HELL AND HOPE

FINAL PROJECT

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirement of the Degree of
Sarjana Sastra

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Summary

Ana was a lonely girl who experienced bullying in school. Her life was completely changed after she was raped. She became more afraid of people and chose to isolate herself in one of orphanage rooms. One day she met a lawyer named Erin who wanted to help her at the court, but Ana refused it. After knowing the response, Erin replied it with harsh word that really hurt her.

During her bad time, she also met her childhood friend, Yosi, that cared for her life, but, she response it at the same way. Her decision to do it alone made it worse than before, and the depression had come to be the major issue in her life. To release her anxiety, stressful life and hurt feeling, she did ‘self-injury’. So, how she coped with the problem when there was no positive change, and on the contrary, it became worse, worse and worse?
Hell and Hope

The deserted alley seemed different since the last time I passed: it was darker. The rotten rubbish there were scattered around. So I could smell urine odor mixed with stink penetrated my nose, and it’s disgusting enough to make my right hand closed my mouth immediately. The wind tried to chill me and its frightening sound scared me as I quickened my pace. Then, undeliberately, I stepped on the mud near me. How dirty I was as I looked at my foot covered with turbid. “I am dirty…so dirty.” My tears were dripping out, wetting my cheeks.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

I tapped my own foot, just trying to clean it. But, it was useless, I ended up making my hands dirty, even I felt my foot in pain. The cold wind whispered to me that I had to go quickly. I had to run away from the cursed alley. I should escape from this Hell as soon as possible. With a hoarse, I spoke to myself, “Is there any hope for the girl who has lost her virginity?” While viewing the dim end of the alley, I was too worried, my hand was trembling so badly. But, the only choice I had was step forward to the uncertainty.

***

The sun’s rays had a difficulty to enter the black-painted house of Terang Kasih Indonesia Orphanage. It always seemed in dim scene. They just turned on the lamp in mostly important areas for example, the bedrooms and only at night. Being economical was the reason. Also the antique furniture with traditional wooden artifacts had slowly sent the old-fashioned ideology. Besides that, the one that I love from this house was the small stairs at the right corner of the house which connected to the attic. With the blue water pattern, I can sit calmly for hours without any disturb from others until Saras, the fussy person in this house came.

“Oh My Goodness! Ana? Can you just stop daydreaming in here and go to school?” Her voice was a thunderstorm, it shocked me. Also it sounded a little bit annoying especially when she emphasized the last syllables from some part of her words.

I replied to her, “I don’t want to…”
“What? If Mami knows you will be punished. Go, NOW!” Saras’ cheeks were fatter, her bulging eyes were redden and the red parang pattern batik dress increased her fierce aura. Then, she tweaked my ear twice.

“It hurts…” I closed my eyes to bear the pain, trying not to cry in front of her. Even though, I breathe hard because of keeping my emotion. This place never allows me to smile. I envy with the children in heaven, they must be very happy.

***

I supposed to go to school at six but it was too late. However, I was too exhausted to run. I actually didn’t want to take a step and too lazy to look neatly. Purposely, wearing my black velvet jacket was for protecting my skin from sun, its shine. Also to feel safe so nobody could see clearly some part of my body. It was shameful. With heavy paces, I was walking along the road, hoping it would offer a felicity or at least a bittersweet, hoping that those pretty purple flowers on the edge of sidewalk would bloom again. After all, I should choose this road, the road that brought me to the another Hell: S.C.H.O.O.L.

The old school building from Dutch colonial heritage, showed the classical architecture which make it more magnificent. With the silver real diamond gems ornament, the white building emitted the majestic and glorious interior and left a little clue how great the Dutch people at that time. “I hate school…” As I took one step to another step while entering the building, I felt my burden was increasing in weight and forcibly me to bow. I was too shy to see them. I would like to close my eyes because only by hearing their voice and laugh could be my everyday nightmares. Among the crowded students, I heard they called me, “BITCH!” I still remembered their creepy smiles were like a face of hungry demons that wanted to shallow me up alive.

“How dare you to go to school Ana?” A girl with grey ombre hair stood at my back, startled me. I was so afraid to turn my face toward her, “I…”
“Are you not ashamed?” She grabbed my right hand, and gripped it with her nails. “You’d better watch yourself, fucking slut girl! It was such a shame to have the same school with you!”

“I’m not a bitch...I’m NOT...” I stared at her, but my lips were trembling so badly, I could not stand anymore. The fact was, I was weak person at this school, so it would be better for me to run, run far away and never let them realized my presence.

Actually, I knew a prior that it would end up like this. It would be better if I had died last night. After I saw the YouTube video of me, I failed. The 3 A.M alarm ringtone “GOD is still with us” saved my life from the sharp knife. I ordered my feet to run faster than ever. Leave those evils, leave the Hell.

“My name is Ana Gracia, I was raped by several boys at their rent house. I lose everything, there is nothing left. I spend my time in my room, alone and I don’t want anything. I hate human and I hate you”

***

I fell into the abyss of darkness. I could not see anything. It was black, black and black. As I fell deeper, so did my body became slighter. I was difficult to feel every single breath I took, “Am I already died?”

No...

My eyes opened then I saw a web of spider on canopy. Now, I was in certain that I still alive... I was in my bedroom, or they called it storeroom. Never mind, as long as I could not see human or hear their noisy voice, I love this place, the safest place for this time.

Knock,knock,knock...

“An? Please open the door, you have a guest from Jakarta.” I heard soft voice from outside and it ruined my mood. I hardly recognized that rare tone, because Mami always spoke at high tone to us, the orphan.

“Leave me alone, please...” I replied in lazy tone. Still, I was not interested in meeting people, I need more sleep, at least until afternoon. So, I pulled my blanket on my entire body.
Wuff, wuff, wuff

I heard another sound, the only sound that could wake me up directly. I didn’t know what happened to my chest, but my heart beat so fast. Unconsciously, I smiled. This was an unusual feeling that I ever had in my life. I walked to the door and hoped it would offer gladness. But, after I opened the door, I raised my eyebrow when I saw a young woman in front of me with a short-wavy black hair and she stood near a small white poodle dog. Her formal style showed that she was not ordinary people, more likely to be an intellectual person. But, after looking at her sharp eyes suddenly it changed my mood into anxious. I was too afraid to see her flat expression. I felt like I had ever met her somewhere, did I miss something? My skepticism told me maybe she was another evil human, “Who?” I asked her as my curiosity grew bigger.

“I'm Erin. Do you remember?” She spoke in monotonous voice, not really friendly, “For you…” She pointed toward the cute dog.

“For me? Oh…” I nodded as my mind tried to recognize her, but I failed.

“Yes…And from now on, I’m your lawyer.”

“Wh?-- “ It was a clue, now I know what she meant and what she actually did.

“I am just doing my duty. I need your cooperation...”

“Sorry. I can’t do that. I...I--“

“Why?” She sharply cut my sentence.

“I can’t…” My voice became hoarse, I took my step back to convince her that I didn’t have any motivation for doing such thing like that, so I pushed my door. “Sorry…”

Unexpectedly, I stopped when I heard the dog barked and scratched my plywood door’s surface. His circle black eyes gazed at me, as if he was interested to get to know me. It made me pulled my door again, then squatted in front of him. Seeing how I reacted to him, he replied it with shaking his tail. I don’t know why I smiled for him then he barked again like he was really happy to get a new friend like me. When I tried touching his head, I saw Miss Erin began to leave.

“What a pathetic…” She turned her face to me, with cynical smile.

I stood shockingly, “Wh...Wh--” It made me speechless...
“Your life… You should know how pathetic you are.” Her sharp eyes glared at me as if it said that I should believe in her.

“What?” My hands clenched, my eyes was full of tears. I remembered when someone once had said that I was so pathetic after kissing my neck and pulling my long hair. Her words enlarge my heart’s wound. It was more painful than it used to be.

As she was leaving my place, I could only see her back and keep all of my anger inside. I ended up alone. She was the same with other people, the same with Mami, Aunt Saras, my schoolmates, and those bastards. They were the devils in my life. They left me after oppressing me. “All of you that make my life become pathetic!” I screamed out of breath. In the end, I could not hold my tears not to come out. The tears not only wetted my cheeks but also my neck. It hurt me so much.

The nameless dog was looking at me with his pity face wanted to inform me that he felt bad with the weather. He whimpered after heard a thunderstorm, and then a droplet from sky began to wet his body and my head. It made me feeling blue, gloomy. The more heavy the rain the louder I sobbed, because I knew no one could hear my groan, no one care of me. But, at least I was not crying alone like I used to and from now on, I was in a friendship with the gray sky and this weak dog.

***

I just loved to see the beautiful frame of sky in mixed colors of orange and pink, before it turn to somber, before it was darkened. This sliding wooden window that already obsolete became the perfect place to put my elbow to comfort me whenever I wanted to sustain my head, just to feel fresh air, to breathe easily. However, just the same with the evening which quickly faded, so as my calm atmosphere. The uncomfortable emotion had come. My chest was hard to breathe again as it is full of anger. I gripped the edge of the window, fed-up. I looked down, the orphans came back from school and as always showed off their nice school story, and even it seemed bad they made it as a joke. Of course, that time was the worst time of the day.
I remembered that in Social Science course, the teacher had said that human was a could-not-live-alone creature or I might say, a social creature. They communicated with another human to get help, to fulfill their need, to continue their life. If not, maybe they would die soon. But, in fact, human nowadays only wanted to be socially connected to the ones they like, attractive people or people with money. I didn't know why throughout my sixteen years, I had not been making any friends yet. At the very first time, before I came here, I thought this place would give different 'world' but I was disappointed again. Those orphans were the same with human out there. Still, I didn't make any friend. Maybe I was an alien not human or simply because I was not interesting for them since I was not rich and attractive. The big difference between us was they really love school.

I disliked the noisy people like them. Those talking humans always annoyed me whenever I went outside from my zone. I didn't know why, since when I hated every sound that came from their mouth. What fucking story it was? A lovey-dovey couple? A handsome boy? A good grade? Everything that could bring me felt inferior. I had nothing, even the one I talked to, about my greatness, about my pride, although I didn't have them either. Empty…It was just empty.

I didn't think I envy them. No. I didn't want their beautiful shoes or their nice outfits or play with them or laughing with them. No need for human and their things. I just wonder why some people had a better life than the others. God was not fair. He created arrogant human like them, disgusting.

"An? What are you doing?" The boy's voice really irritated me but it forced me to look down to the ground. He was at four meters from the edge of the window I stood, another alien like me, Yosi. He was waving his hand and hoping me to reply him. But, I didn't answer him or waving him back. The sky was way nicer to be cared about.

"Daydreaming?" He chuckled, trying to tease me but, it didn't work. I was immobile.

"Wait for me, I'll be there!" He began to walk with his almost-broken shoes, because he had to drag his one’s foot just for walking. But, still, with his overly confident way, he was trying to chase after the group of boys ahead.
I smiled, not because I was happy he would come to me but, I was not really sure, because to make the same step like those boys, he couldn't, it took triple more times for him. Should I leave now to let him know the reality? But, on his back, the back that covered with worn-out school uniform. I could see there was like a heavy burden on it, but, he was still walking with it, without stop. How stupid he was.

"Thanks…" He seemed out of breath. I turn around my face to him. I could see how tired he was, the sweat streaming down from his forehead.

"For what?" I uplifted my eyebrows. He replied with grin and took a first step, but now with a different way, he was moving slowly and made the wall as a handhold, for he was too exhausted.

Still walking slowly, he answered me with enthusiasm, "I'm happy you give me an opportunity to wait for me…" Then, he stopped for a while to wipe his sweat. I was laughing in my heart, I didn't mean that.

Tap…Tap…Tap...

As he began to approach me again, I could not imagine before that his footsteps was so scary enough to make me felt intimidating. It was not because he was human but because he was a boy, another human being that I was so scared about.

"Stop it!" My shoulders began to shake and I couldn't stop my hand for grabbing the curtain beside me and covering my body with it, so he didn't have a single moment to see my body.

Perplexed he was, when he noticed my sudden reaction. So, he stopped moving. He seemed thinking about something. But, by looking at his soft eyes and bright smile on his face, it made me loosen my grip.

“What’s wrong? —well, I’ll tell you something…” For a moment, he made another expression, like he could read my thought. “I just want to help you, An…” Now, he was like an old man who had experienced many things and wanted me to hear his super magnificent advice.

"Do you want to show off that you are better than me?" I was getting annoyed.

"What do you mean? I—"

"Wisely come to me like you are a strong person…”
"It was because I tried, you can try!" He gave me a big smile on his face.

"Impossible..." I turned around to keep my tears, so he would not see my sad face.

"You know, I'm falling in love with someone, she said I have the same opportunity with people out there and now she becomes my personal support system." All of sudden changing his expression again, he was blushing, madly in love.

I turned my face away, gave a sigh, "I'm not interested in your love story..."

Yosi was actually just the same with me, the broken one that had miserable life. It stabbed me to the bottom of my heart that he could bear shitty things around him, and now he told me about love? Now, I was truly envy of him.

"Alright!" He began to take a step again and slowly approached me.

"Hey, stop it!" I made a mad face to him, to beat his stubborn attitude. But, he gave me a sweet smile, and then I was defeated. "Can you help me to walk?" He gave his hand. It was such a startling. I released my hand from the edge of the window, walked toward him and tried to reach his hand.

"Sorry..." I ended passed him, he looked down and lowered his hand. I speeded up my step and he looked blue then said something in disappointment, "You are different...

I stopped and looked at him with piercing eyes, holding my temper not to burst out. But, the heat in my forehead make my eyes couldn’t control the tears that wanted to fall. It was easier for him to act like he knew everything, but he never ever knew the actual events that I had been through. He would not understand my feeling and my situation. Now, with his arrogance, boasting his ability, he wanted to help me? Nonsense! His pity face toward me made me felt worse and worse. I hate, I really hate this feeling.

"Don't ever talk to me again..." I answered him in aloud, letting out another tear to fall and not letting him to see my ugly face when I cried and I ran away as always. As he began to spoke again, I close my ears. I would never let myself to be like this again, to be defeated again.

I would never cry in front of people for the second time, refusing every aid from them was the only choice. I would help myself, I would do it myself. The responsibility was in my own hand.
BLACK…

That’s how I saw a dominating-color engulfed me. If only I was in my seven year old body, maybe I would scream to death just to make sure everyone heard me and expecting that people would come to save me, turned on the lamp, before I fainted. That’s a normal thought of children, they afraid of darkness. But, now I already forgot the feeling of it, since 10 years I had been living in this Orphanage, I was habitual with the economization of electricity in this house. I tried to make myself comfortable by leaning my head to the something behind me, even it had a solid surface, it didn’t matter, I was not focusing on what its material made of, but, the way it gave the sense of coolness, that’s more important. Although, sniffing the wall paint fumes was a little bit bothersome, at least my temper could slow down for a moment.

SILENCE…

That’s how I interpreted my condition right now. When others were afraid of darkness, they would look for the light, so they left me alone to search the place where there was a light. Me? I choose this place for the sake of existence. In this place I found myself, I felt that being alone was luck. No one could bother me, no one could hear my shedding tears or see me abounded with disgrace. There would be only me and always only this body alone in the corner of this room.

Beep-Boop…

The sound from the left side of mine distracted my daydreaming time. Whatever it was I really didn’t care. But, I could not make my eyes not to see the light screen. I moved my hand to reach my phone. Yes, I ended up taking it. It was a message from unknown number. I raised my eyebrows when I clicked the message and it said:

_I have thought of this and I decide to remain as your lawyer, no matter what. Even you dislike me. But, I have to finish my duty to keep my integrity. So, when will you ready for law consultation? I’ll wait, cause I need to prepare many things._ – ERIN

My hand was trembling so damn hard, the heat and quiver rose up from my hand to my head. I regretted my action just now. Repeatedly, I clicked the back button then just turned my
phone off, put it on to the floor, shoving it away from me. My head was like it was hit by iron ball, it hurt, it severe. I held my head, but it was useless, the pain still remained. I ruffled my hair, smacked every part of my head. I hated to think about that! No, I would not let myself continuously of making mistake. No.

It was difficult to breathe normally, what I could do was biting my lips, kept my scream not to out. Then, I hugged my own legs tightly and buried my head in my thighs, just hoping the pain would go away soon.

But, I groaned… voicing the scary sound inside my body. Her scream howled my ears, it infuriated me. The scream of a fragile girl…I slapped my own face to stop her, “No more tears to fall!” I would never let it to fall. With my own hands, I wiped all of my tears then smeared it to the wall… roughly.

Provoked by the coolness from the surface of the wall, I sniffed it with my nose and glued my forehead on it. Absorbing the cold flew to my nerves, made me felt at ease for a while. To meet my desire, I did it again but in triple forces. Bang… Bang…Bang…It was such a relieving treatment. It was gone, the painful in my head was gone! And the sore in my chest was healed. I was free, free… Just like what I longed to. I won for the first time. I won!

Bang… Bang… Bang…
Bang… Bang… Bang…
I exploded…And closed my eyes.

***

I tried to open my eyes but why was it so hard? I saw a glimmering light in front of me, dazzling and blurring my eyes. That’s so glare, I could not stay opening my eyes for too long.

“An…?” Someone called me with a deep voice, “Are you awake?” It was like a deep sorrow inside the sound.

“Is she awake?” I heard the voice of a woman in my right. Maybe it was Mami or Saras. Why was she here?
All of sudden my ears was buzzing, such a panic attack. I was awake…awakening my five senses. It’s odd. I saw the very bright lamp for the first time, since I had not been seen it for years. Not just it, the nauseating smell caused me felt sick, I wanted to puke. Also, I got headache, then I touched it and it covered with bandage. So, I was really really sick.

“Are you okay?” The woman voice sounded again, “Ana?” She lowered her tone. My eyes turned toward the source of the sound. It was her. But, she was different in daily outfit: white floral fabric flat shoes, grey-light jeans, and blue sky cardigan mix with white t-shirt written a word espérer\(^1\) in diamond gems. She wore glasses and tied her hair. I really love her style, simple but looked more feminine and maternity. It made me almost forgot her face, until her flat mimic straightforwardly looking at me. I know it was her only by looking at her sharp eyes because it was like knew everything about me, my dimness and the only eyes that could change all my calmness into anxious. It was her, the woman that I feared of. It’s her, Erin.

I grasped the bed sheet while was taking a deep breath and forcefully I closed my eyes, pretending not to see her at all. At least it gave me a reassurance.

“An? “ Suddenly I turned my head to the left, “Are you okay?” He made a worried face. I didn’t answer him, just turned my face to the bright lamp above. I knew he would give me a holy advices, showing his strength, making a way for me, and whatever it was, I was bored, really bored of Yosi’s words.

“An!” He shouted out loud at me. I was still in silence, then I pulled over the blanket throughout my body and made sure that I felt safe. Harshly, he pulled it off. I was awake, I took it again from the tip of my bed, but he grabbed it from me, again….

It made me got irritated, so I tried to seize it again, but he held it firmly, made it difficult for me to move just for a single time. Unyielding, I tried pulling it with all of my power. But, quickly he won the fight and threw it across the room, I knew it would happen. The weakness of me emerged so and so. He was gripping my right hand too tight. I didn’t have any courage to look at him, I tried to release my body from him. But, it didn’t work, my only choice was to fight him. When I wanted to use my fist of left hand to attack him, again… he gripped it

---

\(^1\) Esperer is a France word means hope
with his nails. It hurt… So hurt as his sharp nails stressed my skin. Still, I held my tears not to come out.

“Hey!” We stopped and looked at Erin, the source of the sound, “I have to go now, for several matters, excuse me…” She walked away. We could only stare her back when finally she closed the door. I didn’t know what was in her mind with this current situation. But, I was really in rage. When I found him lessening his grip, I released my hand from him and slapped his face for the first time since we had been friends for five years. Not just that, I slapped him for twice right now, then three times and the third with the pillow behind me. He was silent and just staring at me with his deep eyes, it was wet, his eyes.

slap!
He slapped me back.
He slapped me until I fell into the bed. With a fast movement, I stood in front of him, intentionally pushing him to the floor, but I saw his tears fall onto his cheeks. I stopped.

“Why?” hoarsely, he spoke to me, “Why stop? Go ahead, fight me, kill me!” He stood up, took my hand and placed it on his face.

“No…” I answered him in weak voice.
“You hate me, right? Just do it, mad at me!” He shouted out loud.
“What’s wrong with you?” I asked him.
“Just do the same with those bastard who raped you…fight them, punish them, kill them.”

“no.”
I sat on the edge of my bed, musing. “I can’t…” I saw him walked to the desk beside the bed, took my phone.

“Call her, your lawyer, she would help you to fight them.” He thrusted the phone into my hand.

“No.” I replied him with the same answer and choose to put the phone on my bed. “I need rest, I got headache.”

“Why?”

“Just leave me...”
He was walking with disappointment on his face, “It’s not fair for you!”

“Yosi…” He turned around and I looked at him in a deep sight.

“Before you leave, please bring me the blanket you just threw.”

***

8.15 a.m.

The trolley desk would come with breakfast and painkillers medicine. I was getting bored with this regular activity in this hospital, especially when an annoying-bitchy face of the nurse was smiling at me. I was fed up with it. It made my day even worse.

Huh?

Not just her face, I knew that she had a big mouth. I knew it… I knew it… They gossiped about me, those gossiping nurses were not just fond of looking after a patient but also taking care of every part of patient’s life. It was about my wrong clothes, wrong face, wrong hair, even my wrong life. Also they disgusted about my vomit, what else? And I wonder at the very first place, how could they know I was raped?

Knock…knock...

It was her again, Erin. With panic face, she carried a big bag then put out a shawl, then asked me to change my outfit. After that, she gave the shawl to me, pulled it over my head, made it like a veil. Hurriedly, she grabbed my hand to bring me out from this room. I didn’t know what happen but I let her do that to me. We were in rush, running through corridor to corridor and stairs to stairs confused me because we were able to use lift instead. But, Why?

“Just follow me…Sssshhhhh…” She whispered to me. I followed her and I saw a large crowd in the Hospital’s lobby, people in a semi-formal outfit, jeans and collared shirt with name cards, cameras, and microphones. I had seen them on TVs, in news, gossip shows, and they were just the same like I just saw right now. When we began to walk to the exit door, I heard one of them said:
“Finally, it will go viral on media for the next following weeks!” Uttered a man in navy blue vest. I stopped suddenly. I wanted to know what he meant. And my wish was granted immediately, as soon as other man replied:

“By the way, where is the raped girl?” the other man with cameras on his hand responded. It was startled me. I was the girl they looked for. I was that raped girl. I was that girl. I had never expected it would turn out to be like this. It was just too exaggerating.

Then, Erin embraced my shoulders, “Bow your head, don’t let them see you,” I did what she said while I was crying inside. Everybody knew it, they knew it. Shame on me…

It was such a shame.

As we stepped forward, they recognized us. It was proved by the sound of stamping foots approached. They were blocking the entrance, just to ensure we could not go outside. It was just begun… the flashing blitz from cameras competed.

click….click…click

“Miss Erin! Miss Erin! Is that you?” A young woman gave a microphone to her then followed by the other journalists. In a sudden, someone else barged me from back, wanted to record our voice from his phone.

“Are you her lawyer right? Could you give a little bit explanation to us?” One of them asked her directly. She answered them in loud voice, “We have to go…Now!”And she held my hand strongly.

“It’s okay, we will blur her face when it airs on TV.” They spoke again. I squeezed Erin’s hand just hoping she understood the meaning of fear I had. Then, I just hid my face with this veil.

I looked around, I saw those human eyes staring at me, not just those hungry eyes of journalists who were like wanting to prey me but also everybody in this hospital spotted me like I was an interesting spectacle to watch. They took a photo of me, they had already seen my face and those mouths continuously talking about me.

“How was the progress? Was it pure a rape case or a scandal? Because some issue says—“ My eyes was wider as I felt my temper was on high. When I looked at Erin, I shook my head because they said that without even thought about my feeling that those words really hurt
me. I didn’t know how long it took to stand here and hear what they said, but it was unbearable to hear that. I couldn’t hear that. I was shivering, almost fainted. But, Erin didn’t move as she was being questioned. How could she also didn’t get what I mean right now?

“We are still in the process, just wait and see what will happen next…” She pulled my hand to go to the stairs, while they were still chasing after us. But, I walked out from the entrance in wobbly like my energy was sucked. The hot air burnt me like I was in hell. I wished the sun would burn me alive right now, letting me scorched, no remaining.

It’s such a shame…
It’s devastating…

We got into a car. Erin drove violently to avoid those journalists approaching further. As cold as an ice, that’s how the face that she made, even in bad situation she could make a flat mimic like that. I didn’t get what was in her mind now. But, just several seconds later, she made a smirk. Surprised I was when I witnessed such a rare moment. With my glazed eyes, I stared her, observing her face, hunting for the unanswered question in my mind about her. Quickly, she responded me at glance.

“It would be better if I bring two shawls.” She mentioned me like she was able to read my mind. But, neither of us laughed. How awkward it was.

It’s awkward.

“It would be better if you ignored them.” I tried to split the situation. But, there was no answer from her, perhaps she concentrated on driving well. Neither of us spoke just now, until she moved her hand swiftly to turn on the radio, pressed the search button of radio’s frequency, made some noises. She switched from one to another over and over again, like nothing she liked. I just gawked whenever she did that.

“Awful…” Erin grimaced and turned it off, groped to something in car’s storage for several seconds. “There you are…” She seemed pleasing enough of it. It was a Beethoven classics DVD.

“Take control of what I deserve, that’s my way.” She entered the DVD to the player. The first song played was Moonlight Sonata. I could feel that brokenhearted soul in this piano
sonata was so melancholy and hopeless, and sad then very angry but at the end just moved on. It’s mood swing, the beat was slow, slow, fast…then very fast…and I got sleepy.

Spontaneously, I took my phone from my jeans pocket, then typed ‘YES’ to reply Erin’s previous message.

That’s my way.

***

I always wondered what tomorrow would grant to me when I was not a ‘normal’ girl anymore. Horror? Creepy? What it was?

Yesterday, I had read the Letter from Police for doing an investigation process. I couldn’t sleep for thinking too much about this. My heart was beating so fast when I tried predicting of how it would be? How to answer it properly? What should I do?

And today was the day of horror…

It was the first time I went to the Police Office and the vibes that I imagine before was far from my expectation. Yeah, it was just the same with other offices I had ever seen. Maybe the difference between them was mostly from their uniforms, the uniform that represented the authority they have. But, as long as I lived I always had bad intuition with the word ‘authority’. My inner heart echoed that there was something ‘wrong’ with this world. I began to distrust human with power, because they would do whatever they want without thinking about the consequences they would gain or the impact toward others. That’s why when I entered the investigation room, I couldn’t control my heart for beating too fast, I was really nervous, overwhelmed with my own negativity until the idea of running away from this room came to my mind.

As I expected the room was like a common room, with round table, four chairs, and of course the light, not bad. But, one thing that made me suddenly and surely felt uncomfortable was the two strangers in uniform who sat on the chairs. Then the fact was I should be here in this room accompanied by them was like a turbulence.

I was in distress when one of the men who had a mustache closed the door.
The door was already closed.

Nothing was worse than this…I could feel my hand began to shake, the room temperature was chilling me up, it made me couldn’t sit properly. I tightened my knee as I got very shaky right now. The man in front of me began to ask about my identity. I just folded my hands so that I could try to concentrate of every questions they gave even I answered them in slowly pace.

But, when the following questions turned to be something related to the incidence of rape. I lost my control…my body was like a numb…And my mouth was like a frozen ice.

It’s like an upside down scene, it’s almost faded away. The light, the chairs, and the table were gone… the current setting now was exactly the same with time and place of that cruelty and madness of humanity. Not just that, the two policemen in front of me was splitting into four boys, or I would call them Monsters. Maybe now I lived in my unconsciousness, the girl that I just saw right now was completely destroyed, totally broken…in bloody nude body.

I got fainted.

***

The investigation scene now was repeated again but in different shape, different vibes. It took place in an appointed room, very well ordered furniture, mostly the combined colors of it was grey and white. There were some books, photos, and laptop, pretty neat as always. The smell was better than the smell in Investigation room which was musty, of course, because now I was in Erin’s apartment. In front of me was Erin, the one who I would share with. She was peeling of some apples for us. “Eat it…while waiting for the soup to boil up.” She pushed the small plate of slices of apple toward me, “Thank—“

“I have taught you how to answer them, right?” She straightforwardly asked me without pause. I remained silent and just stabbed one slice with fork. When I glimpsed at her I knew that she really wanted to know what happened at that time. But, I was too afraid to tell her.

“Nervous? One thing to notice, you should sign the Police investigation report at first because the visum’s requirement needs a legal letter from Police, and you haven’t sign it yet…” She explained everything about the law thing that I didn’t really understand.
“Yes, I fainted then…” And finally, I answered her to defend myself.

“We have practiced about it.”

“I couldn’t do that as what you expected before, it’s frightening…” I shrugged.

“That’s the reality that you can’t avoid, you should face your fear! Tomorrow let’s go to the Police office again.” She seemed in intense.

What was the reality they mean? They forced me to face it without thinking that I was in agony…I felt like dying…Certainly, Erin would never understand my feeling, such an ignorant woman.

I didn’t want to do that again, no more…no more…I shook my head to deliver my refusal. As I heard the boiling soup bubbled, Erin’s face which usually flat turned to be red. I knew she started getting mad, almost reached the boiling point, “If you don’t do that, this case will be suspended, due to lack of evidence and our battle is end and your life ends as coward!”

The evil Erin appeared just now. Seeing her expression, her eyes, her body language reminded me when the first time I met her. Once I said offensive word too, this room was instantly going to change into Hell.

Intimidated by her words, I thought this was the best time to take revenge, for I had a right to be angry too, “Let it be…” Recklessly I said that, while I was thinking on how to fight her, until I saw the photos of her on the small table near the telephone. Actually, I had seen it when the first time I visited her place, It’s Erin’s family photo and another photo of her with some friends.

I got it.

***

“Why do you display the photos like this?” I pointed out the photos that streaked with black ink pen, “Who’s that?” I was so curious, because Erin never said anything about it since the first time I got here for law consultation.

“Is it you or me who is suitable to know about someone’s personal background?” She didn’t answer directly about it, seemed too focusing on her work: typed, made a note, and read.
something on her laptop. “Rapists.” Suddenly, she mentioned quietly about something that made me wondered.

“Who?” I was in confusion.

“Your rapists, do you still remember their identifying marks when they did that?”

“Oh…Yes.”

“They must get the punishment they deserve, never let those rapists free.” She sounded like she was me.

***

“I think the true coward is in front of me, you were unable to make your father and ex-boyfriend end up in jail…Hypocrite!” Those rude words came out from my mouth, unbearably.

The woman that I talk to now was different with Erin before. Her face’s expression made me feel aghast and she held the knife strongly like she was also held her emotion, “Don’t change the topic.” She unblinkingly looked at me.

Without hesitation, I stood up and convinced her that I would not continue this case, “It’s better to cancel it… I don’t want to see you again!” After I did that, she put the knife hardly on the table, stared me with spooky sight, and uncared about the boiling soup which already overflowed.

“Congratulations, people will always call you BITCH!” She was grinning. I stepped back and clenched my hands, just for attempting not to show my true feeling.

Despite of her very hurtful words toward me, it was better to leave this room as soon as possible unless I could response her back. But, I paused as she spoke again in serious way, “Do you want to leave? After I gave everything what you need?”

It shockingly beat my heart, I let myself uttering the word that was really from the bottom of my heart, “I used to believe that you are actually a good person, but, it’s a big LIE,-- I will pay it…I promise…”
“Wow! You have many progressions right now, have courage to speak, a new brave girl…” She gave a standing applause to me. “Let’s wait and see what will happen if you are alone, without me.”

She was right. Every word coming from her was right.

However, it was painful to hear that words finally came out from her mouth. The more I tried to be strong before her, the worse the pain inside my chest. Immediately, I took the knife on the table, gripped it with my hands, and pointed it straight to her face. For a moment, nothing happened, with the blank stare, she remained silent, motionless. No matter how I tried to read her mind, I had no idea what’s on it. Being in position like this, making me build a chaos feeling, and trapping in vagueness. It consumed me relentlessly and I shattered.

“I need to end this…”

***

Wuff…wuff…wuff…

I heard Hope’s voice summoned me to quickly out from that place, the uncomfortable place that I hated the most. The smell of it was still disturbing my breathing. But, after I saw Hope on Yosi’s arms I forgot that traumatic feeling before when I had to lay down my body for several hours, and letting them examine it.

***

I heard a howl that summoned me to out from my room, the room of my comfort that I loved the most. I could smell the scent of blood from the place I stood. My heart beat so fast, sent me a signal of the negative thinking that might happen to that dog. Unconsciously, my body brought me to the place where he laid. Like a flash of lighting. The magic had brought me to tenderly save him immediately. He needed me, he had a hope in me. It was the same with me, he was The Hope that made me doing something I never did before, to save the one’s life and my life.
As Yosi put Hope on my thighs, he closely stared at me, “You look nice today in hospital gown.”

“But, it doesn’t make you fall on me, right? How is your personal support system?” I gave him a huge smile.

He pushed my wheelchair slowly to the hospital park, looked very happy with his broadest smile, “I will meet her next week at the court.”

“Of course…And don’t forget to bring him again…” I caressed Hope’s head and body smoothly.

I knew I would meet those bastards again, but I decided not to think too much about that. Let it be. Let it flew like a streaming water…

“Whatever it takes, at least I have tried to change my life. No matter how hard it is, No matter how hurt it is, I will always be living curiously to know what kind of happiness that future will give to me Regardless of people will think I’m too optimistic. I have a HOPE, I have a LIFE. That is my WAY…”

***

I felt like I had a lifeless body, when I reversed the knife toward my own. I could smell the scent of blood that wet my cheeks. As I opened my eyes, I saw a hand that gripped the tip of the knife. I knew that it wasn’t mine, But Erin’s. After that, she removed the knife from my hands. I gasped.

With tearful eyes, she walked to me, and then embraced me tenderly with her warm arms. It was the first time, someone hugged me like that. I never expect that it would make me feel at ease. Peacefully, I buried my head on her shoulder, crying like a child…

END
Reflective Paper

Sexual assault becomes the major issue in every country around the world. Regardless of how plentiful the woman movements in promoting feminism globally, it is undeniable that the fact seems to go on the contrary to what people hope for. It proves in the Asian countries which have common belief of women have the secondary status in society. The significance example of it has already happened in India as the Asian country which now has rape crisis. The latest news from Indian Express reported in 2016 that over 34,600 rape cases has occurred in India.

Despite of the rape rate statistic in Indonesia is relatively moderate –about 0.7 , reported by UNODC. Another fact from the survey conducted by Lentera Sintas Indonesia, Magdalene Magazine and Change.org revealed their online poll joined by 25,213 respondents of the rape victims. The result was over 90% of them didn’t make any report to the Police. Due to their fear of people stigma toward them, whereas the Indonesian society has constructed such a strong image of how important the virginity is. In case of that survey, I concluded that the rape case in Indonesia is on the emergency level and urgent need to have a preventive action.

Reflecting from the heart breaking news about the story of gang raped girl named Yuyun who died after that tragic incident and rape cases that happen in my surrounding which are unreported to the Police, I opted the idea to take up the rape issue in my final project. And other reasonable cause of choosing this topic was because I had skepticism that the value and tradition of woman inferiority in Indonesia could not be changed easily. Thus, from the books I’ve read, I came up with the idea to change the rape victim’s mindset on how they face their problem. As the result of their decision to keep a secret of rape case and afraid of getting blame by the society, they will never stop the sexual assault happen in their surroundings. Not just that, it will also impact their mentality, since the rape victims are potentially to experience self destructive behavior such as trauma, anxiety, and suicidal thought which suffer them even more. Based on that condition, my writing portrayed the victim of rape case and specifically focused on the raped-girl’s survival act to get to the point when she could be a well-being human – how she and people around her minimized the effect of trauma and accepted the unchanged thing despite the fact that she had to face many adversities in life.
Delivering a natural story through life-experience

To manifest a natural story about the rape victim’s condition, doing some researches is inevitably a crucial thing. If not, the message of the story cannot be delivered in a good way and only convey such a superficial thing. The same as discrimination towards women also happen because of the society unwillingness to think in depth and just focus on the surface. They don’t use their capacity to understand the woman and oppositely only absorb the beliefs and dogmas without any filter. In getting a deeper understanding in my writing, I applied a qualitative research method, and particularly in narrative approach and phenomenology by observing, library studying and interviewing. However, my research was mostly conducted in observing. My final project was inspired by my own experiences—my struggle in life to survive from traumatic event: bullying, sexual harassment, etc. In essence, it was beneficial for me to portray Ana’s character – the main protagonist in my writing whose traits resembled me in the past, although, Ana was actually a mixed of my traits and one of my acquaintances’ traits. Comprehensively, the observation of my own and my surrounding’s characteristic had contributed shaping all major and minor characters’ traits in my writing. Thereby, when it came to make a realistic dialogue, it was easier for me to brainstorm the dialogue that indicated the trait of my characters by observing one of my acquaintances’ ways of speaking. As one of the ways to show the trait of the character in a story is through dialog and previously, I thought to make a good dialogue was immensely challenging to do. At the beginning of my writing, I failed to make a natural dialogue and just putting my style of speaking as the author for every character I made, although they differ in trait.

Apart from that, the observation also improved my writing skill to build the conflict of the main protagonist. In building the internal conflict, I added some of my thoughts for developing Ana’s conflict. For example, in the story, when Ana was bullied by the society and she had thought that people only respect the ones who had an authority and disrespect the ones who didn’t. Accordingly, the most of Ana’s thought was my own thought when I was bullied in school. But, the observation of Ana’s way of thinking was not merely based on my thought--
which may give such a subjective opinion. As the thought also from my friends’ bullied experiences and they shared the same thought that indeed, for them, the society done discrimination. The following result of discussion about bullying stated that the traumatic effect of it has shaped their view toward people and changed their social life. It caused them to have social anxiety—they were too shy, lack of confidence and afraid of social relationship. This condition inspired me to make Ana’s character to be a like that. Because of her closed personality, it also helped me to develop the external conflict of Ana with people around her. As in the story Ana was a loner who had trust issue with people.

The struggling life of raped-girl

In the process of writing the story, I faced some difficulties in depicting the raped-girl behavior in my story. Such thing was one of the most problems in my writing that not easily unsolved due to the lack of an obvious overview of that in my everyday life. In that case, I had no option to use observation due to the limited time. For getting specific information of raped-girl behavior, the library study was the other approach that I used to get the supporting details of it. To know more about human behavior, the relevant theory of it is based on psychoanalysis. In psychology related-book entitled, “Kesehatan Mental: Konsep, Cakupan, dan Perkembangannya” by Siswanto, S.Psi.,M.Si. stated that human use several kinds of ego defense mechanism to avoid anxiety. Though there are so many kinds of defense mechanism, I mostly used the common one such as denial and avoidance to be applied in Ana’s behavior when she refused the help from people. It emphasized in the story that Ana didn’t like people who had pity on her, she thought that nothing to be worried about her, and she was well. Even she actually needed a help.

After having done that, it was not enough to build the strong impression how hard the struggle to cope with mental pressure that the victim has. In order to get the relevant information, I interviewed my friend who had experience of sexual abuse and did self-harm/self-injury to cope with the anxiety. In ego defense mechanism that action called acting out—doing something extreme to shift the anxiety to another object, because of the incapability of expressing it well. In browsing about self-injury on the internet, the person who did that felt comfortable after doing
such harmful thing. Therefore, the result of the interview is very necessary to get confirmation about that. The listed question only concerned about the actual feeling when the interviewee did that, and it helped me to illustrate the feeling of doing self-injury. Not merely focus on the violent action which would give the sense of vulgar, since my target reader is young people not adult.

As the whole reason of my writing about rape was to support the victim to survive, of course, the most important thing to do was giving solution how to do it. By way of example, as social creature, human need support from other human too, for the continuity of life. No one can bear the heavy burden alone, everybody needs others to help them out from their problem. From the same psychology book, Siswanto explained that there should be the healing relationship between the counselor and the client – the one who has mental disease or trauma, etc, it means acceptance of who they are as human with their weakness, to create a trust, openness and a feel of safe (191-192). Although in the story, the acceptance of Erin toward Ana was not really obvious, because at first I decided to make it like layers, describe it implicitly. However, in the ending of the story, it conveyed the acceptance that I meant—Erin hugged Ana, showing her affection when Ana wanted to commit suicide.

**Building an interesting story for grabbing readers’ attention**

Being a good author is not just building a good story to follow, but also building it to become what so called author’s expectation; an interesting one that grabs readers’ attention. It makes the writing method become the big issue at the very first place. In fact, a good story can be the bad one if the method of delivering it is awful, for example, if the story is just telling instead of showing what is happen, the readers would get bored and lost the ‘feel’ of the story that author has built. Thus, it will ruin the story itself. Furthermore, the book of writing theory such as Adele Ramet’s *Creative Writing 7th Edition*, has helped me a lot to create a good way of making my story and enriching my writing skills, technically. Because, at first, I was not good enough to build a good suspense in the story, since it needs to describe the scene very vividly and plays on details. This technique was very useful when it came to depict a hot conflict scene,
For instance, in the scene when Yosi and Ana had a quarrel in Hospital, I had to describe it in details to make the readers were in tense.

**Conclusion**

Portraying the rape victim in my story is not a simple thing, doing some research based on the daily life and books are the thing that should have done for the sake of a good quality of literature work. Moreover, when my topic is about rape, it needs a deeper understanding to give the answer of the sensitive issue in Indonesia right now. In addition, the desire of the victim to be healed will not become reality if there is no support from the surrounding. Lastly, my writing voiced the message for the people and the victim awareness to take an action—speak more, help more, be brave for upholding the humanity.
## LOGBOOK

Name: Kezia Melva Hartono  
Student number: 392013032  
Project title: Hell and Hope

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Activities</th>
<th>Progress</th>
<th>Problems</th>
<th>Advisor’s suggestion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nov 25, 2016</td>
<td>Seminar</td>
<td>Proposal</td>
<td>At first, I made the long plot because I had to tell the story of Erin’s past, but, for I was not making a novel but a short story which had limit pages. So I had to make it more briefly.</td>
<td>The story’s plot has a device that can be added throughout the story to make it smooth and brief. One of the devices is by using some flashbacks in the story.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan 22, 2017</td>
<td>Making character cv and outline plot</td>
<td>character cv and outline plot</td>
<td>In the story, the conflicts are the key to build a good engaging for readers to read over and over again, but I was not giving enough conflict and instead of focusing on the main conflict, I just add some feature conflicts which made the conflict looked too flat and was not interesting to follow.</td>
<td>The main conflict had a correlation with the purpose of the character in the story, what she/he wants the most. So, it was better to find the main problem of the</td>
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<td>Date</td>
<td>Action</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb 9, 2017</td>
<td>Working on first draft (exposition), work on second draft</td>
<td>I got difficulties when it came from making a sense of showing rather than telling the story. So that's why I more likely to use telling technique and too many dialogues for delivering the story. Showing technique is the easiest way for author to describe the story without spending too much energy to tell everything in straightforward and clear description. The technique can be learned from <em>Creative Writing 7th edition</em> by Adele Ramet.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb 16, 2017</td>
<td>Working on second draft</td>
<td>Making too much dialogue was a mistake because it could also make the readers feel tired of reading it again. Not just that, the dialogue that I made was not realistic dialogue on daily basis. So to make it more natural I decided to read the</td>
<td>The dialogue part should have right proportion in the story, it means that the dialogue should have the significant impact toward the story itself.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Action</td>
<td>Draft</td>
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<tr>
<td>March 15, 2017</td>
<td>working on fourth draft (the raising action)</td>
<td>Fourth draft</td>
<td>I thought the raising action was one of the most important parts of the story, because if I failed to make it interesting, it would ruin the continuity of the story. So I had to make the smooth transition of it, but when I wanted to make a good start, the problem had come, especially I didn’t really know about Law thing and their procedural thing (since I had a lawyer character that played the significant role in this story), so I did a research by browsing about rape law in Indonesia and the things related to it such as visum, etc.</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 5, 2017</td>
<td>Working on fifth draft</td>
<td>Fifth draft</td>
<td>To build a conflict that made sense I tried to look for some ideas how to make the story lively. For example the problem of the raped girl in any given situation: How</td>
<td>Doing research about the law term (in my case specifically of rape law) is a must to make a realistic story. Because even the fantasy story had to have logical reason of it. That’s why when author wants to make a good story, he/she should do a research.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 25, 2017</td>
<td>Working on fifth draft</td>
<td>Developing the plot was something difficult for me, because if it didn’t make sense or natural, it would ruin the story, I need to have a logical reason why the characters did such thing and the impact he/she made in the following scene. So I tried observing my own experiences when I was in school life, when I also got bullied by my friends. So, what I did and what my thought at that time inspired me to build the conflict. Not just that it also helped me to develop the character. Not only based on my own experience, I also observed the same theme with my own. The recommended book of the behavior of raped girl is depicted in a short story of Seno Gumira Ajidharma entitled <em>Wanita yang Diperkosa</em> or in the English version called “Clara”.</td>
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<td>Date</td>
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<td>Comments</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 3, 2017</td>
<td>Working on sixth draft</td>
<td>Sixth draft</td>
<td>One of the ways to make readers curious about the story is the unpredictable character’s behavior or the layers that cover the one’s true character. To build it more realistic, I read psychology book to know more about human behavior. The book called “Kesadaran Mental: Konsep, Cakupan, dan Perkembangannya” by Siswanto, S.Psi, M.Si. The part that I like most was the part that explained about ego defense mechanism of human. So, I could add some type of ego defense mechanisms to my character and made it more lively and interesting to be curious about.</td>
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<td>Date</td>
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<td>June 10, 2017</td>
<td>Working on seventh draft</td>
<td>Seventh</td>
<td>The author must pay attention to the target reader of his/her story, so because my target reader is young people, I should not show the scene that is too vulgar. So, that’s why to make it smoother, I didn’t use the vulgar related vocabulary or vivid action of the violent scene but, just focused on the feeling of character when she was doing something violently.</td>
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<td>June 14, 2017</td>
<td>Working on eighth draft</td>
<td>Eighth</td>
<td>One of the symptoms of people with traumatic disorder is they are potentially will do something like self-harm or self-injury. To know more about it, I interviewed a person who did ‘self-injury’ but the person didn’t want the identity to be revealed.</td>
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<td>June 17, 2017</td>
<td>Working on ninth draft (conflict)</td>
<td>Ninth</td>
<td>Building the eagerness of readers to read the story is the purpose of every author to ensure that she/he have made a good work. In order to make it, the author should build an interesting conflict of the story and the most important thing to be added is the suspense that makes it more intense. But, I</td>
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<td>To build suspense in the story, the author should play on details.</td>
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<td>June 20, 2017</td>
<td>Working on tenth draft (climax)</td>
<td>Tenth draft</td>
<td>I got some difficulties when the story started reaching to the climax, I confused what scene that could make it the worst of the worst. And I tried to watching a Korean film about lawyer entitled “New Trial” which has good climax, in my opinion.</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 6, 2017</td>
<td>Last draft</td>
<td>Last Draft</td>
<td>Eventhough, I have done my writing, I still wanting to recheck it more again, and I found out that some of my dialogues are not natural and don’t have soul of the character. So, I decided to read a Japanese Light novel called Oregairu to get the idea how to make a good dialogue, because when I read that novel, the story conveyed by many deep dialogues of the characters.</td>
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Acknowledgments

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2. Ayub Hendro Hartono and Herlina Marlina Angkouw, my parents who always do their best to give me a better education and as the reminder for me to finish my final project as soon as possible, your struggles and efforts would never be forgotten.
3. Feby as my friend and my inspiration to make Ana character, your story of life is beautiful and meaningful.
4. My friends in college life (Yustin, Christian, Rosa, Illene, Hana, Resty, Ela, Mey, David, Angga, Fajar, Desy, Vinka, Kak Cita, Kak Novi, Alex and Bapak) for contributing in the process of my life; shaping me to be the person that I am now. I also thank you for becoming the part of the ups and downs.

I hoped all your contributions to me would be returned by God in an abundance blessing.

Best Regards,

Kezia Melva Hartono
References


Watari, Wataru. *My Youth Romantic Comedy is Wrong As I expected*. Yen Press, 2011. PDF.