FORGIVE TO LIVE: The Oppression and Injustice Experienced by An Adopted Child

FINAL CREATIVE WRITING PROJECT

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirement of the Degree of

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SUMMARY

Satria was an 18-years-old boy who lived with his foster parents, Lisa and Ari in Jakarta. Lisa married with Ari because of his wealth. Lisa hated Satria when she knew that Ari’s inheritance would go to Satria. When Ari passed away, Lisa treated Satria like a maid at home. Could not bear the bad treatment, Satria left the house to start his new life. He lived with his friend named Gabriel until he had a job. He met a girl who worked in the same place with him and they had one child. One day, Satria’s foster mother’s car hit him and left him paralyzed. The accident dragged them into the courtroom. His foster mother apologized for the entire things she had been done to Satria and promised to take care of Satria’s child. Satria forgave all of his mother’s mistakes in the courtroom. He remembered the message from his foster father that we should forgive each other.
FORGIVE TO LIVE

My name was Satria, I’m 18 years old. I am just a grown-up man who lived with my foster mother. My dear foster father passed away several years ago. Actually, I didn’t know that Papa\(^1\) Ari and Mama\(^2\) Lisa were my foster parents. They took me when I was a red infant baby. I was left in an orphanage. I knew about my origin 5 years ago when I was still in junior high school. The only person I talked to about it, was Gabriel.

***

About nine in the morning, I was helping my mother to clean up the house. The birds were twitting cheerfully outside the window. Their chirp cheered human with their own activities. Suddenly, my mom called me from her office room.

“Satria.. Satria..”

“Yes, mom.”

“Can you get the charger in the drawer in the living room?”

“Okay, mom,” I went to the living room and searched the charger in the drawer.

At the time I opened the drawer, there was a brown box. It looked mysterious. I took the charger, but I was curious about what was inside the box. So, as I opened the box, there was a document and a diary. Trembling, I opened the document paper. I was surprised when I read the paper.

That paper was about a letter about an adoption letter. My heart sank when I read the letter. I was an adopted child; it was the first thing that came to my mind. Papa Ari and Mama Lisa took me when I was a baby. I was left by my biological parents in the orphanage. I also read Mama Lisa’s diary book. She married with Papa Ari because of his wealth. Suddenly, I heard my mom called me.

\(^1\) A father
\(^2\) A mother
“Sat, where is the charger?! I need it now!”

I returned the document into the box immediately, and then I closed the box and put it the way it was. I brought the charger to my mother.

“Here it is, mom.” I put it on her desk.

“Thank you, Satria.”

“You’re welcome, mom,” I avoided looking at my mom’s eyes and left the room quickly.

Wasting no time, I went to my bedroom. I was lying down on my bed, remembered everything that happened. It was the day I knew that I was an adopted child.

From that moment on, when I was remembered about the letter and everything in the box, I felt gloomy. I still could not believe that actually I was an orphan. My face looked like a moon that overslept. Everything in my eyes now looked gloomy. I wondered how my biological parents could leave me in an orphanage. Where were they now? Papa Ari always said that I used to be a cute child. How came that my biological parents left me in an orphanage?

For several weeks my heart was uncertain; sometimes I felt miserable, sometimes I felt angry, sometimes I felt that I would like to kill anybody who put me in this situation. With the raging conflict in my heart, I went to Papa Ari’s grave. I went there to find a piece of peace. The breeze made my heart calmed.

***

Papa Ari was my hero. He was a hard worker. He was very kind to me and treated me like his blood offspring even though he was my foster father.

When I was in Elementary School, he taught me many things. He taught me how to play soccer, how to play bicycle, and even swam. Papa was a good listener for me; he was also very strict to me if I made a mistake. However, it helped me a lot in becoming a good person. My heart was very sad when I knew that he suffered from the cancer. He had to get through his cancer, so he should be lying on the bed for about one month. In the end, Papa died when I was
in Junior High School. I really missed him, but I knew that he was happy right now with Father in heaven.

Opposite to Papa Ari, my foster mother was a cruel woman. When I was in Junior High School, I was very rebellious, just like the kids who just entered puberty. She treated me very cruelly. When I was a child, she scolded me with her rude words.

***

My foster mother never treated me as her own child. It has become uncommon that my whole life was filled with some rude words from her spicy mouth.

“Mom, can I have a new cell phone?” I sat down in front of my foster mother who was reading a magazine at that time.

“What’s wrong with your old phone?” my foster mother asked.

“My phone fell into the toilet bowl,” I answered.

“You are so clumsy!” said my foster mother with a loud voice.

“Sorry mom, but, can I have a….”

“No! I don’t have a lot of money! Just use the home telephone!” she interrupted.

“Here, I have a little money from my savings in my piggy bank, so you don’t have to spend a lot of money. You just have to give me a little, so I can buy a new one.” I explained.

“I told you! I don’t have money! Are you deaf?!” was my foster mother response. She threw her magazine on the table and left me with an annoyed face.

I was surprised and I was staring at her silently.

***

Time flew by. Five years had gone by. It had been 5 years ago since my foster father left us. My foster mother treated me like a maid. Once, when I was starving, I looked at the table, but there was no food. I saw my foster mother was taking an iced tea from refrigerator.
“Mom, I’m hungry. Do you cook us some food today?” I asked. I was standing in front of the dining table and touched my stomach. My stomach was already rumbling.

“Seems that it is only eating in your mind! Don’t you have a hand to cook?” she answered while holding a glass of iced tea and walked into the living room.

“But mom…”

“Shut up! Don’t be so fussy! I’m busy!” she interrupted. She sat down and turned on the television.

Never mind. I did not want to argue anymore. I was starving. Then, I finally made my own fried rice for my lunch.

***

I lived in a big house with my foster mother. The house had two floors. My bedroom was located on the second floor. On the second floor, it was a little bit creepy because in front of my room, there was a storage room. Once, I was tired because I was cleaning the house all day. I turned on my sleeping lamp. Suddenly, I heard footsteps were coming up the stairs. I thought she was looking for something on the storage room, but then she knocked on my door.

Knock.. Knock.. Knock..

“Open the door!”

“Yes mom, wait.” I opened the blanket that already wrapped my body immediately and moved from the bed.

“Hurry up, lazy boy!” shouted my foster mother from outside the room.

As the door opened…

“Go to the kitchen and make me a cup of coffee and fried rice! Go go go!” said my foster mother and drove me out from the room.

“But mom, what time is it now?” I asked and pointed my finger to the clock.
“Don’t complain too much! Hurry up, lazy!”

I went to the kitchen and prepared a cup of coffee and fried rice for her. She was a super lazy woman.

***

I was sitting on my bed while reading a comic. Suddenly, I heard a sound of breaking plate from the kitchen. CRASH!!! I jumped out from my bed and went to the kitchen.

“Mom, what happened?” I asked with a serious expression.

“You are too lazy! Why didn’t you wash all these things last night?” said my foster mother and pulled my hair.

"I am sorry, I was tired last night. So I let it be. I'll clean up today," I said. I immediately cleaned up the dirty plates and glasses that scattered on the sink.

“You are stupid! Too lazy! Clean up all of this!” said my foster mother with an angry face. “Don’t forget to cook! I want to go to the office! And don’t forget to clean the house!” she added.

“Yes, mom.”

There wasn’t a day without hearing rude comments from her. I often thought what was wrong with me as I always did whatever she told me, but I was confused why she did really hated me.

***

After cleaning up the house, I went to my friend's house. I saw my foster mother was sitting in the living room, so I tried to asked permission from her.

“Mom…”

“Hmm?” My foster mother was reading her office documents.

“I’m going to Gabriel’s house. I have already cleaned the house. May I?
“Hmm, okay. Do not go home late!”

“Okay, mom,” I went to my room and changed my clothes.

I walked to Gabriel’s house. His house was not so far. It took me less than fifteen minutes. A very sunny afternoon, at that time the city was very crowded. Along the way, I saw there were a lot of people buying takjil. I stopped and bought gado-gado for Gabriel. There were a lot of Indonesian foods along the way. After bought gado-gado, I went to Gabriel’s house. I saw Gabriel was playing with his little puppy.

“Hey, Gabriel!” I shouted and waved my hand.

“Hey, Satria!” he said and smiled. He was going to the front then opened the fence gate.

“This is for you...” I gave him gado-gado. “I know you like it,” I said and smiled.

“Whoa, really? It smells very good. Thank you so much, bro” said Gabriel.

“You’re welcome,” I said and smiled.

“Come in. We talk and eat this gado-gado together,” said Gabriel.

“Haha, no. This gado-gado is very special for my beloved friend. You should eat all of it.”

“Haha okay,” said Gabriel. Then, he opened a pack of gado-gado and devoured all of it. “How about your mom?” he added.

“Well, as you already know. She always makes me dizzy.”

“Hahaha.. Do not think about it. What do you do now? ”Gabriel asked with a curious face while he was making me a glass of green tea.

“I want to look for a job, but I don’t know where to begin. If only you have information about any job, let me know,” I said.

---

3 takjil, or breaking of the fast dishes, could be an instrument for building togetherness and caring for others.
4 an Indonesian salad of slightly boiled, blanched or steamed vegetables and hard-boiled eggs, boiled potato, fried tofu and tempeh and lontong (rice wrapped with banana leaf), served with a peanut sauce.
"Actually, I have a job for you," said Gabriel smiled and tapped my shoulder.

"What kind of work?" I asked with an eager face.

"Wait a minute," Gabriel said. He took a job brochure in his bag and gave to me.

"Let me read the brochure," I said.

"The company is looking for an employee who is interested in marketing. I think you'll like it. Just do it, who knows it is a blessing for you," Gabriel explained.

"Well, it's a very interesting job. But what if my foster mother does not allow me?" I said with a desperate face.

"Don't think about her. You have to think about your own future too," said Gabriel, encouraging me.

I went home and prepared everything I needed. I would not let my foster mother know about this. If only she knew about this, she would never allow me. If she knew, I did not know what else she would do to me. She never wanted to see me live in peace. In a case if she had a good mind and heart, she should support me in this instead of being angry all the time.

***

Many stars were scattered on the sky like fireflies. I was sitting on the balcony in front of my room while enjoying the beautiful night. There was a man sold satay nearby, from across the street. The smell was good. I thought I would enjoy a long calm night, but I would not. I was in a big trouble.

"SATRIAAAAAAADAAAAA!!!," Her angry voice was heard clearly.

I sighed. What would the next trouble?

I was very careless. I forgot to pick up the job brochure on the table that Gabriel had given to me. How stupid I was. I quickly met my mother before she called me with rude words.

"What is this?" she said while holding a job vacancy brochure which Gabriel gave me. She was standing with a piece of paper in her hand.
“What is this?”

My body was shaking. I wanted to die at that time. I tried to explain to her about it. She listened to my explanation without any expression on her face. When I finished, she moved her hand like drove away the flies. I felt hurt.

***

*CHIRP ... CHIRP ... CHIRP ...*

I heard the chirping of crickets. It was midnight and I was not sure what time it was. I heard the sound of *bajaj* from outside the window. The house was very quiet. Suddenly, there was a sound of footsteps. It was uncommon for my mother to stay up late. I tried to pretend to be asleep. There was a sound of the door slowly being opened. I was very scared, but I tried to stay calm. My foster mother brought a glass of water and put it on my desk. She was very kind; brought me a glass of water. I opened my eyes a little and I saw she did not only bring a glass of water. She also sprinkled a powder into the glass. I was curious that it was a poison, but I was not sure. I was getting scared and closed my eyes again. Then she woke me up.

"Sweetheart, mommy brings you a glass of water. If you are thirsty, please drink it," said my foster mother and flattered my hair.

"Yes mom, thank you." Slowly I opened my eyes.

Then, she slowly left my room. I was still afraid that she poured a poison into the glass, so I did not drink it.

***

The next morning, I saw there was a dead lizard on the table. I already suspected that my foster mother poured a poison into the glass of water. The proof was a lizard died near the glass. I did not expect that my foster mother would do such thing to me. I went to my bathroom and I immediately threw the water into the sink. Then, I went downstairs and I saw my foster mother was getting ready to go to the office. I greeted her with a smile.

---

5 Indonesian Transportation in Jakarta
“Good morning, mom.”

She was confused when she saw me.

“Is there something wrong with me?” I asked.

She looked at me with a strange face. My foster mother saw me as if she saw a ghost.

“Oh no, no, no,” she replied. My foster mother talked liked she hid something from me. She thought that I did not know about what she had done to me. She was very surprised that I could still breathe the oxygen.

“I have to go,” said my foster mother. She looked in a rushed. She hurriedly picked up her bag and the files on the table.

She left me alone at home. I did not know what I wanted to do right now. Suddenly, my gaze led to my foster mother’s job desk. I saw there was a small brown envelope on the table. I was feeling curious what was inside, so I opened the envelope. I was really surprised about what was inside. There was a will from my foster father. He left his inheritance to me. I was silent for a moment when I read it. I took it and I hid it from my foster mother. Now, I knew why my foster mother really hated me and wanted to poison me.

***

The next day, my foster mother was looking for something missing.

“Mom, what are you looking for?” I asked. Actually, I already knew what she was looking for, but I pretended knowing nothing.

“Do you see an envelope right here?” She pointed to her job desk.

“I don’t know,” I answered.

She kept trying to find the envelope, but she did not find it.

At that night, it was around 10 o’clock where the nocturnal animals were out from their nest. I heard the chirping of crickets sang and decorated the night in a silence. The house was very quiet. My eyes were still wide open. I was planning to run away from home. I already
prepared my clothes, especially the will that I hid from my foster mother. I tried to go to downstairs to see the situation. I went to the kitchen and drank a glass of water. I saw that my foster mother looked very tired.

“Satria!”

“Yes, mom…”

“Don’t forget to turn the lights off!” She immediately went to her room.

I went to my room, took my handphone on the table and called Gabriel. BRRRING… BRRRING… BRRRING…

“Hello…” said Gabriel

“Where are you?”

“I am in front of the grocery store near your house.”

“Okay, I’m coming right away.”

Gabriel came to pick me up. I had planned everything when I took the inheritance letter that my father gave to me. I should run away from home before my foster mother knew that I hid the inheritance letter. If she knew that I hid the inheritance letter, she would find another way to kill me. She was cruel, as cruel as a tiger.

“Let me help you,” said Gabriel. He took the backpack from my shoulder.

I lived in Gabriel’s house while waiting for the job. Day after day, I did not feel that I already run away from home for about six months ago. I always be patient in looking for a job. Until one day, I applied a job in the new restaurant that the distance was not so far from Gabriel’s house. It was an opportunity for me. I prepared the documents that must be done. Finally, they called me for the job. I worked as a waiter in a restaurant. Although I worked only as a cashier, at least I should have my own income. I did not want to bother Gabriel. As time flew by, I decided to stay in a boarding house near my workplace. Gabriel helped me to move my stuffs at my boarding house. Suddenly, there was a beautiful woman passing in front of the room. She was very pretty like an angel in heaven.
“Sat, look! A beautiful woman over there,” he poked me.

I chuckled and kept continuing cleaning up my stuffs.

“But…” Gabriel observed.

There was a man with that girl.

“I think she has a boyfriend.” He added.

“Really?” I observed what was happening outside from the window. “Hmm maybe it is her brother. Who knows?” I explained confidently.

“Don’t you want to try to know her?”

“Yes, but later.” I kept continuing cleaning up the stuffs that scattered on the floor.

***

The next day, there was a new employee in my workplace. She was my own neighbor who passed Gabriel’s house the day before. I tried to approach her and greeted her. Her face turned rosy.

“Hey!” I smiled and stand up next to her.

“Hello!” She smiled back at me and kept prepared a cup of coffee for the customers.

“I think, we have met each other.”

She smiled at me and confused about what I talked to.

“We live in the same boarding house. Don’t we?”

“Yeah, I know. You are my new neighbor. Right?” She smiled.

“Yes, you are right.” I chuckled. “Ummm, is he your boyfriend?”

“Huh? Boyfriend? What do you mean?” She chuckled.

“The man who…”
“Oh I see, the man who came yesterday, right?” She chuckled. “He is my brother.” She added.

Every day we were getting closer and closer. She always told me about her life. I’m getting more and more comfortable with her.

***

Knock… Knock… Knock…

“Sat,” called Gabriel from outside the boarding room.

“Yes, wait,” I got out of my bed and opened the door.

“What are you doing? Let’s go out and have some dinner,” Gabriel invited.

“Okay, I will change my clothes.”

When I was changing my clothes, suddenly I heard someone knocked my door. I told Gabriel to open the door.

"Sat," Gabriel called with confused expression.

“Why?”

“Your beautiful neighbor gives you this.” Gabriel offered his hand and gave the ⁶rantang.

I took the hamper and smiled.

"You know what? She is the new employee in my workplace." I explained.

"Really?" Gabriel was very surprised. "Why don’t you invite her to a date? I think it is a good idea,” Gabriel persuaded me.

"Almost every day I come home with her," I added.

"Well, I think you won't be a single person for long," Gabriel laughed. "After a long time, you finally found your soul mate," he mocked me.

---

⁶ A container used to hold or carry things, typically made from interwoven strips of cane or wire.
I just smiled.

"Never mind, don't be shy. Don't let her be taken for someone else," Gabriel bothered me.

***

Early in the morning before the work began, we heard briefings from our manager. Her nose was not seen. I did not see her in front of her boarding house. Where is he going? Suddenly..

“Good morning. I’m sorry I’m late.” She sighed.

I saw her. There was a wound on his face. After the briefing over, I asked her about what was happened to her.

“What happened?” I touched the wound on her face. “Are you okay?”

“I’m okay.” She smiled and turned away from me.

She was hiding something. I did not want to ask her any longer, her mood looked bad at that time.

“Do you want to go lunch with me after this?” I tried to cheer her up.

She did not say any words.

“Tell me, what happened?” I touched her shoulder.

Finally she told me about what was happened. Her boyfriend was a rude person. She always beaten by his boyfriend every time they had a problem. I tried to encourage her. After work, I saw her being picked up by her boyfriend. I worried that there was something happen with her again. I rushed and followed them from their behind. I saw that the man took her in the quite place. I saw them from the distance, the man lowered her on the quite place and he left. I immediately approached her.

“Hiks, hiks, hiks.” She cried.
“Hey, what happened?” She turned her head up and surprised when she saw me.

“I just broke up with my boyfriend.” She dried her tears.

“Don’t be sad. A man like him does not deserve for you.” I tried to comfort her.

I invited her to have dinner together with me. I listened about her problem and gave her solutions. I tried to make her forget that she was a broken hearted. As time goes by, we were getting closer and closer. I tried to express my feeling to her and finally she accepted me. As time flew by, we were getting closer and finally we were dating. After 5 years of relationship, I thought that she was the right person for me. She was a good woman, honest and genuine. I married her and we were blessed with a baby boy. My son was 6 month years old.

***

The day was so bright, as it was lunch time. Suddenly, BRRRING... BRRRING... BRRRING... My phone screamed. I saw my phone’s screen and it was Gabriel’s number.

"Hallo, Gab?” I answered.

"Sat, are you busy?"

“No, what’s up? This is lunch time."

“Let's have some coffee. I'm waiting in a cafe near your workplace,” said Gabriel.

"Oh yes, I was also on the way to go there,” I said while crossing the street.

That day, I was in the brink of death. Thank God, He still gave me breath to live in the world. That day, I got an accident. I should face the fact that I was paralyzed. I had 7hemiplegia. I was hit by a car. I had no idea, that after a long time, I was reunited with the woman whom I left years ago. I almost died for the second time from her. I thought she was very happy to see me with this kind of situation. Police came to investigate the accident. My body was lying on the street. My eyes were closed but I still heard the sound of the police cars. I tried to open my eyes. I saw my foster mother was forced into the police car.

7 paralysis of one side of the body.
"Please get into the car," the police said and pulled my foster mother's hand.

“Let me go!”

"Shut up!"

“He is a thief,” said my foster mother while pointing at me.

“GET INTO THE CAR!!!” shouted a police man.

The police car took my foster mother to the police office. I heard the sound of the ambulance. My blood spilled everywhere. The atmosphere was getting crowded. The ambulance brought me to the hospital. The police made a statement letter to be resolved in the trial. My wife and my son were really surprised to hear about this.

***

The day of the trial had arrived. The atmosphere was so uptight. It was about 10 o’clock in the morning. I saw my foster mother was ready. When I met my foster mother in the court, she was pretending not to see me, even more listening to my words when I greeted her. The atmosphere of the court room was instantly calm when the Chief Judge entering and sat on his glorious chair. The Chief Judge gave the opportunity for the lawyer to show the document and the identity of his advocate. My foster mother explained the chronology of the incident at that time.

“At that time I was driving the car, when I was driving I did not focus because on my hand, I was holding the phone. When my friend called me, I picked up the phone and suddenly I crushed the victim. I didn’t realize that the victim was my adopted child,” said my foster mother. Her face looked very pale.

The first trial lasted for about an hour. Then, my foster mother’s lawyer presented about their defense. The Chief Judge wrote everything that had been said by the defendant and the lawyer.

“Sat,” called Gabriel with a low voice.

I looked back.
“What’s up?” I whispered.

“Will you forgive your foster mother about what she had done to you?” Gabriel whispered.

*What? Should I? After everything she did to me? Should I? If I did that, she would be free and probably would do even worse to me.* At that moment, I remembered everything that my foster mother had done to me. She was a cruel person. She almost killed me for a second time. I wanted to take revenge to her. I wanted that she live in the prison. But, she also took care of me when I was a child. I just could not bear the fact that soon, my foster mother was in the jail. Should she be freed from all her cruelty?

“Even though she is very cruel, she is still your mother. She had taken care of you since you were a baby,” Gabriel persuaded me.

I looked at Gabriel eyes, as Gabriel holding my hand tightly.

“Don’t you think parents who left a baby in the orphanage would be even more cruel?”

My heart was beating hard.

I could not imagine seeing my foster mother suffering behind the bars in the prison. In my opinion, people who left their children without responsibility in the orphanage should have stayed behind the bars.

Before the Chief had decided to sentence my foster mother, I bravely stood up as I canceled any punishment that would be given to my foster mother.

“I’m sorry, your Honor. I proposed to withdraw the punishment,” I said with a firm voice.

The atmosphere was getting tight. When I said that, my foster mother looked at me and frowned. The Chief Judge made an effort at that time. The meditation was given by the Chief Judge for 40 days and if not enough it could be extended for 14 days. On that opportunity, my foster mother and I filled about what the equal demands in a *win-win solution*. The trial on that day was closed. The Chief Judge already knocked the hammer three times.
“I apologize… For any mistakes that I have done to you,” said my foster mother. Her face looked as sad as the wailing wind. She was begging me and hugged me tightly. Never before in my life, as long as I could remember, Mama Lisa hugged me like what she was doing right now.

She promised to me to take care of my son. My heart melted when I remembered what Gabriel said to me in the court room. It was not easy to forgive all of her mistakes, but I realized that there was a second chance for everyone. I’m not a religious man, but I tried to improve myself because I would like others to treat me as good as how I treated them.

We walked out to the yard. I held Mama Lisa’s hand and I hoped the days after today would be bright. I remembered a line I read from a novel about forgiveness. “Let us forgive each other – only then will we live in peace.”
REFLECTIVE PAPER

Violence against children is very much seen in terms of both physical and economic. Basically these two types are interrelated with each other, besides it can also be a causal relationship. Physical violence is often found such as hit the children, persecution, oppression and so on. The cause is sometimes due to small things. The child only knows that he must always obey what is ordered by his parents. Without complaints the child continues to beg without knowing that he actually has the right to enjoy his youth. Violence against children becomes an endless phenomenon.

In making a story is an element of the story centered on a major event so that the number and development of the author towards the story has meaning. Writing a story is a disclosure of an idea or idea of a theme and a plot. Writing is to express again the thoughts, feelings, and experiences in short stories, with the basic competencies of writing short stories starting from the events that have been experienced. In writing interesting short stories, the author also needs sufficient knowledge and imagination.

In the process of writing short story, there are aspects that shouldn’t be forgotten, such as genre, characterization, setting, plot, etc. Prepare the characters that will be added in the short story. The characters or characterizations can be made in accordance with the story to be made. In *Forgive to Live* short story, oppression was applied in representing the reasons of the character’s behavior.

The theory that used in the short story, it had been decided that it would be using oppression theory. The oppression probably leads the thoughts of most of us to acts involving force or even violence. Oppression creates injustice in other circumstances as well. People are not always oppressed by cruel tyrants with bad intentions. In many cases, a well-intentioned liberal society can place system-wide constraints on groups and limit their freedom. Oppression is a concept that describes the relationship between two categories of people in benefits. In cases of oppression, all members of the dominant and subordinate groups are involved, regardless of individual attitudes or behavior.

In order to understand more about unconscious mind, research of library studies was conducted such read journals and articles that discuss about oppression. The story focused on the
relationship between a child and his foster mother, and yet the details in it had significant roles in deciding what kind of creative work that was going to be produced, moreover about its genre.

In build the tense of the story was needed as oppression genre that keeps the story progress. The research of library studies were conducted by watching Jack and Sarah by Tim Sullivan to understand more about how to bring suspense in the story by showing. Also, watching movie like Thread of Lies to feel what is it like to be in suspense of an oppression story. The progress of creating story’s suspense was not hard after watching the oppression movie.

The background of the child and the foster mother were not difficult to create. Based on imagination, each character still needs background to liven them as they were real. It is hard to relate the characterization of the characters, so it would be reasonable in how the characters react in the story. For example in the story when the foster mother entered Satria’s room and wanted to kill him using a drug that was put in his a glass of water, this showed how the character a very tense reaction when his foster mother treated him.

At the end, there are revisions since the first draft to the final draft from the proposal project up to the finished creative work. The supervisor has guided the writer to overcome the difficulties in writing the story. Writing the facts from real world to be told in the story really helped in completing progress of writing the story. In writing the story, writing is not as simple as what is in our mind think about. By searching the facts in real world, can help a lot along the way in writing the story.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Activities</th>
<th>Progress</th>
<th>Problem</th>
<th>Advisor’s Suggestion</th>
<th>Advisor’s Signature</th>
<th>Student’s Signature</th>
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<tr>
<td>13/05/2018</td>
<td>Writing 7 pages of the story</td>
<td></td>
<td>· There are some grammatical errors.</td>
<td>· Revise the grammatical errors</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>· There is no metaphor in the story</td>
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<td>· The story is a little bit not attract the reader</td>
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<td>24/05/2018</td>
<td>Continue writing the story</td>
<td>Revising the grammatical</td>
<td>· There are missing several moment of the story</td>
<td>· Synchronize the missing events, so the story more logic</td>
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<td>(8 pages)</td>
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<td>12/07/2018</td>
<td>Continue writing the story</td>
<td>Put some missing events in the story</td>
<td>· A few paragraphs are not correctly</td>
<td>· Put some event to make the story more logic in the end</td>
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<td>(12 pages)</td>
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<td>06/07/2018</td>
<td>Continue writing the story</td>
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<td>· There are some metaphor used in the story</td>
<td>· Revise the punctuation in the story</td>
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<td>· The story contains some new parts</td>
<td>· Revise the telling and change into the showing</td>
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<td>16/07/2018</td>
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<td>- There are some parts that changed into showing not telling</td>
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<td>- There are some errors in spelling</td>
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<td>- There is some unclear problem in the story</td>
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<td>- Revise the unclear parts from each chapter so the story is more logic and the reader can understand</td>
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<td>27/07/2018</td>
<td>Continue writing the story</td>
<td>- The story contains some new parts in the beginning and the end of the story</td>
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<td>- There are some grammatical errors in the new parts of the story</td>
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<td>- Revise the grammatical errors in the story</td>
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<td>- Put the quote in the end of the story to attract the reader</td>
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<td>31/07/2018</td>
<td>Continue writing the story</td>
<td>- Almost all paragraphs are correctly indented</td>
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<td>- Some sentences is well but still no attempt to say in a better way</td>
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<td>- Revise the sentences</td>
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<td>- Make the story more vivid</td>
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<td>- The story more vivid</td>
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<td>- There are some errors in put the punctuation</td>
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<td>- Revise the errors and check again the punctuation in every chapter</td>
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</table>
REFERENCES

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