

Pulling the Curtain and Staring at the World

The short story anthology entitled PULLING THE CURTAIN AND STARING AT THE WORLD comprises 14 stories by English literature students, Faculty of Humanities, Andalas University, Padang. This book was the product of a series of assignments in a prose class. One of them was for them to write a short story by observing people around them. 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. It is a pity to miss this book.

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Editor :
FERDINAL
Henki Setya Budi

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Padang, 2020

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WORLD

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Dilarang memperbanyak sebagian maupun seluruh isi buku ini dalam bentuk apapun tanpa izin tertulis dari penerbit kecuali demi tujuan resensi atau kajian ilmiah yang bersifat 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 "PULLING THE CURTAIN AND STARING AT THE WORLD"

The purpose of writing this book is to improve the creative writing atmosphere in 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 they read in class. The publication of this anthology owed 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, 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 consists of 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 on what they have seen in 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 essay on their own choice. The following stories represent 14 out of 48 stories the students have submitted.



Source: Istimewa



A Great Prologue

**By
Alifa Piliang**

Magek is a small village near The City of Jam Gadang, Bukittinggi, West Sumatra. There were a lot of people who lived there. One of them was Abeng. Abeng was an ordinary girl. She was the oldest child of Irus and Zul. Her family was known as a settled foreigner. They went and left home at an early age. It was for searching of work and a better quality of life. Zul, the father of Abeng, did not stay in this village. He was in Samarinda, East Kalimantan. Actually, they lost contact since Abeng was 9 years old.

One day, Abeng decided to go to Java Island because some people who came back from Jakarta were becoming wealthy.

“Mom, I want to go to Jakarta with Uncle Piyen. I have to change our life,” Abeng asked her mother. Uncle Piyen was one of Abeng’s uncles. He was the youngest brother of Irus. He had stayed in Jakarta for four years since he got married with Tati.

“You are just 15 years old, Beng. I cannot let you go.” Irus denied letting her oldest daughter to go to Java Island. Going out of village for a young girl was a taboo for Irus.

Moreover, her younger daughter was not ready to go through it.

“That is okay, Rus. Abeng will be with me. I will take care of her.” Uncle Piyani tried to persuade Iru. He kept doing it until Iru said okay.

After three days of the negotiation, Abeng and uncle Piyani went to Jakarta by bus. They had to pass some provinces. Then, they crossed Indian Ocean in a ship until reaching the mainland of Java Island. The journey had not finished yet. They had to continue their journey by a bus. Altogether, they had spent almost 3 days and 2 nights.

Once they arrived in Jakarta, Abeng tried to find a job. She applied for some companies. Unfortunately, she could not get any job for one month, due to her educational background. She dropped out from school in the first grade of Junior High School. She only had elementary school diploma.

After two months, she got a job as a tailor on a garment company near Uncle Piyani's house. Even getting a job, Abeng still gave Aunt Tati a hand. Aunt Tati had a small grocery store. She also sold some breakfast menus, such as *lontong sayur*, *nasi uduk* and *nasi goreng*. Before working, Abeng helped Aunt Tati to serve food. She held back from helping Uncle Piyani's family.

After working on the garment for two years, Abeng got fired due to financial problem of the company. Abeng was helped by Uncle Piyani to find a new job and so Aunt Tati. While looking for a new opportunity for Abeng, Uncle

Piyan met Kamong. He is an *angkot*, public transportation minivan, driver. He had stayed in Jakarta for one year. He came from a small village in South Solok, West Sumatra. Kamong was looking for a wife in Jakarta.

In a fine morning, while serving a bowl of *lontong sayur* for customer, Uncle Piyan came with Kamong. He introduced Kamong to Abeng and vice versa. Abeng did not feel anything strange. She kept doing her job without caring about Kamong. She found Kamong as a customer, not more.

“Abeng, what do you think of Kamong?” Uncle Piyan asked Abeng after Kamong went away and the store was having no customer. Uncle Piyan asked without any further ado, it was shocking Abeng.

“Who is he, Uncle? Why did you ask for my opinion?” she wondered. She brought a cup of coffee for Uncle Piyan.

“Sit down. I was planning to arrange for you and him to get married.” Abeng was very surprised. “But, why, uncle? Did I trouble you?” Abeng asked confusedly. She kept standing, she froze.

“No, your age is good age to marry.” Uncle Piyan answered calmly, enjoying his coffee.

“I do not think so, Uncle. I am still a teenager. Perfect time for getting married is above 21 years old,” Abeng still insisted with her disapproval.

“Yes, you are getting 18 years old now. It is just three years younger!” Uncle Piyan replied Abeng, a bit louder. He did not mention that their family had approved this ‘matchmaking project’.

“You do not have any rights to arrange my marriage, Uncle.” Abeng screamed. She was crying. She left the store. She entered to her bedroom crying. *I will not marry anyone, not in this age!* She thought. She forgot the acquirement of family in Minangkabau. Within a few minutes, Aunty Tati knocked the door of Abeng’s room.

“Abeng, it’s me. I am bringing you a bowl of *lontong* for your breakfast. You have not eaten anything yet.” Aunty Tati said gently. Abeng wiped her tears. Then, she walked to the door and opened it. She let Aunty Tati come in.

“It is okay, Beng. I know it hurt but why don’t you try?” Aunty Tati patted her head as she was a child.

“I have a boyfriend and I loved him. He has a better job than Kamong. He is an officer. Kamong is only a *angkot* driver.” Abeng explained wordy. Aunty Tati was listening carefully. Aunty Tati was trying to calm Abeng down while she did the same.

“You have the right to deny or accept something. This time, you need to make the right decision. You need to think twice and make sure you know the consequence.” Aunty Tati replied. “Just follow your heart,” she continued. Aunty Tati left Abeng in her bedroom alone. Before leaving Abeng, she told Abeng to eat her breakfast without leaving any foods on her bowl.

Day passed by. Kamong was coming ever more to Aunty Tati's small grocery store. Yet, Abeng did not care about him. She was thinking it made sense because his *angkot* always went through in this road and foods and beverages made by Aunty Tati was very good. It was not surprising if she had so many customers including Kamong. Over all, it calmed Abeng for a while.

After a few months, Abeng asked for Uncle Piyan's explanation. Uncle Piyan became strange since the first day of her meeting with Kamong. "I am really sorry if I do hurt you, Uncle. But, could you please tell me why you want me to get married with him? I have zero chemistry on him," said Abeng.

"Alright, listen Beng. Slander is easy to be slandered. Particularly, you are a Minang person and you have gone out of your hometown. What will people think about our family later on? You need to think about this too, Beng," uncle Piyan explained in detailed. He let out a long sigh after.

"This arrangement is for avoiding the backbiting even I do not do anything wrong" Abeng almost lost her voice.

"It depends on your point of view. If you see in that way, yes it is. I am not forcing you to marry him, but I hope you can get married soon. Sooner is better," Uncle Piyan cried. It was like an order which had to be done.

"Your aunt told me that you had a boyfriend. You may introduce him to us," Uncle Piyan gave her other choice. "I am actually waiting for your decision," he said before leaving Abeng.

Abeng was confused. She did not know what to do. She needed to take time and think about it. She needed to pray to ease her shoulder. She had to have *istibarab* prayer.

“Uncle, I will marry him.” Abeng said in one fine morning after praying *subuh*. After having *istibarab* prayer for several times, she decided a heavy dictum.

“Who will you marry? Kamong or your boyfriend?” Uncle Piyon wondered. In spite of being happy, he’s also compassionate. It hurt him to arrange the marriage but the big family was ordered him to do it.

“Your choice, Kamong. He may be the best and worst for me, but it depends on my own treatment,” she explained in a short talk.

“Are you sure for your decision?” Uncle Piyon was surprised.

“Why are you questioning? Is it funny?” Abeng replied.

“No, I will tell our family and take the date. But first, I will call your father.” Abeng could not say any words, except accepting.

Uncle Piyon prepared anything for Abeng’s wedding. Abeng just remained silent. She did nothing. It was not her wedding dream then she had no reason to take a part in it. When the preparations were complete, the big family of Abeng and Kamong came to Jakarta. Zul, Abeng’s father did

not come even in a glance. Marriage guardian of Abeng was Uncle Piyan. He got permission from Zul.

The wedding went well. It was just a small party. The two family did not invited many people, only those who were close who got the invitation. Each people on Abeng's wedding could see that Abeng disliked this weeding, her own wedding. Abeng did not invite any of her friends, including her boyfriend and her closest mates.

Abeng was not happy at all, but she knew this was for her family. Her aunt had asked her to follow her heart, but it was in million pieces. She had chosen one piece which was not the best one. Instead of following her appetence, she chose to be a good woman for her family. This would be the prologue of the next chapter of her life. She had to deal with it.



Source: suara.com



Mother's Sacrifice

By

Annisa Fauziah

A mother was an angel for her children. A mother did not let her children stranded, she educated and provided a decent living for her children. Likewise, with father, he also provided happiness for his children. However, not all fathers could give their children happiness. Sometimes there were fathers who were willing to leave their family because of economic problems.

Like Mrs. Sri, she was becoming the breadwinner in her family. Her children were Saidina, Agung, and Sifa. She tried to get her children to get a higher education. On that day, Mrs. Sri had a fight with her husband, because of the problems with their children's school fees. Her husband did not want to give school fees for his children. One day, Mrs. Sri's husband left his family, not knowing wherever. Because of this, Mrs. Sri became the breadwinner in her family and a single parent for her children.

This made Mrs. Sri work hard to pay for their life and her children's school fees. Mrs. Sri was very supportive of her children's schooling, she did not want her children's life to be the same as her.

"You cannot be like me, I'm just a farmer, so you are not able to be a farmer," Mrs. Sri cried.

At that time, Mrs. Sri's first child was in second grade of high school, the second child was only one year older than the first, and the last child was in the last grade of elementary school. At that time, Mrs. Sri worked as a brick maker. She worked in one of the brick workers. She worked every day from sunrise to sunset. She did that so his children could attend school well. Her first child, Saidina, was a clever and kind boy. He would never fight his mother.

Agung was her second son. He is a good boy and as smart as his eldest brother. He always helped his mother. Sifa was the youngest child and the only one daughter of Mrs. Sri. She was devoted to her mother and always obeyed what her mother said.

"I will give you a decent life, and I want you to be a scholar," Mrs. Sri said.

These words had always been the motivation of Mrs. Sri's children in their study.

One day at the neighborhood, the neighbor said, "Look at the child, annoying his mother, he just learned!"

"I don't want my children to help me, I just want them to study well and get a scholarship so to college and becoming an undergraduate." Mrs. Sri cried.

Saidina was in the third grade of high school and he needed money to go to school. Mrs. Sri had no money, she

had to sell some things at her house so that her child could go to school.

While studying, Saidina was looking for his own school fees by working part time after school. He worked to reduce his family burdens. Their families lived in simplicity. They eat only once a day.

Many neighbors mocked Mrs. Sri's family, "You are just a farmer, it is impossible for your children becoming a scholar, the apple never falls far from the tree!"

Saidina answered, "I will prove it to you, even though we are poor, we also are the same."

"Look he does not have a father, and pretentious to be a scholar". Mrs. Sri's sons received many scorns from people.

In the evening, Agung talked to his mother, "Why does father leave us? Does he hate us?"

"No honey, maybe he's just looking for fees for your school now." She answered.

"But he never gave us money, no money, never," Agung cried.

Saidina said, "Never mind, brother. Do not ever worry. We already have an amazing angel like mother, paying for her ankles so that her children keep going to school"

That night Mrs. Sri heard her son talking like that, she did not think that his son always gave her support.

Times passed. Saidina had stepped to face a national exam. Before that, Saidina applied for SNMPTN. He also applied for a scholarship to go to college. Mrs. Sri encouraged Saidina that he would graduate.

"You will graduate, I really hope you will graduate," she said

A week after national exam, the SNMPTN announced, he was very happy and surprised that he was accepted in Law program at Andalas University. He also got the scholarship. At the time, Saidina immediately met his mother who was working. He told his mother the good news. His mother was crying and very happy to know.

The lecturing process would begin immediately, and Saidina intended to find a boarding house, however he had no enough money. Saidina lived in one of the mosques, by her abilities, Saidina worked as a *garin* in a mosque. Every month, he got paid Rp 800.000,00 and also Rp600.000,00 of scholarships per month. Therefore, Mrs. Sri did not need to send money to Saidina any longer. Instead, Saidina always sent some money to her mother for the cost of her two younger siblings who were still in school.

After 3 and a half years, Saidina finally finished his study in the university. He became one of the excellent students, with a very high GPA score. This made Mrs. Sri proud of her child.

On graduation day at Andalas University. "Finally my son can become a scholar, even though I am only a farmer." Mrs. Sri cried.

"I'm not ashamed of being a farmer's son, but I'm proud to be a farmer's child who can become a scholar," Saidina said.

The sacrifice of Mrs. Sri was enormous. She raised and became the breadwinner in her family and a single parent for her children. Raising and sending her children to school until they graduated. Her children also gave encouragement to her and finally they no longer became the object of scorn from their neighbors, but they got praises from them. A mother's sacrifice was indeed very great for her children, and her affection always accompanied her children.



Source: youtube.com

3

Niko Andhra
by
Annisa Rocha Sabrina T.

Sekar Nirmala was a 89 years old woman who was very healthy and still charming. Everyone on the neighborhood knew her very well but at the same time, they knew nothing. There was only one word to describe her, *unique*. Everyone was unique; however her uniqueness was still different from the majority.

She spent most of her lifetime in Pekanbaru City. There were no specific reason, said her, and continued by '*I liked the atmosphere and the neighborhood here*', which made her neighbors laughed shyly. She did not have healthy eating patterns, she did have diseases but she was so stubborn in the stage of she did not want to go to hospitals to check her health. So many people came to her just to seek for her advice which was always accurate and helpful. That's why she was called *Bunda Sekar* by people around her.

She also got other nicknames such as *Painter Sekar*, *Papa Sekar* (she often acted as a father figure for fun), *Mother Sekar*, and other strange nicknames. She had capabilities in many subjects such as mathematics, physics, literature, language, geography, art, humanity, philosophy, and history. She had stepped her feet in many countries such as Australia, USA,

England, Germany, Netherlands, Singapore, Nepal, Austria, Finland, Iceland, and so on.

She was very mysterious but there was one thing people acknowledged well from Sekar. If someone asked “What do you like?” to her, she would answer it with a same answer while smiling,

“Beautiful things and *Niko Andhra*.”

Sekar opened her tired eyes. “Grandma! Oh, Thanks, God! What were you doing yesterday night, standing at the rooftop without any jackets?” said a young girl while looking angrily toward the old woman whom she just called *Grandma*. Sekar laughed and answered, “The sky was pretty.”

“At least you can ask me to join you. I would be very happy to see the night sky together with you!” said her while pouting. She admired her grandma a lot yet she could not understand what her grandma thought all the time.

“I did not want to bother you, Nila. Weren’t you busy writing a very long love letter for Mike yesterday night?” said Sekar, teasing her lovely granddaughter.

“O-oh?! H-how did you know? Don’t tease me like that...” said her while blushing. Sekar laughed happily. “Ah, I must go now, I will be late if I don’t. See you this evening, Grandma. I love you and be healthy!” said Nila and then she ran out with her school bag.

Sekar smiled again felt relieved that she had such an amazing granddaughter who liked her so much. She had many

grandchildren; however Nila was the one who liked Sekar the most. She asked her grandma many things. She even tried to be like her grandma. She started to use letters as a communication tool when her grandma said that letters deliver messages better than nowadays' technologies.

It was 07.00 a.m. and this house was empty, leaving her alone in this big luxurious house. It was normal and she often did various things at home such as writing another letters for her friends abroad, painting her blank canvases, cooking some strange recipes which she found on internet, and so on. However, that day was a bit different.

She grabbed her left side of body roughly as if she was bearing with a pain. Well, indeed, she was bearing with it. She grabbed it and walked slowly approaching a big container. She sat down next to it and opened the beige-colored container carefully. There were two big sized purses in it. One had *gudetama* patterns and the other one had *Nintendo Switch* logo on it. She opened both of them.

Hundreds of letters were coming out from both of the purses. The old woman put them in order and opened them one by one and reading them carefully, starting from the first one which had the date of *January 12th 2020* on it until the last one with the date of *June 24th 2042*. Each letter was written with abstract patterns and hand writings which make this old lady laugh while reading each of them. Each letter also had the same names on all of them which were *Sekar Nirmala* and *Niko Andhra*.

Not only letters, but also various things were filling those container and purses. They were stickers, paintings,

books, bookmarks, film DVDs, postcards, various countries' stamps, movie tickets and so on. It was neatly arranged by her. It took two and a half hours to read each of them and she finished them while struggling on her current condition.

As it got worse than before, she reached an antique box beside of the container. Before opening it, she stared at it with her warm eyes. She opened it and found a piece of letter laying silently inside. She reached it and started reading the brown-colored paper.

Niko is here!

The same introduction which had been written by them. *Niko is here!* for Niko and *Sekar is here!* for Sekar. She continued reading it to the next line.

How have you been doing?

“Well, I am always fine, you stupid” said her, as if the writer of the letter was present with her.

How are our son and daughter? Are they always happy like their parents?

“As you can see, they are perfectly happy in the stage that it annoys me so much because they never cried to me like they used to be when they were children” protested her, still answering it out loud.

This letter is not a long one because I am already 52 years old and I have had enough of writing.

“How weak you are. I am the winner, then. I am 89 and still can even read hundreds of our letters and you even can’t hold a pen properly in that young age, haha!” laughed her.

I know you are laughing at me right now. Stop that or I will kick your feet.

“Will you come if I don’t stop?” said her in a low tone, and stopped reading for a while.

A few moments later, she continued reading the next line.

Just kidding. I can’t be beside you anymore unless you come to me.

“I will do that, though”

I know that your old and annoying mouth will say, ‘I will do that’.

She laughed again.

Okay, Let’s go to the main part of this letter!

“What a waste of my time”

Don’t say that it is a waste of your time. You do that a lot too, honey!

“Pfft--- What’s wrong with that *Honey?!’*”

I know you are laughing again because I called you with such a disgusting name just now.

“Who on earth would not laugh when being called honey by a monkey like you?!”

You called me monkey. I know that, you pig.

“Damn you---“

I love you

She stopped her words and stared at that line for such a long time while smiling warmly.

There is no need to say how much I love you, it does not even matter. As what I have written before, this will not become a long letter.

Don't forget to always smile like you used to do before. I love that side of you.

“What a liar...” said her.

She flipped the letter to read the next line.

I know you will read this on your last breath instead of doing it on my funeral's day.

"How the hell do you know that..." said her full of curiosity.

You are so weak; not even dare to open your husband's last letter on his funeral day. That's it from me. See you, soon, Sekar, I am waiting.– Niko Andhra.

She laughed out loud and said, "He does know me very well, doesn't he?"

She stopped for a moment and rubbed the name of the writer. "Yes, see you soon."

She tidied up all the mess that she had made and went back to her bed, still holding the letter tightly. She held it with her warm hands and closed her eyes slowly, trying to have a long and comfortable *sleep*.

"Nila! Why do you keep writing letters for your boyfriend, Mike?"

Nila looked at her classmate and smiled, "Someone has told me that letters deliver messages better than our current technologies."

"But that is really old-fashioned. Who will have a last long relationship with only using letters as their communication tool? Moreover, isn't that tiring?"

"It is worth doing, if you ask me. Well, I can guarantee that there was a couple who were still together until their last breath even though they used letter as their major communication tool."

"Are you serious? Do you know them? Do they exist"

Sekar smiled toward her friend and said, "Do you want to hear a story which sounds like a romantic myth?"

"A romantic myth? What is that? I hope it is a good story."

"It is not only good. It is an amazing story for me."

"Well, if you say so. Anyway, what is the title of it?"

Nila stopped for a moment. She tried to come up with a good yet simple title. A few seconds later, she smiled and said,

"Niko Andhra."

THE END



Source: IndonesiaKaya.com

4

Poetry, Literature, and Tears

By

Dhiendy N Komvecta

It was a bright morning. The sun was dashing toward its throne. Today, one year ago, became an event that I could not forget. The event makes me reluctant to hear everything that smells of literature. I seemed to be forced to hate it. Hate what I loved and what I believed.

That morning in a modest house on the edge of Pariaman City. I prepared with a complete school uniform. It was Sunday. I still prepared to go to school because I was going to take part in a poetry writing competition at school. The competition was held to commemorate the Language Month. Of course, I was excited. After all this time, I had the chance to be part in a poetry contest. I didn't know, I was too excited so I left my breakfast. When my mother screamed for me to have breakfast, I just said 'yes' and left.

I stepped outside, leaving my mother's voice which slowly disappeared in the distance. In the living room my legs stopped. I looked at the floor in surprise, I slowly looked up, looked at a man with a cigarette in his right finger. He didn't look at me. He was busy with his cigarette. Making a puff of smoke in the air. I sighed softly. By swallowing I intended to ask. Asking why all the books and papers containing my poetry were piled on the living room floor.

"Dad... why—" The thin man glanced at me. That was a sharp glance. That made me stop making sounds. I was afraid. Actually, I had known my dad never liked it when I wrote poems or other literary works.

"Do you want to throw it away by yourself or do I have to burn it?" I made my eyes round. He stood up from his seat. Flicking the ashes from the end of the cigarette. The tall body was facing me. I looked so small, with all the fear in my body. I didn't dare to look at him.

"Dad, these are my poems," I answered softly.

"What do you want to eat with these?" His tone of voice began to rise. I was getting scared. "I send you to school to be a successful person. Having much money. So you can become a rich person. Do you still want to live in poverty like this?"

"Dad, you don't know—"

"Don't know what? I told you not to get involved in literature anymore. But you still don't want to obey. Do you want to be a lawless child?"

I shook my head quickly. My eyes started to heat up. I felt my vision begin to blur. Tears began to flood my eyes. I wanted to defend myself, but I'm too scared.

"Where are you going today?" He asked.

"Dad, I will take part in a poetry writing contest," I replied.

He kicked the table leg hard. I'm sure it hurt his leg. Coffee on the table spilled, the water dripping soaked my poetry papers on the floor. I was crying. My tears had flowed to my cheeks. "How many times have I told you, huh?" he looked at me sharply. "Are you deaf? Or do you deliberately want to be a lawless child? When can you just obey me once? I am your dad not your slave."

I cried more and more. I could not say anything. I realized he was moving his back to me. Seconds later, he crouched down and picked up the paper and books. I glared, afraid my father would actually throw it away or burn it.

"Dad, what do you want to do with it?" I asked in between my tears. However, he didn't heed my question. He stepped out.

"Dad!" I screamed.

He didn't want to listen to me. I was crying. My mother who came from the kitchen slowly approached me. I was sure she heard everything. I had nothing to say. I could only feel my mother's hand touching my shoulder. She rubbed it softly. I still didn't stop crying. My happiness was taken away. I didn't like that. My mother had not said anything so far. My mother just rubbed my shoulder slowly. For me it didn't help. I still felt the pain.

When the things I liked were taken away from me. I understood very well. I could do many things with literature. I could produce many things with literature. I could make people's minds change with literature. However, I realized, I could not change the rigors of my father's principles. I wiped

my tears. I glared at the door. "If not now, I will prove that I can make you proud because of my poems, Dad," I told myself.

"Ara, take a rest, calm down your mind." My mother switched to rubbing my head. I nodded and walked towards the room. Certainly, it was not the right thing if I still went to the competition, I thought.



Source: Lucubux.com

5

An Arrogant Monkey **By** **Fierdi Hendri Sulata**

Once upon a time, there lived a lot of animals in the forest. The most popular animals were mouse deer, elephant, rabbit, buffalo, and turtle. They were best friends. They always went somewhere together, always helped each other, no matter what happen, they always together. All animals in that forest were happy to be friends, except Monkey. Monkey was the most arrogant animal. Monkey never greeted other animals. When other animals greeted him, Monkey just ignored it.

One day, Mouse Deer and friends were eating together in the forest. They ate so many fruits like bananas, apples, peaches, and many more. Suddenly, they saw Monkey eating banana on the tree. They invited Monkey to eat together.

“Hey, Monkey” Rabbit invited him to eat together.

“Come here. Let’s have lunch together. Look, we have much food here,”

“Yes, that’s right. Let’s have lunch together and talking about everything,” Turtle said.

Annoying, Monkey rejected the offered. “Huh. No, thanks!”

Because of Monkey’s attitude, they were annoyed and angry. “What? Look, I invited Monkey with a good attitude. But, can you see what have Monkey done?” Rabbit said resentfully.

“Huh, Monkey will **ALWAYS be** like that. Never socialize with other animals, never say hello to other animals, always alone, alone and alone!” Buffalo said.

“Hmm, how arrogant Monkey is!” Elephant said.

Hearing their conversation, Monkey was angry, “What? They said, arrogant? Me?”

“Ssstt, enough! Just ignored it and let continue our lunch!” Mouse Deer said.

After they finished their lunch, Squirrel came. “Hello, everyone!” Squirrel said.

“Hi, Squirrel. How have you been doing?” Mouse Deer asked to Squirrel.

“I am doing well. I want to invite you guys. Tomorrow will be my birthday. So, please come tomorrow evening. There will be so many foods and fruits at my home,” Squirrel said.

“WHAT? FOOD? Okay, squirrel. We will come to your birthday party!” Elephant answered immediately.

“Hmmm. That is what you are. Your spirit become to the high level when you hear about food,” Mouse deer said.

“Hehehe...” Elephant’s laughing.

“Okay, everyone. Thank you. I’m waiting for your presence tomorrow.” Squirrel said.

Then, Squirrel went to other animals’ house to scatter the invitation. On the way, Monkey saw Squirrel, “Hmm, what is that? I need to follow Squirrel.” Apparently, Squirrel gave an invitation.

“It’s a birthday party invitation.” Monkey said. “What? Tomorrow will be Squirrel’s party? Why he just invite other animals? How about me? Squirrel doesn’t....” Squirrel came immediately and gave the invitation to Monkey.

“Hey, Monkey. Tomorrow will be my birthday. However, you’ve come to my birthday party.”

“Aaaa... ookay. I will come your birthday party.” Monkey said. After that, Squirrel went away.

After Squirrel gave the invitation, Monkey had a bad idea. He was planning to come earlier and steal some foods and fruits, “I will come. EARLIER. Hahahaha...” Monkey’s laughing with his bad idea.

The very next day, “Okay. Tonight should be the greatest party. I must prepare the foods and fruits.” Squirrel said.

Suddenly, Mouse Deer came to Squirrel's home. "Hello, Squirrel. Do you need a hand?" Mouse Deer said.

"Ohh. Hi, Mouse Deer. Sure. I would be most grateful." Squirrel said.

They worked harder to prepare the birthday party. Foods and fruits had been prepared. In the middle of preparation, Monkey came and saw from afar.

"Oh gosh. There are so many fruits. Apples, bananas, peaches... hmmm... They will be so delicious. Okay, okay. I will take them and bring them home." Monkey said.

Then, Monkey sneaked to Squirrel home and stole some fruits. Then, Monkey went away. After preparing the party, Squirrel checked the foods and fruits. "Hey, look. Something seems to be missing!" Squirrel said.

"Are you sure?" Mouse Deer asked to him.

"Yes, I am really sure," Squirrel answered.

In that moment, Mouse Deer had an idea, "Hmm... Let us get in to your house first. We will monitor it from afar." In addition, they get in to the house.

"Okay, they have get in. I will take it little bit more." Monkey said. Mouse Deer and Squirrel were surprised.

"What? Monkey stole my fruits? Why does Monkey do that? Arggh, he must pay for that!" Squirrels answered with anger.

“Yes, you are right!” Mouse Deer said.

Mouse Deer was thinking of an idea. Then, Mouse Deer got a tremendous idea. The idea was putting a worm to those fruits. Monkey would think that Squirrel wanted to poison all animals. Mouse Deer was sure that none of animals would believe Monkey because they had known that Monkey was an arrogant animal in the whole forest. Before the night of the party, Squirrel and Mouse Deer would reveal Monkey’s malice. Monkey came and saw it. He was shocked.

“WHAT? A WORM? HE POISONED!” Monkey said. Then, Monkey informed all animals in the forest. However, no one believed him.

The night of the party had come. Every animal came to the party. Buffalo, Elephant, Rabbit, Mouse, Turtle, Crocodile, and many more enjoyed the party. Suddenly, Monkey came to the party and tried to reveal Squirrel’s malice.

“Listen. Don’t eat those foods. Squirrel wants to poison you all!” Monkey said. No one believed him.

Squirrel revealed monkey’s malice, “You are the one who does the malice. You stole my fruits, right!”

“We do this on purpose to get you to come to this party and finally, we get to expose your malice. Look, no one believes you. It happens because you are arrogant!” Mouse Deer said.

“Ooooo.... Huh... how arrogant you are!” Buffalo said. Monkey was speechless and admitted his guilt.

“I am sorry, everyone. I know it is my fault. I regret that. I promise I will not do that again and I will socialize with all of you,” Monkey cried.

“PROMISE?” All animals shouted. “Yes, I promise. I promise. I promise.” Monkey said with solemn promise. Finally, all animals was happy to hear that and enjoyed party together.

THE END



Source: prokabar.com



Becoming Human (Again)

By

Asshavarizqy Asward

Dika walked alone through the alley strewn with thousands of corps. Someone hit him on his neck. he had blacked out. When he woke up, there were many corpses around. The cities were in chaos. Dark smokes were everywhere and people were walking around and turning into zombies. There was a tank-truck with a strange word on the side he found. However, he didn't know what happened. The truck was scary because of its terrible style. He decided to run away from that place. Far away.

He found a cozy house protected by high steel fences around. Knocking the door of the house and a man showed out. Nevertheless, a man was masked in his face. The man let Dika in and a woman had served a cup of tea and biscuits for him. She was the man's wife.

“It's been a while! Uh, how impolite I am, my name is Farhan and she is my wife, Agina Putri.” The man introduced himself.

“However, I am the person who hit you several years ago,” the man said.

“What are you talking about? Several years? What year was it? So where am I?” Dika was confused and asked many questions all at once.

“Calm down, calm down. Do not panic. My wife could tell you immediately. The stories of what happened,” Farhan replied.

“Well, you want to know what’s going on. You are now in 2040 and you are in Padang Panjang, a city in West Sumatra. My husband has hit you and you passed out because you were infected. A strategy to avoid the bad things is to pass out. It makes your internal body stop for a while. The truck contains a virus which has converted to the gas and it makes easier to spread out. Yeah, the last thing is that you have blacked out in 2020,” Agina Putri explained.

“Well, what about my sister, Vira? Where is she? I couldn’t find her.” Dika Asked.

“We did not see her. Many people had infected and must be quarantined in the Achmad Mochtar Hospital. However, only important person can be quarantined and come in. Unless, you have the Special ID – Card.” Farhan said.

“But, I don’t,” Dika cried.

“Luckily, I got it one. You are able to find her there.” Farhan said.

“We have to go there! Right now! I have to find my sister right now!” Dika forced them.

“Calm down! We need some preparation. If we don’t, we have no any benefits,” Farhan responded.

After preparing all they needed, they went to the Hospital. It took 1 hour by car. Of course, they couldn’t wait for this. Farhan drove the car. He was the master of it. When they were driving through the road, their eyes looked at the city which messed up. It was bad.

They arrived at the Hospital. He quickly jumped out of the car and broke through the door into the hospital. However, a lot of cameras and guards protected the gates to the building. Farhan remembered that he had an ID Card! Dika diverted the guards. They easily broke into the building and it surprised them when they were looking around. There were so many high technology tools here. However, they had to focus. The only one thing that they had to do was finding Vira. After scouting and seeking, they found a lab and got the same situation when they were broken in the gate. Dika beat the guards, looking around some rooms. However there were not many rooms. In the last room, he finally found his sister, Vira but he was surprised. Vira was not in good condition. Her face was pale like a zombie. He asked Farhan immediately to bring Vira to the car. His sister perhaps needed to take a rest.

For a moment, Farhan saw a man using a lab coat going out through the door. He tried to run away and Farhan chased him. Afterwards, he caught and bound him. He tried to interrogate and ask him a lot of questions. Based on Farhan’s interrogation, he knew that the man was a scientist

in this place. His identity was Dr. Deddy Herman. He was the one who caused the virus to spread out over the world.

“A scientist of virus? So, you are the maker of the virus. You must have the anti-dote for the virus. Give it to me!” Dika insisted.

“Yes, of course, I have. But My boss took it out of me.” Dr. Deddy said.

“Your boss? Who is he? Take me to him!” Dika hustled.

“My boss was known as ‘*Mutiert*’. It means “Mutant” in Germany.” He explained.

Dika was upset to hear that.

Afterwards, he called someone for a while. However, Dika couldn't hear what he talked about. Dr. Deddy asked them to follow him and led them to another room which was bigger than the lab. The room was protected by a kind of shield but it's stronger. There was a creature they never knew, looking at them whizzingly.

“Well, well, well, we got some guests, Dr. Deddy?” The stranger wondered.

“Serve them a cup of tea, Ade! We got some important guests this time.” The stranger said to his assistant.

“I'm Rendi. I am the *Mutiert*. Dr. Deddy must have told you.” He introduced himself.

“We need the antidote for the virus. I know you were behind these entire incidents. Don’t be a liar.” Farhan threatened him.

“Well, are you threatening me? Yes, I am making these entire incidents. But, I have good intentions. I desire all people over the world to be as strong as I feel. We must be the most powerful creature over the world. This body, giving me a powerful strength. I do not need food, water, and take a rest forever. It must be useful for every people all over the world. We can solve every jobs easier.”

“What about people all over the world? They are turning into zombies.” Agina denied it.

“Zombies? It must happen if your body couldn’t accept it. You can be better if you follow my suggestion.” Rendi explained.

“Give me the antidote! I insist!” Dika said.

“It’s yours if you could beat me. Then, I’ll confess you are stronger than me.” Rendi challenged them.

Immediately, they were in a fight. However, Dr. Deddy ran away due to he felt afraid. In this case, Rendi’s body gave him a lot of benefits. Dika gave him a nice shoot on his head. However, it was unused at all. Rendi kicked him. Farhan used a stun gun to stop Rendi movement. It worked for a while then didn’t got a good impact. Agina Putri decided to take cover. Rendi gave a great punch on Dika’s face and flew him over the wall. Due to his reflect, he took the anti-dote immediately from Rendi’s pocket. It looks like a serum. Then,

he threw the antidote to the Farhan. He protected the antidote into a tube then ran away. Rendi chased them. They were too slow. They have a good idea, setting a trap. Luckily, one of the traps hit Rendi and brought him down. Farhan gave a nice shoot in his heart.

...

Afterwards, they decided to spread the antidote with planes all over the world. However, Farhan duplicated the antidote for everyone. He produced the antidote in a big size of tanker. Then, they went to the International Minangkabau Airport and stole a plane, a nice plane of course. People who have affected by the antidote slowly became into human. In a bit long time, all humans all over the world were turning into normal.



Source: facebook.com

I'm Human Too, Mom
By
Fiora Trisyawalika Agvieni

Hestia Putri Hartanto was an ordinary girl who got lucky and was born into a rich family. In her body, she had a mixture of Javanese and Minangkabau blood. He's familiarly called Tia by everyone around her. Despite losing the head of the family, Tia could still live with her mother who worked as an elite school principal, Don Bosco School in Padang.

Everyone might think it was not bad to be a daughter of a rich family. Unfortunately, it was inversely proportional to what Tia felt. Her mother changed completely since her father left. The woman who had turned 50s began to want perfection to be aware of people's views of her. Only by using her innocent daughter, she could realize that. Evidenced by all the achievements Tia had made, she was adored by many people and even the elites who knew her well. Mrs. Hartanto felt that if Tia still gave her a pride, then she could increase her dignity. However, Tia felt the opposite.

The sound of the clink of glass cups echoed in the Hartanto family's big house, a terraced house and a bit of luxury with a modern exterior design is common in Indonesia, precisely located in the elite housing Tabing, this afternoon. Mrs. Hartanto has just returned from school for lunch at

home with her beloved daughter. While waiting for the 17-year-old girl, she asked a servant of her trust to serve her favourite green tea. Since earlier she had sipped her green tea three times, there was no sign of Tia coming home from school. The sound of the opening door was finally followed the silence that had taken place. Tia entered with slow steps and a tired face.

“Oh, you're here. Come on, honey, let's have lunch together.” Mrs. Hartanto called, interrupting Tia's steps to go to her room.

Tia turned briefly, then snorted softly and continued.

“I've been waiting for you for a long time, but you ignored me. What's wrong?”

Mrs. Hartanto placed her cup firmly on the dining table intentionally. Her face seemed to harden.

“Can't you hear me, honey? Hey, are you here with me!” called Mrs. Hartanto again.

Tia resignedly turned towards the mother without any enthusiasm.

“I'm just so tired. Please, just have your lunch, mom.” Finally, Tia replied.

Mrs. Hartanto stood up and approached her daughter. Her hands turned Tia's body to face her. After that, both hands crossed on the chest.

“What’s wrong? Did you fail the test? Are you not able to answer questions from your teacher? Or is there another reason you behave like this to your own mother?” Asked Mrs. Hartanto without pause. He clearly held back her frustration.

“No, mom. I'm just so tired, that’s all. Can't I take a rest for a while? I'm not a robot that can work all day long,” her voice was clearly heard that she wanted to rest.

“Answer me first,” Hartanto insisted.

“I'm just so tired. My words are very clear, mother. Every day you schedule me for math and piano lessons after school. Today I have to do that again. I only have 1 hour to rest after being busy at school. What else?” Tia sighed. What she had kept buried, she finally released today.

Her brown eyes looked very deeply at her mother. She wanted to show honesty even with just a glance.

“You know, mom? I am so tired of all your wishes. You changed completely after father left us. You want me to work very hard for the satisfaction of your pride. Is it very difficult for you to respect me as a human being? I am your daughter, mom. I'm obviously a human. I can also feel tired, sad, angry and upset.” Her lips began to tremble with tears that began to well up in her eyelids. Her gaze wept and implied sadness. The pride that her mother had earned her a wound.

“I don’t need all the trophies, awards or praise that you have been discussing with many people. I just need my

mother back. Since you tortured me like a robot, I've lost my mother.” She continued with sobs that could cut hearts.

A slap landed quickly on Tia's left cheek. A few seconds of silence. Tia held her cheeks red from the slap of the mother. While Mrs. Hartanto looked at her hands and daughter alternately. Her surprise at what she had done overcame the pain Tia felt. She pained many times over.

Looking at how an action that has been done by Mrs. Hartanto succeeded in tearing Tia's heart without realizing it. Even the slap Tia had never imagined was easily obtained.

Mrs. Hartanto was actually shocked by her own action that was reflexively due to being provoked by her anger. She looked at Tia with a slightly guilty look. Yes, only a little. Her ego was now more dominant. Being stubborn and refusing to be denied made her insistent.

Tia walked to the glass cupboard where the trophy she had received a week ago, but was not accepted by Mrs. Hartanto, took the cup and then walked back to the woman who had given birth to her. She threw the trophy right next to her mother harshly. Mrs. Hartanto reflexively touched her ears and her mouth dropped open to see what her child had done.

“Tia! What the heck is this!” Shout Mrs Hartanto furiously.

“That is the figure of my heart right now. I have been injured for too long by your attitude that was not like a mother anymore for me. I got the trophy with difficulty and

made me unable to sleep just to boast about you. Although, it was disappointing for you, I just felt happy.” Tia clearly clarified the action.

It was the trophy that Tia got a week ago for taking part in an international piano competition where she was able to get second place. Mrs. Hartanto wanted her daughter to occupy the first position, but Tia could only give her the second place trophy and the bonus was Tia became the audience's favourite pianist. However, Mrs. Hartanto seemed still unhappy at that time.

A week ago...

The preparations she had done to reduce her time off, now delivered her to show what she had prepared carefully. Slowly Tia's two legs entered the large hall of the Trans Hotel Jakarta, which had been decorated in such a way for an international piano contest.

This competition was attended by participants from 10 countries, both developed and developing countries such as Indonesia. This time, Tia was chosen to become Indonesia's representative after undergoing a series of fairly stringent selections.

With a throbbing chest and nervousness that began to sprout, Tia sat in one of the special seats for participants. Her mother had sat in the audience chair along with several high-profile Indonesian well-known foundations including the Don Bosco foundation. The gaze of her mother's eyes toward him as if demanding that she did not embarrass her at the prestigious event.

Tia turned to look left and right, some participants had sat next to her a bit closer. Some had just arrived. For some reasons, now she felt inferior to her competitors.

Some remarks were delivered by several important people in the event. The participant serial number to appear was also shared. Tia got her third appearance after representatives from China and Germany.

She continued to stare at them as the two representatives of developed countries appeared on stage. She silently admired their piano playing. Their rhythm and skill in playing notes almost made them lose confidence.

After waiting a bit too long, it's Tia's turn to go on stage and show her capabilities. Quick steps accompanied her. She approached the piano which was already on the stage and sat nervously. She caught his mother's sharp eyes as if asking her to win the contest. Then she closed his eyes for a moment and her fingers began to move to play the piano.

Everyone seriously listened and paid attention to Tia's appearance. Tia's patience and seriousness in playing made some people fall asleep with her piano playing.

After Tia finished her performance, all the audiences applauded loudly enough. It made her confidence return and her smile break. Unfortunately, the mother instead had a flat expression and did not applaud. She seemed to feel that there was something missing in her daughter's appearance.

The competition continued until the MC came to announce the winners.

“Well, I will announce the winners of the piano contest tonight. I propose to all participants to go on the stage,” said a man who was known to be the host.

All participants one by one went up to the stage. After that, the host spoke again.

“Without taking too long, I will announce the three winners who won points from the judges and the most votes from the audiences.”

His hand, which was holding an envelope, moved carefully to open it. There were three names and one name placed in a special category there.

“The third position of the 2019 international piano contest goes to the Japanese representative, Hidaka Yuriko. Please come on stage.”

Hidaka Yuriko, a Japanese girl who was wearing a long, shiny grey dress rose to the stage elegantly. She stood right next to the host.

“Furthermore, the second position of the 2019 international piano contest goes to representatives from Indonesia, Hestia Putri Hartanto. Please come on stage.”

Tia with her smile spread slowly up the stage. She was happy because she could win the contest even though it was not in the first position as her mother secretly expected. She stood beside the Japanese girl, Hidaka Yuriko.

“Alright, this is the moment we all have been waiting for. The Champion of the 2019 international piano contest goes to the representative of the United States, Felix Smith. Please come on stage.”

Trophies and written charter were distributed to each winners. After that, the host spoke again for the umpteenth time.

“However, there is another announcement. A special category will be given a special prize to the winner. The audiences’ favourite category. Wow, it turns out the winner’s included in the ranks of the winners. Well, winning the audiences’ favourite participant category goes to our second position, Hestia Putri Hartanto, give a round of applause.” Then he gave a pause.

“The prize will be handed over directly by the pioneer of this event. Mr. Wahyudiawan from the Pertiwi Jakarta foundation. I invite Mr. Wahyudiawan to go on stage and present the prize.”

Tia won a medal with the 2019 audiences’ favourite participant.

But Mrs. Hartanto looked unhappy at Tia. What she wanted was the first winner trophy, not the second as achieved by Tia.

When she looked at the audiences, she could see her mother throwing a gaze that was clearly bad for her. Her smile was rather low and both of her eyes moved nervously. She was sure after this her mother would protest to what he

had. Her mother's gaze explained the disappointment felt by her. Tia knew what she would face after this. Unconsciously, Tia remembered the moment clearly. A hammer struck her heart again.

“Are you not happy with this award? So let it break with my heart! I am very tired and want to stop, mom!” Tia shouted.

“Who had made you turn into a rebel like this? I don't want you to be like this.”

“You. You're definitely the one.”

“I have never had a defiant daughter. Who had made you like this?”

“My attitude confirmed it, mom. You're the one.”

Tia walked closer to her mother and looked at her with a cold face that she had never shown to anyone before. Looked into her deepest eyes in the greatest disappointment.

“Then, what do you want me to do? Remaining as your robot? I'm sorry, I'm not. I'm a human, mom,” Tia said. Her sobs had disappeared since she destroyed the trophy. Her sadness turned into anger that she endured constantly while he talked to his mother. The tears dried up.

“Or do I have to get out of this house so I'll be free? I thought the words would come out eventually.”

“Then, leave. You no longer respect your own mother and rebel against me clearly. You do not reflect the daughter of the Hartanto family.”

Those words easily came out just like Mrs. Hartanto's mouth, after she continued to harden despite slapping her own daughter. She even remained blind to the wounds that her own daughter had felt so far. She still upheld her pride.

When Mrs. Hartanto was about to grab both of her daughter's hands, Tia instead walked two steps back from her mother. Without anyone looking, she clenched her fists until the folds of her hands turned white. Her feelings were very chaotic.

“Mom, you never acted as a mother to me. You repeatedly ignored me when I complained and screamed for help. I experienced extreme fatigue and you didn't say anything to reduce my pain.” Tia softly was unable to vent her anger and turned into a deepest disappointment.

“Now I give up on living as your daughter. I will leave you as you say. You don't need to lose your pride because of me.” Tia said with a sad smile with tears still flowing.

Unfortunately for her, the mother locked her lips, sign that she was maintaining her ego even though her daughter was about to leave. Mrs. Hartanto just stood staring at Tia's back away from her. A typical expressionless face could even turn into a deadly sword for Tia.

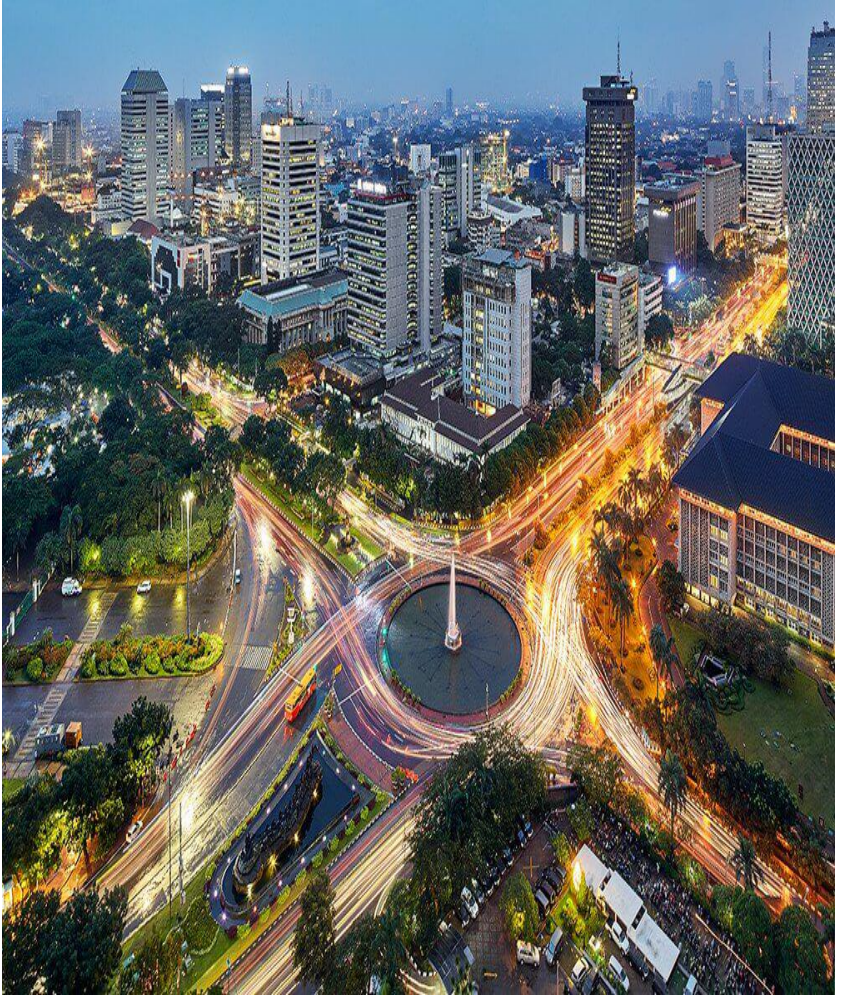
Tia ran to her room and packed all of his belongings quickly. Her tears accidentally flowed again. On the side of

her activities, one by one water drops fell soaking the clothes he packed into her big suitcase. She even had time to wipe the tears carelessly. Her heart was hurting so much, but she realized it was right to leave a family that only carved wounds without stopping. Every wish of her mother became hurt for her. She was tired of continuing to get hurt so that made her act this way.

Tia stepped out of her house by dragging her suitcase and past her mother who was standing arrogantly staring at her departure. A day she never had imagined came with an incident that made it difficult to put the word ‘Hartanto’ in her own name. ‘Hartanto’ was a family name used for generations starting from her great grandfather, everyone would know who she was when they saw her last name. She chose to live alone out there with the freedom she wanted for a long time.

“Even to become a human, I have to live without family and fight in an increasingly cruel world. I am a human, mom. Not a robot that can always carry out your every desire without pause.”

After all the happenings, Tia looked at the door of her house frankly. With a heavy heart, she turned and began to walk away.



Source: harianhaluan.com

8

Got Visited by a Famous Person **by** **Fithryah Amirah Karini**

Kira was a 16 years old girl. She had been a fan of Camila Cabello since she was 14 years old. She spent her days listening to her songs especially when no one was home. Kira had a wish that Camila could do a concert in her city, Jakarta. Therefore, she had already kept some money that her mom gave every time she went to school. She kept that money into a moneybox and put it in her cupboard. She always locked her moneybox in the cupboard every time.

Kira went out of house, tried to go to school. She was really happy that day. She got an information that her idol, Camila Cabello had a plan to do a concert in her city next two months. Luckily, Kira had enough money to attend Camila's concert. She would ask her close friend, Laura to accompany her to see her favorite singer. Kira was sure that Laura would join because Laura idolized Camila too. They had kept their money together in order to see Camila.

“Kira, you must know that Camila is going to have a concert in our city!” Laura said excitedly.

“I was about to say this to you, but it's okay.” Kira said.

“Hmm, you know that we had kept our money and what we really wished is going to happen soon, do you still want to accompany me to see Camila?” She continued to ask Laura.

“What kind of question is that? I will happily see her, no doubt!” Laura got annoyed by Kira’s question.

“Then, it’s good for me. I mean, it’s good for us.” Kira slipped her words.

“Okay, let’s get in class, Mrs. Ana is on the way here. We will talk about it later.” Laura walked to remind Kira.

After class, they both discussed their plan. They decided to wear the same clothes when they were in Camila’s concert. They also bought some stuff and then gave them to Camila during Meet and Greet session. They had no problem preparing themselves to see their favorite person until Kira got an accident by which she couldn’t walk normally because of her leg.

That accident made Kira unable realize what she planned months ago. She was sad because everything that she had done was useless. She had kept her money, bought the same clothes with Laura. She had also bought some stuff in order to give it to Camila. She had to bury her precious dream.

The day had come and it wouldn’t change the fact that Kira didn’t join to the concert. She had a serious injury and it took a long time to heal. She had to spend her days in treatment room. Her mom was always there for her, trying to calm her emotion down. She made sure that Kira still had

another chance to see Camila. Kira tried to accept that even though she was still found out crying by her beloved mom.

In another place, at night, Laura had just finished seeing Camila's performance. She was in Meet and Greet session. When she got her turn, she told Camila about Kira. She told Camila her friend just got an accident that made her unable to be there at that time.

"What a beautiful name. I haven't heard someone named Kira before. I am so sad knowing she can't be here right now. She seems like a lovely girl. I really want to visit her. Laura, can you tell me which hospital she stays in right now?" Camila asked tenderly.

"How kind you are, Cam! Kira must be happy to know her idol is going to visit her. Sure, I will tell you which hospital is that. I can't thank you more, Camila. You are such a sweet person. It makes me even more adore you as a fan." Laura praised.

"Thank you for your praise. It gives me a lot of meaning. After this, let's go to the place. Please wait on me, Lau." Camila asked.

"Definitely sure! Don't worry, I'm waiting for you 'til the event ends." Laura be happy.

The Meet and Greet session ended, both Camila and Laura were on the way to reach Pantai Indah Kapuk Hospital, a place that Kira lived in for a while. They bought some flowers before they finally met her. They planned to give her a surprise.

Laura entered Kira's room. Laura saw Kira's mom peeling an apple in the right corner of the room. There was also Kira who was lying on her bed, using her phone with a little smile. "She must be watching Camila's performance hours ago." Laura said with a deep stare at Kira. Kira realized the presence of Laura. She welcomed her. She wondered why Laura visited her at night.

"Why are you visiting me at night, dear? You are tired after seeing Camila, aren't you? You don't have to see me tonight, you always have other times." Kira said with a worried voice.

"Hey, don't be like that. There is someone special I want to introduce to you. Guest who!" Laura said diplomatically.

Kira was confused at first. She was shocked because there was someone who really had a special place in her heart come in. She screamed in a silence. Camila kept walking and then she hugged Kira. She gave Kira flowers that she had bought outside with Laura. Kira started to cry because she had never thought someone that she had idolized for a long time, came to visit her in her bad condition. She was so happy. She never stopped thanking Laura for being able to bring Camila in front of her. It was such a dream but it came true.

Kira's mom watched them with a smile. She felt so happy that her daughter had a kind-hearted friend and thanked Laura for being able to be Kira's friend.

They- Kira, Laura, Camila, and Kira's mom spent their night with so much joy and happiness.



Source: suara.com



A Bad Day
By
By Firsty Mivira Fabiola

Holiday had passed. Time to go to school had come for a student named Rola Putri. it's just Ola, everyone called her as usual. A friendly kind girl Ola was a student in the second grade of Padang Senior High School 3. People mostly knew her as a clever student of the school. It might be the best reason why she had a lot of friends. However, there was only one best friend, Fanny Rissa. She had in her entire school daily life. In fact, they'd already been a friend since Junior High School. Like a twin, they had done everything together wherever and whenever. They're such siblings, but actually they're not. Going to school, utilizing home works, back and forth were some usual daily activities they had done together.

Holiday had gone for two weeks and both Ola and Fanny had arrived at school at 6.30 am as usual. This day, they had to get preparation for flag ceremony at 7 o'clock. As usual, learning process would begin from 8.00 am until 9.30 am then break time would come. Going to canteen was their routine when the bell's ringing. Talking while waiting for their dish might be their activities during break time.

“Anyway, I’m sure that I was seeing you talking with Ari last Saturday. Could you share it a bit with me?” Fanny asked.

“Well, it’s about next week. I mean the birthday celebration for our school.” Ola said.

“Yes I see, so it must be next week, right. Then?” Fanny needed more details.

“He proposes that Japanese club will present an entertainment program at the event. I must manage it.” Ola explained for Fanny’s curiosity.

“And then, what are you going to do?” Fanny was getting more curious. Luckily, the dish had come so it constrains them to eat then get back to the classroom because break time would end. Along the way, the topic they talked during break time had not finished yet.

“I think, I will discuss it with the other members of Japanese club to decide what kind of presentation will be shown at the event.” Ola said.

In the middle of the way, they met Ari. He came to ask about the event to Ola.

“Hi, guys. What kind of place on earth do you want to go?” Ari greeted them.

“Hi. It must be classroom. Anyway, break time is up. Don’t tell us if you’re annoying for next lesson.” Fanny said.

“I know that. I just want to mention Ola, have you decided of what I asked you before?” Ari thought Ola had finished discussing it with the Japanese club members.

“My apology, Ari. I haven’t. But after the last lesson, I will have a meeting with the club members and also the supervising teacher, Rika-sensei.” Ola informed her plan considering Ari’s instruction.

“Ok, please tell me if you’ve done.” Ari left them with slowly steps. He rushed to leave. When Ola and Fanny asked where Ari wanted to go. He said that he had to see the vice headmaster of student affairs division. Ola and Fanny encouraged Ari and then they returned to the classroom.

The bell for last lesson had ringed. All students rushed to tidy up their equipment for studying like books and pencil case. Some students went straight home and the others remained at the school to utilize some necessities and activities in their club. All Japanese club members gathered in Japanese administrative room to hold a meeting. They were waiting for Rika-sensei as the supervisor teacher for Japanese club. A few moments later, Rika sensei had come. She greeted all of the Japanese club members and started the meeting. Then, let Ola as the chairperson convey what she wanted to discuss. Ola also shared Ari’s application for J-club to appear at school birthday event next week. As a result, there were a number of suggestions, such as singing, storytelling, and theatre. As a final judgment, most participants chose singing to be presented.

At the time of the election of singing participant, there were some candidates who would present their

performance in the event of school anniversary. Yet there was only one candidate who would be selected. She was Citra. Therefore, Ola asked her to prepare her performance when the event was held. The meeting ended and all members left the room including Rika-sensei. However, Ola and Fanny had to stay to clean and check the room before they went home. It would be faster if they did it together.

It's already evening. The clock showed 5.00 pm. Buk Inah, the janitor, had locked every rooms at the school. With a headset in her ear, she walked to check all those rooms. She saw the J-club room hasn't locked yet. She thought that she already locked all the rooms, except the student council room because it's still used by Ari and Cipto. She walked into it and snooped in to glance. Then, she closed and locked the door because there was no one. In fact, she didn't know that there were Ola and Fanny checking instruments at the back of the room.

Ola and Fanny were shocked when they were hearing the door locked. Even though, Buk Inah went happily while listening to his favorite song. Ola and fanny run towards the door and shouted.

“Buk Inah, we're still inside. Please open the door!”
Ola's screaming.

“Buk Inah, please comeback and open the door!”
Fanny also screamed.

Buk Inah already passed the room. They also looked into the window and saw Buk Inah wearing a headset in her ears so she could not hear their screams. Their hopes were

dashed. They were trapped in that room. Fanny walked towards the light switch to turn on the light because it was getting dark. They were very scared because they thought they were alone in this school. Suddenly, Fanny remembered something.

“Ola, do you remember the urban legend in this school?” Fanny said with scared face.

“Oh my goodness! Fanny don’t you make things worse. Do not remind me of it! Do not try to!” Ola felt scared as worse as Fanny.

“You know a lot if stories circulate that our school is famously haunted. Even according to our senior’s story that there was a student who committed suicide in his school.” Fanny continued.

“What on earth, I told you not to say that!” Ola insists. “I know that, but please don’t tell me that story. Can you just think how to escape from this room?” Ola said.

“I feel so scared now, Ola. What should we do?” Fanny cried.

“Please calm down and think how we can get out of here?” said Ola.

“Today is the bad day ever. What on earth can make me get locked here!, lucky I am with you, Ola.” Fanny said.

They were quiet. But, suddenly footsteps could be heard. They looked at each other. They thought it’s the voice

of a kind of ghost in this school. Handle of the door suddenly moved down as if someone tried to open the door, but the door was already locked. A voice came from the outside. Luckily, there was Ari. He's wondering why the lights in this room was on but it was already locked. Buk Inah should have forgot to turn off the light. Ari thought about that. Suddenly, he heard a voice from the room. It was like Ola and Fanny's voice. They asked Ari to help them. Ari was shocked knowing the conditions of the girls. He called Cipto in the student council room to search for Buk Inah to open the door. The girls felt so happy because they would get out of this room.

A few minutes later, Cipto and Buk Inah came to the room with the key of the door. Ari told Buk Inah that she locked Ola and Fanny inside of the room. Buk Inah was very shocked to hear that. She never imagined locking Ola and Fanny inside of the room. After leaving the room, Fanny and Ola thanked Ari, Cipto, and Buk Inah for releasing them. They had forgiven the negligence of Buk Inah. Cipto and Ari accompanied them to go home. At the end, that's the worst day that they had ever experienced in their entire lives.

THE END



Source: tokopedia.com

10

THE JOURNEY OF HAPPINESS

By
Haniifatul 'adzra

Somewhere, when the flowers blossomed beautifully and the bees produced a lot of honey, there was an old man who lived alone. His name was Dono. He lived in a small hut on the edge of the forest. At the first time he lived with his wife. They were so happy. His wife passed away a year ago because she had a terrible illness. At that time Mr. Dono was very sad. He felt that he failed to take care his wife. He felt lonely and stressed. He felt he could not live without his wife. Then the old man stayed in his house and never went out except for urgent things.

In one bright unforgettable morning, Mr. Dono went to the forest. He looked for firewood. After searching for one hour he had enough firewood. When he crossed the river, he met a young boy that slipped into the river. Mr. Dono wanted to help and run towards the young boy.

“Help! Help me please! I cannot stand; my feet really hurt.” The young boy shouted at Dono. “ Oh No! why you are not careful, it is really dangerous here.” Mr. Dono helped the young boy. “Thank you very much sir, I don’t know what happens to me if you don’t help me.” The young boy felt very

grateful because Mr. Dono helped him. “you are welcome boy. Be careful next time.”

After that they went outside the forest. Mr. Dono and the young boy went back to his house. Since that accident Mr. Dono always helped someone that had a trouble. He always went around the forest to help someone that needed his help. He was very kind and famous because that habit. He did not feel lonely every time he help someone.

One day when he helped a young lady that had problem with her friends and looked very sad, the young lady asked Mr. Dono. “Hmm.. Sir I want to ask you something” Young lady started. “Sure, what do you want to know?” Mr. Dono replied. “What is happiness sir? What the meaning of happiness? I never feel happy in my life sir. My parents always go out of the village and rarely have a time with me. They always think about their business. I feel so lonely sir. And I want to know something sir, you always help someone, do you feel happy sir?” “The young lady asked. Mr. Dono could not answer the questions. He was so confused. “Of course I am happy, but I don’t know the meaning of happiness. No one ever ask me that question. I promise you if I know the answer, I will tell you soon.” Mr. Dono replied. He knew that he felt happy every time he helped someone but he didn’t know the meaning of happiness. The young lady smiled at Mr. Dono and said, “Thank you sir, you are very kind I wish I could be happy as you could sir” and the young lady walked away from Mr. Dono.

On the next day, Mr. Dono prepared for his journey. He really wanted to know the meaning of happiness. Mr. Dono started his journey and went out of the village. He went

through the hard way. He passed through the heavy rain and the sun.

Finally, Mr. Dono arrived in the village after passing through the obstructions and hindrances. Mr. Dono went around the village. People in the village were very busy with their activities. He looked at the children, they were running and playing around. Then in the terrace of the villagers house there were some people. They looked very happy.

Suddenly, Mr. Dono looked at a small flower shop there. The flower shop caught his attention. No people visited the shop. Mr. Dono felt sad. He went into the shop. There, Mr. Dono met a lady. Her name was Dahlia. She was alone stringing up the flower. The flower looked so beautiful and the lady looked so happy stringing up the flower even though no one visited her flower shop.

Dahlia noticed Mr. Dono , “Oh! May I help you sir? Do you want to buy flowers?” Dahlia asked Mr. Dono with a full smile on her face. Mr. Dono smiled, “I just walk around and your shop catches my attention. Your shop is really beautiful. Your flowers are beautiful and the smell is so good. I like them.” Mr. Dono complimented the lady.

“You are so kind sir, thank you very much. I love my flower shop with my heart.” Dahlia replied to Mr. Dono and smiled so brightly. “You look very happy dear, what makes you happy? Even though no one visits your store you look so happy.” Mr. Dono asked the lady. “I like to be here sir, this flower shop is a present from my husband. I love him but he passed away long time ago. He liked flower and always gave

me a flower every day and I am happy to be here every day,”
Replied Dahlia.

“I want to ask you something, do you know the meaning of happiness? I am so confused. I am always happy but I don’t know what happiness is.” Mr. Dono asked the lady again. Dahlia gave the old man a flower. “That is lily, you know the meaning of this flower is happiness. For me the meaning of the happiness is when you do and enjoy what you like. When you live with your beloved. That is the meaning of happiness for me. When you do what you like and be with your beloved you feel that you are the most happy person in the world. Even though now my husband is not here I still feel happy because I do what I like and always think of my husband. I believe someday we will meet and be happily ever after.” Dahlia answered Mr. Dono’s question.

Then Mr. Dono realized that was the answer that he wanted. He realized that all this time he did was the reason why he was happy. He felt so touching and smiled brightly. “Thank you very much, now I know the meaning of happiness. Even though I am alone, I feel happy to help everyone. “Mr. Dono felt so thankful to the lady.

In the evening Mr. Dono decided to leave the village. He went back home. He had known the meaning of happiness. He wanted to answer the question of the young lady so he thought he would come to meet the young lady.

On the next morning, Mr. Dono went to the young lady’s house. He knocked on her door. Then from the door, a man stood there. Mr. Dono asked “where is the young lady, I promised to answer her question?” and the man said “ I am

really sorry sir, she passed away yesterday. She felt sad the rest of her life because her parents left her alone in this house. She liked to meet you because you looked happy every day and wanted to be happy like you, even though you were alone.” The man answered Mr. Dono’s question.

Mr. Dono looked very shocked and cried. “Oh poor girl, I feel so sad to hear that. I hope she can find her own happiness, and I wish I could answer her question about the meaning of happiness. Happiness is when you do what you want and enjoy it, I wish I could say that to her.” Mr. Dono cried and went back to his house.

A month later, Mr. Dono could heal his sadness. He realized he needed to spread happiness to everyone and should not be sad. He didn’t want anybody to feel what the young lady felt. He promised himself to help everyone who needed his help and spread happiness to everyone, because he realized everyone in the world deserved to be happy.

THE END



Source: feedme.id



Amanda's Great Runaway Plan

By

Indhira Zikri Donny

There were many things that a nine year old Amanda Rizkia didn't know. She didn't know how to change a flat tire. She didn't know how to tie her hair into a ponytail. She didn't know where babies came from. She didn't know where the mole on her chin came from. However, she did know that the vase that fell onto the floor and broke into a million tiny pieces was not her fault and that her mother shouldn't be mad at her over something that was not her fault.

It had been a funny little accident, really. Amanda's cat, Lulu –an orange stray cat which wandered into Amanda's front yard one day and refused to leave and had since been declared as the family's house pet- got out of his cage and started hopping onto all the furniture in Amanda's living room. Two jumps over a couch and a table later, Lulu had somehow hopped onto a small table at the very edge of the living room. The table had several things common to all living rooms; an ashtray for all the smoking guests who visited the house, a family picture of Amanda, her mother, and her father all smiling so wide that you would think their jaws would ache, and a brown acrylic vase that her mother had gotten from a client that was in the vase business. And with that one fateful

hop onto that small and unassuming table, everything tumbled down.

The ashtray was the first to fall, or it had looked as if it was the first to fall for Amanda. The ashes were strewn on the floor like the ashes of a cremated person being scattered on a beach. The family picture was the next to fall, the *thud* of the frame falling apart and breaking when it fell to the floor was clear and screeching on Amanda's ears. Then, the vase fell. When the vase fell, Amanda could feel the disapproving gaze of her mother on her back already. She could already hear the angry tirade her mother who would unleash upon her when she found it out.

This was bad. This was very bad. Breaking two items were already enough to set her mother on her angry rant, but breaking *three* items. That was an early ticket to getting grounded for Amanda. So, it's like any other criminal who realized that they just did something terrible, Amanda cleaned the scene of her crime. She swept up everything that had broken; the ashtray, the family picture, and the glass remains of her mother's vase, she put Lulu back into his cage, and she went into her room and pretended as if nothing had happened.

Amanda's mother got home at the same time she always did, 7.00 P.M. she got out of her car and walked inside the house. Amanda, who was still in her room, could feel her heart pounding inside her chest. Her mother was very observant. What would she do if her mother noticed the three items that just miraculously disappeared from the table in their living room? But that would never happen. She reasoned

with herself. After all, Amanda had hidden the evidence of her crime in a very safe place –the trashcan in the kitchen-.

She counted her mother’s steps, waiting for the moment her mother would pass the living room and go directly to her room. The *stomps* of her mother’s feet got closer and closer until the *stomp* was directly outside her bedroom.

Her mother slowly opened Amanda’s door, and Amanda scurried away from her position in front of her door in a hurry. She sat on her bed, pretending that she was reading a random magazine. Her mother stepped inside the room, closing the door behind her.

“Hi, ‘Manda” her mother said. The nickname rolling off her tongue. Good, this was good. If her mother was still using her nickname then everything was fine.

“Hi, mom. How was your work? Do you bring anything back?” Amanda tried to divert her attention to something else. She wanted her mother to focus on the conversation at hand and hopefully not notice the way Amanda’s voice had a different bit of tone to it.

Her mother’s face scrunched up, “No, sorry. Traffic was so heavy that I couldn’t really stop and get anything.”. Good, her mother was focused on her supposed wanting of snacks. “Maybe you can ask your father to get something on his way home.”

“Oh, okay then,” Amanda replied. Her mother smiled and gestured to her magazine.

“Any homework?” Her mother asked. Amanda shook her head in response. “Well, I’m gonna take a bath. After that, we’ll decide on dinner, okay.” And with that, her mother closed her bedroom door.

As soon as her mother closed her door, Amanda got up from her previous position and headed directly to her door. Pressing her ears to the door to hear her mother’s footsteps. Making sure she didn’t stop by the living room.

Stomp stomp stomp stomp Good, she was moving in the right direction. *Stomp stomp stomp stom-*

Her mother stopped. Amanda could feel her heart catch in her throat. *Please don’t come back* she thought. But it was too late. Her mother had already opened her bedroom door again.

“Amanda,” No nickname, this was bad, Amanda thought. “what happened to the vase on the table in the living room?” She asked, glowering at Amanda from her position in front of the door.

“Which vase?” Amanda replied. It was the last resort, she was putting on the dumb act to throw her mother off. But sadly, it didn’t work.

“You know the one.” Her mother claps back.

“No, I don’t.” In the most confident tone she could master. Amanda took her final chances.

“Then, if I looked in the trashcan, I wouldn’t find anything, right?” Her mother challenged. That was it, Amanda thought. She had lost.

Amanda’s sunken look seemed to be a confirmation for her mother, who immediately stepped out of her room and into the kitchen.

After a minute, her mother came back to her room, a plastic bag in tow. “Why did you lie to me, Amanda?” She asked, her tone cold. Her eyes were piercing Amanda’s and she felt herself frozen in her seat.

“It wasn’t my fault! It was Lulu!” Amanda defended herself.

“Lulu wouldn’t be able to get inside if someone hadn’t opened his cage, and he wouldn’t get on the table unless someone commanded him to.” Amanda couldn’t say anything back. She knew her mother was right but no way was she going to admit it, though. “I’m disappointed in you, Amanda. You’re grounded. No phones and TV for the whole week and we’re not going anywhere this weekend.”

“That’s not fair! It wasn’t even my fault! It was Lulu’s!” Amanda shouts.

“Lulu wouldn’t have done it if you hadn’t brought him inside the house!” Her mother shouts back. “And do not raise your voice at me, Amanda. You better think about what you just did before I give you another week of grounding.” With that, her mother took her phone from her desk and

shuts her bedroom door. Leaving Amanda alone with her thoughts.

It wasn't fair. Amanda may have been the one that let Lulu out of his cage, but it was ultimately Lulu that knocked down the things in the table. So why was she the one getting grounded and scolded? It just wasn't fair. It wasn't fair that Amanda wouldn't get to use her phone for a whole week and it wasn't fair that she wouldn't be able to go anywhere this weekend.

Her mother was always like that, blaming Amanda on things that weren't her fault. Amanda was sick and tired of being treated like that. Her friend, Sophie, never got into trouble with her mom and Sophie's done worse things than Amanda, like teasing her little brother and sister about their bedwetting habits.

An idea suddenly popped up into Amanda's head. Of course, it was so simple. If Amanda was treated unfairly in her own house, a better way out of the situation was simply not to live in that house anymore. So with all the conviction and determination of a nine-year-old girl, Amanda decided to run away from home.

Amanda smiled, was happy and felt relieved that she finally figured out a way to get out of her terrible predicament. Slowly, she stood up and began to plan. She paced around the room, thinking up scenarios in which she would orchestrate her plan to run away from home.

In all honesty, this was not the first time that Amanda planned to run away from home. Adding up all her previous

attempts, this would be the fifth time. Her plan always stopped at the last second, but not this time. This time she really was going to run away from home. This time she wasn't going to let anything get in the way of her plan.

Amanda knew running away would be a difficult thing to do. There were a lot of things she needed to think about, a lot of things she would have to bring and a lot of things she needed to prepare. She had a lot to plan.

Grabbing a notebook and a pen from her desk, Amanda began writing down her plan and preparation. First, she obviously needed to decide where she would go. Amanda began racking her brain for thoughts on where she should go after she ran away from home.

She could always go to her grandmother's house. It was nice there, and her grandmother's house was only a few blocks away from her school. That way, she could still go to school. Amanda's grandmother always loved it when she would sleepover. Surely she wouldn't mind if Amanda just lived there with her, right?

But did it really count as running away if she was just living at her grandmother's house? Maybe she should look at other options before deciding. Her aunt's house was also a top contender. Her aunt was a real estate agent, and her house was a bit farther than her grandmother's house. But if she lived there, then she would have to wake up really early to go to school, since her aunt's house was pretty far from her school. So far, the option was weighing heavily on her grandmother.

Then something struck Amanda. If she ran away to her grandmother's house, then her mother would no doubt have an easy time bringing her back to the house that she was running away in the first place. At this rate, she had even fewer options than before.

Maybe she should go somewhere where people wouldn't find her. She could go and join the circus? She heard that it was a popular option for children who ran away from home, and she could be a juggler and earn money. Yes, a circus seemed to be a much better option. The only question was where she could find a circus. It wasn't as if there were a lot of circus in Amanda's town. Huffing to herself, Amanda looked over her other options.

So far, she had two major options, the circus or her aunt. Her aunt was a much better candidate, though. Unlike her grandmother, her aunt was someone she could relate with, and she would surely be sympathetic to Amanda's plight. She would be able to convince her mother that Amanda wanted to live with her from now on. It seemed that her best option was her aunt after all.

Does this still count as running away? Amanda thought, after all she would just be moving from her parent's house to her aunt's house. *Of course it does, I'm still technically running away from my parents.*

The next thing that she had to prepare was the things she's going to bring to her aunt's house. Opening her wardrobe, Amanda pulled out a small school luggage. She took out some clothes from her wardrobe and threw them inside the small bag. The next item going into the tiny suitcase

was some of her toys. When she finished, the small suitcase was completely stuffed and was close to bursting at the seams.

Next, she needed to decide when exactly she was going to run away. Maybe she should do it next week, or two days from now. *No, that's too long. I need to get out of this house fast,* Amanda thought. The sooner she ran away, the better. That meant she would have to carry out her plan then, but how?

Amanda began to think about the exact timeline of her plan. She would go to school first, and after school, she would immediately head home, grab her suitcase, and o to her aunt's house. That would work because her mother and father always got home at around six o'clock while Amanda's school ended at one o'clock, that should get her enough time to go home and take her stuff.

This was it. She really was going to make a new life for herself. Sure, she was only moving to her aunt's home, but at least she wouldn't be living at her parent's house with her parent's rule. That alone was enough for Amanda. Her heart was beating wildly in her chest, she was so excited for tomorrow. She was very excited that she skipped dinner and went to bed immediately.

When Amanda woke up, she ran to the bathroom and took her last bath at her parent's house. She cleaned herself up and put on her school uniform. She made sure to hide her suitcase in her wardrobe, in case her mother was snooping around her room. Then, she went outside into the dining room to have breakfast.

When she stepped inside the dining room, she was greeted with a surprise. Sitting inside the dining room was her mother. There was not even a hair out of place from her mother's head. Her clothes were neat and free from any creases. There was no sign of her father, which meant he already left for work. Bracing herself, Amanda gulped before stepping inside the dining room.

Her mother flicked her head towards Amanda when she walked into the dining room as if acknowledging her for the first time since last night. "Good morning," her mother said.

"Morning," Amanda replied. She really wasn't in the mood to talk to her mother after what happened last night.

"Your father has to go out of town this weekend, he's booked a hotel near that water park you like." Amanda's body twitched slightly at this comment. Was it necessary for her mother to rub the fact that she was not able to go anywhere this weekend to her face?

"I was thinking of taking you there." Amanda's head snapped towards the direction of her mother at those words. Did she hear things right? Wasn't she grounded? Why was her mother offering to take her to the water park? Amanda was so confused right now.

"I'm still angry about last night, by the way," her mother's voice snapped Amanda out of her reverie. "but I feel like I could use some vacation, and you might need it too." She smiled at Amanda. "Just tell me if you break something else next time, okay. You don't have to lie to me."

At those sentences, Amanda could feel her cheeks heating up. She looked into her mother's eyes and saw the teasing expression on her face.

“Okay,” Amanda replied quietly, “sorry for lying to you.”

“Just promise me you won't do it next time,” her mother said.

“I promise,” Amanda replied, still in that quiet voice. “Thank you for allowing me to go somewhere this weekend.”

“You're welcome. Now hurry up, or you'll be late for school!” With a nudge towards the front door, Amanda was sent on her way to school by her mother.

As Amanda was walking to school, she began to think. Maybe her mother wasn't so bad after all. Maybe she shouldn't run away from home and live with her aunt. After all, her aunt wouldn't be able to take care of her the way her mother and father have been taking care of her.

And with that, the fifth attempt of Amanda Rizkia's plan to run away from home was canceled, and her suitcase was promptly rid of its contents when she returned home from school.



Source: pixabay.com

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THERE IS NO HOPE

by

KARUNIA ALHAFIZH GERENA

This senior high school boy believed that he could do whatever he wanted in his life. He loved people but also hated them at the same time. Loved them because he could do whatever he wanted without listening to them. Hated them because he realized that he was already late to go back and changed his story. Deep inside Billy, he really wanted to apologize or smile to people around him. Just like any normal people. Billy knew all along, he's not normal. He's different from anybody else. A part of that, people around him just seemed to hate Billy so much that even if one day Billy started to realize that he's doing all this time. It was wrong or he's apologizing to people around him. Billy believed no one gonna believe him. Billy was the only student that could win the competition for "the most bastard students". People and the student in his school were tired of calling him Billy, because his name started with 'B'. People started to call him 'bastard' instead. For example, "Hey, Bastard where are you going?" or "Wheres your friend?, Bastard". Instead of hating people about it. Instead, he loved it. Bastard not a bad name at all for him. Seeing people down, bullying other student, fighting with student or people with no reason. Why? Because he bastard. Nobody liked Billy, no one.

Whenever he got home. Billy just went straight up to his room without saying anything to his parents. His parents used to it. They tried countless ways to get rid of that stinky behaviour of their son. Even doctors didn't want to go any further with their son. His parents always got a letter from his school. It always turned up fine. It was always about the warning that their son could get kicked out if he couldn't adapt and make friend in his school. No worries, everything's fine. That's the word that his parents always said. Until they got a letter that school couldn't deal with this troublesome kid anymore. The good news was it's the last letter that they would get from his school. The bad news was Billy had to find a new school that could provide his natural behaviour. Being a bastard.

On their way home, his parents started to argue about what would happen next. They couldn't even buy Billy new shoes for his birthday. If they wanted to give Billy's a new chance. They had to sell their car and used public transportation for the rest of the year. And also they didn't know if Billy's could adapt or remain the same as he used to. Billy started to get tilted and wanted to go home on foot. He hated whenever people or even his own parents argued. Especially, if it make him uncomfortable. Fortunately, his house was just a few blocks around the corner. So, he wouldn't get tired just by walking around 15 minute. He saw a man from a distance with big muscles that he could assume that this guy had been lifting for like 4 years or so. With his scary looking tattoos around his neck and his hands. He also had this beard that made him even more scarier. The most confusing part was, with these all criteria that normal people did, to assume that this guy could be a murderer, lost prisoner or a strongman competitor who always won his trophy. He's selling flowers around the corner that made them more

interesting. Billy didn't want to make an accusation that could make this guy tilted and get home with broken arm or even worse. Nobody wanted to imagine that, even Billy's. When he walked past by the 'scary looking guy' he saw the guy's flower bucket. Nobody had bought the guy's flower yet. Billy immediately purchased this guy a flower. By chance, Billy asked about why the guy's selling flowers with scary appearance that no one would come near, or even wanted to ask about the flowers. His answer was astonishing, he wanted to prove that people didn't have to look nice to be called nice. Even though, the guy didn't look quite nice. He wanted to sell those flowers, so that people could acknowledge the real him.

Billy didn't know how to react. It could be seen by his blank expression. Digest the meaning of the guy's words slowly, he started to say goodbye to the guy and continued his trip home. At home, he started to realize that it was not too late for him to change to be a better person. He promised himself that he would change. No matter what happened. No matter what people said. He would change and he knew he could do it.

He started to be nice to everyone around him. Starting from his parents, he wanted to apologize for being such a troublesome kid. And then it turned out that his parents accepted his apology without hesitation and believed in their son. It's the first time for Billy to apologize for his deeds. He also started to make friends with people around him. Even though, it's almost impossible to convince people to believe him. Because people around him still had his bad deeds which were hard to forgive. Billy knew he's gonna have a hard time to gain their trust.

He's never given up. Until people started to say things like "Billy does change". People believed that Billy could change. People around him, friends, and teacher started to learn more about him. It turned up, Billy was a kind person who loved to help people around him. His kindness showed that he's also had a charming smile that could make people smile back to him. He realized there was always a new way to live. Hope that made people bound together. Hope that made him change to be a better person. There was always a new hope for everyone.



Source: gotosia.id

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“6 MM”
By
Muhammad Al Fikry

Morning air in Singgalang was piercing to the skin. The sun hadn't come out or wasn't seen from here yet. Rows of colorful climbers neatly lined up on white sheets of low clouds. Winds of the mountain never ceased to touch those who were touched by them.

Some hikers were in groups and talking to each other. None of the groups had met before. Many of them sat in a circle, exchanging stories, accompanied by a cup of milk chocolate.

Some climbers were urban men from generations who constantly pursued purses of money. For those who had been piling office congestion and cold coffee in front of a computer with red eyes was a habit that they hated but it's very hard to get out of.

One of the urban groups in this stood not far from a mob of delightful Payokumbuah men telling their stories in fluent Payokumbuah dialect with a heavy Mudiak accent. They told stories of all the things that made them laugh so hard they were just ripping the weight off their shoulders.

There are 6 climbers who have been friends for more than 10 years. The most handsome among them was Edo. He was wearing cold clothes and everything red. His beautiful smile could not be separated in every word. He was a true flame among his friends.

The second one was sitting next to Edo. He was big and fat. If he laughed, he produced the loudest sound. His name was Gerri. He was a grown man with children's face and also had childlike behaviour. She always had a ton of cute stories to tell and always broke things.

The third one was Reky. He was tall and huge. His athletic body looked like a real fighter. His athletic build always appealed to a woman's view when she's exercising. Although he had the body of a true fighter, he was nervous about meeting a woman other than his best friend. Hence, she had never had a girlfriend until now.

Next, Bella and Rifa 're two of the girls in the group. They both had beautiful looks. Apart from their beautiful looks, they both had a sharp brain. In high school, both of them rode to win the championship

Fikry was the leader of this group. To be honest, he was practically the leader in every way. He was a man of discretion in making decisions. He was selective in his decisions. For his wisdom he was respected by others. Not only was he thoughtful, but he also had a handsome face. With his qualities and good looks, many women became attracted to him.

The journey began when the sunlight began to rise to the top. The party led by Fikry began their first steps with the sun beating and the whiteness of the snow. Before traveling they prayed first to pray for salvation on the way.

"Friends take care of yourself, don't let anyone severe hypothermia! "Fikry shouted to his friends, followed by identical nods.

Once on the way, a strong wind began to hit, Fikry as the leader of the group began to fidget. Gerri's jokes were no longer heard, and neither were those of the others.

"What about this Fik? What should we do?"asked Edo.

"Let's make camp here. I guess a storm's coming," Fikry said.

The six friends finally decided to make a tent under the rising gale. Bella and Rifa hadn't made a lot of noise since they decided to set up camp.

Their tent did not make sound much because of the increasing roar of the wind. Fikry and Bella sat side by side. Then all of a sudden Fikry expressed his feeling to Bella. But Bella had first fallen in love with Reky. That broke Fikry's heart. Then he shed tears and Bella hugged him.

The six brothers were hugging each other, they all knew there was a storm coming. Bella and Rifa had tears in their eyes. Gerri tried to joke, but he failed to make his

friends laugh. Reky just got down and he was hugging next to him.

Then came a rumble from over the cliff. The thunder was making a tremendous sound. Like something's about to happen to them. Fikry opened the tent window and looked out.

The blizzard's only a few feet away.

"Time to say goodbye to your friends. Fikry smiled numbly but his tears came from his eyelids.



Source: semarangkota.co.id

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BEAUTIFUL DISASTER **By** **NUKE APRILIA CUT MELTARI GS**

Everyone was looking at her, a girl with long hair and mean face. She did not care at all. She kept on walking like there was nobody in the world. Some people tried to say “hi” but they were afraid that the girl would just reply it with her cold stare. Let me introduce this weird girl to you. Her name was Tiara, Tiara Amalia. It was a daily activity for her. She did not want to live any longer.

She lived in Semarang, a city that did not interest her but unfortunately she got a natural fate to stay there. She was a unique girl with her daily blue hood, very blue as blue as her eyes that looked like black pants, very black as black as her mind. Oh, do not forget that red thin lips, very red as red as her visible blood on her wrist . Most of all, she was a beautiful girl with pale light skin even if all mirrors in the world said the opposite thing.

She laughed at her new poem. It was her original writing. She wrote it for hours. She wasted many books just to revise that poem. It was a very long poem for her even though it was actually a mini diary for people in general. She told how happy she was when she did not know how it felt to lose everything including her wanting to enjoy her life. She told

how amazing it was to have someone who would listen and try to understand her situation. She told how perfect it was to be very beautiful and happy. She told how crazy life it was when she got everything that she wanted. Until a page where she told how she did not want to be alive anymore.

She laughed again at her poem. She realized how emotional she was. Her blue eyes were mixing with her fire brain and ended up in her ice heart, leaving her with ocean eyes. She asked for help but nobody knew how to help her, nobody knew how to read her mind. All they knew was her being rude and irrational. All they knew was she always laughed with her own poem and they were prohibited to read it.

“This is what I call beautiful disaster, Tania,” she said to Tania, her only best friend in the world when they met in the park.

Tania look confused. “What do you mean, Tiara?”

Tiara laughed, “My writing is a beautiful art. I really love it. I never thought I could write an amazing poem!”

“Then where is the disaster part?” Tania tried to understand what Tiara tried to tell her, “If everything is beautiful then why do you call it a disaster at the same time?”

Tiara smiled, she did not look at Tania in the face. She kept on writing her poem.

“Come on, Tiara. I do not want to die wondering.”

“I would die first. You do not need to wonder anything.”

“You do not need to die. I would not want to read it anyway.” Tania looked a little bit angry.

Again, Tiara smiled. “Everything is beautiful including me.”

“That is not an answer, Tiara. It is not hard to tell me the truth.”

“Why are angry because of it? You will not care anyway. You just want to know.” Tiara was brave enough to stare deadly at Tania.

“If I do not care, I will never want to know.”

“Even if you know, you will never want to care.”

“You always do this bad habit, Tiara. How could I understand if I do not know the actual situation?”

“The earth does not need to inform you about this situation but you know it whether the earth is okay or not. The problem is that you want to pay attention or not because it is all visible. After all, do you act to help? You just act to know, to judge, to be mad at the earth about the situation because it effects you! What if it does not affect you? Yeah, you would not care!”

Tania was speechless. She never thought if her simple curiosity would lead to a very deep conversation. Suddenly, Tiara’s book opened in front of Tania, right in the last page. There are sentences that she could read before Tiara closed the book and stopped Tania to read more.

“You are all the disaster for a beautiful soul like me. Can you stop telling me that you care? Can you stop being a care faker? Actions speak louder than words.”

Tania did not get it but somehow, those sentences left her with unexpected invisible pain.

Tiara smiled. “You will never know, you are not depressed.”

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