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Kristario Septian Putra:
ALWAYS FALL FOR YOU

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SUMMARY OF THE STORY

Madisan, a girl lived in a rehabilitation center because of her addiction to drugs. One day, she had a guest she never knew before, a journalist, but he came not for business matter. Though she was doubt at the first, she was willing to tell her life experience to him at last. One thing she believed, he came for being the aid for her. Despite she came from jet-set family, her parents were popular couple in public, but she didn’t get happiness in her life. Since she was still a kid, she had less affection from her parents. Her parents always had quarrels and usually ended with persecution to her mother. Coincidentally, she had friends in school with those who had same problems. Madisan who frustrated, started to get her happiness after getting acquainted with drugs. She got them from a drug dealer named Dodi. From him, she also knew a girl named Dara who was being her lover. However, her life was not ended when she had her happiness. She had to strive for her love to Dara that was being regarded as a negative effect from drugs by her surroundings.
I never want to tell my story to everyone, but this man. I, Madisan, met him when I was under a treatment in a rehabilitation center.

Since the first time I came to that place, I had a desire to escape from this place. Not because I don’t like that place, but there is something I had to struggle my life which perhaps people think it is wrong, but it is very important for me.

That night was different. I couldn’t sleep along the night ’till morning. I felt so anxious, as if something would come to rescue me. I looked out to the window for many times, very curious what did the aid look like. Suddenly, I saw a man in the early morning, sat in the waiting room. I was peeping from my window, guessing that surely he was a special guest ‘cause he could be here before visiting hour. I didn’t know who he was and what he did here.

It was 8 am, and I was still awakened. I saw him talked to doctor Ashiran in the waiting room when the doctor was just coming. Doctor Ashiran was the owner and the head of the rehabilitation center. They were looking to my room sometimes while talking. I couldn’t be seen by them easily because there was a quite huge garden between my room and the waiting room.

Unfortunately, my curiosity was defeated by my drowsiness. I’d rather chose to sleep than observing person I didn’t know.

I was awakened before lunch time. I came out from my room then went to dining table. I was little bit wonder when I saw him was still here. I was thinking, probably he did need to see me. However, I had no willing to ask him. I let the aid came to me, I would never ask or even beg to anybody to help me.

Really, after lunch, doctor Ashiran came to me.

“Mady, there’s somebody wants to see you, do you mind to see him for a while?” Doctor asked me when I walked to my room.

I was thrilled, but I didn’t show in front of him. I thought, perhaps, this was the aid. He came to rescue me.

“No. But I’m too tired. Ask him to come to my room.”

He smiled. I walked leaving him to my room.
I was a little bit nervous. I did really need a help, but how could I tell him. How could I set a plan with people I didn’t even know? Perhaps, he only wanted to observe me or checked me up. Shortly after, my door was knocked.

“Come in....” I shout a little from inside.

“May I get in?”

I nodded.

“Please take a seat.” I pointed a chair near my bed. “Who are you?”

He looked like thinking the answer. Probably, he wanted to propitiate the situation.

“I am Dodi’s friend.”

I was shocked for a moment. I wondered how he could know Dodi.

“How do you know Dodi?”

“I met him on an interview two months ago. He told me a story for my article about drug syndicate. And he told me about you. At the end, he asked me to find you.”

“Are you a journalist?”

He nodded. “But I’m here not for business matter. I just want to meet you.”

“What did he tell?”

“He always remembers about you and wants to know about you.”

I laughed. “Dodi is always accurate in guessing when I will suicide!”

“Suicide? Are you sure?” He seemed aghast.

“Don’t need to pretend. Dodi has told you about me, hasn’t he? I want to die soon,”

I got up from my bed and walked to take a glass of water. His eyes kept following me.

“My parents will send me to US in a week,” I laughed, “They think they can. They can’t take me out. I’ve already died when they are coming. I’ve learned the effective way to suicide. However, I hate this house so much. They seized my sleeping pills, check every detail in my room every day, and do not let me to keep any sharp tools. They seized something hanging on my neck, necklace, rope, belt, and scarf. They are not allowing me to spray mosquitos using insect spray, nor chemical things in this room. They check me before I go to sleep,” I continued.
He seemed uncomfortable.

“Do you want to tell me your story?” he asked.

“I should ask first, can you help me?”

He looked thinking so hard. Maybe, it was not easy for him helping me after he heard my story.

“I could answer this after hearing your story.”

I smiled. Probably this was the safest answer for him quitted from the confusion.

“I will tell you at the garden.”

The skies are so blue when we were walking passing trees. I sat on a grass and he sat next to me.

“Have you ever thought where you will die?” I asked him suddenly.

He didn’t answer. Apparently, he startled with my question.

“I’m dreaming I will die in a hug of somebody I love so much, not here,” I smiled to him, “To die somewhere outside there is a victory, but here is a loser. If you want to help me, I will die in peace outside there. Not here.”

“Could you tell me something else besides death? You’re still young,” probably he didn’t like about what I just said.

I stared him. “I don’t have world by now. My world has already taken away. I die for getting a new life that I want. I’ve never been reading a book about reincarnation, but I believe it exists. People are scared hearing my words about suicide. But for me, it’s just a way. A way to a new life.”

He didn’t respond. Maybe a journalist had the ability to read the situation, when should he talk and when he shouldn’t.

“I will tell you something. I don’t know whether you are reliable or not. Dodi has sent you to find me. Maybe you are an angel who could help me.”
CHAPTER 2: THE STUPIDITY

“If I you want to know who is the greatest enemy in my life, it is me, myself. It is who I never recognize. It is who I never understand. It is who I couldn’t compromise. It is who I couldn’t banish from my body.”

“How could you realize it?”

“I hated myself since I was twelve. The moment when the kid-cheerfulness has over. The time when I started to get many problems. I hate mornings. When the alarm rang, showed 6 am and I had to end my comfy sleep.”

I got up overshadowing him, “I don’t like my body. Especially these two small bumps on my chest that made me bashful to stand up. I was spanking at dozens of bra. Mama said that it was good to take care of breasts. I didn’t follow her teachings nonetheless. I didn’t wear that thing. Isn’t it better when it flats, is it? Therefore I liked to wear two coatings. The result, the two small bumps were disguised. I walked confidently and no eyes with a sensual gaze,”

I faced to him, “I hated school. I hated to be taught. I hated people who I didn’t recognize were forming my thought with the patterns which they thought were right.”

I couldn’t hide my expression. His eyes followed me.

“Every morning was torture. I loathed twice in the morning. The first was fried rice for breakfast with the same flavor and pattern every day. Mama taught me how to eat with the right steps. Eat up the rice and the side dishes, and ended up with the slices of cucumber, then drank the milk at last. I ever thought, would I die if I only drank the milk, or eat the cucumber at first. I wonder what would happen to me if I did not have breakfast for sometimes. However, she was always beside me, waiting.”

“Did you hate go to school?”

“Of course! I hated those teacher visages who were ready surprised me with their teachings I didn’t like. Arithmetic, geometry, physics, biology. I never asked them for teaching me those lessons. Moreover, my mind didn’t want to think those things.”

I paused for a second.

“Do people were born for repeating something they don’t like?”

When he hadn’t answered, I had already continued.
“If so, why do we have desire? I couldn’t find the answer. I had no time to be exact. I solaced myself that I will find the answer at any time. Perhaps the answer would come when I didn’t question it anymore. I never knew how the depiction of a freedom was. Yet, I was sure the time would come. Then I held back the boredom for going to school every day, with a dream I could be free someday.”

“I knew you are the daughter of the popular couple, Hariyana Wijaya Wardhana and Sinta Maharani Wardhana, a senior board businessman who has great prestige in public. Didn’t they provide you all you need, did they?”

“As my eyes could see the world, I knew my house is a magnificent building with six pillars and clearly painted in white. A huge swimming pool I could plunge anytime I wanted. As my feet could walk, I saw five cars parked in the garage. And as the time passed by, the models were always changing. As I understood the words and sentences, I knew my father, who I call Papa, was the business owner of oil palm plantation in Borneo, property, and retail. As my nose could smell, I knew that a woman with great appetite was completely satisfied because of the unlimited money from Papa. She had a huge room with the fantastic collections of diamonds, watches, apparels, and shoes. As my body could do something, I knew that this house was a servant’s nest. That made me did nothing but shower and dress. There were six servants, imagine! Mama split them to work on a small job of each. So it was a normal thing at house if they could take a nap at 2 pm and dress up beautifully in the evening. They had too much leisure.”

He gulped. I knew, he thought I was in a heaven with those all I had. But I said, I never felt happy with those properties.

“I never knew the significance of “rich” if not because of my friends said it. “You’re rich.” Comments I often heard from their mouth. After saying, couples of eyes were staring at me with a friendly gaze. Then I realized that word–rich–could make friend. I also got cheat from my friends in every home work or test. I finally realized that “rich” calling was powerful enough to make someone for not being themselves. I was never alone, though I knew the crowd around was never being honest,” I continued. “I’ve never been tortured by the sun-burn. Every day when the school bell was ringing, Zakir, my driver, had stood up at the school fence. He never let me waiting more than five minutes. He smiled every time he caught me on his eyes. How pity this driver was. He thought that finding me as quickly as he could was an achievement.”
“Wasn’t it nice when you didn’t need to wait?”

“To be honest, I really wanted to be like the other children; I could buy snacks, play catch and run with them. I always hoped that Zakir would come late so I had time longer to play with my friends. However he was too afraid of being fired. He knew, after catching me on his eyes was bringing me to house as soon as possible.”

He nodded. He probably knew my way of thinking.

“Isn’t there anything interesting in my house?”

“Maybe. You hadn’t told your parents. Maybe it should be the only thing you could find happiness.”

I laughed so hard, “I was a part of my parents’ routine.”

He confused.

“Papa was so busy and didn’t like share anything at home. From Mama, I knew Papa started the day with meeting. Even in the morning. Papa had breakfast and meeting at luxury hotel. Papa liked to wear luxurious apparels. He wore Armani or Zegna suit everyday with Prada tie. He had dozens of Tod’s shoes. Bringing Hermes work bag. He read Times, Businessweek and watched CNN everyday. He only gave a few time to talk with Mama. And maybe only once in a thousand meeting, he gave me a kiss.”

“Your mother?”

“Mama wasn’t too busy, but she talked too much. Not to me. But to others. Mama had a million charms. Not only beautiful and always dressing good, but she also had a good manner and friendly. She has a business of event organizer. She also has her own office, near from my house, smaller than my house. But it was so cozy and luxurious. Her name and face are familiar in this capital. She has good reputation. I saw it on magazines. Every time I hang out with Mama, I saw some people were smiling to Mama. She is a cherished person. That is a depiction that I know of my parents. The basic depiction.”

* * *

I only had a few memories until teens. They said it was a pleasant to be a child of rich family. They said my life was like a dream. I said, my life has no story. What can be told from the days that only have three points of places? House, school, and luxury car.
I became more relax at that time. I knew, my story was still long. I didn’t see him put out any of press’ stuffs. I put trust on him. His eyes kept following me.

“Every morning I did a ritual with an assured time. Every day was same. Ten minutes for breakfast, three minutes for drinking, a minute for swallowing all the suck vitamins. The rest, I swore as I ran to the car. If I just lucky, I left the house without any problems. Because there was often an exhibition in my house. A quarrel show. Once I remember. From my parents’ bedroom I heard they were talking quite loud. A chat at first then became a quarrel accompanied with a loud scream. It followed by a sound like something that slammed. It could be anything, big book, table lamp, or phone. I was fixated on the dining chair, strained towards the scary moment:

“Fuck you!” Mama screamed with an anger sound.
Bukk! Bukk!
“You think who you are, huh? You’re crazy! Asshole!” Mama’s voices more tremble.
“Shut up!!!” voice of Papa. Heavy and rough up.
Plakk! “You assh*le!”
Plakk! Bukk! Plakk!
“Akkkh!”
That sound slapped. That sound hit. That sound whale. That sound was sore. Mama’s moans had been a language. I began breathless. I didn’t know whether I felt sad, angry, or scared. My tears dropped one by one. Dripped and pooled on my grey skirt.”

I could see from her mouth. He seemed holding back a pain from my story.

“I know how you felt. It must be so hard for you to see that.” he spoke calmly..

“How I wanted to swear my friend at school. They said it was a pleasant to be a child of rich family. I would say to them, have them often seen their mother hit by their father? If only they knew characteristic of my mother. I saw different kind of woman the woman should be. Not like Mother Teresa who is willing to do something meaningful to others. Nor a patient mother who are willing to take care of her children. Neither a brave nor tough mother who proud of their children. My mother is a woman who easy to laugh with money. Willing to be persecuted. And scared to counter. Those weren’t making me proud.
“I believe, there is something that make you love your mother, isn’t it?” asked him to confirm.

“I think I didn’t love her. I felt pity on her at once. It because I could feel the pain she felt. Every time after she got maltreatment from Papa in the morning, I would run to her room in the afternoon after school. Making sure she didn’t die. I’m not making this joke. Fortunately, she didn’t die. Often I found her lying on her bed, fainted, and bruises on her body. Her lips turned to blue, her jowl and eyelids as well. She didn’t cry. Maybe her tears had ran out.”

I stared him while holding back my tears.

“Is it necessary to worry about one of them?” I asked him no purpose.

“I think you should worry about them both.”

“I don’t think so. Implanting indignation to the rudeness of Papa or the silliness of Mama was also fruitless. Because it took only intermit for they become romantic on each other. Going vacation abroad. Papa always gave Mama a diamond ring every time after a quarrel. As though an apology. And Mama was a diamond lover, of course she would give a thousand pardons. There were dozens of rings she put in a silver box in her wardrobe. Signifying the dozens of quarrels and hits from Papa.”

I couldn’t hold back my tears anymore. It dripped. One by one.

“I looked at these people by an ache in my heart. That quarrel happened again and again. Mama got persecution again, got bleeding again, gave up again, and then they went honeymoon again. I was so tired and disgusted. Who should I hate to? Who should I care to?”
CHAPTER 3: THE NEW WORLD

“Teens were so confusing.”

I walked away, towards the fountain. I followed the footpath passing a small fishpond. Seemed he knew I was bored of staying in the same place. He followed me from behind while I telling him my story.

“When I was seventeen, still, I couldn’t recognize my parents well. I didn’t understand, did every house, parents are always letting their children to not recognize their own parents? Not only their existence but also their heart?”

He didn’t answer.

“When I still did not understand for being forced that violence is a part of marriage, I was confronted to another reality that unfaithfulness is also part of marriage. I saw many times when Papa had left, Mama didn’t back to her breakfast. She lied down on a sofa in the living room. Her phone was stuck on her ear. Her voice was sounded intimate. I left her to school without addressing. A young photographer, that man. I knew it from the servants. They said, he came to my house for several times. The beginning of maturity seemed to be started at seventeen. If so, is it true that adulthood is always filled by disappointment? Why does childhood end? Why isn’t it eternal?”

He was unmoved.

“I haven’t met him when my friend, Cindy, also said that my father had an affair, a model. She knew it because Cindy was also a model. She saw my father with that girl on a fashion show. After Cindy told me that, I verified by myself it several days with her. I came to the cafe which the show was held. I saw my father hands wrapped on her waist as they walked to my father’s car. After that moment, I don’t love home and everything in it.”

“It must be affected to your life,” he spoke up.

“I did many things my parents didn’t know. I hung out with my friends who had the same problem, lonely and anxious, instead of attending courses. I thought I didn’t need to tell my parents cause they didn’t recognize me and I didn’t recognize them.”

“What did you do with them?”

“It only took a short time for being a record breaker as the most active smoker in the classroom. Two and a half packages a day. Minimal. My breast became flatter. What I like
most was my voice turned to be heavier. It seemed I was conjured to another person. More mature. Not a child anymore.”

He was stunned.

“I had more boyfriends at school. Of course, my spaces weren’t only my house, school, or courses. But cafes and malls. Sometimes we only hung out at my friend’s house when their parents weren’t home. Spent cigarettes. Shared everything. Most of us had the same problems. Broken family, house unlikely home, teachers who made us exhausted with a lot of homework. After tired, we usually watched blue film. Some friends liked to search porn CDs around the market. They ever asked me. Didn’t I want to vent after watching blue films? I didn’t answer. I didn’t feel shame or hesitate. I had the answer, of course. But it was too odd to say. For my mother gave me money more than I needed, I could buy a quite expensive adult magazine at a bookstore in Singapore when I accompanied Mama went shopping.”

I glanced on him. His eyes were looking around. Seemed he didn’t want to look at me when I told about sex.

“I know. I was afraid or hate to man because I remembered Papa. And I denied for being a woman because I didn’t want to be as foolish as Mama. So, what would I be? I would be a man who wasn’t as vicious as Papa and be a woman who wasn’t as stupid as Mama. I disliked men not because I hated Papa. I hated men and liked women because I born to be different.” I continued.

He looked so shocked. Probably, he thought my problem was only with my parents. He didn’t expecting that I was also a lesbian. He only gulped.

“How did you know drugs? Your friends who bring you to drugs?”

“I was eighteen and three months when I got acquainted half-hearted with it. I had periods at that moment and tried to hold the pain in my stomach at the food stall in the cafeteria when he passed in front of me. He wasn’t a student here. They said he was an alumni. He trained basketball every week. The teachers were also familiar with him. They also said that he was a competent student. People in this school called him Dodi. He came to me when my hands were gripping on my twisted stomach. Suddenly Dodi pulled my hand.

“If you want your problems disappear, inhale this until the powder is vanished, but if my presumption is wrong, just throw it away. Don’t tell anyone. Remember. I just care with you.” I looked at him like he forced to smile.
He disappeared as my mind guessing what inside that paper was. That must be a kind of drugs. However I wasn’t sure what kind it was. Perhaps it was heroin, cocaine, or anything.

“You had known it was drugs, why did you remain to consume?” he snapped a bit.

“I didn’t know where the power came from. My head was flying. My heart beat so fast. I was like brought to another place.”

“What did happen after consuming for the first time?” he abated.

Perhaps he understood that I was an unstable teenager, easy for being possessed.

“I had a strange feeling in the evening. Thinking I was getting cold. I was just lying on my bed the whole day after reaching home. I felt like I was lonely, but I didn’t want anybody here. I wanted to be alone. Yet, I needed friend. And it is not a human. It is... Why!? Why was I? Cigarette! Right, cigarette was the answer. I groped my bag. Lucky! I found a pack. I smoke one. Out. One again. Out, and caused nothing. Shit! Where was the bliss gone?? I was panic. I cried. I called Cindy then, asked Dodi’s phone number.”
CHAPTER 4: THE CURE

“I was eighteen years old to nineteen. Since Dodi gave me for free, I couldn’t say no. He supplied heroin and cocaine every two days. I became going to ATM frequently. I never out of money. I said to Mama, that I used the money for treating my friends at cafes. However, she gave me too much. Dodi sent the items at school. He tucked heroin inside a schoolbook, candy wrap, roll of money, anything. Sometimes he just put in my uniform pocket. I paid it one and a half million for a gram heroin. I could use it for three days.

“You're my favorite customer. Always paid it off,” he laughed each time I came for buying his items.

“I have a lot of money.”

“Don’t your parents become suspicious?”

“They never check my money.”

“It’s difficult to find a friend in drugs, but if you find them once, you’ll never lose them,” he said.”

I laughed arrogant. For it was real. I had a lot of money and never got broke.

“One night, he brought me to a billiard arena. There were seven person gathered who had the same look. One of them was a girl. She was so slim. She had a redness hair with a very sweet look. Her name was Dara. I didn’t know I like her on my first sight.

“Want to come to my boarding house tomorrow?” she offered with a friendly voice. I nodded. Dara knew very well how to captivate.”

He paid attention at me completely. I thought because this was a story about a new person. Probably he wouldn’t miss it.

“She was an extraordinary user. I came to her boarding house. It wasn’t spacious. I guessed she never organized her room. So messy. Spikes were scattered. Some shreds of aluminum foil were also everywhere. When I entered her room, she just got ready doing her attraction.”

“How can you describe an extraordinary user?”
“She took a bong\(^1\). Filled it in with a meth liquid and pierced it on her skin. Her blood poured a little. She sucked up her own blood. I heard her a little moaned.

\(^1\) Mama is a nickname Lili gave to her mother

Like bore a pain. Yet, her face didn’t show her poignant. She was actually on her pleasure. For a minutes I enjoyed her attraction. It was a fantastic show for me. Especially on her body shape when she wriggled. Dara was a beautiful creature.

“Come here...,” called her soft.

I came to her. Then, I just looked at the roof had already full of stars.”

“Sorry, how was Dara’s background?”

“Dara was coming from Manado after her poor family couldn’t nurture their children. So they entrusted her to her aunt here. And her brother to another aunts. She studied at school and was given money even it wasn’t enough for her. However, she had to bear pain, insult, and overworking at home. All tortures she had were possible coming from her cousin or her aunt.

“I used to go out with Dodi,” she said suddenly.

“Did you love him?” I asked, a little nervous.

“I need him, we were a dealer,” she continued her story.”

I took a deep breath.

“Dodi was her classmate at school. An orphan child. His father was a truck driver who died on a crash. He had to endure his mother and his three little siblings. At school, they met oftentimes, talked about their poverty, their pressure, their indignity, their fear to confront a life. One day, Dodi invited Dara to join with him for being a drug dealer. Everything was gone so fast. With Dodi, Dara became a queen. a queen among big bosses. They put Dara as the most reliable dealer.”

He stared at me. I kept telling about Dara. I could tell about her along the day. I remembered every detail of her.

“The closeness with Dodi made her thinking that he is part of her life. For her, he was not only a friend. He was a shield. Dara knew she was being a Dodi’s girlfriend. Though she

\(^1\) Bong is an injection. Usually used by drug addicts.
felt nothing upon him, but she couldn’t not see him even a day. So she thought that she didn’t need to tell him about this. A love.”

“What did happen after that? How could she become a drug user?”

“You’re right! Something happened to her life. In a party held by big boss at a amusement center in Jakarta, she got raped.”

“Did she tell Dodi?”

“No. For she knew, her boyfriend would so angry. When he angry, he would do something. Even he die. So she chose to be silent, bore her pain alone. However, she couldn’t heal her wound. Every night she wept bitterly on herself. One night, she betrayed her promise to Dodi. Never use drugs for themselves.

“Consuming drugs means suicide,” Dodi said one time.

But she couldn’t bear anymore. Meth was the way to clear her trauma.”
CHAPTER 5: THE RETURN

“I know, there was something I should tell him. Before I told him, he disappeared from our lives. He never came for days.”

“Why?”

“From Dara I knew that she had told him everything. About the rape, her trauma, and her feeling to Dodi. She also told about me, about our relation. Dodi couldn’t stand still for not meeting the boss who raped Dara. Dodi battled, in the lions’ den.”

* * *

I just realized we had passed an hour for talking. He must be thirsty. I asked his permission to go to the kitchen.

I brought teapot and two cups from the kitchen. I went back to him and invited him to move to the gazebo. There we could be more relaxed while talking and drinking.

I continued while he sipped the tea, “I was nineteen and would be graduated from school soon. Height 160 centimeters, and weight only forty kilograms. I had become fool, bony, weak, and frail. My hair was long. Not because I was willing to be like a girl, but I was too lazy to go to salon. I had no willing to fix up my appearance.”

He put down his cup and chuckled.

I continued, “Papa and Mama never knew, I had become a slave of drugs. They said, they knew everything about me. They said, they had educated me. They said, they had given everything the best for me. They didn’t know, they had lost their child. Why did they still call themselves as parents?”

“I wonder how much drugs did you need for a day?”

“At least, I needed two grams of heroin per day for me and Dara. Three millions rupiahs per day! I spent all the money from Mama in my ATM. She didn’t know that I never paid tuition and course. I spent the money for my angel, heroin, meth, and cocaine. Then I saw the opportunity on the expensive stuffs Mama gave to me every time she went shopping abroad. Branded shoes, luxurious watches, perfumes still stored in their box, and jewelries. My classmates bought those super luxury stuffs cheerfully, because I sold them with affordable price. Of course I didn’t mind for it. It was harder if I didn’t consume drugs even in a day.”
“If only I was your classmate at that time, I would buy all, and sold them with a higher price. I must be rich now.”

We laughed.

“Do you want to hear what was funnier?”

“What?”

“It was Mama’s business at that time.”

I snipped my tea then continued, “I had heard noise from my living room. Seemed, my mother invited some women to my house. After having lunch and jabbering, they became more serious discussing about something. Mama led the discussion. I heard vaguely. They were establishing a group. Anti-drug. I heard this explicitly. They were planning to build a rehabilitation center, campaign, and organize a charity event. They spoke excitedly, emotionally, and dramatically.”

“What was your feeling?”

“I didn’t care. I closed the door. Their voices still could be heard vaguely when I slowly injected heroin to my arm. Mama’s voice was heard passionately.

“We should eradicate our next generations’ killer!” she said ardently.

I laughed.

“Invite our children to join our campaign then!” There was a little rumble. Sound of agreement.” I laughed even more when I remembered that situation.

I tried to alleviate my laugh and control the situation.

“Till that torture was coming.”

Our situation changed suddenly. I saw him pursed his lips.

“What torture?” he cut.

“I already sniffed a negative sign when I felt anxious during the day. My mind told that something terrible would happen. A flower vase fell from my table, my sandal was broken, and TV in my room off in a sudden. I didn’t believe in superstition. However, my feeling was telling something wretched was coming towards me. Suddenly, mama came to my room.

“Admit it!!” she snapped, loud. I was shocked. She came closer. Her eyes were fiery. I saw a great anger. She was like burnt.
“Don’t lie to Mama! You’ve been being a junkie?” her voice sounded roaring. She took a step towards me. And suddenly something poignant struck on my cheek. Mama slapped.

“You lied to your parents, Mady! You are really shameful! How can I get my reputation back if anybody knows you’re a junkie? What should I do? Answer me!!”

I trembled. My eyes were moistened. Mama slapped on me again for several times before she fell settled on the floor. She started crying. Then wailing and mumbling unclearly words. My body was slipped, fallen to the floor. I cried.

“What was our mistake, Mady?” she sobbed. “Why didn’t you tell us? Why did you choose your own way?” she cried.

My tears dropped again when I remembered that moment.

“I cried, again and over again. I didn’t know the more appropriate expression at that time besides crying. However, in a sudden, there was a power that shoved me to tell something to her.

“Can you just stop bothering my life? I never complicate Mama. I never protest either Mama or Papa. Why are you forcing me to live on your disgusting life?” I snapped in crying. My tears were flooding.

In my tears, I saw Mama was gasped and trembled. Beyond my expectation, she left my room. My door was slammed hardly. I ran immediately and locked the door. The pain had come. I walked towards my table. Luckily, I still had one folded in my drawer. I sniffed it all. A satisfying ritual.”

I wiped my tears.

“And that was my last sniff.”

“What did happen?”

“In the next day, my room was pounded. I knew, that shouldn’t be my servant. Mama probably. The door was pounded many times. I was swearing in my heart. I forced myself walking to the door. When it revealed, I became limp for a moment. Mama was with several men who I didn’t know. Three men. One of them was well-built and tall. The others were moderate.

“Change your cloth, and follow us now,” said the biggest one.
I stepped backward, looked towards Mama, searched for explanation on her face. But her face turned to be a stranger. My body was gripped. Their grips were so painful on my arms. I screamed. Over and over. But nothing happened. I couldn’t find Mama’s face. She disappeared. I was panic. Yet, they brought me to their car parked exactly in front of the main door. Didn’t know where the car was driven. I kept crying in the car.

“Don’t be sad. You will be healed,” said the slim one. The other men just kept silent along the way.

I was brought to a hospital. I’ve been there for days, with a terrible painful throughout my body. They took my freedom by imprisoned me in this room. I was doped up and dying. Puked in the morning, suffering in the afternoon, limp in the evening, crying in the night.”

“How did it feel like?”

“My body was like stoned. My muscles were scratched. My blood boiled. My flesh was torn apart,” I turned my face away, “I screamed in pain, asked for help. I was kicking the air and my hands were wriggling. My eyes were flooding. Snot went out from my nose continuously. I puked because of an extreme queasiness. Doctor and nurses were only staring on me besides my bed. I was hysterical. However, doctor only injected something. I thought it was a gram of heroin. I was pleased. In fact, no. He made me limp. I was fading. Suddenly, both my arms were banded when I woke up. Five days I suffered that severe torture.”

“Straight detoxification, wasn’t it?”

“That’s right! What a wicked action! That was very painful. What made me more painful was Mama didn’t come to see me for days. She came on the sixth day. When I wasn’t even care her existence. I didn’t cry anymore. My tears had drained during the torture. She was crying when she came.

“AREN’T YOU JUST PRETENDING, MAMA?” I talked in my heart.

She came with that doctor. I just knew his name, Doctor Mahesa.”

“She had passed the critical period. Five days high fever and puke. Now she is in appeasement, she can go back this afternoon, but she needs help. The important things are she needs consultation and therapy,” doctor said.

I stared Mama empty.

“PAPACouldn’t come, he hasn’t come back. Mama does apologize for doing this. I just want to save you. But I couldn’t see you suffering. I’m sorry for just coming,” she said.
I sighed.

“Detoxification would never restore my condition. They thought it would heal me completely. They healed me physically, but not mentally. For me, that was only a speed-bump which made me stepping on the brake.”

“Was there something changing when you were at home?”

“Mama modified my room completely. Mama also changed all my stuffs in my room, cupboard, bed, carpet, sofa, and everything. She followed the doctor’s recommendation, it was a part of the therapy. Ex-junkie could be affected by the past memory easily. Therefore, parents were recommended to make a significant change in their house when their children were coming back. Seeing that room I wanted to laugh, how busy she was when she did this. Then she cheered, thinking that I would forget the drugs entirely.”

She chuckled.

“Mama approached me. Then she put her hand around my neck.

“Mama incredibly tolerates your carelessness, so I hope you would also attempt to end this. I realize, drugs were everywhere, and you couldn’t evade from it after tasting a little, didn’t you?” her smile was widened.

“Mama request you one thing. If you have restored and free, please don’t tell anyone you were a junkie. You know, Papa and Mama are well-known at public. So, help us to preserve our reputation,” she stroked my cheek. She looked relieved like a god just outpoured a word.

I became sadder. Until that moment, the important thing for them was their honor. Not their child.”

I cried again. I couldn’t count, how many times I cried when I told this story to him. Perhaps he accustomed with the situation. He responded with a smile.

“How was about Papa?” he asked.

“When Papa had come from his business in US, Papa came to my room. Apologized for his business, and asked me for being better from now on.”

“How was your school?”

“I didn’t go to school, but I had course at home to pursue my final exam which only two months left.”
“Did your parents change their attitude?”

“Just a little. They woke up earlier in the morning and had breakfast together. They were home on time in the evening. Give their time to talk to me. One more thing, there was no quarrel. But it only lasted for two weeks until I heard that from my room, a familiar sound. Mama cried at one morning. Followed by sounds of hard blows. I closed the door, walked to the bed, and cried. They were still the same.”

I stood up and stepped forward.

“I missed Dara so badly. Yet, this house was immured me. Therefore, I had planned something,” I said. “That night I packed several clothes and shoes, wallet, and tooth brush. I also brought debit and credit card. I moved when the servants were still preparing dinner at the kitchen. At the yard, Zakir patted on my shoulder. To him I put my trust.”

“Was he who bringing you to Dara?”

“No, I went by angkot because there was no taxi. I changed angkot three times until I was arrived. It was 8.30 pm when I ran towards Dara’s boarding house. I was trembled knocking on her door. The handle rotated. That face. I almost cried. She pulled me and locked the door quickly. Then her weak little hands embraced me. She hugged me. Tightly. I felt something warm infiltrated on my shoulder. She cried.”

I looked at him. I felt tougher at that time.

“That was us. Crying together, comforting each other,” I continued. “The beautiful miserable. And the beginning of something. Something harder. No more luxury house. Nor room with blue and pink wall. Nor provided food for breakfast and dinner. I was so sure to be with her.”

At that moment, I felt her presence.

“That calling was coming,” I was dreamy, “I came closer to Dara. I hugged her. I kissed her neck. I had left for a long time. We embraced each other.

That was us.

A lover.

That was the truth of life I trusted.”

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2 Angkot is a local transportation, which also as known as minibus.
CHAPTER 6: THE FAILURE

It was almost two hours, but I didn’t feel tired of talking. I believed that he was the one who could save me. Therefore, my desire pushed me to keep telling my story to him.

“However, Dara always hungry of drugs,” I said. “But Dara always supported me for not going back to drugs after I got detoxification. I was out of money. My credit card was blocked unexpectedly. My mind chose to use the remains for meals. Dara couldn’t pay her rent-house anymore. So we moved to Dodi’s boarding house. I was realized, I needed money. Dara needed to eat. We had found a life we liked. Therefore, we had to continue. I started to think about our freedom. Dara did so.”

“What was your plan then?”

“One night, when Dodi hadn’t come back I asked something to Dara.

“Don’t you afraid if we are becoming drugs dealer?”

She was bemused. I was afraid she rejected and reviled. But I was wrong.

“I’d better to do that and escape from this city,” she said passionate.

I jumped happily. I hugged her tightly.

“You don’t need to be the dealer. It takes time. You only need to be the courier, delivering the items. You can earn much money on some shipments,” told Dara.

“Don’t they fear... signal or something?”

“Couriers have been created particular ways. You only need to transform yourself becoming a person who anti-nervous, and thinking there is none but you and the wind.”

I told my desire to Dodi. As I thought, he was upset. He said nothing. But took a glass of water, drank it, then fell asleep. I repeated my desire again in the morning.

“I’m not joking. I’m serious. Make me a courier. I need money. I won’t do this at my new place. I do this only for two or three weeks. I need money,” I begged. He left the house without responding.”

“Why Dodi did so?”

“Dara told me, it’s not easy getting reliance as a drug courier, no one wants to kill themselves. Drugs can’t simply put trust on someone.”

“So, what did you do after that?
“At night, I told Dodi the same thing. Same with the night before, he didn’t talk too much. He only drank water. And ready to go to bed. I become impatient. I came to him and hit his shoulder.

“Don’t you hear me?” I snapped, but he didn’t talk. “I didn’t know how I get enough money. Don’t you want to give me chances?” He grinned. Then laughed. Harder. Until he coughed. And finally he defused his laugh.

“I see a quick metamorphosis,” he said. “I saw you as a stupid student. Frustrated. Then I saw you as a brave junkie. Then I saw you as a reckless addict. Now I see you back as a stupid person. Drugs work very well in you.”

I kept silent, held back anger.

“Don’t be offended. I don’t want to accept an emotional worker,” he said.

I didn’t understand.

Dodi stared me closely, “Promise me, you will do this well, confidently.”

My eyes were enlarged. I smiled and nodded.

“When does it start?” I asked impatient.

He walked toward a wooden cupboard at the corner of the living room. He took out a brown note book. He asked me to sit after him. He opened the book and looked for the page he wanted. He stopped on a piece full of streak of lines that formed a room.

“This is the way you should go through. 10 pm is the best time because the club will very crowd. Just walk through this corridor. Then you’ll see three doors. It is the furthest door you should enter. There is someone waiting your items.”

“After that?”

Dodi laughed. “Go home and you’ll get the money in the next day.”

I was so passionate.

“When can I start?”

“Tomorrow.”

Dara gave me advices along the night. How to control my gesture. How to confront people’s gaze. How to relax among the crowd. I was throbbed.”

“What did you prepare for that night?” asked him.
“I masqueraded myself. I wore a hat covered my hair. A saggy leather jacket and denim stuck on my legs. I was like a literally man,” I laughed. “After Dodi gave me a command, I went there alone. By taxi. I didn’t bring too much. I put it in my small sling bag.”

“Were you failed on this mission?”

“I was succeeded to deliver the items to the buyer. But when I turned back going to door. When I almost reached the door, suddenly that door was broken down. My breathe stopped. Police.”

“What did you do? Did you surrender to them?”

“No. I ran. They shouted “stop!! Stop!! But I didn’t care.”

“Why? Didn’t you know your parents will redeem if only you surrender?”

“My mind had not ready reading the situation. Is it a part of drugs delivery? My eyes were looking around to find a way. I kept running. And then, banggg!!” I paused. “There was something piercing in my shoulder. I felt something warm streamed. After that, two men pulled me up by force. A pull gave a terrible torture to my shoulder. I screamed. They took my wallet and my bag. One of them looked on my identity card and surprised when knowing that I’m a girl”

He looked tightened.

“Did you see the other people who were arrested?” he asked.

“No. Perhaps they had ran away or arrested before me. I was alone in the car. Seemed I was brought to a police hospital. No one talks to me. I got injection. I became languid. After that, I didn’t remember anything.”

“Did your parents find you?”

“Surely my identity card could make the police find my address easily. I was awakened when there were my parents, two nurses, a doctor, and a man with uniform in my room. From the symbol on his uniform, I knew he was a police.”

“Did the say something?”

“They said after I got recovered, maybe the next two or three days, they would bring me to police office. I was shocked. I thought I would imprison me. Fortunately, they told me not,” I answered him with a smile.

He also smiled.
“I told you. They would never ever let you,” he said

I continued, “During three days I felt the same boredom and pain. Among mealtimes, sometimes doctor came to check me up, and Mama came to see, no one else. Even Papa. Mama told me that Papa was in Bali for business. Above all, I knew Mama had buried what had happened to me among the relatives and her colleagues. In the third day, doctor with several nurses came to my room brought medical stuffs. There were scissor, cotton, bandage, and some bottles. They said they would release the suture. The process was running fast and smooth. Doctor said to Mama when the process had finished. I went back home the next day.”

“When did you meet the police?”

“The next day after. Those men were interrogating me like a robot. Repeated, kinked, and spin.

“Who did I meet? Why did I meet them? Who was commanding me? Where was the base? Who was accompanying me? Who were receiving? Where did I get the items? Why was there?” I didn’t answer them well.

He laughed, “That was the police’s default setting.”

“They looked irritated. It had been an hour and a half they interrogated me, they hadn’t satisfied yet by the information. One thing entrenched in my mind was didn’t mention anything that lead to Dodi. Whatever, I had to protect him.

“We need your evidence!” snapped the oldest one. While the typist was kept writing my words on his big and old typewriter. Without any expression.

“I don’t have evidence. I’m criminal. I brought it. I sold it!” I answered again. He was so impatient. From his face I knew how he wanted to slap me. I kept silent.

They repeated their same questions. Bored and irritated had surrounded me.

“Actually, we’ve known who are behind you. We only need your affirmation for the strong evidence,” said the smaller policeman calmly.

I sniffed a negative sign from his words. Did his words say that someone had arrested by them? Was he Dodi? But he was only a dealer. A kind-hearted dealer. Suddenly I was surrounded by fear. Still, I kept on my seat, tried to conceal any expression.

“How long the interrogation was running?” asked him.
I was thinking for a moment, remembering. You know, you will forget everything that makes you bored.

“They ended the interrogation in the mid-day. Three hours in total. Mama stood up and came to me when I appeared from the interrogation room. I asked Mama to go back home soon.”

“When we walked through the corridor passing some interrogation rooms, there I smell something,” I sighed. “Something that raised my nape hair. I didn’t know. I walked slowing down. I looked to the right and left. I felt like something was calling.”

My emotion was involved. My voice decelerated.

I continued, “In front of an opened door, I was stopped. I looked inside. And I found that face. The face I really knew. He stared at me in pain. His eyelid was injured. His lips poured a blood. Something sliced my heart for seconds. He was Dodi, the one I protected for three hours. I walked trembling. Mama helped me walking out the building. I kept thinking about what would happen to Dodi. Tortured? Imprisoned? How was about Dara?”

I cried again. He stood up and stepped forward next to me. He patted my shoulder, tried to comfort me.

“Why did it end like that? I wanted to stay there. If Dodi did many things for me, then why did I leave him when he was suffering? This wasn’t fair. That was me who was making Dodi arrested. I was the root of this all. Why could I go home? Why was Dodi being tortured?”

I cried.
CHAPTER 7: THE BROKENNESS

“Papa had come back from Bali. He came to my room and interrupted my loneliness. He came with information that I would be sent to Los Angeles. I thought he wanted to drive me away. I meant them. In my eyes, he just stated a foolish and unmanly accomplishment on their child case,” I laughed. “Problematic child will be sent to abroad. A combination of repairing their child and concealing the libel. Child is living in another country, problem is fixed. A matter of child is getting worse, that is later.”

“I locked the door, tried to have a clear space to think of how to get by from this precarious moment. I closed my eyes for a moment. I escaped from my house again. Was this called the power of love?”

“Maybe,” he said shortly, like he impatient waited for my words that would be spoken after that.

“I was so sure I wasn’t surrounded by a melancholic feeling. I believed, this courage to leave the house came from the love I had. The love which had roused me up. I didn’t even know where I would go. I didn’t know how far I had run and what direction I was heading. I heard azan dawn because there was a mosque close to where I stood. I walked towards the mosque. I laid myself down onto its cold floor. And fell asleep.”

I was awakened when the sun had come out. I left the mosque and looked around. I didn’t even know where I was. I walked approaching the roadway. My consciousness aroused slowly. I saw a hotel usually I passed by. Then a bridge. Then gas station. I walked staggered and regretted for didn’t have money at all. My stomach twisted. I realized, I hadn’t have meal after lunch. I saw my hand. ROLEX.”

“Don’t tell me you sold it with an affordable price,” he said seriously.

I laughed, “I offered my watch to a food stall seller. I gave to her even she only gave me fifty thousand rupiahs. It was better than I died because of starving, right?”

“Damn!” he laughed.

“How could you meet Dara when you didn’t know where she was?” he continued.

“I was confused. But my heart commanded me that I should go to Dara’s house. Another door was opened after knocking for some times at the Dara’s room. Dara’s room was in a row with the other rooms, all rooms were fronted to a long terrace. A young woman
appeared approaching me. She handed her right hand. Seemed she clenched a folded small paper. I grabbed it fast. The paper was shabby and slightly wet because of the woman’s hand. I opened the folded paper quickly. An address. I looked at the young woman with gratitude.

“A right address?”

“Ya. I found her on that address. I hugged her tight. We united without sound. But the longer we hugged, her sobbed was being a tone.

“You escaping again?” her head looked up.

I nodded. “That’s not my world.”

I paused for a second to sip my tea.

“She released her hug,” I continued. “Then walked to the corner and told me a story about the night I was arrested.

“When the clock pointed at 3 am, you and Dodi hadn’t coming yet, I knew something happened. Then I knew, you and Dodi were arrested by police at the club. I had known what police would do. Therefore, I escaped, I brought all Dodi’s items from the drawer. Heroin, cocaine, meth. All.” She said.

She came to see Dodi two days after the arrest.

“No one could redeem him. Neither I,” I was speechless. “He also protected you... He told to police, he forced you sent the items. He exploited your instability to help him. He didn’t want you to be imprisoned....”

“I was redeemed by my parents....” I didn’t know how to express my guilty. “That should be me who imprisoned. This all was my desire.”

Dara stared at me. Her eyes searched for my eyeballs.

“Mady, we are only two people who were united by evil. Drugs had shuffled us up. Assuming that we were the winner. Assuming that we got enlightenment. The reality, we dragged to a darker and deeper hole. Now, I’m conscious completely. You are not my way. Not my hope. We don’t need to be together in the name of love. We don’t even know what the love is.” Dara stared at me giving understanding.

I didn’t recognize that stare. That was not Dara. Was not my lover. I didn’t recognize her words.
“Go back to your world, Mady! Leave me on this situation! It’s enough. You can’t change our life with your belief.”

I was flakes turned to be ashes. I was broken.

“God is still good to me, I’m saved. Now, save yourself before you endure more pain. I’m relieved I can tell you this. After this, never come to see me again. I beg...,” Dara seemed stronger to speak up. Her emotion changed into a power for her to keep speaking.

Then I looked at her in anger. I was angry. Very angry. I couldn’t control my emotion. I had to reveal my anger. I slapped her cheek so hard, very hard. Then I left her room, and ran,” I said, full of emotion.

“Did you meet her after that tragedy?”

“I once went to a club. There I watched the most painful show I had ever watched. Gosh. Dara. She prostituted herself.”

“What did happen to you after that?”

“I could be found easily. I was only a body who didn’t have a willing to protect myself. Even for running. People reported me to police. A skinny woman laid on porch. Then came my parents. I didn’t see Mama. I didn’t see Papa. I had died. Completely. All had over.

“Again. Drugs again,” they said. As I thought. Rehabilitation again. Detoxification again. I got the torture again. From the beginning again. I was thrown to this rehabilitation house. Luxury, but empty. No life.”

I sighed, “Now, I’m on the verge of resignation. I begin to relax living my life. For me at this moment, death is a beautiful thing. Or run, if I get back the belief.”

I settled down in limp.
CHAPTER 8: THE EXIT

He was stunned.

Maybe he didn’t expect this little girl he met had a great problematic. At least, his curiosity and struggle to come here wasn’t wasted. I hoped.

“After this, will you touch the drugs again?” he asked.

I reflected myself.

“I don’t know,” I answered. “But surely, drugs are not my target. Not target for escaping, neither for destination. It is only an obstacle. Obstacle can be helpful or disturbing, right? Sometimes people do need a rest, then obstacle is a very helpful signal. Sometimes obstacle can screw you up. I really don’t know, I don’t want to promise to be exact. The biggest problem in my life isn’t drugs, but the answer of my questions in my life. My parents and the other are thinking I’m saved after being in this house and quit completely from drugs. Actually, this is only a pause for my life.”

“Do you believe of second life?” he asked again.

I chuckled, “Do you mean reincarnation?”

“No,” he said. “Everyone can have their second life, third, fourth, and so on, as long as they want to reform.”

“I have a thousand phases of life,” I laughed. “I don’t call it a reform, I call it episode. For me, reform means regretting what has happened.”

I took a deep breath.

“Listen,” I said. “Now I realize everything that had happened to my life is a history. I’ve passed everything, the frustration in my house, drugs, my experience in the rehabilitation center, the failure of love to Dara, those are things that actually make me a new person. Nothing’s wrong.”

“So, are you finally realized, that your parents aren’t the reason of your problem?”

I nodded, “Now I’m looking forward, but I don’t want to guess what will happen. People told me apathetic. Maybe they’re right.”

“What’s your plan then?”
“I want to be myself. No influence from drugs, my parents, neither this house. Actually, die is the right solution. Reincarnation brings someone to a literally reformation. I don’t want to reform of this house, because they don’t understand my problem. Neither of my parents, because they don’t understand who I am,” I laughed. “I want to be myself.”

I stood up, “I’m tired, I’m going to my room.”

I left him. His eyes didn’t follow me. I was disappeared in the building.

* * *

My desire had driven me to another way of thinking.

I didn’t go to my room. I walked towards his car and hid there. However, his car was locked, so I waited for him behind his car. It didn’t take too long, I could see him went out from the building with doctor Ashiran. They were having short talk, shaking hands, and separated.

When he opened the car’s door by his remote control, I opened the door carefully while he walked towards the car. I got in the back seat. He turned on the car and slowly left the house. Passed the gate to the roadway.

An hour after, we stuck in the middle of traffic-jam at nowhere. A power pushed me to do this. I patted his shoulder. He turned his face to me, a little bit shocked.

“Thank you, Sir. I just want to fight for my life once again. Being imprisoned in that house or bringing back to my parents will only make me back to drugs. Please count on me...,” I smiled.

He hadn’t said a word yet when I got out from his car and ran among the crowd.

- THE END -
REFLECTIVE PAPER

INTRODUCTION

He was an Indonesia national tennis player under-16 when drugs had ruined his life. He is Yerry Pattinasarany, a son of ex-Indonesia national football coach, Ronny Pattinasarany. Yerry used to be a drug addict since he was in junior high school and got worse when he was in senior high school. He was the result of a child who didn’t get enough affection from his parents. His parents were too busy with their own business. Therefore, he took drugs that could fulfill his needs. In his opinion, drugs are the lost parents’ affection. Different from the other men who are cowards, he chose to confess to his parents that he was a drug addict. For I believe, uncommon children come from uncommon parents. This was what happened; his parents were doing unexpected respond. They embraced him and told him that he remained being their child. They supported him to quit from his addiction, gave him their times, attention, and love. Moreover, his father, Ronny, who was coaching Indonesia national football team in 1999, resigned from his job for the sake of his son. This was rising a positive power to himself, making him realized that he was so mean for his parents. Now, Yerry had been recovered and he transformed to a new man who cares for drug addicts. He promotes a movement called #gerakanstopcuek which addressed to all parents. He also established a foundation called Ronny Pattinasarany Foundation that was inspired from her father’s love. This foundation pays attention on drugs, HIV/AIDS, and sex trafficking in Indonesia.

In this case, Yerry could change his problems became the power that could transform himself into a man who inspire others. Moment when he was being drug user was not easy. His power to confess, his courage to defeat the drugs surely were pressed him. Yet, he had one thing; that was support from his parents that could raise his courage to quit from drugs springe. He felt loved and meant as a child. His parents were willing to sacrifice themselves for him.

It can’t be denied, there are many cases similar with Yerry’s family are happening nowadays. Parents are busy with their job and business, while their children are forlorn. Parents put their business before their children. This story aroused me to make a contradictory case with Yerry. I was wondering what will happen if the parents do not support their children who fall to drugs. How if the parents are being selfish, they only want to fulfill their needs. What will happen to the children if they are being neglect by their parents who are always put their dignity first.
FATAL WAR ON DRUGS

The expansion of narcotics and illegal drugs bring a lot of mental and educational impacts on student. The future of a great nation depends entirely on the efforts of releasing the young men from the dangers of drugs. Drugs have come into a circle that is getting closer to us. People have to think clearly to face the globalization of technology and alterations that directly affect to the family and young generation of the successor of the nation particularly. Despite the fact that the government always struggles to conquer drugs deployment, several causes are our task to decide. The first is the failures that happen in life. People who don’t have confidence or who get less affection from their parents also cause drugs misappropriation among teenagers. For the example, the parents who too busy with their carrier but they don’t have enough time for their children and family, or there are conflicts happen in family that affects to destruction. And the second is promiscuity and environmental feedback. The environment gives the biggest influence on child development. Therefore, parents should oversee their child behavior in society.

MADISAN WHO SURROUNDS WITH PROBLEMS

This story is telling about psychological process of a girl who struggled (or protected herself) from a life that she hated so much, Madisan. How she struggled to get a victory by loving her girlfriend. How she wrestled in a self-recognition process in the middle of situation that people thought it was a negative effect of drugs. Madisan was an inevitable victim of a rotten jet-set family. She always questioned and angry to her parents who were always busy. In another ways, she had to live an empty and pointless wealthy life. Just like many frustrated teenagers, she was getting acquainted with drugs easily and in a short time she had been united with that satisfying powder. However, Madisan was not a cliché victim of drugs springe who could be fixed by instant methods; detoxification and rehabilitation center. She, by the rest of her strength and her love to her lover, Dara, was struggling to escape from both a life she hated and drugs, led by her conscience and self-righteous. Ironically, what she strove for was regarded as a negative effect of drugs by the surroundings.

DURING THE WRITING

Considering the content matter, I recommend this story is appropriate for teenagers to parents. I consider about drugs and lesbian matter that written in this story should be known at least from teenagers. I have striven for the content and the language I used for depicting the conflicts that happen are not rude and caddish. However, I do recommend this story for all
parents in the world with an expectation that the parent will not neglect their children, realize that children do need parents’ affection; attention and love.

A lot of problems I have struggled during the story writing. One of them was to construct every conflict in each chapter. This story have eight chapter and I have to give the tension in every chapter through the conflicts that happen. I once stuck with my own story that I have established in proposal. But then, I re-arranged my story from the beginning, included the characters and the plot. The re-arrangement was taking a long time. I need to develop each character and each chapter, I was like repeating proposal class. But it didn’t waste, it was fruitful. I could develop my story easily and even I could make 8000 words exceeded. I once struggled at re-arrange the story, but it gave me a convenience in writing process. I know that every struggle would not betray the result.

CONCLUSION

This case of Madisan is a depiction of the parents’ failure (and institution on drug abuse) in resolving drug cases. Drug users are still regarded as despicable and criminal. We cannot blame them which is in reality there are so many external reasons for someone chooses to do things that we may think they are wrong. There are a thousand of drug users who were struggling with their unresolved problems who need help. I invite you to embrace them. It is enough for making them feel lonely and thrown away. By caring and loving them as a human we save them from the death, not physically but mentally.
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