian felt something strange, maybe for the first time in his life, Jullian had to believe in the lizard myth. Because now, Jullian thought that he would be unlucky ...

Jullian remained silent... staring at the boy in front of him with a probing gaze. Jullian believed a hundred percent that he knew who the boy was, but who?

“OMG! YOU'RE GIBRAN, RIGHT?! “That Jullian's shocked made Gibran startled as well. Jullian immediately took his hand off Gibran's head and looking at his hand in horror.

“Yes, I'm Gibran, and you're Jullian of the 10th science class, right? Our classes are next to each other. I didn't know our houses were so close too” Gibran said with a friendly face. But Jullian looked at Gibran in fear.

Not only the lizard myth that Jullian did not believe, but he also did not believe the Gibran myth. Who was known as the most unlucky student in school. They said, if someone came in contact with Gibran intentionally or unintentionally, then that person would be exposed to bad luck one day.

Jullian, who was a smart student, really didn't believe in those two myths. But, only this time, it was too confusing.

SPLASH!!

Jullian and Gibran fell silent, they both looked up then saw someone holding a hose, intent to watering the plants.

"Oh my God! I don't know if you are both sitting in the ditch." I'm so sorry... "said Mrs. Linda, Jullian's neighbor.

Gibran immediately stood up and also apologized and asked Jullian to go away from the house. Jullian, who was still stunned, lamenting the fate of his school uniform, which was already half wet, could only follow Gibran's words.

"Don't tell me ... I'm really unlucky ..." murmured little Jullian that made Gibran's steps stop. Gibran looked back, Gibran's hands tightened on the bicycle grip.

"Don't tell me a smart student like you believes in that stupid myth in school?" Gibran said indignantly. Well, let's just say the whole people in school knows that Jullian was smart and friendly. So, Gibran thought that the student like Jullian was not the same as other students who isolated themselves because of the damn myth.

"Ouch ... that myth is true. You better stay away from me ... so you don't get unlucky," said Gibran with a sad face,

making Jullian heart so touched. The reason was that Jullian knew well that Gibran was ostracized, and no one wanted to be friends with him even though Gibran was a handsome student at school.

Jullian suddenly touched Gibran's hand and then smiled faintly. After thinking better, maybe Jullian was just unlucky this morning. Even with the wet uniform, he had a sports uniform in his bag. And the problem of recovering the sick would also heal by itself. Plus, Jullian was a child who had a heart, so ...

"I don't believe in that myth. The proof is I'm touching you now. If needed, I will stick to your body, and make sure that myth is wrong!" he said, smiling broadly. Gibran couldn't help but smile.

"But what if you are unlucky?"

PLUKK

Just as Jullian wanted to speak, suddenly, a thick white liquid landed on Jullian's hand. Jullian made a pause, confusion.

"Bird droppings?" Jullian said, looking up to see a white bird that had just passed. How terrible.

"Are you sure? I guess you will be unlucky if near me ... the proof is ..." Gibran pointed to the bird droppings in Jullian's hand.

Whereas Jullian only smiled faintly. "Only bird droppings, right? Anyway, we proved it to guys in school. That you are not jinxed!" said Jullian with a fiery face.

Gibran immediately smiled thinly, his eyes looked at Jullian deeply, and a few seconds later, Gibran nodded. "All right ..." he muttered as he pulled a tissue from his bag and then gently wiped the bird droppings.

"Thank you, Jullian." And then they both walked to school together.

"WHAT?!" Jullian shouted hysterically when the teacher who was famous for being terrible, and also famous for his mustache plots —students nicknamed him the Chaplin twin— was talking about punishment for late students.

Yes, late, Jullian, the diligent student who always came ten minutes earlier, was now late. Even the gods of Neptune did not believe that Jullian was late, especially Jullian himself?

"You told us to clean the bathrooms belonging to classes 10 to 12?" Jullian repeated while pointing at ten other children who were also late. Whereas the fierce teacher only moved his mouth so that the swathed mustache also moved.

"Yes." It was the firmness that made Jullian sigh heavily. Jullian glanced at Gibran, who smiled bitterly.

"Sorry, I guess because you touched me ... that's why you're unlucky like this." Said Gibran while touched Jullian soft heart.

"Oh, no, this isn't bad luck! This is just punishment because we're late. Didn't I tell you that I don't believe in such things, right?" Jullian replied with a sweet smile. "Don't worry, I promised to prove that you didn't bring bad luck!"

"Thank you, Jullian ..." Gibran replied with a smile. His heart's getting warmer.

It took two hours for Jullian to clean all the bathrooms, then he immediately changed into a sports suit. By entrusting himself that he would not be unlucky again this time, Jullian stepped into the classroom. And at the second step also stopped when he saw the condition of the class that was shabby.

"What is this?" Jullian asked curiously. "Jul! You just came?! You know? Mr. Salim didn't teach sports today. Instead, he told us all to make a single choice question and must be gathered today too! The deadline is at 12 noon, right the teacher's lesson ends at that time." Jullian was clearly fiery.

Hearing that, Jullian hands and feet went limp, if only he were in movies or comics, he might have passed out. But Jullian was a tough man, he tried to stay relaxed then asked the details of their assignment. Jullian looked at the class wall clock, which showed 9 o'clock in the morning. After that, he sat at his desk, took out exercise sports books. And start writing number one in the book. Just as Jullian wrote number one, he suddenly felt angry. Very angry.

"UGHH! OH MY! TEACHER! ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS?! DID YOU USE NO BRAINS?! I JUST CLEANED BATHROOMS AND NOW THIS?! HUNDRED?! OH GOSH, CRAZY TEACHER!" Jullian shouted hysterically.

While the other children also didn't care about Jullian's screams, they were busy doing their own tasks. "I'm so tired," said Jullian while trying to be strong, but did the power of tears just fell from his left eye.

"Oh, my God ... why is today so unlucky?" he murmured once more with his hand still writing questions.

"What a cruel," Jullian said quietly, wiping away his tears then returning to writing the question with the remaining energy.

Jullian felt he was quite unlucky, if later there were more strange events with him, maybe he would really stay away from lizards and Gibran until the end of his life.

The peak of his bad luck happened when he came home from school when Jullian was in front of the school gate, he did not look right and left and immediately crossed. One car was honking strongly, and Jullian was shocked. Jullian jumped back, but his right leg was late in moving.

"OUCH!" Jullian screamed in pain and sat on the sidewalk. While the black car grazing his right foot was speeding away.

Gibran, who just happened to come out of the gate, immediately approached Jullian. "Oh my gosh, Jullian, are you alright?" Gibran asked while touching Jullian's right foot, instantly Jullian shouted loudly.

"Gibran, take me to the hospital! I think my legs are cracked or what!" Jullian shouted hysterically, enduring the pain in his leg.

"You just sprained your leg, a bandage will help. For a week, rest fully. Later you can move again." The doctor said with a smile while Jullian could only bow down listlessly.

While waiting for Gibran to pay for all the treatments, Jullian was still silent. His mind was chaotic. He felt so upset

with all this. Maybe it's time for him to believe the stupid myth

“Jullian, I'm sorry, I think-”

“Take me home.” Cut Jullian in a firm tone, making Gibran who was just taking care of the payment quiet.

Jullian just stared at his bandaged feet without saying a word to Gibran. Jullian was fed up with Gibran, logically maybe this isn't entirely Gibran's fault. But Jullian really couldn't use his logic anymore if it's heartbroken.

He already blamed Gibran for bad luck.

The next day, Jullian's mother gave Jullian a small box containing Tiramisu cakes. He said it was from Gibran as a payment of his guilt, but of course, Jullian didn't want to eat the cake. Before finally, Jullian found a small memo and read the note.

“I'm sorry if you have bad luck. I guess I am indeed a source of bad luck... eat this cake that I bought. I didn't touch it at all, so it won't be bad if I eat it. Hopefully, this cake can bring back all your luck” Said Gibran in his notes.

After that, Jullian started thinking that all this bad luck was not Gibran's fault. So he planned that he would apologize to Gibran for his childish nature. So, he asked his mom to

make a cake for Gibran. This cake was a form of his apologies.

The next day, Jullian strolled in the school corridor, his left hand holding a large bag. And when he arrived at Gibran's class, Jullian approached Gibran, who was sitting listlessly. He put the container on the desk and said, "I'm sorry for being angry with you."

Gibran immediately smiled, very happy. This was the first time someone has treated himself so well. Usually, he just got isolated from his friend. And now, in fact, he got a cake from someone that never he expected.

"I'm also sorry Jullian, because of me, you had a bad day."

"No, it's not your fault, now we are friends, and don't forget to eat the cake!" said Jullian while leaving the classroom.

Then, after that incident, Gibran and Jullian became best friends. Well, sometimes bad luck made a good story, right?

CLIPART PALS



CLIPART PALS

15

“The Golden Trio”

By

Renstra Prima Danu

People say a real friend will support each other in every way. Especially if there is something big that happens to their friend. That is what the Golden Trio had been doing all the time. They had been friends for more than ten years. Not even once they remained silent like this. No doubt, they also fought a few times, but they would make up in less than 3 days. But this time was different. Something different happened between the three, especially between Alfin and Rayes. And Danu was still confused about what actually happened between his friends.

“What’s going on, dude?” said Danu when he met Rayes in the library this afternoon.

“What?” asked Rayes.

“You and Alfin. Don’t tell me it’s nothing.”

“It is.”

“Don’t lie to me, dude. I’ve known you for 10 years.”

“Then asked him, dude. I’m sorry I can’t talk about that right now.” Then Rayes left.

Of course, Danu had tried talking to Alfin, but it seemed like Alfin was just as confused as Danu, even more.

“He has been avoiding me since last week. You know, I’m not a type of keep-asking-what-is-going-on person. So I let it go. I don’t really care, but I’m still curious” said Alfin.

“Did you make any mistake lately? Maybe you said things that offended him?” asked Danu again.

“I swear no. There is nothing like that. Look, Dan. Maybe you won’t believe this, but he started like that since I dated Aned.”

Then Danu realized something. Something that he forgot. It was Aned.

“Oh my God, Man.”

“What? Did you know something?” asked Alfin.

“No, listen. Wait, I’ll find the answer quickly.”

“Huh? I guess you know something? Look, dude. If you know something and it’s related to my girlfriend, I hope you tell me. As soon as possible,” Alfin demanded.

“Uh, yeah. Sure, don’t worry. I’m sorry I gotta go.”

Danu was in a hurry. After meeting Alfin, he immediately ran. Not looking for Rayes, but he needed to find Aned, his childhood best friend.

"Aned!" Danu shouted her name when he saw Aned in the middle of the yard and then ran to her.

“I’ve been looking for you!” said Danu.

“Yeah, Danu. What happen?” asked Aned.

“Um, something important. I want to talk to you privately, can I?”

For a moment, Aned looked confused. But a second later, she nodded.

“Yeah, sure. Right there.” Then Aned directed Danu to sit on a bench under a tree.

“I bet you know that Rayes and Alfin are not really talking to each other lately?” said Danu to the point.

Aned frowned in confusion, but a moment later, her expression changed. This time she seemed to realize something.

“Oh, no. Did they?” said Aned. “Oh my God, please forgive me. What should I do, Dan?” asked Aned.

“Please tell me first what happens?”

“You won’t believe this, Dan.”

“Don’t worry, go on. Everybody says you won't believe me these days.”

“Okay, I’ll tell you. Rayes and I have been talking...intensely...since last year. You can say he was my crush last year. And he seems to like me back, and then we talk and hang out, and then he suddenly disappears. No talking, no texts, no calls, nothing for about a month, so I thought he is not interested in me ever since. I also don’t ask why because I am already brokenhearted, I guess? And I plan to move on. And then Alfin came to my life and...”

“Okay, now I know what’s going on. This is a ‘little bit complicated, isn’t it? I mean, we never liked the same girl, and we always knew each other’s crush. At this point, Rayes didn’t tell Alfin or me he liked you, and Alfin is a quiet person, and he doesn’t really care about women.”

“Until he met me.” Said Aned. “By the way, I already told Rayes about it. And he said he was okay with that, and he wished me—” Aned wasn’t finished talking, but Hafiz had run toward them both.

“Danu! I saw Alfin and Rayes fighting in basketball court!” shouted Hafiz.

Aned and Danu were very surprised. They both reflexively ran towards the court and saw that there was

already a crowd in the middle of the court—where Alfin and Rayes were fighting.

“STOP! STOP IT!” shouted Danu while trying to separate them.

“Alfin! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” Aned shouted.

“Don’t you dare touch my girlfriend!!” said Alfin to Rayes.

“Oh yeah? I won’t if you didn’t take her from me in the first place!” Rayes replied.

“You’re mad, Rayes! You’re talking nonsense!” said Aned. She was crying now.

“Be wise, Rayes! Please calm down!” shouted Danu. He is tried to calm Rayes, who looked very mad.

Then Danu was aware of one thing. No matter how close a friendship was and no matter they rarely fought with each other, they were still different people, different human beings. They had different characteristics and ways of responding to something. Rayes was a caring person, while Alfin was a person who preferred to keep everything himself instead of telling his friends.

They walked to the side and sat in the stands. Aned checked Alfin's condition and found out some scars while

Danu looked at his best friends. He never thought they both would fight because of a girl.

Danu realized something. Alfin was Aned's first love. Aned had a crush on Alfin when they were twelve and Alfin ignored Aned for about a few months. Danu remembered him several times comforting Aned because she was often crying after Alfin rejected her. What good old days.

“Are you both feeling better?” asked Danu.

“yeah,” said Alfin.

“Good. How about you, Rayes?”

Rayes didn't answer. Maybe he was too busy with his mind. But a few minutes later Rayes said, “I know I'm dumb. I'm sorry, really. Forgive me, Aned. And please forgive your stupid friend, Alfin.”

“Don't worry about that. I never took our fight seriously. It's just that you deserved a few punches in your face. Turns out I'm more battered than you. You're good at fighting, Rayes,” said Alfin, and they're laughing together.

Real friends do not only support each other but also forgive each other.



Source: pixabay.com

16

Goodbye World

by

Selma Rahmani

Slowly but surely, your eyelids wrapped your brown marbles. Your breath was regular one-on-one. Your left-hand fell to the side of the bed, while the left one holds your stomach. Your forehead started to constrict, I thought maybe because you were still thinking about something, but a second later, your face turned calm.

I moved my hands to stroke your eyebrows and help you sound more. You'd been through a hard day this week. You also told me that you wanted to finish your life many times this week. You also had often told me that your heart hurt, the kind of pain that you could not cure with your sleeping pills, your syringes, or your razor blade.

You said the only way out to stop all the pain was to die.

"You really don't want to see me again?" I asked you a while ago. Among thousands of questions, that's all I could get out when I saw you standing on a chair after adjusting the rope near the roof of your boarding room.

You looked at me with a miserable look. "It hurts, Jia. It really hurts here," you softly said, banging on your chest. "It won't stop, no matter how hard I try."

I ventured closer, took your hand, and then held it. My other hand then moved to your chest. "This is my favorite part of you," I say, looking you in the eye. "I like the sound of your heartbeat, can't you keep it for a while for me?"

Shaking your head, tears were dripping from your eyes. "You have your own heartbeat. You can listen to it. "

"My heartbeat won't feel precious to me," I interrupted quickly. "I know what it's like, I've been in your position. Empty, very painful. But then you made me realize that I was valuable, right? I survived, right? until now? "

You were silent. At that time, I didn't know you really listened to me or were rethinking how to end your life. A moment later, your hands were weak, you hugged me.

"I'm afraid, Jia. Very scared. Why does it feel so crowded?" you cried. I knew that. Your voice trembled violently. "I really want to die ..."

I stroked your back. I could not do anything. My sentence perhaps would never calm you down. Because this was not the first time. I'd accompanied you, who was rushed to the hospital after drinking a poisonous liquid. I'd also found you lying unconscious with blood on your wrist.

Rarely could I see you breathing regularly like that, because every time we were together, you acted like you were being chased by something invisible. You almost forgot how to breathe after accompanying me to eat in the school cafeteria. It was my fault for taking you there, even though I knew people would start to mock you there.

Your eyes turned red, and you cried uncontrollably when your parents said your birth to the world was just another form of God putting a burden on them. The kind of crying that made me unable to speak. You told me with a messy face at that time. You said your parents don't want to see you anymore.

At that time, we were still in high school. I couldn't think of anything else other than protesting your parents' behavior as they were pleased. Could every child choose what

he would become for his family? Was it your fault that you couldn't read letters and can't boast about them? What was your fault if you felt useless?

I was furious at that time. I took it all out in front of you. Wasn't it your parents' job to educate you? Didn't their job make you useful? They had no right at all to hurt you with such a sentence when they had never really become parents.

Not to mention your classmates - ah didn't have to go far - let's just talk about your two friends who were said to be your true friends from middle school. As I recalled, you once said you took them on vacation to the Island of the Gods with your savings with the three of them. You once said you bought them expensive brand bags for their birthday presents. When you got to the point where you turned to reach out for help, they were gone, you say.

"You can go to their house." I still clearly remembered the tone of my talk to you that night. "You can't hold your problems alone, you need friends to tell stories. Don't be buried, or you will hurt yourself deeper. "

You were innocent. "They are ashamed to have friends like me, Jia."

I chuckled. "Then they are not ashamed to accept a birthday gift from you that is super expensive, flaunt it, even

though those who give gifts are willing to fast to save money ?!"

"Jia, why are you angry?" You bit your lip, back away from me. "I already told you. I don't need them."

"Let me be clear, you need them, but they are not there when you need them." I rolled my eyes.

Really two humans. How busy were you? To the extent that it couldn't exist when someone really needed you? Asking the simple 'why' question didn't even take tens of seconds of your day. You never knew how that question could save someone?

You never thought, if you just wanted to ask someone's situation, you might make him feel more alive? More attention?

Your hands were dangling on the bed right now, I'd also seen him blushed by your teacher's long wooden ruler. Yes, you were not reading wrong. I was not talking about someone, but several people.

They once hit your palm hard just because you couldn't read. Hit your hand until it bled, just because you were silent when told to answer a math problem. Hit it mercilessly when you said you would answer it if your teacher gave the question through the picture.

If you recalled, how could they do that to you? As far as I knew, a teacher's job was to guide and teach the students. They were the second hope after parents that we hoped could help us choose the path to the future. Instead of helping you with your shortcomings that I couldn't read, they actually lowered them.

"You want me to introduce you to something that makes me feel like there is one more day in my life, no?" You had to believe, as long as I had known you, when you asked that question, this was the first time I saw your eyes sparkle.

"What?" I asked. "Eh, I mean, who ... maybe?"

Your hand wrapped in a long-sleeved sweater showed me a photo. I couldn't guess the names of those in the picture, but I clearly knew it's a photo of a Korean artist. "K-pop, eh? Since when did you like it? "

"Last week, when you didn't visit me. I was listening to a playlist, suddenly a song was playing. The title of the song is Hug, the lyrics ... you really have to listen to it." You then opened your music folder, which was nothing, turned on the music you meant. "Those who make me ... feel more alive. They are funny, Jia. You have to see some of their variety shows. You will get a stomachache. "

I sucked a smile. Especially after hearing the lyrics of the song you were listening. I hoped that song could really help you. "I don't know much about K-pop, but I've heard there is a bias term there. In your case, who do you like? "

The twinkle in your eyes was more visible, you smiled a little. "Dukedom."

"Why?"

"He is the one I expected," you answered firmly. "He can smile at any time if he wants, Jia. He laughed at the little things. I know someone like him might have more pressure than me, but he has such a pleasant personality. A personality that makes it look like you can only help him with a smile when it's difficult or happy. "

But, a month after you said it, your simple happiness was taken away by them. Your parents said, what's the point of liking artists like them? They said you were the most embarrassing creature who could like something like that.

I would have taught them a lesson, but you forbade me. I meant, what's wrong with respecting other people's likes? Just because you didn't like something, it didn't mean you could insult it, right? I thought they were the best people in the world who dared to judge the likes of others, but I was

wrong. They did not deserve to be called great because respecting differences alone could not.

"Jia."

My memory jerked, I returned to reality. You still closed your eyes, but your sleeping position had changed.

"Why?"

"You really have been through those times well," you said, still closing your eyes.

I sighed. "Thanks for your help."

"I want to stop, Jia. I'm really tired. "

I was speechless.

"My heart ... hurts so much. Everything seemed to turn away from me. "

"But, I'm not."

You then opened your eyes, looking at me with a wistful look. "Because you never existed from the start, Jia. You are not part of them, you are also not part of the world. "

"Hey ..." I called.

"Help me, huh? I really can't hold it in anymore. " You grabbed my hand, which was somehow right on target to my right hand, which was holding a knife. "I'm going to sleep, you can do it."

I swallowed. No. I couldn't do it. You'd been through some of this with me and promised to get past it. Why did suddenly give up? Why were you swiftly retreating against this haughty and cruel world?

"Okay." I gathered all my anger towards people who hurt you. All the emotions that I had kept hidden altogether. "You don't need to feel pain anymore, the world doesn't need to leave you anymore, because this time, you will leave the world."

Then, the knife penetrated the skin, cracked organs, and made you die.

My favorite heartbeat was never heard again.

I, Jia, Iza, Izra, exhale. Through this, I'd lost thirteen of my favorite heartbeats.

Me, Jia, Iza, Izra, and sometimes they added my name to 'II'.

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36	1910732029	YEVIS HARITSYAH
37	1910732031	ANDINI APRILIA PUTRI
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