

APPENDICES



APPENDIX 1. Expert Judge Sheet (Interview questions for the students)

Expert judge 1

No	Expert's Respond	
	Relevant	Irrelevant
1		
2		

3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		
9		
10		
11		
12		
13		
14		
15		



Expert Judge 2

No	Expert's Respond	
	Relevant	Irrelevant
1		
2		

1	Preparation	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did
2	Planning	Didn't	Didn't	Did	Didn't	Didn't	Didn't	Didn't	Did	Didn't	Didn't
3	Incubation	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did
4	Beginning	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did
5	Flowing	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did
6	Breakthrough	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did
7	On Title	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did	Did

APPENDIX 3. Blueprint of interview guide

1. Interview question for lecturer

No of	Element	Indicator of question
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question		
1	Allowing time for creative thinking	The time allotment in writing stages
2	Keep an open mind	The way the lecturer to keep the students open mind
3	Rewarding creative ideas	The type of reward
4	Lead by example	The way of lecturer in giving example
5	Allowing mistakes	The kind of mistakes
6-7	Imagining other viewpoints	The techniques to help students imagining other perspective The example way in encouraging the students imagination
8	Exploring the environment	The way in exploring the environment which is relate to the students' writing
9-10	Thinking process	The actually meaning of thinking process The example of thinking process

Questions example:

1. How much time do you give to your students in making their writing?
2. How you can keep the students open mind during writng process?
3. How do you reward the students when they got the creative idea and product?
4. Do you give an example before asking the students start writing?
5. What kind of mistakes the students made that you allow?
6. What technique did you use to encourage the students to imagin the new thing as other viepoints?
7. What is an example of the way you use the technique?

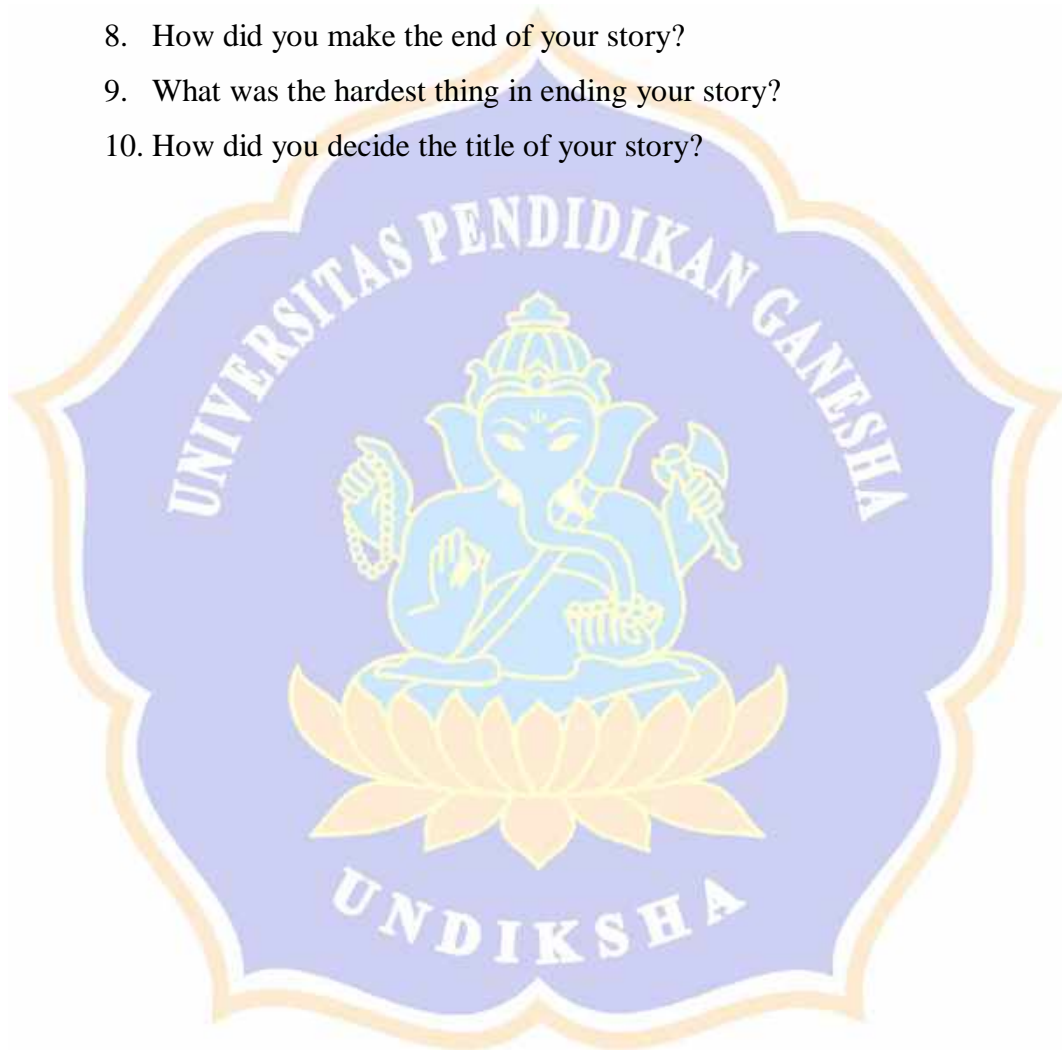
8. Have you ask the students to explore the environment? Why or why not?
9. Did you explain your students about how to go thinking creatively?
10. What are expected to occur when the students thinking creatively?

2. Interview question for students

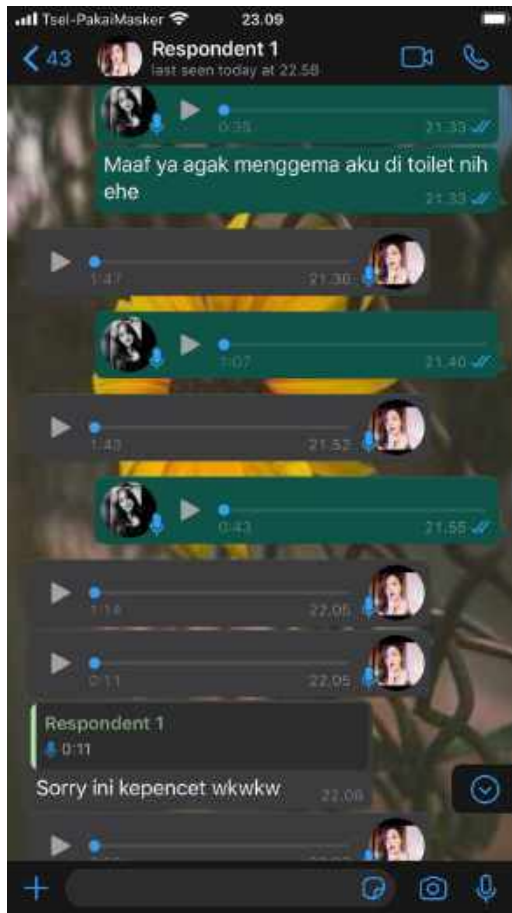
No of questions	Stages	Indicator question
1-2	Preparation	The students' activities in gaining the idea.
3	Planning	The students' draft making
4-5	Incubation	The problem in the process The solutions to over the problem
6	Beginning	The way the students start writing
7	Flowing	The flow of story making The obstacle the students gone through
8-9	Breakthrough	The way students end the story The hardest thing in ending the story
10	On Title	The way students make the title

Questions example:

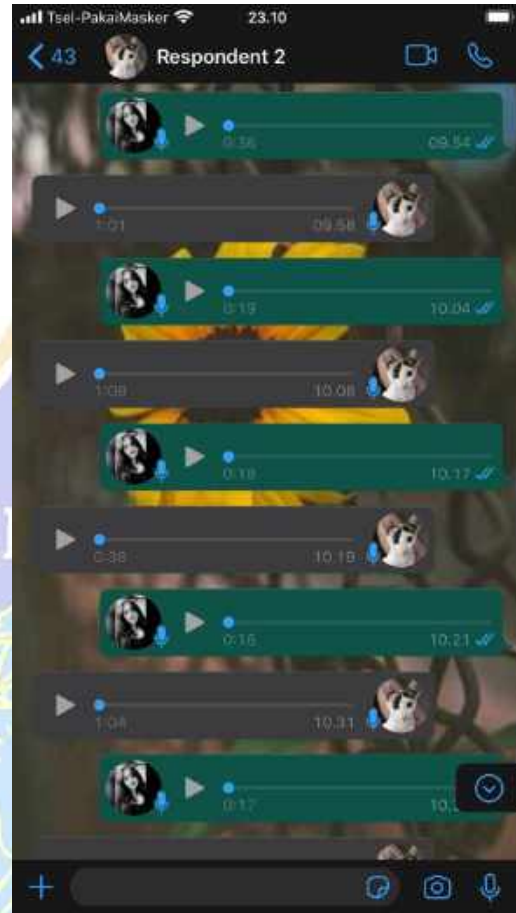
1. What do you do to gain the idea?
2. Why do you choose those activities?
3. How do you plan the story in making your draft?
4. What kind of problem appeared when you made the draft?
5. What did you do when you got stuck?
6. How did you start the first line to begin your story?
7. How did you make the flow of your story?
8. How did you make the end of your story?
9. What was the hardest thing in ending your story?
10. How did you decide the title of your story?



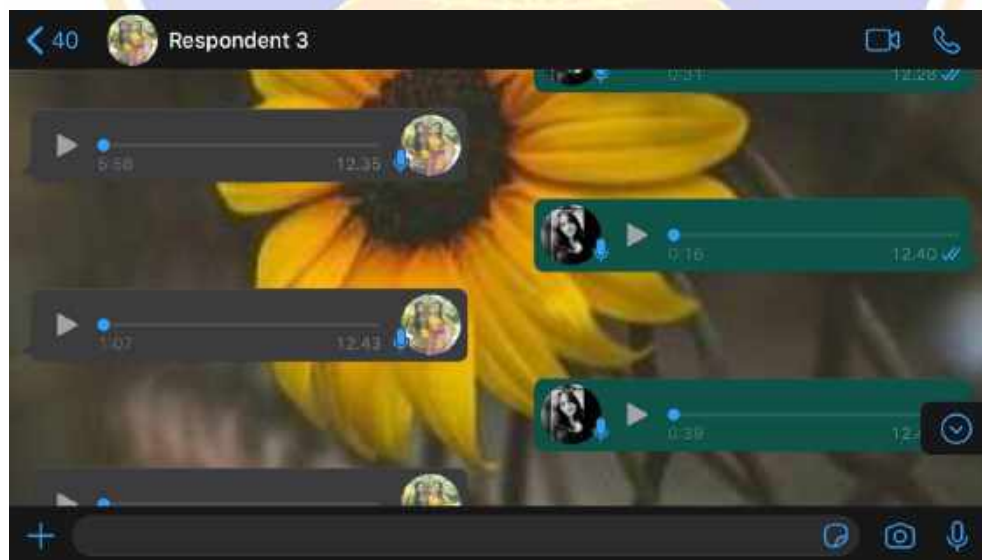
APPENDIX 4. Screen Shot of the interview process in WATHSAPP



Pic. Respondent 1



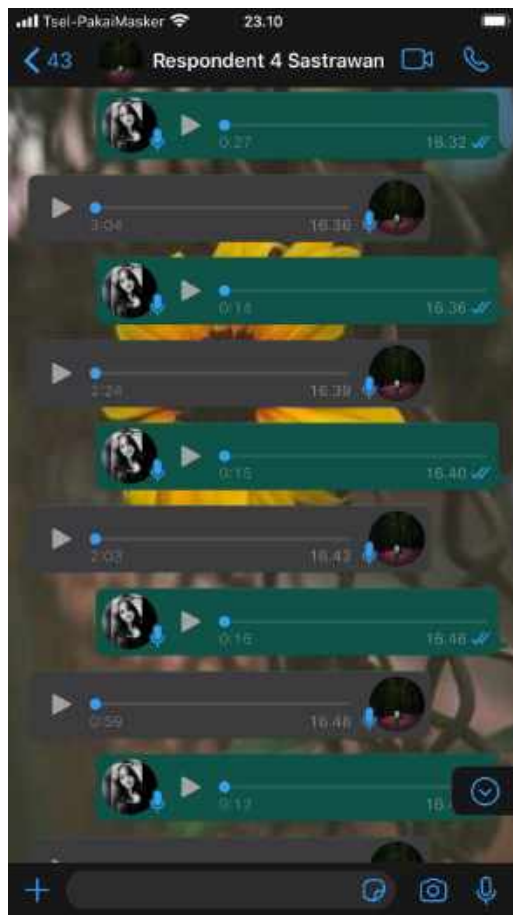
Pic. Respondent 2



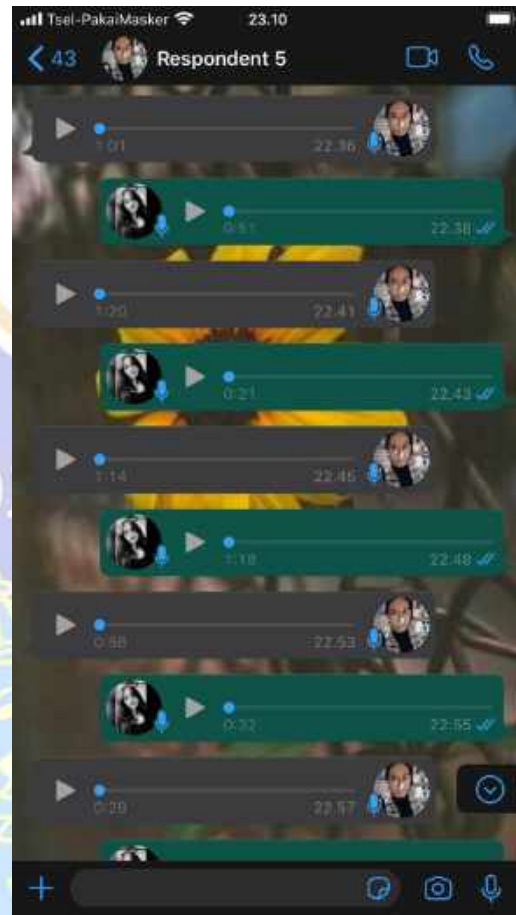
Respondent 3

Pic.

Pic. Respondent 4



Pic. Respondent 5



APPENDIX 5. One of the result of the interview transcription with respondent

R : Apa saja yang kamu persiapkan sebelum menulis cerita?

Res. 1 : untuk persiapan itu sendiri saat menulis shot story di kelas menulis kreatif yang pertama aku menyiapkan mentalku jadi aku membuat diriku tenang dan fokus dengan apa yang aku buat lalu yang kedua adalah mempersiapkan alat-alat yang perlu aku gunakan ketika menulis seperti alat tulis, buku catatan, dan laptop. Setelah menyiapkan ketenangan diri dan alat-alat yang dibutuhkan pada saat menulis short story waktu itu aku juga berusaha untuk mendapatkan ide dengan cara yang pertama adalah menonton youtube. Hal yang aku cari di youtube adalah film pendek. Dari beberapa film pendek yang aku tonton aku mendapatkan beberapa ide yang ternyata berkaitan dengan apa yang sebelumnya sudah ada dipikiranku . yang kedua untuk melengkapi beberapa keinginan tentang bagaimana cerita yang akan aku buat nanti aku juga kembali mengingat beberapa cerita yang pernah aku baca. Dalam menulis short story di kelas menulis kreatif aku juga sembari mengingat mata kuliah prose fiction. Karena pada saat mengikuti mata kuliah prose fiction aku banyak membaca short story. Ada salah satu cerita yang menurutku sangat menarik dari segi alur. Setelahnya aku memulai mengambil beberapa contoh alur dan part pada cerita untuk nantinya aku kembangkan.

R : Baik sebelum lanjut apakah judul film pendek yang kamu tonton di youtube pada saat itu dan apa yang kamu dapatkan setelah menontonnya?

Res. 1 : film pendek yang aku tonton berjudul “Vanila Cake” pada tahun 2016 dan bergenre horor. Film pendek yang aku tonton ini aku temukan di chanel youtube yang bernama Crystal Pastis. Hal-hal yang akudapat setelah menonton film pendek ini adalah yang pertama aku terinspirasi dengan judulnya. Ketika itu sebenarnya sudah ada beberapa ide yang masuk pada saat aku menonton dan melihat judul film itu, beberapa alur sudah mulai terbentuk walau hanya diwakilkan oleh beberapa detail yang umum jadi istilahnya kerangka kecil dipikiran. Alur yang aku dapat dari film pendek ini adalah alur cerita yang flashback . ada adegan saat seorang wanita memotong kue vanila dimana mengingatkan anak kepada sebuah kejadian sebelumnya yaitu kenyataan bahwa ayah dari anak yang berulang tahun ketika itu mengalami sebuah tragedi yang sebelumnya tidak disangka oleh anaknya dan kita sebagai penontonpun tidak menyangkanya. Dari sana juga aku mendapatkan ide dimana nanti cerita yang aku buat bisa dimasukkan unsur horrornya disana. Selain unsur horor aku juga terinspirasi untuk menambahkan unsur ironi ke dalam ceritaku.

R : Lalu selain menonton film pendek kamu juga membaca cerita pendek apa judul cerita pendek yang kamu tonton waktu itu dan apa yang kamu dapatkan setelah membacanya?

Res. 1 : untuk cerita pendek yang aku baca waktu itu ada 2 yaitu yang pertama berjudul “The Snow of Kilimanjaro” dan yang kedua adalah “In a Group” cerita pendek ini aku dapatkan sewaktu aku mengikuti mata kuliah prose fiction. Kedua cerita pendek tersebut bergenre misteri karena kedua ceritanya bersifat misterius dan tidak mudah untuk ditebak oleh pembaca. Dari cerpen pertama aku mendapatkan ide untuk memasukkan beberapa scene yang mirip tentang alur flashback sedangkan cerita pendek yang kedua aku mendapatkan ide untuk menambahkan kesan ironi. Ada satu scene di cerpen “In a Group” yang membuat pembaca kaget dengan kenyataan yang terjadi pada ceritanya.

R : Apa alasan kamu memilih kegiatan-kegiatan tersebut?

Res. 1 : pada saat itu aku merasa sangat perlu untuk menonton film pendek selain itu bisa menenangkan pikiran dan juga menonton film pendek itu bisa membantuku untuk mengagambarkan ide yang aku punya maupun yang pada saat itu aku dapatkan. Jadi kegiatan tersebut cukup membantuku untuk mendapatkan ide, mengembangkan ide, dan mengkaitkan apa yang ada dipikirkanku dan ide yang ada ketika aku menonton. Dan begitu juga dengan aku mengingat-ingat kembali cerita pendek yang pernah aku baca sebelumnya ketika aku mengikuti kelas prose fiction asda beberapa detail yang bisa kau gunakan dalam ceritaku.

R : baik mila aku ingin bertanya apakah dari semua kegiatan yang kamu lakukan itu dapat membantumu dalam menyiapkan sebuah cerita yang kamu buat pada saat itu?

Res. 1 : baik jadi kegiatan yang sudah aku lakukan sebelumnya pada saat persiapan itu sangat membantuku karena pada saat itu beberapa ide sudah aku dapatkan pertama hal yang paling penting yaitu topik dan pada saat itu juga ketika aku membuat short story yang berjudul “Vanila Cake” judul dan alurnya aku terinspirasi dari film pendek yang aku tonton sebelumnya dan secara kebetulan juga dilancarkan.

R : Baik kita lanjut ke pertanyaan selanjutnya, bagaimana kamu merencanakan ceritamu dalam sebuah draft?

Res. 1 : jadi sebenarnya untuk draft cerita sendiri tidak aku tulis melainkan aku susun dipikiran. Aku membayangkan kerangkanya seperti apa, ceritanya seperti apa, detailnya akan seperti apa dan seiring berjalannya waktu ketika itu karena itu

proses ya lumayan panjang juga jadi sewaktu-waktu apa yang sudah ada dipikraku bisa berubah tidak sama seperti kerangka yang aku buat pada saat di stage preparation, karena di pertengahan aku mendapatkan ide lagi ketika itu mungkin lebih baik aku menambahkan detailnya seperti ini dan waktu itu juga sempat berfikir untuk mengganti beberapa detail dengan ide yang ketika aku dapatkan.

R : ok sekarang aku ingin tahu masalah apa yang kamu hadapi ketika pembuatan draft?

Res. 1 : Untuk pembuatan draft itu sendiri bisa dikatakan aku tidak mengalami kesulitan. Hanya saja kadang aku menemukan masalah seperti draft yang sudah aku buat mengalami perubahan dengan seiring berjalannya waktu seperti pada saat itu dipertengahan jalan ketika draftnya mungkin sudah hampir selesai aku mendapatkan ide baru lagi dan aku ingin detailnya mengikuti dengan yang baru saja aku dapatkan. Jadi aku juga sempat menukar beberapa detail seperti menukar urutannya.

R : baik mila aku ingin menanyakan pada saat pembuatan draft apakah kamu pernah stuck dan apa yang waktu itu kamu lakukan ketika stuck?

Res. 1 : pada saat aku stuck hal yang waktu itu aku lakukan adalah menenangkan diri terlebih dahulu agar aku bisa fokus dalam pembuatan short story ini dan ketika aku menenangkan diri aku mencari view yang menurutku bisa membuatku relax dan berfikir logis dan seperti menonton film pendek di youtube, mengingat kembali cerita-cerita pendek yang aku sudah pernah baca sebelumnya dan satu lagi aku juga suka membaca puisi yang aku dapatkan etah itu dari buku atau beberapa sumber di google yang kebetulan aku temukan waktu itu. Ketika aku stuck aku pasti melakukan hal tersebut dan syukurnya juga dapat membantu mengembalikan fokusku, mendapatkan ide, atau sekedar mengingat kerangka yang sebelumnya sudah pernah aku buat.

R : Baik Mila puisi genre apa yang biasanya kamu baca pada saat itu? Lalu apakah alasan kamu membaca puisi itu?

Res. 1 : puisi-puisi yang aku baca diantaranya ada “Dear Sister” itu merupakan sebuah puisi yang ditulis oleh Ibu Sonia Piscayanti dan puisi selanjutnya adalah berjudul “Walau Hanya Sekali” karya Tuti Dirga. Kedua puisi itu berbeda yang satunya berbahasa inggris dan yang satunya lagi berbahasa Indonesia, tetapi genrenya masih sama yaitu bergenre elegi. Sebelumnya aku sempat search beberapa genre puisi, nah sesuai dengan yang aku baca dan aku cocokkan lagi dengan menanyakan dengan beberapa teman yang aku rasa memiliki keahlian dalam bidang ini dan mereka juga membenarkan bahwa puisi tersebut adalah puisi

elegi. Nah alasan kenapa aku mendapatkan inspirasi dari kedua puisi tersebut karena memang kedua puisi ini menceritakan apa yang aku cari. Hal yang aku cari adalah feel kehilangannya. Kembali lagi ke cerpen “Vanilla Cake” yang aku tulis itu menceritakan tentang seorang ibu yang sebenarnya mengulang kenangan lewat kegiatan membuat vanilla cake di dapur, mengulang kenangannya dengan anak-anaknya yang dimana di ending cerita itu diketahui bahwa anak-anaknya itu sudah meninggal. Ya jadi untuk mendapatkan bagaimana cara menunjukkan kesan kerinduan dan kebetulan sekali aku membaca kedua puisi tersebut. Aku mempelajari bagaimana cara penulis menyampaikan kerinduan dari tokoh dari cerita tersebut.

R : ok Mila terimakasih mari kita lanjut ke stage beginning, pada saat kamu memulai untuk menulis cerita, bagaimana cara kamu memulai awal paragraf?

Res. 1 : Untuk cerita aku awali dengan kalimat yang berisi keterangan waktu dan tempat. Sejenis dengan once upon time, in the morning ya sejenis itu.

R : lalu apa alasan kamu lebih memilih mengawali paragraf dengan menggunakan keterangan waktu atau tempat?

Res. 1 : bagiku dalam menulis cerita tahap pengenalan menggunakan kalimat yang berisikan tentang keterangan waktu atau tempat itu sangat cocok karena biasanya di awal dan ketika itu aku memang ingin mengenalkan tempat atau suasana juga waktunya itu diawal. Jadi dengan itu akan menggambarkan bagaimana suasana awal dari cerita itu sebelum akhirnya aku ceritakan tokoh-tokoh yang terlibat dalam cerita.

R : setelah pembuatan first line kita lanjut membahas alur cerita, bagaimana kamu membuat alur ceritamu?

Res. 1 : dalam pembuatan short story “Vanilla Cake” aku ingin alur ceritanya maju mundur dan setelah melakukan kegiatan menonton youtube dan mengingat kembali cerita yang pernah aku baca sebelumnya. Alur maju mundur ini aku pilih sebagai alur dicerita vanilla cake dan berikutnya ketika pembuatan alur cerita mengalir begitu saja to be honest. Saat di pertengahan jalan ketika aku mendapatkan ide baru kusandingkan lagi dengan ide itu dan ku kembangkan lagi dengan ide itu. satu hal yang jadi fokusku waktu itu selain membuat alurnya maju mundur juga karena aku suka cerita yang sifatnya ironi dan aku putuskan membuat cerita vanilla cake ini menjadi sebuah cerita yang berisikan kesan ironi. sehingga aku waktu itu berusaha membuat alurnya itu agar tidak mudah ditebak oleh pembaca. Ya prosesnya ya agak susah juga karena sempat mengalami

beberapa keraguan jadi agak plin-plan di sana menentukan beberapa urutan detail dan beberapa kali juga detail tersebut urutannya ditukar.

R : ok bisa dijelaskan lebih rinci lagi untuk masalah yang kamu hadapi dalam pembuatan alur yang sudah kamu rencanakan?

Res. 1 : untuk permasalahan dalam pembuatan alur karena aku memilih alur maju mundur jadi disini yang menjadi permasalahannya adalah urutan detail ceritanya. Ketika itu seperti yang sudah aku jelaskan sebelumnya beberapa kali aku sempat menukar urutan cerita karena dirasa ketika aku mendapatkan ide dipertengahan jalan ternyata bagian ini cocok ditaruh setelah part yg itu terus seperti bagian yang ini dan bagian yang lainnya itu perlu dirombak sedikit, entah itu dipersingkat atau dijelaskan lagi dengan menambahkan beberapa kata. Jadi permasalahan utamanya adalah memfixkan alur ceritanya.

R : ok kita lanjut bagaimana kamu membuat ending dari ceritamu?

Res. 1 : jadi di ending itu sendiri aku membuat dengan cara menyelipkan pesan dari keseluruhan cerita, dari keseluruhan kejadian yang ada di masing-masing bagian. Nah karena cerita yang aku buat ini sifatnya ironi maka untuk mendukung kesan ironinya jadi aku selipkan satu kejutan disana dicerita vanilla cake, yaitu menambahkan kejutan tentang fakta dari anak-anak mereka, tentang fakta apa yang sudah dialami oleh tokoh utama sebelumnya. Nah disana sebenarnya aku berusaha membuat pembaca itu menjadi terheran dan juga berfikir karena setiap pembaca mempunyai imajinasinya sendiri jadi entah mereka akan percaya dengan kejadian sebelumnya bahwa kejadian sebelumnya itu nyata itu tidak apa atau mungkin pembaca akan merasa bahwa itu cuma imajinasi atau halusinasi dari si tokoh utama.

R : menurut Mila hal penting apa yang perlu ada dalam sebuah ending cerita?

Res. 1 : jadi hal yang paling penting di ending itu adalah menyelipkan pesannya ketika itu.

R : kesulitan apa yang kamu dapatkan saat membuat ending ceritamu?

Res. 1 : Jadi pada saat pembuatan ending aku sempat mendapatkan kesulitan yaitu memilih kalimat yang tepat. sebenarnya ending yang aku inginkan adalah ending yang tidak berbeli-belit tetapi ending yang singkat yang bisa dimengerti oleh pembaca dan kesan ironinya juga dapat. Pada saat itu sangat susah ketika aku memilih kalimat yang tepat untuk diselipkan di ending. sempat beberapa kali juga

mengganti kalimat-kalimat yang ada dan itu juga batal. Sebenarnya tidak hanya di ending ya secara keseluruhan memang untuk pemilihan kosa kata sangat susah dan pembuatan cerita bahasa Inggris. Tidak dipungkiri bahasa ibu kita adalah bahasa Indonesia ketika membuat cerita bahasa Inggris mengalami kesulitan di sana. Nah jadi bagiku sesuai yang aku alami kemarin itu kesulitan yg aku alami ketika pembuatan ending adalah menentukan kalimat yang tepat agar endingnya singkat, padat, dan jelas supaya kesan ironinya juga dapat. Aku kasi contoh ending dari ceritaku yaitu “Vanilla Cake” dulu aku sempat beberapa kali mengganti dari kalimat langsung menjadi tidak langsung begitupun sebaliknya hanya untuk menjadikan endingnya itu singkat padat dan jelas.

R : ok Mila kita lanjut ke bagaimana kamu memilih judul dari ceritamu?

Res. 1 : nah ini salah satu pembahasan yang cukup menarik ya tentang judul. Judul sudah aku dapatkan diawal persiapan pada saat aku menonton beberapa video di youtube entah itu film pendek. Pada dasarnya judul itu sangat penting bagiku dalam membuat short story karena nantinya judul itulah yang menjadi penuntun dalam aku membuat alur cerita di short story jadi istilahnya judul itu sebagai pagar agar nantinya cerita yang aku buat tidak merambat ke lain-lain hal jadi fokus. Dalam pemilihan judul ini sebenarnya aku tidak merencanakan bahwa aku harus mendapatkasn judul di awal tapi waktu itu kebetulan mendapat sesuatu yg sangat menarik dari salah satu film pendek yg aku tonton dan aku mendapatkan sebuah judul yang waktu itu aku berfikir bahwa judul itu tidak fix Cuma judul itu sebagai perwakilan atau yang mewakili topik aku nantinya, pada saat membuat short story bagaimana ceritanya. Setelah berlanjut ke pembuatan alur ternyata judul itu aku rasa tepat karena menurutku judul itu memenuhi beberapa syarat sesuai dengan kriteria cerita yang ingin akun buat. Yang pertama kalau kita analisis secara rini beberapa detailnya Vanila ake itu diterjemahkan ke bahasa kue vanilla. Cerita yang aku buat itu adalah cerita yang berkaitan tentang kasih sayang atau cinta seseorang cinta seorang ibu ke anak-anaknya dan tragedi apa yang menyelimuti kisah tersebut seperti itu. Kebetulan saja “Vanila Cake” ini muncul dan dirasa tepat , tepat sekali untuk mewakili cerita yang akan aku buat. Nah Vanilla Cake mungkin beberapa pembaca yang baru akan membaca ceritaku berfikir ini tentang kue vanilla yang enak atau mungkin berfikir ini erita tentang kue vanilla yang tiada duanya mungkin pikiran pembaca seperti itu tetapi kna sebenarnya kue vanilla ini justru menceritakan tentang kisah seorang ibu yang kehilangan anaknya diwaktu yang sama dan kue vanilla ini menjadi ion tersendiri karena keluarga mereka begitu menyukai kue vanilla apalagi dihari valentine atau di hari kasih sayang jadi kue vanilla itu seperti simbol dari cerita itu. Nah berikutnya judul vanilla cake itu sendiri sangat cocok untuk mendukung kesan ironi yang ingin aku buat dalam cerita. Karena yaitu tadi kue vanilla ya seperti yang kita ketahui melambangkan kasih sayang atau sesuatu yang manis tetapi

kenyataannya dalam ceritaku yang berjudul kue vanila apa yang dialami oleh tokoh ternyata tidak semanis seperti kue vanila melainkan ironis ternyata fakta yang ada di dalamnya itu tidak seindah yang orang-orang bisa pikirkan.

R : apakah mila sempat merubah judul cerita yang sudah [ernah kamu tulis waktu itu?

Res. 1 : jadi diawal itu memang ada pikiran untuk sesekali mengubah judulnya tetapi ketika aku masuk lebih dalam ke alur ternyata aku menyadari suatu hal ternyata vanila cake ini yang paling tepat untuyk dijadikan judul untuk erita yang aku buat ada waktu itu. Satu lagi detailnya kenapa pada akhirnya akau memaikai judul ini sebagai judul akhir dari ceritaku karena vanila cake ini bisa mewakili kenangan dari keluarga yang akau ceritakan di cerita ini itu sudah sangat menceritakan keseluruhanya dan kesan ironinya juga dapat.



APPENDIX 6. Table of member cheking

The symbol of (✓) means the respondent agree with the result of the interview that has been transcribed. And the symbol of (✗) mean there are no interview result that are not transcribed correctly.

Respondent	AGREEMENT		Note
	Agree	Disagree	
Respondent 1	✓	✗	She agree with the result of the interview and there is no problem with the interview transcription
Respondent 2	✓	✗	She agree with the result of the interview and there is no problem with the interview transcription
Respondent 3	✓	✗	She agree with the result of the interview and there is no problem with the interview transcription
Respondent 4	✓	✗	He agree with the result of the interview and there is no problem with the interview transcription
Respondenr 5	✓	✗	She agree with the result of the interview and there is no problem with the interview transcription

APPENDIX 7. Students' Short Story

The Twig

By: Dwita

The open lonely window at the corner of his room was not enough to vanish the smell of the paint. His right hand held a palette of many undefined colours. His left hand was busy moving the brush, making a masterpiece as he think it could be one. Ted Ogre, the well-known Artist, he believed. He spent his whole days painting in his room and selling them near the town square. Poor Ted, it was a small town with a lack of wealthy people. Most of his paintings ended up ignored. His dad, Mr. Ogre, was a drunk. He got drunk almost every day. He yelled at Ted whenever he got drunk. His mother had passed away when he was five. Sometimes, Ted felt like he had no one.

One day, his dad yelled at him until Ted thought; God, I need a break! He decided to do some sketches in the forest behind his house. But this spring, people around the town crowded it as they collected firewood and fruit. Ted decided to go deeper to the forest where nobody could find him. For the first time he went further than ever before. There was no light but the sunshine that rolled through the leaves, no sound but his footsteps and the birds singing.

Ted opened his painting kit and started to sketch the trees. A bird was chirping under a big tree. It seemed that a little bird had fallen from its nest. Ted picked up the little bird, climbed the tree and returned it to its nest. He continued to sketch. He was having fun but then he realised that the sunshine had turned to a dim light. I need to get back.

As he packed his things and walked through the big trees, the light faded out until there was none. He walked for hours but all was pitch black. He could not see anything, he was lost. Suddenly there were fireflies out of nowhere. One firefly looked peculiar. Its light grew bigger until it was as big as Ted. He closed his eyes, frightened.

Ted gathered his bravery and opened his eyes. Standing in front of him, was a girl. A dim glow surrounded her. But who would live in the middle of the forest?

He could not see her clearly, but he was quite sure that she was about the same age as him. The girl held his hand and led him to the way out of the forest. She said nothing along the way and when Ted could see the light from his house, the girl disappeared. It felt like a dream.

Arrived at home, his Dad continued to yell at him without reason as usual. Ted ignored him as he had grown used to it and went to his room. He took a piece of paper and tried to draw the girl he had just seen. She haunted his mind. Ted could not forget what happened but he doubted what he had experienced.

For the second time, he went in to the forest to make sure. As he went deeper, the tree trunks became thicker. Then he saw the girl standing under a pine tree. She had curly long blonde hair, was barefoot and wearing white pyjamas even though it was the day. Is it her? he wondered. Their eyes met and she smiled. Ted walked towards her and he took the paper he had sketched on out of his pocket.

It is her.

Surprising him, the girl approached and thanked him for helping her friend. The little bird he had helped yesterday was her friend. When Ted asked the girl what her name was, she told him that it was Lina. She lived in the forest and was not allowed to go outside it. Ted laughed at this. He thought that Lina had a unique sense of humour. She did not laugh and he stopped laughing although he still believed that it was a joke. He thanked her for helping him and they became friends.

After that day, they often met in the forest. They talked, they played with the animals, and did a lot of things together. As years passed, Ted grew to know and love the forest, and Lina. He wanted Lina to know his town, the place he lived. There, he would to confess his feelings to her.

He went to the forest, met Lina and took her hand. She tried to escape his grip, but he ignored her. He wanted to give Lina a surprise. Yet, when they got nearer to the town, he felt there was something different about Lina's hand. It was getting stiff and rough, but Ted didn't turn to look around. He believed that it was just his imagination.

Once they were out of the forest, he looked back. She must be very happy, he thought. But what he held was not Lina's hand. It was a small twig with curly golden leaves. He turned the twig over in his hands and could not believe what had just happened. He ran back to the forest and called for Lina. People stared at him, but he did not care. He went deeper, but still he could not find her. What Lina had said was true.

I'm not allowed to go out of the forest.



Vanilla Cake

By: Mila

An old woman was busy in the kitchen. After mixing butter, eggs and yeast, she poured vanilla powder into the mixture. The aroma spread to the corners of the room. It invited her into the past. She saw roses. Red roses in the left corner of the living room, white and pink roses arranged in a blue glass vase on a mahogany table. There were also drinks and a big vanilla cake.

A roar of a man was followed by the laughter of children. She looked out the window. The sun was shining brightly on four of her children and her husband who were playing in the yard.

"It's time to have a great day," she shouted.

The joyful cheer of a father and his children made Imelda smile that afternoon. They ran towards the house. Where was her fifth child? Suddenly, a child embraced her with one hand from behind. She turned and saw her youngest daughter, Nancy, who was wearing a white gown.

"Happy valentine's day, Mom," Nancy said, poking a red rose picked from the garden. Imelda smiled and kissed her youngest daughter. She hugged her tightly. They were all seated at the table. William Smith entered the room, the father of her five children and a detective. He led the prayer before lunch. Imelda felt she had forgotten something. Suddenly, the kettle buzzed loudly. She opened her eyes and stood up.

"Let me turn off the stove, Mom. Sit down and enjoy this delicious vanilla cake, please," said Amanda, who now looked a lot older. She wore red lipstick and a light blue bandanna on her head. Her neck was decorated with a gold necklace with a blue gem hanging in the middle, which sparkled like her eyes.

"But I need to take coffee for Daddy dear," said Imelda.

"Let me take it for Daddy," Nancy said, with her trademark smile. She definitely looked taller, she almost matched her mother's height. She had long black hair flowing to the waist. Nancy went to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee.

While eating vanilla cake at the table Imelda watched her husband. "Honey, how was your job? Can we take a vacation next week? We can visit my mother's house," she said excitedly.

"I enjoyed my work as always. My job is really interesting and I'd love to tell you about my day. Many things have happened lately. I have investigated a bank robbery, corruption, fraud, and a bombing. It doesn't exhaust me and I enjoy looking for facts and clues to solve crimes." William Smith inhaled and exhaled from his cigarette. "I think we

should delay our vacation again. I have an unusual case coming up. If I succeed, it will make my dream come true. Our family will be increasingly respected." His eyes burned with excitement.

"We've missed holidays many times Dad, don't you worry that we will run out of time?" David asked, the oldest of the five siblings.

"Dad, I want to conquer the hill behind grandmother's house. I'll show you the most beautiful spots to see the view of the village from the top of the hill." Jessica was so excited.

"You're only busy with other people's cases. You need to spend time with me and your children," said Imelda. Justin just watched the conversation.

"I will definitely make time for you as you can see now. We still have time, no need to worry," said William Smith. After that, Nancy came with a cup of coffee for her father and Amanda walked behind her. There was nothing more beautiful than the laughter that afternoon.

Time seemed so fast; Imelda was now in bed. She lay down and said goodnight to her husband. She reached for the antique lamp on the table near her bed and turned it off. The room became dark. She couldn't see anything. She snapped awake from her daydream and realized she was alone in the kitchen. She looked at her vanilla cake mixture on the table.

"Nancy ... Nancy ... where are you? Come here I'll make a vanilla cake for you." She smiled. "I'll wait for you, honey."

William Smith appeared. "I told you a thousand times, honey, she won't ever come back. She will never give you red roses again. She will never eat your vanilla cake anymore. None of them will. Never." He shed tears. His pale, old face and cheek lines made his pain clearer.

"Honey, what did you say? But I've talked with her, we've been to the market to buy some bread, and I've told her a story before she goes to sleep every night." She ran upstairs, calling Nancy's name.

"That's all just your imagination," William Smith shouted, following her. "Have you forgotten what happened twenty years ago? Because of the catastrophe, they will never come back." He hugged her. "I'm so sorry."

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her into the past. She saw roses. Red roses in the left corner of the living room, white and pink roses arranged in a blue glass vase on a mahogany table. There were also drinks and a big vanilla cake.

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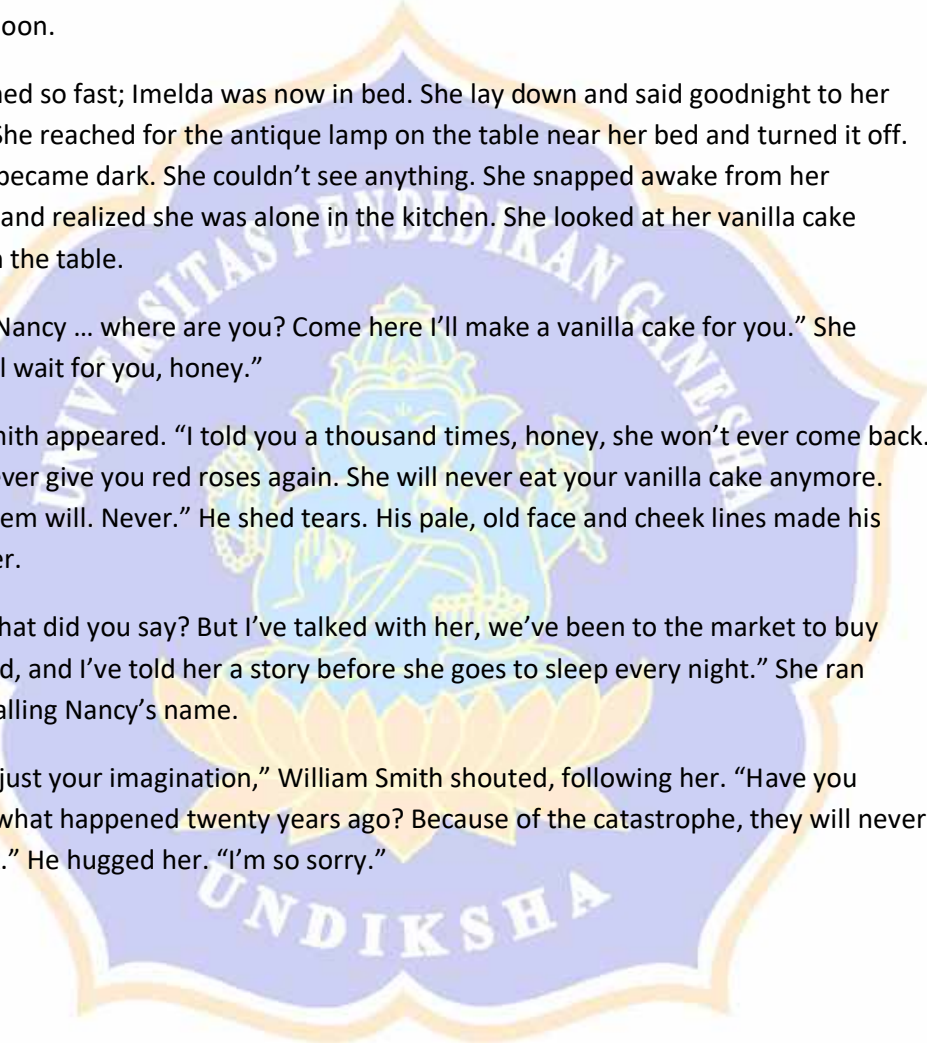
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A Story Teller

By: Livia

Walking around historical places is such a nice thing for me. Especially, a beach near my house. An ex-harbour, to be exact. I loved to explore the ex-harbour by myself. Walking through the old bridge, sitting at the end of the dock, and staring at a monument.

On the top of a very high monument, there was a statue. A man statue. The man looked handsome. He got a muscular body. He might be a fighter back then, fighting against the colonialist. The man was holding a flag and pointing at something across the ocean that I could not see. I wondered. Who was this man? Why did people build a monument with him on the top of it? My imagination was getting wild. Was he the fighter at that time? From his appearance, he looked like a brave man. His face, without any scared expressions, showed such a brave mental. His finger pointed at the colonialist and his mouth opened widely as if he was yelling. Asking at the mass to attack. Asking at the mass to fight.

"It's night already. You don't go home?" An old man suddenly came by. I did not hear him. I was still on my day dream.

"Hey!" He tapped my back, shocked me. "You don't go home? It's night already. It is not safe for kid like you hanging around at this time," he said again. Now I listen to him.

"My house is near from here. It's ok," I answered as if nothing will happen.

"Where do you live? Who are your parents?" He asked just like a cop doing an interview. "I am one of Lie's granddaughter," I mentioned a templated-answer that I have memorized before. I always mentioned it if people ask who is my parents. My mom said my grandfather was famous in this city for his loyalty.

"You are the grand daughter of Lie? Oh my, how old are you? Is your grandfather still alive? It's been a very long time since I don't see him!" He shocked. He stared at me like I was something cool coming from the future.

"You know what? Lie and I were best friends when we were in your age! We played together, loved the same girl, and worked together!" This time, the shock went to me. For the first time I heard a story about my grandfather. About someone that I only know the name, not the person.

"You see that old bridge? I used to fish with Lie there! We caught so many big fish back then!" He told me the story happily. I amazed. I kept my ears on him.

"Now, you see that old building? That was our office. We worked there together, managing the schedule of the ship. The house behind that building is mine. Your grandfather used to sleep over at my house. And the dock! That was your grandfather's spot to see the sun sets!" Oh God, I just know that my favorite place was also my grandfather's favorite place. I could imagine my grandfather was running through the bridge, looking for his friend. I also could imagine he was sitting at the end of the dock and gazing at the sun sets like me. Like grandfather, like grand daughter!

"Anyway, does Lie still alive?" He asked with the eyes full of sparks of hope.

"Nope. He was dead years before I was born." I answered. His eyes looked so sad.

"The last time I saw him was when the Netherlands came. When the war was started. Lie were gone to a place I never know. Maybe China? Surabaya? I don't know."

"How about you? Did you stay here during the war?"

"Yes. I watched so many things happened. The houses were burned, people were killed, the ships were drowned. Everything."

My thoughts suddenly flew back to the man statue.

"Who is that man?" I pointed at the man statue. The old man looked at where I pointed my finger. "Is he the leader of the mass?" I asked again. He laughed. Hardly.

"Why do you ask?" He asked me back. Man, I just want to know!

"He was just a sweeper in my office. He accidentally got stabbed in the stomach during the war."

"What? He was not the leader? Or even the fighter?" I was getting so shock of the answer. It could not be like that. Why did people put his statue on the monument then?

"No, little girl. He was just a sweeper!" He looked so serious. I did not know was it true or not. I could not believe it. His story about my grandfather was amazing, but his story about that man statue? I would rather believe my own imagination and never ask about it again.

THE TREE TELLS TALE

By: Ardi

“Just because I don’t say anything doesn’t mean that I don’t know everything”

I am an old big tree which lives on the top of a hill. You can find me easily because I’m a very big tree. My longest branch reaches 15 meters long. I still stand strong. Precisely, I try to stand strong. Honestly, I’m just an old big tree that are dying. I have fragile branches and I don’t have leaves anymore. My stem and branches are covered by moss. I have lived for more than 50 decades. Villagers come to me to take a rest or just take shelter when I’m still shady. However, today I’m just an old big tree which are forgotten. No one will shelter below my old branches.

I am not going to tell you about my loneliness, but I’m going to tell you about a story. Sometimes, villagers come to share something which are burdening their mind. I have lived for more than 50 decades, so I have heard a lot of stories from many generations. One of them is my favorite because I am the only one who really know what was going on. This story is about the truth which buried. This story is about the tales which is never revealed. This story began when my branches still shady.

On the flourishing valley, there was a great kingdom where the sun shines brightly. It was a well-known kingdom named Iteza. Iteza consisted of four big territories. The gold producer, Dusteria, the food producer, Zesteria, the lumber producer, Cresseria, and the mid-land, Messpria. Iteza was under Emperor Raleigh Stam’s command. He was a great emperor which got “The Great Land Conqueror” reputation from other kingdoms because of his attainments. Emperor Raleigh had a happy family. He had a sweet-tempered wife named Minami Ichinose. The Mighty God gave them twin brave sons named Prince Kinuma Stam and Prince Ginuma Stam. His perfect family’s number then increased when Emperor Raleigh adopted an orphan. He called him Darkrai which meant the thunder from darkness. His name would always remind him with the thunderous battle in Shishiza. His twin sons grew up became a lion-hearted swordsman and a sharp-sighted archer. It made him never felt anxious if he had to retire.

One day, a kingdom from Nankyoku, Kaniza, declared a war to Iteza because Kaniza’s emperor felt recessive. It was not a hazardous kingdom, it was just a small dying kingdom. Emperor Raleigh charged his twin princes on the front-line to lead the troops. Prince Kinuma and Prince Ginuma joined the battle bravely as young generals. They showed up their skills and abilities. They gave them the needle. Then, something went wrong at the middle of the battle. The day became cloudy, the rain fell rapidly, the

blood streamed roomy. They defeated them successfully, but it was not a great day at all because Iteza lost its vigorous princes.

Iteza was very shocked. Kingdom's family could not believe it, but it was the truth. Then, the emperor found princes' broken weapons. He got wrathful. He suddenly blamed the blacksmith and prisoned him. He wanted to explain, but the emperor commanded to cut his tongue. Empress Minami felt upside-down. She was under depressed and went to the attic. Prince Darkrai cried aloud. He blamed himself because he was not strong enough to join the battle with them. Out of the blue, Empress Minami fell off from the attic. She fell in the center of the crowd. Everyone was very shocked, included Emperor Raleigh. Her blood streamed out from her head. The emperor was speechless, he stood still like a statue. She fell with her sons' photograph in her left-palm.

The bad news spread swiftly. Kingdoms which were Iteza's ally came alternately to give condolence. On the other hand, this news had a bad consequence if the other kingdom declared a war because Iteza was unready for battle. Unwittingly, this news was heard by Empress Minami's step sister named Empress Kitashuzi Ichinose. She has blue-eyes, bright skin, and white short hair. One day, an unpredictable moment came to pass. The counselors of Iteza were very shocked when Empress Kitashuzi came alone with her glorious white robe. They were streaked because she was the ruler of Futagoza, a walloping kingdom from Hokkyoku. In other words, it was the rival of Iteza which was a great kingdom from Nankyoku.

Empress Kitashuzi explained that she came for her step-sister, not for Iteza. Emperor Raleigh was worried at the first time he saw her. But then, he tried to start a conversation with her in order to appreciate her visit. They were frequently talking in Empress Minami's orchid garden. Emperor Raleigh felt something different. It just like Minami was inside her eyes. As the time flies, they were being close every time they talked. He did not feel his sorrow anymore when they shared their minds. After that, he realized that she was the only one who could sweep away his sorrow because she seemed like Minami, even though she was just her stepsister.

But on the other hand, Prince Darkrai did not like it. He liked to see his father blithe, but he did not like that Empress Kitashuzi was the reason. He thought it just a trick to take down Iteza. Emperor Raleigh knew that he fell in love with her. His love was getting stronger every time they met. Eventually, below the glow of the full moon, when the gentle wind blew softly, and the sheaths of cherry-blossom spread around, he decided to propose. Empress Kitashuzi hesitated for a moment. She got red in the face and bowed slowly as a sign that she accepted it. Emperor Raleigh was very happy and hugged her warmly. Shortly, they decided to do their marriage on the top of a hill because of Empress Kitashuzi's request. Yes, below my shady branches.

Three months drew to an end, Prince Darkrai went home after finishing his training to increase his battle skills. He was shocked when he knew that his father took to one's bed. No one told him about his father's condition in the course of his training. Then, he

ran hastily. He wanted to see him, but the guard did not allow him to get in because of Empress Kitashuzi's command. The guard said that the only one who was allowed to enter Emperor Raleigh's room was Empress Kitashuzi. Prince Darkrai was angry, but he could do nothing. As a step-son, he knew his position.

Five days later, a wretched news came to strike Iteza. Prince Darkrai's loyal guard whispered slowly while bowed that Emperor Raleigh passed away. Suddenly, he threw away his lunch. He was very wrathful and ran to his father's room hurriedly. He did not find anyone there. When he looked down of the bed, he found a glass with a herb in blue. He assumed that it was a poison. Empress Kitashuzi was poisoning his father. He ran quickly to find his step-mother, but he found nothing. Then, he went to counselor hall to accuse. He was startled because there were the counselors and his step-mother in discussion. He spoke roughly. He told them that his step-mother was poisoning his father while showed up the glass that he found. But, the counselors thought that Prince Darkrai was under a hard depression. They tried to calm him, but Prince Darkrai tried to attack Empress Kitashuzi. The counsellors blew one's top, they commanded the guards to chase him away. Prince Darkrai who felt resentful decided to leave the castle. He took his horse and shouted to villagers that this kingdom was under the White Witch's curse. But, no one believed him, except his girlfriend, Rin. Then, he picked her up and went away together. The day began to dark, so they decided to take a rest behind my big stem.

It was early in the morning, Prince Darkrai shouted out loud. It attracted villagers' attention around. They came and made a large crowd. Prince Darkrai cried aloud while explained that his girl died because of the White Witch's spell. He showed them the wound on her chest which caused by his step-mother's spell. It made all villagers angry. They took their hoe and went to the front of the castle. They shouted to get rid of Empress Kitashuzi from the throne. Empress Kitashuzi was panic. She did not know how to explain it. Prince Darkrai explained why his father died, why Empress Kitashuzi agreed to have married with his father, and why he was forced to leave the castle. After the counselors did a private discussion, they decided to grant villagers' and Prince Darkrai's demand because Prince Darkrai had strong arguments and Rin's wound became a strong proof to take her down from the throne. Empress Kitashuzi could not avoid it. Later, the guards sent her to the prison as counselors' command.

One week later, the counselors did a private discussion in order to fill the void of authority. It was a clear day, so it was a perfect day to go hunting for Prince Darkrai. After a long day of hunting, Prince Darkrai got nothing. Then, he decided to go back to the castle. When he entered the gate, all villagers made a tidy line to welcome him. They shouted, gave applause, spread the flowers, and congratulated him. Prince Darkrai confused, but he was happy too at the same time. Then, the head of Iteza's counselors came out to do a speech on the balcony. All of the villagers silenced for a moment. The head of Iteza's counselors announced that Prince Darkrai was the new emperor of Iteza. Iteza rumbled. Prince Darkrai still could not believe what he had heard. He was so blithe

and then did a little speech to his people. On the day after tomorrow, Prince Darkrai crowned as the new emperor of Iteza.

Is it true? Yes. The story is true, but it is not the truth. What you've known from the story is just the shell. Well, the tales which I want to tell is not yet revealed. First, the twin princes lost their life not only because they were defeated by the opponent, but because "someone" had switched their weapons with the weak. Second, let me tell the truth of Empress Minami's suicide. It wasn't her own desire. She locked down herself in the attic because she didn't want anyone bothering her. But, unpredictably, "someone" came from a window, pushed her from the back, and she fell in the center of the crowd. Third, Rin wasn't killed by the White Witch's spell, but because "someone" had stabbed her on the chest at midnight while sleeping. This is the truth. "Someone" that I talk about is "the thunder from darkness", yes, Darkrai. He did all of it because he wanted to be the emperor of Iteza from the beginning of his adoption. Is it the end of story? No.

As the time flies, Emperor Darkrai had two children from different wives. They were Prince Natsukaze from Empress Akaizawa and Prince Fuyuki from Empress Shirohime. Emperor Darkrai planned to give his crown to Prince Natsukaze because Prince Natsukaze was older than Prince Fuyuki and stronger than him. But, Empress Shirohime didn't agree with it and persuaded her child to confront his brother to prove who was the best between them. Emperor Darkrai was angry to know it and wanted to stop them, but it was too late. Prince Fuyuki under the flag of his mother army declared a war to his brother. A thunderous battle was unstoppable. Downfalls were everywhere. Many soldiers were fallen, included Prince Natsukaze and Prince Fuyuki. Empress Shirohime killed by a long sword which stabbed her chest and Empress Akaizawa was killed by a sharp arrow which pierced her head. The kingdom came to sink. Emperor Darkrai could do nothing. No, nothing left. Then, he determined to end his life by doing hara-kiri.

Darkrai never been caught until the end of his life. He thought that there was no person who knew what he did. But, he forgot that there is a non-person that know it. Yes, I am. Well, that is the end of my favorite story during 50 decades of my life. For you who read it, I have two messages for you. First, don't believe in someone so easily because we don't know what is inside their mind. Second, never think that yourself are the one who knows what you have done. All have ears, just because they don't say anything doesn't mean that they don't know everything. We are watching you.

Rose for Anne

By: Yuanda

What can you do? When you just realized that you are 27th then you also realized there's something odd about you. Something you might only understand yourself, without being able to tell anyone. Even cannot ask others to understand and sometimes you can't even understand it yourself.

This is because of Anne, you're the only who cause this, Anne. Why did you leave me eleven years ago? I still remember what we went through, what we saw, what we felt. I can still hear your voice accompanying me with lily on your hair. I can still hear your little song about our village flowing through your green eyes. That was red lips without you need to give a touch of color on it, you were still beautiful like a cherry on my pancake on Sunday morning. You're still sweet, whenever it was, you're still sweet. Eternal, inside my heart, into my mind, within every corner of my room, you dance. But, there's still a "but" there. You're too selfish. Yeah, you're selfish. You prefer leukemia to call you to go with.

I was an ordinary man and a pianist in a tiny school, in Madison. I enjoyed my days while forgetting you. I tried to cherish my days in Madison. I tried to forget every night I had with my tears and wind in Toronto. But possibly, who knows I'm wrong? I came to Madison and it's only made me love and miss you more, Anne.

Until one day, I played the piano for ballerina class and asked my friend, Lucy to accompany her to teach ballet. "My girls will perform at the fall night party. Please play *Speak Softly Love* for them". I was busy with my fingers playing *Speak Softly Love*, at that noon. The wind blowed, Lucy and her students laughed cheerfully while moving their bodies to and fro. That was so cheerful. But, one of them bothered me with humming singing. How can she still singing, accompany the *Speak Softly Love* while lifting and bending her legs? Turn around, smiled ... and, she looked at me. Smile with a small, thick and red lips. Yes, she smiled, so sweet she smiled at me. I didn't know, should I return her smile when I saw Anne's eyes were on her? Why was her blonde hair tied with ribbons, which increasingly made me see Anne dancing in the music I played?

I could not forget that smile in three days. I could not sleep. I looked at Anne's face in the blue frame in my room, then I looked back at the memory that noon. Her smile made a frame with its color in my mind. Come on, Dan Stuart! Forget it, how can you admire a 13-years-old girl? You are a grown man, you

should think about getting married. You can't love her, right, you can't love her. What for? She might just consider you an uncle, or even a father. No! You cannot love her.

"Rose!" another little girl called her from afar to the stage. She ran, I looked at her steps, which increasingly bothered me. Why did I fall in love with a 13-year-old girl? Oh, I hate myself! She danced, so beautifully, at the fall night party. I played *Speak Softly Love* while looking at her hair tied neatly, I saw her green eyes, I saw her red lips that seemed to call me to kiss her. I can feel the curves of her body that are increasingly killing me to hug her... oh damn, it's just an illusion. Delusion. The music ended, the applause was so crowded, that I felt only quiet as she ran backstage. Wait, there's something sweet there. I walked with my empty feeling and sat on stairs near the stage. She ran! Surprised me! "Thank you, Mr. Stuart, you play music beautifully (then kissed my cheek)" She ran to find Lucy, and Lucy smiled at me.

A week after the romance stage, I had to go to Massachusetts. I was assigned to increase my knowledge as a pianist for three years there. There were two things in my heart. I am happy because with this I can make my life more prosperous and secure. Sad, of course, I have to leave Rose. Yes, Rose, a young Rose in Madison. But, never mind, I guess, I could give her a chance to finish her study and until the moment I deserved to say that I love her.

I got famous for the sound of my piano. Its voice was able to fill-up the Madison with a beautiful sound, especially for Rose's night. I returned to Madison after three years and greeted by the memory of Rose's cheery smile. "*Did you see her, Lucy?*" / "*You took so long to leave, so much that you don't know ...*" / "*Give these roses to Rose, Lucy, I don't know her house.*" / "*I am sorry to hear that. Rose died in childbirth a year ago.*"

"No, I am not. I am not Anne's, neither Rose's. I am Toronto's, I am 75th. And I am, now, alone."