

# APPENDICES 1



## Appendices 1. Short Stories Written by Students of Creative Writing Class

### Vanilla Cake: A Short Story By Mila Romana

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.”

### **Rose for Anne By Yuanda Cristata**

What can you do? When you realize that you are thirty and also, that there’s something odd about you. Something only you can understand, without being able to tell anyone. Sometimes you can’t even understand it yourself.

It’s because of you, Anne. You’re the one who caused this. 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 lilies in your hair. I can still hear your little song about our home-town flowing through your green eyes. Your red lips didn’t need any color on them, you were beautiful like a cherry on my Sunday morning pancake. You’re still sweet, eternal in my heart, in my mind. You dance in every corner of my room. But, there’s still a “but”, you’re too selfish. Yeah, you’re selfish, you preferred leukemia to me.

After you died, I moved to Madison and worked as a pianist in a tiny school. I enjoyed my days forgetting you. I tried to cherish my time in Madison. I tried to forget you every night I spent with tears in my eyes and the wind in Toronto. But possibly, who knows, I was wrong? I came to Madison and it's only made me love and miss you more, Anne.

Until the day I played piano for my friend Lucy's ballerina class. She said, "My girls are performing at the fall night party. Please play *Speak Softly Love* for them." I was busy with my fingers playing *Speak Softly Love* that day. The wind blew. Lucy and her students laughed cheerfully while moving their bodies to and fro. I was so happy playing for them. But one of them bothered me with her singing. How can she still sing the words while lifting and bending her legs? She turned, smiled ... and she looked at me. That smile with her small thick red lips. Yes, she smiled, so sweetly. She smiled at me. I didn't know if I should return her smile. She had your eyes, Anne. Why was her blonde hair tied with ribbons, which made me see you dancing in the music I played?

I could not forget that smile for three days. I could not sleep. I looked at your face in the photo in the blue frame that I kept in my room. Then I thought back to that day in Lucy's ballet class. Her smile made a frame with its color in my mind. Come on, Dan Stuart! Forget it. How can you admire a 16-year-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 consider you an uncle, or even a father. No! You cannot love her.

"Rose!" another girl called her from afar to the stage. She ran with her ballerina steps, which increasingly bothered me. How could I fall in love with a 16-year-old girl? Oh, I hate myself!

At the fall night party she danced so beautifully. 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 could feel the curves of her body that were increasingly calling me to hug her ... Oh damn, it's just an illusion. Delusion. The music ended. The applause was so strong that I felt even lonelier as she ran backstage. I walked with my empty feeling and sat on the stairs near the stage. But then something sweet happened. She ran! Surprised me! "Thank you, Mr. Stuart, you played beautifully." Then she kissed my cheek, before running off to find Lucy. Lucy looked at me and smiled.

A week after my infatuation started, I moved to Massachusetts for three years to improve my skills as a pianist. There were two things in my heart. I was happy because this would help me to be more prosperous and secure. But I was also sad, of course, that I had 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 until the moment I was able to tell her I love her.

I became famous for my piano playing skills. In my heart, my tunes filled-up Madison with beautiful sounds especially for Rose. After three years, I returned to Madison and was warmed by the memory of Rose's cheery smile.

*"Have you seen her, Lucy?" I asked on my return.*



*“You took so long to come back Dan. There’s so much that you don’t know ...”*

*“Give these roses to Rose, Lucy, I don’t know which house she lives in.”*

*“But Dan, Rose died in childbirth a year ago.”*

I am not Anne’s, neither Rose’s. I am Toronto’s. I am 75. And I am alone.

### **FOR SALE: PECEL SUMARTI By Livia**

In the silence of early morning, when the sun was starting to rise and shine, an old lady sat at the corner of the market. Her hand was busy chopping vegetables, mixing it with peanut sauce that she brought in a clay jar. In front of her, two men enjoyed their breakfast that they bought from the old lady. A man, who was big and only wore shorts in a cold morning, took some shrimp crackers from a big jar, then munched it with his spoon full of veggies. Another man, who is skinnier, wore jackets and trousers. He was enjoying his breakfast with a cup of tea that his wife brought for him.

“You know what? This *pecel* suddenly reminds me of my grandfather’s story,” said the skinny man, opening their conversation.

“What story? A story of garlic and onion?” The big man laughed.

“No. It was a very old story. My grandfather said, there was a beautiful lady in this village...”

“Then?” The big man interrupted the story with his giggles.

“Just listen. This beautiful lady was loved by all men in the village, even from other villages. Her house was full of flower bouquets sent from all those men, every day. Some men were too brave to come straight to her house, bringing her shoes, bags, or even jeweleries to get her heart but she rejected it. She broke so many hearts back then.”

“Then? What is the connection with this *pecel*?”

“Wait, I am not there yet. I said, just listen!”

“Well, okay okay.” The big man continued eating his *pecel* with shrimp crackers that he took again from the jar. The old lady in front of him noted in her mind, how many shrimp crackers the big man took.

“She was working at a library. Men, who actually did not like books, visited the library every day. They stayed there from the library was opened until it was closed. They only wanted to see the lady, not to read the books. They often made chaos. They played guitar, singing love songs for the lady. Sometimes they also disturbed her. They tried to get close to her, asked her lots of things, and even helped her cleaning the library.

“At first, the owner of the library felt happy because the library got so many visitors. But after a long time, the owner felt loss. Those men did not want to read any books from the library, did not even want to donate for the library. They only wanted to

get attention from the lady. The library slowly lost its readers for the library was too crowded. The readers could not concentrate on their reading because those men spoke so loud. Because of this, the lady got fired from the library.”

“Haha, I know this might happen. Then?” The big man finished his breakfast then drank a glass of water that he poured from a jug.

“The lady felt so sad. She tried to apply for job in so many companies, but she got rejected. All of those companies was afraid that they will get loss too because of the lady’s lovers. She sold anything she had to survive. She sold her shoes, bags, and jeweleries that the men gave. All of her stuff, until she did not have anything anymore. She was confused. She got nothing to eat and nothing to sell to get food.

“Then, when she went to her backyard, she found nut, kale, chilli, and bean sprouts grew. She picked it up, washed it, then did some magic to those treasures. She boiled the kale and bean sprouts, then she made a paste made of nut and chilli she found and the leftover salt, garlic, and shrimp paste that she had. She mixed the vegetables and nut paste together. A plate of *pecel* was served in front of her, calling her to eat it as soon as possible.

“She munched her first bite. It was good. Really good. The vegetables were still crispy. She cooked it really well. The nut sauce was also great. The texture was smooth yet a bit rough because of the nuts. An imaginary lamp popped on her mind. A great idea came.

“She then cooked all of the veggies and made a jar of nut paste. She opened her house widely and put a board written “FOR SALE: PECCEL SUMARTI”. She then sat down in front of her house with a clay jar full of nut paste and a big bowl full of boiled kale and bean sprouts. She waited for the customers for hours, but no one came. The men who loved her back then passed her with their new girls. No one loved Sumarti anymore. She looked so thin, pale, and her pimple spread all over her face. She was thinking how to get customers. Then she remembered all of her daily routines she did before.

“She then took a bath and changed her clothes into the prettiest one. She wore floral dress, she braid her hair, and then she put on her make up. She covered her pimples with foundation and powder, applied mascara to lift up her eyelash, put on red lipstick over her lips, and sprayed perfume all over her body. She looked as attractive as she was. She then went outside of her house, sat again with her *pecel*, and wrote something on the board:

**FOR SALE: PECCEL SUMARTI. FREE HUG FOR ONE PORTION, FREE KISS FOR MORE PORTION.**

“No need to wait for a long time, the men left their girlfriend to get Sumarti’s *pecel* and also her hugs and kisses. The more *pecel* Sumarti sold, the more heart broken. All girls in the village felt frustrated because their men left them only for Sumarti’s *pecel*. Sumarti suddenly became very busy. She put the kale and bean sprouts on the banana leaf, covered it with nut sauce, served it to the customers, and give them hugs and kisses. She did it as fast as she could to sell as much *pecel* as possible.

“Sumarti’s house then became crowded of the men who wanted to try her *pecel*. They left their girlfriend only for getting Sumarti’s handmade *pecel* and her hugs and kisses. Sumarti quickly became rich. She got lots of money from selling *pecel*. Her customers came from all over the village, even from other villages. But, as more money she got, as more hated she had. All girls in the village hated her. They planned something to make Sumarti miserable. They cursed Sumarti so no one will propose her for marriage. They cursed Sumarti so she will be a spinster until she die.”

“Haha! That is so cruel! I am very sure that story is not true at all.” The big man picked his wallet, getting ready to pay for his *pecel*.

“I don’t know. But my grand father said it was true.”

“Because your grand father was one of those men? Haha. How lucky your grand mother then because your grand father finally chose her over Sumarti.” The big man picked out five thousand rupiahs from his wallet and gave it to the old lady, the *pecel* seller. The old lady received the money, then suddenly, without any hesitations, she reached the big man’s neck and pulled him into her hug.

The big man choked when the old lady suddenly whispered, “Free hug for one portion.”



### **Hurricane in Brooklyn By Ardi**

*“Justice is not only for certain people. Not only for the white nor the black. There should be always equality above any authority, where everyone is free to arrange his life by not taking someone’s life. It is a duty of the living to fight the injustice because the dead cannot cry out for justice”*

It was a stormy night of August 17<sup>th</sup>, 1969. Brooklyn was hit by Camille hurricane. Nobody was brave to go out from their house, but for Darryl, what happened in his house was worse than Camille. At the age of six, Darryl had to see a nightmare with opened eyes. The sound of lightning was thundering along with the gunshots that killed his parents. His parents fell in front of him. He hid below his bed and covered by his blue blanket which turned red. He saw everything, but he could do nothing. Nothing could be done by a six-year-old boy, even to cry. He just kept the bullet that was lying next to his mother.

Darryl Dominique was an unfortunate African American boy. He was from Mississippi. Then moved to Brooklyn because they wanted to change their life. He was unfortunate not only because he was born in a poor family, but he was born with *Familial Dysautonomia* – a genetic disorder which affects production of tears and sensory nervous system. In Brooklyn, his parents worked as drug dealers. It was the best job that they could get. However, on that horrible night, they were killed by the gun of their boss because they hid the proceeds of selling drugs. After that moment, he lived in an orphanage until he turned 21.



He was quiet. He did not trust anyone after that stormy night. He liked to lock down himself in his room. He grieved, but he could not cry. He scratched his hands with razor blade, but he could not feel the pain. He could not forgive himself because he could do nothing on that night. But one day, Darryl went out from the orphanage because he knew that he had to leave that place. *"We have to fight for what we believe in, even if that means standing alone"*, said Darryl in his heart. He wanted to find out the person who fired bullet at the head of his parents. He wanted to find a justice for his parents' murder. It was impossible to do because black people were seen with only an eye. However, he had a strong belief that he could prove and erase this dark side. This was the path that he chose.

Then, he worked at a weapon shop near a big factory. It was a great sugar factory owned by Mr. Bradley, the founder of the orphanage. He worked at a weapon shop to make him easily to find a gun which suitable with the bullet. When he knew the type of the gun, he could find the killer. He checked every weapon that was serviced since he worked there.

One day, he knew that it was the bullet of Glock 17. He blew one's top, but he tried to calm down. He wanted to give it back to the owner by meeting that person at a narrow alley. In the darkness, something smells a rat. He could not see the person clearly. He told that person about everything on that night. The owner confused with it. Then, without any compromise, Darryl shot him right on the chest. Suddenly, the owner fell into a canal. When he approached that person, how shocked he was when knew that the owner was another African American. He remembered that the killer was a white man. He felt guilty. The rain fell as long as the gun on his hand. Fortunately, that man was savable because Darryl brought him to the nearest hospital hurriedly.

From that day, when he found Glock 17, he would find out the owner carefully. He had found twelve Glock 17, but all of them was owned by black people. He was about forgetting his purpose because he thought that it was impossible to find him. He looked at the bullet, there was a word *"sin"*. He thought that maybe his parents deserved it because they had much sins.

One day, Darryl met with Mr. Bradley at front of weapon shop. He accidentally hit him because he was in a rush hour. Mr. Bradley's card name was fallen, but then he picked it up. They did a little conversation because Mr. Bradley recognized him. After several minutes of little talk, he offered a job for Darryl. However, he was happy to work in the weapon shop and refused Mr. Bradley's offer. He was so kind to Darryl.

On the next two days, he was about to close the shop, but someone came and begged him to fix his gun. When Darryl looked at him, he was surprised because it was a kid with a gun. He momentarily opened the shop again and let the kid in. They did a serious conversation because he knew that a kid was not supposed to have it. The kid explained that he had to do it because his parents were sick and could not back to work. He was startled because it was a Glock 17 in silver. When he fixed it, he found a bullet left inside it. How shocked he was when he found *"sin"* on it. Sweat poured from his forehead, but he kept calm.



After he finished fixing the gun, he gave it back and let the kid went back without paying the service. He followed the boy because he felt something strange while watching him from a distance. The boy turned to a narrow alley. It seemed like the boy met someone there. Darryl peeked them while listening their conversation. He knew that it was not the kid's gun, but someone had asked him to service it.

Darryl could not hold himself. He blew one's top. He suddenly picked a stone and threwed it to that person. It hit that person's head. They were panic and ran away, but the kid was caught by him. Darryl forced him to tell the truth. Forcing him to tell who the owner of that gun was. After several times forcing him, he finally told that the owner was the boss of the sugar factory. He was startled and let the kid went away. He went back home with a shocked feeling. He could not believe it. He just kept it in mind and decided to collect more evidence about it.

On the next day, Mr. Bradly came to the factory as usual. His guard opened the car's door. Darryl peeked from the shop's window. He saw that there was a bandage on Mr. Bradly's head. Even though he wore a hat, but he could not hide it from Darryl. He momentarily remembered the day when Mr. Bradly's card name was fallen. It said that his complete name is Connor Sinister Bradly. He rethought that the word "*sin*" on the bullet is not about wrongdoing, but it was a part of his name as a mark for his victims. It means that his parents were not the first one. Everything made sense. It strengthened his assumption that he was the killer. It increased his curiosity to look inside his factory and prove it all.

He tried to find a way to enter the factory, but it was surrounded by CCTV and armed guard. It was impossible to infiltrate. Then, he found another way to meet him and asked for his *sin*. He waited until the day became dark. He went to Mr. Bradly's home before him arrived. He entered the house from a window, walked slowly while finding Mr. Bradly room.

At midnight, Mr. Bradly arrived and went to his room. It was dark. As he closed the door and turned on the lamp, Darryl was already there standing with a clown mask and a knife on his hand. He did not really want to kill him. He acted like a killer just to force him to tell the truth. Mr. Bradly stood still like a statue. Darryl started to tell the stormy night. How he hid below the bed, covered his body with bloody blanket, and kept the bullet that Mr. Bradly fired to kill his parents. Mr. Bradly confused and did not know what he was talking about. Then, he started whistle. He slowly approached him. Mr. Bradly could not move even for a centimeter. He whispered about the night when he killed the two drugs dealers from Mississippi.

Mr. Bradly suddenly remembered that night. He tried to explain something, but Darryl immediately covered his mouth with his hand. He brought out a tape and covered it with the tape. Mr. Bradly was muttering, but nothing came out from his mouth. His hand tied to the bed pole. He looked afraid and begged for Darryl's mercy. Then, Darryl opened the tape and let him spoke.

Mr. Bradly told that it was not his own desire. He did not want to do it. However, Darryl knew that he was a liar. Mr. Bradly still confused because he was very afraid. He spoke haltingly. Out of the blue, with a low sigh, he opened the mask. Mr. Bradly was very shocked that he was Darryl, the orphan. However, he felt blessed

that he was Darryl and then asked him to release him. Darryl looked indignant and told him that he was the boy of the two killed drug dealers. Mr. Bradley held his breath; he could not say anything.

Darryl told that he wanted to cry on that night, but he could not. Mr. Bradley did not know how the feeling of a dry cry was. It hurt him so much. Mr. Bradley did not know that there were more like Darryl out there. Suffering for their life as he took it all from them forcefully. He did not know it all because black people were the shadow of white people. If he looked back, there were a lot of black people that hiding, running, and begging for mercy just like what he did. They were preyed like a horde of rats.

Darryl could not stop his anger. Then, he found a way to prove it all and fulfill his desire, brought justice to this land. He took out his phone, accessed a live video, and forced him to tell all of his villainy, so then the world would know that injustice was still there, imprisoned black people. Darryl took his gun and aimed it to him. He threatened him so that he would tell the truth. Mr. Bradley would do it, if his hands was untied. Then, Darryl was agreed and untied his hands.

Mr. Bradley started to tell fact by fact, atrocity by atrocity. He revealed his black market of drugs, his fake sugar factory, and black people assassination. Just a moment before Darryl finished the live video, a small step was suddenly heard up the stairs. It was quick. Then, the door was slowly opened. Mr. Bradley and Darryl were turning their faces towards the door. How shocked Darryl was when he saw a little girl in blue was standing in front of the room. "Papa?", said the little girl gently.

As Darryl's attention was distracted. Mr. Bradley suddenly took his knife and stabbed him from the back. Darryl could do nothing. He fell on the floor. Mr. Bradley did not stop there. He called his guards to take Darryl's body and throw it away to a place where nobody could not find him. He was very afraid that he would be caught by the police. He was panic. Darryl was still there suffering on his wound because Mr. Bradley's guards had not arrived yet. He was groaning.

Some cars stopped in front of Mr. Bradley house. He went down the stairs quickly while carrying his girl. He thought that they were the guards, but unfortunately, they were cops that had watched the live video. Mr. Bradley was very shocked, he wanted to turn away, but the cops knocked him down before he did it. At the end, Mr. Bradley and all of his guards were caught on that night. Darryl did not survive. Therefore, he was smiling on his death because the path that he chose had been successfully passed. He did not regret it because his bravery brought the justice that he desired.

He had turned the impossibility into possibility. He had turned the gloomy weather into a bright day in Brooklyn. After that day, no more drug dealer, no more murder, no more gangster, and no more disaster.

*"We have to fight for what we believe in, even if that means standing alone."*

- *Darryl Dominique*

## Breakfast Conversation By Dwita

Today, 6AM. I woke up as how I used to. My eyes saw the ceiling as I remembered the routine that I should do. I got up and washed my face. At a silent cold morning when everybody still having their sweet dream, I took my science book and read it. I tried to understand every detail on the book. Line by line, formula by formula, but still everything seemed confusing.

This was how I survive in my family. Everyone might think that I was born in a family which full of perfection. I am Dena, the middle child of three siblings. My older sister, Martha is a talented artist. She spent most of her life at home yet earning a lot of money. My younger brother, Seta is a genius. He is just 9 years old but already accelerated for three years. Now he is in the same grade as me. My mom and dad are a couple of succeed businessman. They worked at 8 and came home very late like almost every day. Well, I believe if I done this study routine, I will be 'at least' not became the last at school.

That morning, I went downstairs. As always, everyone was already in the dining room. Our house maid, Mrs. Lily was running here and there, busy taking care of the breakfast. She has worked in our family since I was a kid. She was like our family.

"Three of you were born from the same mom and dad, but why one of you is so different." My dad complained. I know that it was for me.

"Take it easy dad, he is just an average, don't be so hard on him" Martha replied, continued with a small laugh, intimidating. Seta and my mom paused their breakfast for a while, smiling as if they got the same idea as Martha.

"Read your book and practice a lot, unless you'll be left by a kid 3 years younger than you." Continued Martha.

Well, I have got used to this kind of situation. I have to admit that everyone in this family born with things that others hard to get, talent and intelligence. I can feel their eyes stared at me. This topic is always becoming a routine every morning. I took two slices of bread and ignored them because I know tomorrow they will talk about this again. I went to school on foot. I think the road is shorter on foot than in the same car with a lot of sarcasm.

That day, all students were supposed to go home at 3 PM. Lucky me, I went home at 6 PM due to club and counseling. Reddish evening sky accompanied me during the way home. That was two blocks before my house. I saw dark smoke rolled up fast. Everyone came out wandering the source of the smoke. I kept my walking tempo as nothing happened. But at the time the sky was getting dark, I could see the flame from the house. It was from my house! I ran against the crowd while wandering all the things in my house burning. Some neighbors tried to distinguish the fire with some water from the hose and from buckets, but the flame was too big. It did not work.

"Stay away kid, It's too dangerous!" shout a person from the crowd. I put off my school bag and entered the house in hope I can safe something.



It was a big house. It has two floors and both of them were high. The fire was burning everything in the house and sting every inch of my skin. The smoke made me caught a lot, I am about to throw up. The flame burned my eyes and made everything blurry. Yet on the corner of the dining room, I was quite sure that I saw Mrs. Lily, trapped. I kicked the nearest window and helped her to get out.

"Your family is on the second floor!" Shout Mrs. Lily as she got out from the burning house.

Our second floor was not covered by a wall, so I can see the second floor from bellow. My room was right across the stairs. I stepped my feet into the stairs slowly. The flame did not get any smaller but I could see that they did not really big on my room. I went there and smashed the door because the door knob was hot. I entered my room trying to find things that I could safe. Lucky that I found my laptop and some books that were still good although there was some burned marks. I took them and tried to get away as fast as I can.

"Dena! we're here, go get some help! " Martha screamed "help us!" Seta followed. I saw Seta and Martha trapped on the balcony.

I walked through the balcony wanted to help them. Not long after, I heard my mom's screaming along with my dad but I could not see them. Everything was so blurry. I was confused which one should I save. Yet it was only about six steps to reach my siblings, only few jumps to avoid the flame, but I felt like what I did was wrong. *"Read your book and practice a lot, unless you'll be left by a kid 3 years younger than you."* Those words popped up in my mind, followed by those laugh. I was discouraged.

"Martha!" I shouted. "I will study and I'll practice a lot! I won't let 3 years younger boy left me!" I continued. They kept shouting and begging for help as I went out of the house.

The flame got bigger and destroyed everything. I was already outside the house and a big red truck broke the crowd. The fire-fighter was coming. I was already outside and some people approached me as they were asked my condition and told me to be tough. I said nothing but cry, yet I could not felt any grief nor sorrow. There will be no big house, no parents, no siblings, no longer usual breakfast conversation. No longer sarcasm. Deep inside, I wondered. I might the stupidest in my family, but hey now I realize that I am stronger than them. I was so proud and wanted to laugh as loud as I can.

### **Illusion By Adnyani**

The sun's rays on the ocean stretch that evening created a golden sparkle that could hypnotize anyone who saw it. In her place, a girl stared bitterly at an object that had always been her favorite. She is Jen; a girl who was fond of dusk. She loved how the sun began to dim the light, yet still showed its magnificence. But that was then; before she realized that dusk was a farewell. Dusk only stopped by then left leaving a wound. Dusk was a wound.



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The rain that flushed the city all night still left behind. The leaves in the yard were still wet. The scent of petrichor was still clearly smelled. It's such a pleasant aroma. The hazel-eyed girl peeked out the window; small droplets of water still fell on the earth. She looked at the gloomy sky that morning.

*"The sky just like the days I would've lived without you,"* she muttered while chuckling; chuckles of bitterness.

Content herself looking at the sky, she then turned towards the mirror on her bedside. She stopped when she saw her reflection in the mirror; puffy eyes with black curves under her eyes that looked terrible. Looked like she have been crying, but what was she crying about? Turned to the bouquet of flowers that began to wilt lying on the table, as if remembering something, she smiled faintly.

*"See you, Dave."* she said quietly.

A best friend who is now her boyfriend is always doing such sweet things. It felt like she missed that guy so bad. She stepped out into the yard, treading one by one the stepping stones embedded in the yard; she stopped when she saw her face reflected in a puddle. A strange feeling came back to her. There was a sense of sore that cannot be explained. She did not know what was happening.

Long daydreaming, she sat on a wooden chair in her yard. She bear in mind all the silly things Dave used to do. She giggled softly. It was like she string up the scenes that had been bygones.

*"Geez can't wait to see him this evening."*

She rubbed her palms in front of her chest, as if she did not want to wait any longer. Instead of nothing; she just could not wait to laugh out loud because of his silly jokes. There was no time without laughing, when she was with that guy.

It seems like the universe ease her eagerness; seconds were so fleeting, the sky were starting to warm up. The sun began to dock at the west horizon. The girl with a charming smile began stepping her feet. Her footsteps stopped at a house with a towering iron fence. The house was so quiet when she opened the gate. Her eyes were immediately fixed on Dave's bedroom window.

*"Dave!"* She shouted. No one answered.

*"He's such a lazy brat! Surely he's still sleeping."* She muttered.

*"Dave! Get out, you lazy bum!"* She shouted, this time louder.

Unfortunately, there was still no answer.

*"Dave! It's Jen!"* She screamed out.

The main door of the house opened, but it was not the figure she was waiting for that came out. Jen was approached by a middle-aged woman with a wistful gaze and a faint smile. Her eyes were swollen, looked like she has been crying; exactly as Jen was this morning. She is Marine, Dave's mom.

*"Where's Dave, mom? Surely he's still sleeping, huh?"* She snorted irritably.

Marine fell silent. She gazed wistfully at the girl in front of her. Her eyes were teary. However, she held back the limpid liquid in her eyes from coming out. All of a sudden, she hugged Jen tightly; highly tight.

*“Did you forget something, dear?”* Marine asked in a trembling voice.

*“Mom, Dave promised to accompany me for a walk this evening.”* She said softly.

*“That’s enough, Jen. You must be tired. It’s better that you go home and take a rest.”* Marine rubbed Jen’s shoulder gently and lovingly. The tears that she had been holding back finally broke down. Jane stared in wonder at that woman.

*“Mom, what’s wrong? What’re you saying?”*

*“He promised me. Can you please wake him up? Tell him I’ll just wait in a place that we often go to.”* She said hoarsely, for some reason.

Thereafter, Jen walked out of the house with unsteady steps. Marine looked at her mercifully. She could no longer dam up her sadness, seeing Jen in such a chaotic way, pale face and swollen eyes with black curves underneath.

Limping, Jen dragged her feet to keep going, until finally that evening she got up to the place that has always been her favorite. There was a feeling that never goes out. There was a tightness that she was unable to explain. Exhale exhausted, Jen then crouched down; resting her body that felt beaten. Looked at the dusk and the sun that was soon set to leave, for some reason, suddenly a tear fell from the corner of her eye

*“Come on, Dave. You can’t break your promise.”* She said hoarsely. She wept bitterly, until she was shocked by a voice of a person she was waiting for.

*“Jen...”*

She looked up, and she could find the person he had longed for. He is Dave. However when she was about to smile and wiped her tears, his voice could be heard again.

*“Don’t wait for me.”* It was said along with the disappearance of his shadow and the dusk that began to leave its place; they leave her behind.

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At last, dusk takes me to a farewell. It takes me to a sorrow; a bitterness. It seems like it has turn out its duty. It led me to a loss. I am incapable of many things, likewise to greet you away. Again, I will never have any force to greet you, who will never get back. Right along, I will remain dreamed-up. — **Jen.**

# APPENDICES 2



**Appendices 2. Tables of Analysis**

Table 4.1. “Vanilla Cake Analysis”

Values	Sub-Values	Short Story’s Title, Author, and URL	Yes/No	Explicit / Implicit	Remark
Religious	Peace- Loving	“Vanilla Cake” by Mila Romana.	Yes (Religious , sincere)	Implicit	Religious: 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. Sincere: “Happy valentine’s day, Mom,” Nancy said, poking a red rose picked from the garden.
	Nature- Loving	From: <a href="https://storiesfromthenorth2019.blogspot.com/2020/01/vanilla-cake-short-story.html">https://storiesfro mthenorth2019.b logspot.com/202 0/01/vanilla- cake-short- story.html</a>			
	Sincere				
Nationalism	Patriotic		No	-	-
	Tolerant				
	Discipline				
Independent	Creative		Yes (Hardwork king)	Implicit	“I enjoyed my work as always. I have investigated a bank robbery, corruption, fraud, and a bombing. It doesn’t exhaust me.”
	Hardworking				
	Resilient				



Integrity	Responsible		No	-	-
	Honest				
	Loyal				
Cooperative	Solidary		Yes (Cooperative)	Implicit	<p>““Let me turn off the stove, Mom. Sit down and.....,” said Amanda. .....“But I need to take coffee for Daddy dear,”..... “Let me take it for Daddy,” Nancy said.”</p>
	Inclusive				
	Appreciative				

Table 4.2 “Rose for Anne Analysis”

Values	Sub-Values	Short Story's Title, Author, and URL	Yes/No	Explicit/ Implicit	Remark
Religious	Peace-Loving	<p>“Rose for Anne” by Yuanda Cristata. From: <a href="https://boundbyimagination.blogspot">https://boundbyimagination.blogspot</a></p>	Yes (Sincere)	Implicit	<p>You're still sweet, eternal in my heart, in my mind. You dance in every corner of my room.... In my heart, my tunes filled-up Madison with beautiful sounds especially for Rose.</p>
	Nature-Loving				
	Sincere				
	Patriotic		No	-	-

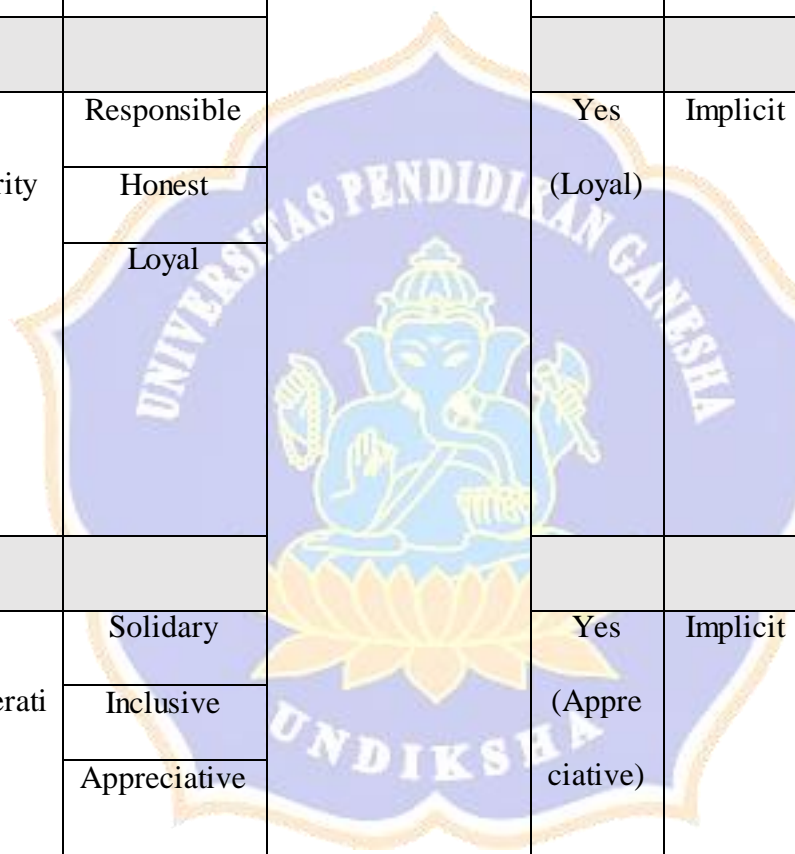
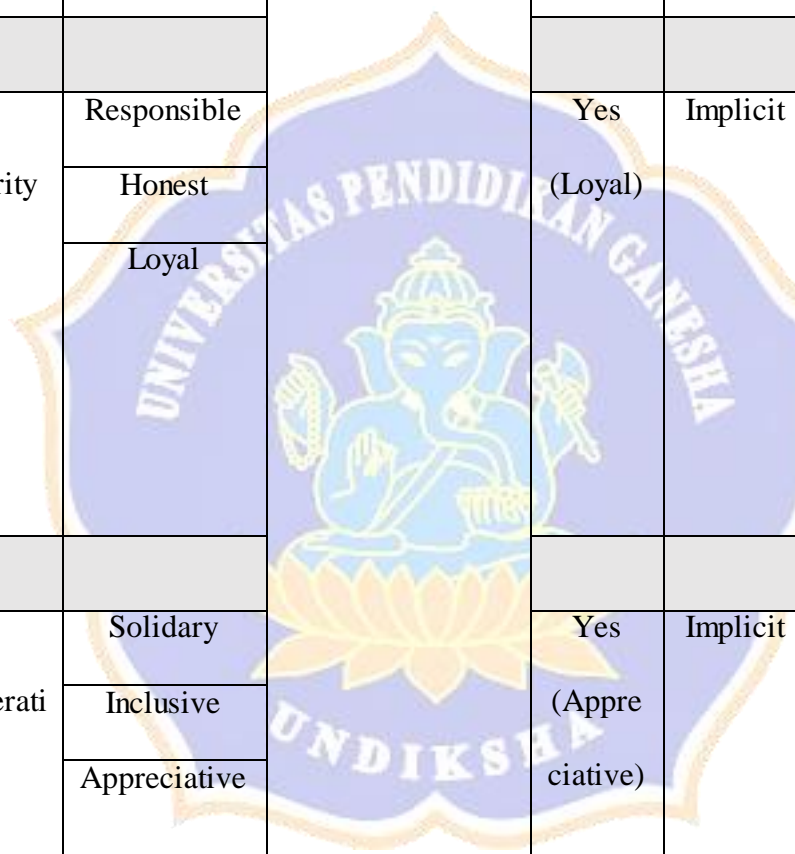
Nationalism	Tolerant	<a href="http://t.com/2019/11/rose-for-anne-by-yuanda-what-can-you-do.html">t.com/2019/11/rose-for-anne-by-yuanda-what-can-you-do.html</a>			
	Discipline				
Independent	Creative	<a href="http://t.com/2019/11/rose-for-anne-by-yuanda-what-can-you-do.html">you-do.html</a>	Yes	Implicit	A week after my infatuation started, I moved to Massachusetts for three years to improve my skills as a pianist.
	Hardworking		(Hardworking)		
	Resilient				
Integrity	Responsible		Yes	Implicit	Why did you leave me eleven years ago? I still remember what we went through, what we saw, what we felt..... You're still sweet, eternal in my heart, in my mind.
	Honest		(Loyal)		
	Loyal				
Cooperative	Solidary		Yes	Implicit	.....But then something sweet happened. She ran! Surprised me! "Thank you, Mr. Stuart, you played beautifully."
	Inclusive		(Appreciative)		
	Appreciative				

Table 4.3 “For Sale: Pecel Sumarti” Analysis

Values	Sub-Values	Short Story's Title, Author, and URL	Yes/No	Explicit/ Implicit	Remark
Religious	Peace- Loving	“For Sale: Pecel Sumarti” by Livia. From: <a href="https://legobali.wordpress.com/2019/11/20/for-sale-pecel-sumarti/">https://legobali .wordpress.co m/2019/11/20/f or-sale-pecel- sumarti/</a>	No	-	-
	Nature- Loving				
	Sincere				
Nationalism	Patriotic		No	-	-
	Tolerant				
	Discipline				
Independent	Creative		Yes	Implicit	Creative: “She tried to apply for job in so many companies, but she got rejected...” “Then, when she went to her backyard, she found nut, kale, chili, and bean sprouts grew. She picked it up, washed it, then did some magic to those treasures..... Hardworking: Sun was starting to rise and shine,
	Hardworking		(Creative and		
	Resilient		Hardworking)		

					an old lady sat at the corner of the market. Her hand was busy chopping vegetables....
Integrity	Responsible		No	-	-
	Honest				
	Loyal				
Cooperative	Solidary		No	-	-
	Inclusive				
	Appreciative				

Table 4.4 “Hurricane in Brooklyn” Analysis

Values	Sub-Values	Short Story's Title, Author, and URL	Yes/No	Explicit / Implicit	Remark
Religious	Peace-Loving	“Hurricane in Broocklyn” by	Yes (Peace-loving)	Implicit	It was impossible to do because black people were seen with only an eye. However, he had a strong belief that he could prove and erase this dark side. This was the path that he chose..... He had turned the impossibility into possibility. He had turned the gloomy
	Nature-Loving				
	Sincere				



		Ardi Sastrawan. From: <a href="https://aspaceforsharing.blogspot.com/2020/01/short-story-hurricane-in-brooklyn.html">https://aspaceforsharing.blogspot.com/2020/01/short-story-hurricane-in-brooklyn.html</a>			weather into a bright day in Brooklyn. After that day, no more drug dealer, no more murder, no more gangster, and no more disaster.
Nationalism	Patriotic	<a href="https://aspaceforsharing.blogspot.com/2020/01/short-story-hurricane-in-brooklyn.html">short-story-hurricane-in-brooklyn.html</a>	Yes (Patriotic)	Implicit	Black people were seen with only an eye. However, he had a strong belief that he could prove and erase this dark side..... .. Therefore, he was smiling on his death because the path that he chose had been successfully passed. He did not regret it because his bravery brought the justice that he desired.
	Tolerant				
	Discipline				
Independent	Creative		Yes (Creative and Resilient)	Implicit	Creative: Then, he found a way to prove it all and fulfill his desire, brought justice to this land. He took out his phone, accessed a live video, and forced him to tell all of his villainy, so then the world would know that injustice was still there, imprisoned black people. Resilient: He could not forgive himself
	Hardworking				
	Resilient				

					because he could do nothing on that night. But one day, Darryl went out from the orphanage because he knew that he had to leave that place. <i>“We have to fight for what we believe in, even if that means standing alone”</i> , said Darryl in his heart.
Integrity	Responsible	UNDIKSHA	Yes (Responsible)	Implicit	He felt guilty. The rain fell as long as the gun on his hand. Fortunately, that man was savable because Darryl brought him to the nearest hospital hurriedly.
	Honest				
	Loyal				
Cooperative	Solidary	UNDIKSHA	No	-	-
	Inclusive				
	Appreciative				

Table 4.5 “Breakfast Conversation” Analysis

Values	Sub-Values	Short Story’s Title, Author, and URL	Yes/No	Explicit/Implicit	Remark
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Religious	Peace-Loving	“Breakfast Conversation” by Dwita Kartini. From: <a href="https://ringoscar.tbydk.blogspot.com/2019/12/breakfast-conversation.html">https://ringoscar.tbydk.blogspot.com/2019/12/breakfast-conversation.html</a>	No	-	-
	Nature-Loving		Yes (Patriotic)	Implicit	Yet on the corner of the dining room, I was quite sure that I saw Mrs. Lily, trapped. I kicked the nearest window and helped her to get out.
	Sincere				
Nationalism	Patriotic	Kartini. From: <a href="https://ringoscar.tbydk.blogspot.com/2019/12/breakfast-conversation.html">https://ringoscar.tbydk.blogspot.com/2019/12/breakfast-conversation.html</a>	Yes	Implicit	Hardworking: I tried to understand every detail on the book. Line by line, formula by formula..... Well, I believe if I done this study routine, I will be 'at least' not became the last at school. Resilient: Well, I have got used to this kind of situation. I have to admit that everyone in this family born with things that others hard to get, talent and intelligence..... . There will be no big house, no parents, no siblings, no longer
	Tolerant		Yes (Hardworking and Resilient)	Implicit	
	Discipline				
Independent	Creative	Kartini. From: <a href="https://ringoscar.tbydk.blogspot.com/2019/12/breakfast-conversation.html">https://ringoscar.tbydk.blogspot.com/2019/12/breakfast-conversation.html</a>	Yes	Implicit	Hardworking: I tried to understand every detail on the book. Line by line, formula by formula..... Well, I believe if I done this study routine, I will be 'at least' not became the last at school. Resilient: Well, I have got used to this kind of situation. I have to admit that everyone in this family born with things that others hard to get, talent and intelligence..... . There will be no big house, no parents, no siblings, no longer
	Hardworking		Yes (Hardworking and Resilient)	Implicit	
	Resilient				

					sarcasm. I might the stupidest in my family, but hey now I realize that I am stronger than them.
Integrity	Responsible		No	-	-
	Honest				
	Loyal				
Cooperative	Solidary		No	-	-
	Inclusive				
	Appreciative				

Table 4.6 "Illusion" Analysis

Values	Sub-Values	Short Story's Title, Author, and URL	Yes/No	Explicit/Implicit	Remark
Religious	Peace-Loving		Yes (Sincere )	Implicit	A best friend who is now her boyfriend is always doing such sweet things. It felt like she missed that guy so bad.
	Nature-Loving				
	Sincere				

		“Illusion” by			
Nationalism	Patriotic	Yudhi	No	-	-
	Tolerant	Adnyani.			
	Discipline	From: <a href="https://blankspaceonly.blog">https://blankspaceonly.blog</a>			
		<a href="https://blankspaceonly.blog">https://blankspaceonly.blog</a>			
Independent	Creative	<a href="https://spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html">spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html</a>	No	-	-
	Hardworking	<a href="https://spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html">spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html</a>			
	Resilient	<a href="https://spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html">spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html</a>			
Integrity	Responsible	Yudhi Adnyani. From: <a href="https://blankspaceonly.blog">https://blankspaceonly.blog</a> <a href="https://spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html">spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html</a>	Yes (Loyal)	Implicit	She looked at the gloomy sky that morning. “The sky just like the days I would’ve lived without you,” she muttered while chuckling; chuckles of bitterness.
	Honest				
	Loyal				
Cooperative	Solidary	Yudhi Adnyani. From: <a href="https://blankspaceonly.blog">https://blankspaceonly.blog</a> <a href="https://spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html">spot.com/2020/06/illusion.html</a>	-	-	-
	Inclusive				
	Appreciative				