

APPENDICES



Appendix 1. Students' Short Stories

Vanilla Cake

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

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

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 grand father’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 grand father 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, 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 be 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 becauase 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: PECEL 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, 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: PECEL 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.”



The Tree Tells Tale

“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 is 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 is 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 is 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.



Breakfast Conversation

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

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.

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.

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.

Appendix 2. Short Story Grading Rubric

Short Story Grading Rubric

CATEGORY	Exceptional	Good	Fair	Poor
Setting	Many vivid, descriptive words are used to tell when and where the story took place.	Some vivid, descriptive words are used to tell the audience when and where the story took place.	The reader can figure out when and where the story took place, but the author didn't supply much detail.	The reader has trouble figuring out when and where the story took place.
Characters	The main characters are named and clearly described. Most readers could describe the characters accurately.	The main characters are named and described. Most readers would have some idea of what the characters looked like.	The main characters are named. The reader knows very little about the characters.	It is hard to tell who the main characters are.

Problem/ Conflict	It is very easy for the reader to understand the problem the main characters face and why it is a problem.	It is fairly easy for the reader to understand the problem the main characters face and why it is a problem.	It is fairly easy for the reader to understand the problem the main characters face but it is not clear why it is a problem.	It is not clear what problem the main characters face.
Solution/ Resolution	The solution to the character's problem is easy to understand, and is logical. There are no loose ends.	The solution to the character's problem is easy to understand, and is somewhat logical.	The solution to the character's problem is a little hard to understand.	No solution is attempted or it is impossible to understand.
Dialogue	There is an appropriate amount of dialogue to bring the characters to life and it is always clear which character is speaking.	There is too much dialogue in this story, but it is always clear which character is speaking.	There is not quite enough dialogue in this story, but it is always clear which character is speaking.	It is not clear which character is speaking.
Organization	The story is very well organized. One idea or scene follows another in a logical sequence with clear transitions.	The story is pretty well organized. One idea or scene may seem out of place. Clear transitions are used.	The story is a little hard to follow. The transitions are sometimes not clear.	Ideas and scenes seem to be randomly arranged.
Creativity	The story contains many creative details and/or descriptions that contribute to the reader's enjoyment. The author has really used his/her imagination.	The story contains a few creative details and/or descriptions that contribute to the reader's enjoyment. The author has used his/her imagination.	The story contains a few creative details and/or descriptions, but they distract from the story. The author has tried to use his/her imagination.	There is little evidence of creativity in the story. The author does not seem to have used much imagination.
Mechanics	The story contains no errors in grammar, usage, or mechanics.	The story contains few minor errors in grammar, usage, or mechanics.	The story contains many and/or serious errors in grammar, usage, or mechanics; may interfere with reading.	The story contains so many errors in grammar, usage, and mechanics that errors block reading.
Requirements	All of the written requirements (typed, double spaced, # of pages, font, margins) were met. MLA Format	Almost all (about 90%) the written requirements were met. MLA format	Most (about 75%) of the written requirements were met, but several were not. MLA format	Many requirements were not met.

Name: _____

CATEGORY	Points Possible					Points Earned
Setting	5	4	3	2	x2	
Characters	5	4	3	2	x2	

Problem/Conflict	5	4	3	2	x2	
Solution/Resolution	5	4	3	2	x2	
Dialogue	5	4	3	2	x2	
Organization	5	4	3	2	x2	
Creativity	5	4	3	2	x2	
Mechanics	5	4	3	2	x2	
Requirements	5	4	3	2	x2	
Title Page	5	4	3	2	x2	
						TOTAL:

Adopted from: <http://hqms.psd202.org/documents/lthomas/1506604611.pdf>



Appendix 3. List of Reading Habit Interview Questions

Reading Habit Interview Guide

No	Questions	Answers
1	Do you like to read? Why or why not?	
2	What motivates you to read?	
3	How many books did you read last week?	
4	How often did you read? <input type="checkbox"/> every day, <input type="checkbox"/> a few times a week, <input type="checkbox"/> once in a while	
5	How long did you read in a day? <input type="checkbox"/> Less than 1 hour <input type="checkbox"/> 1 hour - 2 hours <input type="checkbox"/> More than 2 hours	
6	Please finish this question below! I would read more if ...	
7	What do you do when you come to a word you have trouble reading?	
8	What kind of texts do you like to read? <input type="checkbox"/> Fiction <input type="checkbox"/> Nonfiction	
9	What three books have you read recently?	
10	Do you think reading is hard or easy for you? Why?	
11	Do you think that reading can help you to finish your writing projects?	
12	How do you know that you understand what you are reading about?	

Appendix 4. Expert Judges Sheets

Content Validity of Short Story Grading Rubric

No	Item	Relevant	Irrelevant	Comment
1	Setting	√		
2	Characters	√		
3	Problem/Conflict	√		
4	Solution/Resolution	√		
5	Dialogue	√		
6	Organization	√		
7	Creativity	√		
8	Mechanics	√		
9	Requirements	√		
10	Title Page	√		

Expert Judge I



A. A. Gede Yudha Paramartha, S.Pd., M.Pd.

NIP. 198806222014041001

Content Validity of Interview Guide

No	Item	Relevant	Irrelevant	Comment
1	Do you like to read? Why or why not?	√		
2	What motivates you to read?	√		
3	How many books did you read last week?	√		
4	How often did you read? <input type="checkbox"/> every day, <input type="checkbox"/> a few times a week, <input type="checkbox"/> once in a while	√		
5	How long did you read in a day? <input type="checkbox"/> Less than 1 hour <input type="checkbox"/> 1 hour - 2 hours <input type="checkbox"/> More than 2 hours	√		
6	Please finish this question below! I would read more if ...	√		
7	What do you do when you come to a word you have trouble reading?	√		
8	What kind of texts do you like to read? <input type="checkbox"/> Fiction <input type="checkbox"/> Nonfiction	√		
9	What three books have you read recently?	√		
10	Do you think reading is hard or easy for you? Why?	√		
11	Do you think that reading can help you to finish your writing projects?	√		
12	How do you know that you understand what you are reading about?	√		

Expert Judge I



A. A. Gede Yudha Paramartha, S.Pd., M.Pd.

NIP. 198806222014041001

Content Validity of Short Story Grading Rubric

No	Item	Relevant	Irrelevant	Comment
1	Setting	√		
2	Characters	√		
3	Problem/Conflict	√		
4	Solution/Resolution	√		
5	Dialogue	√		
6	Organization	√		
7	Creativity	√		
8	Mechanics	√		
9	Requirements	√		
10	Title Page	√		

Expert Judge II

Ni Putu Astiti Pratiwi, S.Pd., M.Pd.

NIP. 198808252015042002

Content Validity of Interview Guide

No	Item	Relevant	Irrelevant	Comment
1	Do you like to read? Why or why not?	√		
2	What motivates you to read?	√		
3	How many books did you read last week?	√		
4	How often did you read? <input type="checkbox"/> every day, <input type="checkbox"/> a few times a week, <input type="checkbox"/> once in a while	√		
5	How long did you read in a day? <input type="checkbox"/> Less than 1 hour <input type="checkbox"/> 1 hour - 2 hours <input type="checkbox"/> More than 2 hours	√		
6	Please finish this question below! I would read more if ...	√		
7	What do you do when you come to a word you have trouble reading?	√		
8	What kind of texts do you like to read? <input type="checkbox"/> Fiction <input type="checkbox"/> Nonfiction	√		
9	What three books have you read recently?	√		
10	Do you think reading is hard or easy for you? Why?	√		
11	Do you think that reading can help you to finish your writing projects?	√		
12	How do you know that you understand what you are reading about?	√		

Expert Judge II



Ni Putu Astiti Pratiwi, S.Pd., M.Pd.

NIP. 198808252015042002

Appendix 5. The result of Short Story Grading Rubric

The ranking of students' Short Story Score

NO	STUDENT CODE	TITLE	SCORE	RANKING
1	CW-01	The Tree Tell Tale	96	1 ST
2	CW-02	Breakfast Conversation	92	2 ND
3	CW-03	Vanilla Cake	90	3 RD
4	CW-04	For Sale: Pecel Sumarti	90	4 TH
5	CW-05	Illusion	88	5 TH
6	CW-06	Rose for Anne	86	6 TH



Appendix 6. The Result of the Reading Habit Interview

Transcript of Interview

No	Questions	Answers
1	Do you like to read? Why or why not?	<p>CW-01: Yes, I do. Particularly because I am a fan of fiction, I like to read some fictional works, and by reading, I can portray an imaginary world that is created by the author. That's interesting. Other than fictional works, I'm not so interested.</p> <p>CW-02: Yes, because reading is entertaining.</p> <p>CW-03: Yes, I like to read because I can get more specific information about something through it. It strengthens my previous knowledge or thought about certain topics, objects etc. It also can entertain me and my thought.</p> <p>CW-04: Yes. Reading is an escape for me.</p> <p>CW-05: I like to read because it increases my mood sometimes. It kills my boredom. Besides, I can learn something from the characters' experiences, I learn how to see things in various perspectives, in which it's good for my self-development.</p> <p>CW-06: To be honest, I don't really like to read. I more prefer to write something I imagine, then I read it by myself. Besides, I am more interested to see something visualized.</p>
2	What motivates you to read?	<p>CW-01: If talking about fictional works, actually, there's no specific motivation for me to read because I just like it, it can wipe away my boredom, but to be honest, I have a desire to be an author of a well-known novel one day. Even if at this point, I'm still far from it, at least I have to know how a popular fictional work is composed very well. For other books, I may read to search for needed-information only.</p> <p>CW-02: The fate of the character on the story I read. I used to forget everything during reading, unless the story end, or to be continued.</p> <p>CW-03: The thing that motivates me the most to read is my curiosity. When I need to know something in detail</p>

		<p>I will try to gain the information's as much as it is possible through reading, everywhere. Nowadays, there are so many ways that people do to help us in gathering information instantly like video with educational content on YouTube. People are very enthusiasts with that including me. Meanwhile, to ensure the information that I had got through watching those videos (listening and seeing visually) I would try to get more information by reading some related articles.</p> <p>CW-04: The topic. Reading a good story makes me forget what actually happened in reality.</p> <p>CW-05: Initially I wanted to have an activity that can booster my mood. Watching is not an option because I need a friend since I often get sleepy when doing it alone. I started trying to read a romance-comedy novel. I didn't realize when I got addicted and always read whenever I have time. I started to read another genre and I got a lot of new knowledge afterwards. From then on I made reading a must-do activity.</p> <p>CW-06: Uhm, the theme or the topic. If the theme or the topic is something like love, romance, comedy, or make up, I will read it as fast as I can. Except, when I was in my college, I must to read many textbooks. I must read and understand it, but in a short time, I will easily forget about what it is. It will be different if I read "Lolita" synopsis or, maybe "Bazaar" magazine.</p>
3	How many books did you read last week?	<p>CW-01: only 2 fictional novels and 3 academic books.</p> <p>CW-02: maybe about 2</p> <p>CW-03: Three books</p> <p>CW-04: More than 5</p> <p>CW-05: More than 5</p> <p>CW-06: less than five books.</p>
4	How often did you read? <input type="checkbox"/> every day, <input type="checkbox"/> a few times a week, <input type="checkbox"/> once in a while	<p>CW-01: once in a while</p> <p>CW-02: a few times a week</p> <p>CW-03: every day</p> <p>CW-04: a few times a week</p>

		<p>CW-05: a few times a week</p> <p>CW-06: once in a while</p>
5	<p>How long did you read in a day? <input type="checkbox"/> Less than 1 hour</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> 1 hour - 2 hours <input type="checkbox"/> More than 2 hours</p>	<p>CW-01: Less than 1 hour</p> <p>CW-02: 1 hour - 2 hours</p> <p>CW-03: More than 2 hours</p> <p>CW-04: More than 2 hours</p> <p>CW-05: 1 hour – 2 hours</p> <p>CW-06: Less than 1 hour</p>
6	<p>Pleas finish this question below! I would read more If ...</p>	<p>CW-01: I have more spare time, less business, and tranquil surroundings.</p> <p>CW-02: If the book or the content I read filled with illustration</p> <p>CW-03: I have more time to do that</p> <p>CW-04: if books in the bookstore are free.</p> <p>CW-05: I have nothing to do, I am waiting for someone/something, I am in a bad mood</p> <p>CW-06: I like the topics (suits to me just like when I read Lolita, Romeo and Juliet, Make Up Magazine) or it can help me for certain purposes. For examples, finishing my task, and adding more sources to my thesis.</p>
7	<p>What do you do when you come to a word you have trouble reading?</p>	<p>CW-01: First, guessing the meaning by relating to the whole paragraph, then searching for the exact meaning in dictionary. This way fit me the most because if the meaning of the guessed-word is right, it will be attached stronger to my mind.</p> <p>CW-02: I used to ask Google translate</p> <p>CW-03: I attempt to ask Google how to pronounce it and what the meaning of that word is. Sometimes I will ask my friend, my sister or my parents. But eventually, when I get more than 20 words that are difficult to read, I will pass it, or ignore it. In the certain moment it can ruin my mood in reading and leads me to read others topics or other writing with the same topics but easy to read also easy to comprehend.</p>

		<p>CW-04: Google.</p> <p>CW-05: I think about its context. I try to find any contextual clues to help me figure out the meaning of the word, and when it's necessary, I'll look the word up in the dictionary.</p> <p>CW-06: I will open my dictionary as soon as possible or ask my friends that are mastered English well.</p>
8	<p>What kind of texts do you like to read?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Fiction</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Nonfiction</p>	<p>CW-01: Fiction (is it including comic? I don't really clear with the term, sorry my bad. If yes, so here it is.)</p> <p>CW-02: Fiction: Webtoon</p> <p>CW-03: Fiction and Nonfiction</p> <p>CW-04: Fiction: Chapter books</p> <p>CW-05: Fiction and Nonfiction</p> <p>CW-06: Fiction (Poetry) and Nonfiction (Magazines)</p>
9	<p>What three books have you read recently?</p>	<p>CW-01: 1. Murder on the Orient Express (1934) 2. Marxism and Literary Criticism (1976) 3. Eragon (2002)</p> <p>CW-02: (1) Eleceed (2) Romantic Palete (3) Hooky</p> <p>CW-03: 1. Ronggeng Dukuh Paruk by Ahmad Tohari 2. The Famous Five: Five on a Treasure Island by Guid Blyton 3. Behind the Closed Door: Anthology of Poems by Arnis Silvia.</p> <p>CW-04: 1. Catatan Pinggir – Goenawan Mohammad 2. For One More Day – Mitch Albom 3. Thus Spoke Zarathustra - Nietzsche</p> <p>CW-05: 1. Magnolia Secret 2. Icarus Has Fallen 3. The Legend of Naverland</p> <p>CW-06: 1. Toddler Books 2. Burning Hair 3. Lolita</p>
10	<p>Do you think reading is hard or</p>	<p>CW-01: I think it depends on yourself and what you read. If you do not like the book, you'll hard to get</p>

	<p>easy for you? Why?</p>	<p>inside it, but if you like what you read, you will live in it. It also works for me. If I read a fictional work, my answer is yes because I'm very fond of it. If it is an academic book, I need extra effort to understand it. After all, reading actually is not that hard if you focus on what you read. Some people may think it's hard because their focus is dispersed.</p> <p>CW-02: it depends on the reading itself. I usually find it hard when it comes to academic reading, unless I like the topic. I used to enjoy fiction.</p> <p>CW-03: Reading is not hard because I often read certain topics that are appropriate with my educational needs and my entertainment needs.</p> <p>CW-04: Sometimes it's hard, sometimes it's easy. Depends on the topic.</p> <p>CW-05: It depends on the types of book I read. It's easy for me when I read books that are written in an accessible style than those with complex language and complicated discussion.</p> <p>CW-06: Sometimes hard and sometimes easy. When you must to read something you must to understand like textbooks, but you honestly don't like it, reading will be the hardest part of your day. Just like when I was in my college.</p>
11	<p>Do you think that reading can help you to finish your writing projects?</p>	<p>CW-01: Yes of course, no doubt. Beside the natural relationship between reading and writing, reading helps me to think systematically which is helpful to finish my projects. Without reading, I must be stuck and never move out. Reading helps me so much.</p> <p>CW-02: YES</p> <p>CW-03: Yes, I do.</p> <p>CW-04: Yes</p> <p>CW-05: Yes, I do. It helps me a lot. It gives me inspiration and ideas to write because I personally think ideas are hard to come by. Reading leads me to know how to start, how to improve my writing to be better.</p> <p>CW-06: Yes, a lot. It increased my grammar and sources.</p>

12	How do you know that you understand what you are reading about?	<p>CW-01: For me, I understand what I read if I can use or apply what I read contextually.</p> <p>CW-02: I could connect every event on the story I read in my mind and make sense of it.</p> <p>CW-03: Firstly, I will enjoy the reading. Secondly, I can make summary or just explain the main idea with simple sentences in written or spoken words.</p> <p>CW-04: If I enjoy it</p> <p>CW-05: Whenever I read, I immediately think in picture of every part. If I could transmit words in the text into images in my mind, I am sure that I clearly understand what I read.</p> <p>CW-06: Uhm, yeah when I can explain it to others with my own language, but it still linked to the books I read.</p>
----	---	--

