THESIS PROJECT

CREATIVE WRITING: IT’S UP TO MY WISH

NORRI INTAN PUTRI CAHYANI

392014023

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

FACULTY OF LANGUAGE AND ARTS

UNIVERSITAS KRISTEN SATYA WACANA

SALATIGA

2018
PERNYATAAN TIDAK PLAGIAT

Saya yang bertanda tangan di bawah ini:

Nama : NORRI INTAN PUTRI CAHYANI
NIM : 392014023  Email : 392014023@student.uksw.edu
Fakultas : BAHASA DAN SENI Program Studi : SASTRA INGGRIS
Judul tugas akhir : IT’S UP TO MY WISH

Pembimbing :
1. Prio R.P. FANGGUDAE, M. Hum
2. 

Dengan ini menyatakan bahwa:

1. Hasil karya yang saya serahkan ini adalah asli dan belum pernah diajukan untuk mendapatkan gelar kesarjanaan baik di Universitas Kristen Satya Wacana maupun di institusi pendidikan lainnya.

2. Hasil karya saya ini bukan sedaran/terjemahan melainkan merupakan gagasan, rumusan, dan hasil pelaksanaan penelitian/implementasi saya sendiri, tanpa bantuan pihak lain, kecuali arahan pembimbing akademik dan narasumber penelitian.

3. Hasil karya saya ini merupakan hasil revisi terakhir setelah diajukan yang telah diketahui dan disetujui oleh pembimbing.

4. Dalam karya saya ini tidak terdapat karya atau pendapat yang telah ditulis atau dipublikasikan orang lain, kecuali yang digunakan sebagai acuan dalam naskah dengan menyetujui nama pengarang dan dicantumkan dalam daftar pustaka.

Pernyataan ini saya buat dengan sesungguhnya. Apabila di kemudian hari terbukti ada penyimpangan dan ketidakbenaran dalam pernyataan ini maka saya bersedia menerima sanksi akademik berupa pencabutan gelar yang telah diperoleh karena karya saya ini, serta sanksi lain yang sesuai dengan ketentuan yang berlaku di Universitas Kristen Satya Wacana.

Salatiga, 3. SEPTEMBER 2018

[Signature]

NORRI INTAN PUTRI CAHYANI

Tanda tangan di nama terang melalainya

F-LIB-080
PERNYATAAN PERSETUJUAN AKSES

Saya yang bertanda tangan di bawah ini:

Nama : NORRI INTAN PUTRI CAHYANI
NIM : 392014023
Fakultas : BAHASA DAN SENI
Program Studi : SASTRA INGGRIS
Judul tugas akhir : IT’S UP TO MY WISH

Dengan ini saya menyerahkan hak non-eksklusif* kepada Perpustakaan Universitas – Universitas Kristen Satya Wacana untuk menyimpan, mengatur akses serta melakukan pengelolaan terhadap karya saya ini dengan mengacu pada ketentuan akses tugas akhir elektronik sebagai berikut (beri tanda pada kotak yang sesuai):

☐ a. Saya mengijinkan karya tersebut diunggah ke dalam aplikasi Repositori Perpustakaan Universitas, dan/atau portal GARUDA

☐ b. Saya tidak mengijinkan karya tersebut diunggah ke dalam aplikasi Repositori Perpustakaan Universitas, dan/atau portal GARUDA**

* Hak yang tidak terbatas hanya bagi satu pihak saja. Pengajar, peneliti, dan mahasiswa yang menyerahkan hak non-eksklusif kepada Repositori Perpustakaan Universitas tidak mengumpulkan hasil karya mereka masih memiliki hak copyright atas karya tersebut.

** Hanya akan menampilkan halaman judul dan absstrak. Pihak ini harus dilengkapi dengan penjelasan alasan tertulis dari pembimbing TA dan diterangkan oleh peminat fakultas dalam keterangan.

Demikian pernyataan ini saya buat dengan sebenarnya.

Salatiga, 3 SEPTEMBER 2018

[Signature]

Mengetahui,

[Signature]

[Signature]

F-LIB-081
COPYRIGHT STATEMENT

This thesis contains no such material as has been submitted for examination in any course or accepted for the fulfillment of any degree or diploma in any university. To the best of my knowledge and my belief, this contains no material previously published or written by any other person except where due reference is made in the text.


All rights reserved. No part of this thesis may be reproduced by any means without the permission of at least one of the copyright owners or the English Department, Faculty of Language and Literature, Satya Wacana University, Salatiga.

Norri Intan Putri Cahyani
IT'S UP TO MY WISH

FINAL PROJECT

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree of
Sarjana Sastra

Nozri Intan Putri Cahyani
392014023

Approved by

Erio R. P. Fanggidae, M.Hum
Supervisor

Suzana Maria L. A. F, M.Hum
Examiner
# Table of Contents

Pernyataan Tidak Plagiat ................................................................. i

Pernyataan Persetujuan Akses ...................................................... ii

Copyright Statement ................................................................. iii

Approval Sheet ........................................................................ iv

Table of Contents ................................................................. v

Summary ................................................................................ vi

Story: IT’S UP TO MY WISH? ......................................................... 1

Reflective Paper ........................................................................... 23

Acknowledgements ..................................................................... 27

References .................................................................................. 28

Logbook ................................................................................... 29
SUMMARY

Nisa who inherited the Javanese tradition from her grandmother experienced conflicts when she began to be taught Islamic doctrines by her father too. She felt comfortable and reluctant to adjust to both situations. However, she must make a decision for that. The big role that must be chosen for her life when she was still teenager seemed difficult which required standing between two different sides.

The plots would show how she grew up against the inner problems and external demands that pressured her. And, without a mother could accompany her sorrow, she continued to try harder moving forward. The uniqueness on her ability eyes to see other dimensions didn’t make her gave up on the chaos of her heart because she convinced herself that everything would be changed when she could control all of them.

RINGKASAN CERITA

Nisa yang mewarisi tradisi Jawa dari neneknya mengalami konflik-konflik ketika ia mulai untuk diajarkan kepercayaan agama Islam oleh ayahnya juga. Ia merasa nyaman dan enggan untuk menyesuaikan pada kedua keadaan tersebut. Namun, ia harus membuat sebuah keputusan untuk itu. peran besar yang harus dipilihnya untuk hidupnya ketika ia masih belia tampak sulit yang mana harus berada diantara dua sisi yang berbeda.

Alur-alur ceritanya akan menunjukkan bagaimana ia tumbuh melawan masalah batin dan tuntutan dari luar yang menekanannya. Dan, tanpa seorang ibu yang menyertai kesedihannya, ia terus berusaha lebih keras untuk maju kedepan. Keunikan dalam kemampuan matanyauntuk melihat dimensi lain tidak membuatnya menyerah pada kekacauan hatinya karena ia meyakinkan dirinya bahwa semua akan berubah saat ia dapat mengendalikan semua itu.
It's Up to My Wish

Chapter 1

Existence for a Farewell

Living a life in the uniqueness of Javanese culture and tranquility of the heart as a Muslim, that's the involvement of both sides of the point of view that must be grasped by Nisa as a Muslim girl in Java. Nisa spent much time improving the ability of traditional dancing which was inherited by the family of her mother. Just move in her own world when others around her trying to adapt and compete, Nisa always wanted to hide her disinterest of the crowded. Her behavior in associating only with a person who never opposed or disturbed the living of others. For that reason, almost everyone who knew. They also treated her as a silent, non-arguing girl with no friendliness.

Although she rarely showed her hospitality to others, as her only friend, Zahra never harassed or demanded Nisa's solitary habit. Zahra's lack made special comfortable beside Nisa. She put herself in order to understand the situation that made Nisa such a thing. They both supported each other indirectly and unknowingly. It happened since they were neighbors when they were five years old as a student at a kindergarten school.

Not only making friends in daily life, Nisa also rarely stand out and many familiarize herself with her family. She seemed very obedient to all the teachings of them. Even her disinterest in outer life had created certain distances between herself and others approaching. The involvement of the culture that required her to meet and talk to her grandmother, as well as the activities of every afternoon that she did with her father too. That was the relationship that was woven into her family.

On the other hand, Zahra came to accompany and invite her to play and share her problems. Although Nisa very rarely gave an excessive response to the conversations they discuss. By luring a lot of talks with Nisa, Zahra listened to a little piece of speech out of Nisa's small mouth. Zahra's sincerity began to present the other side of Nisa's personnel who began to open conversations with her.
When the dance training activity with her grandmother in that noon, Nisa was sitting on the edge of the studio, waiting while recounting in her diary book that always accompanied her everywhere. There was a look of her face to lift up around, seemingly uninterested in all the voices heard at the time.

"Why just stay here?! Come and have conversations with other kids."

Walking closer to the graceful curves toward Nisa who only obeyed her words with a slight nod of her head while bowing in submission. Even though she made closer to the other students, she remains the same as not having any conversation with them all. Realizing the sudden appearance of her grandmother, she was not too interested in responding. She thought just by obeying all the rules, then people will not disturb and care for her as well.

_May I live my own? Enough to be attached to others direction moves as if it seems simple to follow._

"Aren't you bored talking to your diary all day long? You can share with me if you want."

Hearing Zahra who said kindly always made Nisa wondered which part seemed to pull her want to sit beside her. Her curiosity was easily erased from inside her brain even though her rounded eyes still looked at Zahra's movements that were enlivening the atmosphere. They both were still waiting for their turn to practice dancing regardless of how much time they had. Of course, Zahra was still trying to seduce Nisa by all her behavior. The superactive and sociable nature of Zahra took the gamelan around them seemed to accompany the chanting and work together to attract Nisa's eyes to join and cheer. Insisting on herself, Nisa remained awake in the storyline on her blue diary paper.

Every time before practicing, her grandmother had taught her to sit in meditation near the sound of the flow of water in order to neutralize the mind from the world. The ancestors' trust had been passed on by their grandmother's family to Nisa as one of the grandchildren who had dancing talent and as a child who was destined to see and relate to the dimensions of the supernatural.

"Have you done with it?"
"Already done on the back side."

"Hmmm ... let's get started now!"

The habits of her grandmother who asked her to lead the way of dance practicing changed her feeling a bit depressed because the main thing she had to train and do was where she had to talk to the other kids. But strangely, the kids never protested with Nisa's style of speech during training there. On the contrary, they look comfortable with their actions, even Zahra who also learned to be violated by her family, she felt that the difference occurred on Nisa when she focuses on training beginners looked like she was playing someone else rather than herself. Like the assertiveness of a professional dancer who was directing the preparation of a dance performance. At the end of one corner of the studio, her grandmother occasionally stole her outlook on Nisa's movements while training others as well.

After about two hours of moving until she perspired from her nose and neck, the hair she tied up also wet, then Nisa was given a gaze by her grandmother to stop their training, with another meaning which meant special training started. His grandmother taught a special dance that became a way of connecting herself to the ancestors so that Nisa can always be communicated and maintained by her ancestors.

"Practice yourself first. I'll see yours!"

Nisa nodded, standing face to face with her grandmother and warming up for her body. Although this dance would be played only last for an hour, the skill and movement that must be produced were extreme movements, one of which was where she had to bend her legs while pinching the scarf between her thumb and index finger. This dance was very draining every time Nisa tried to practice it for the progress of hers. In addition, she always had to open her mind's eye as an owner of supernatural abilities in order to be connected by one of her protectors because her grandmother said it could be easier for her to master the most difficult movements of the dance.

“You are still weak. Don’t change to the next step after you are good at this part!”

The possibility of possessing Nisa's soul will occur and be done by one of these supernatural beings in order to lend its energy to Nisa or in other words the creature will play a major role in the implementation of the dance.
The problem was, it can affect Nisa’s awareness for some time, even when the dance was over. Oftenly, Nisa refused to do so, but the pressure from her grandmother kept her in the stance and firmness of her grandmother. She would only be scolded if she defended the rules she had. While she also knew that her father applied the rules to emphasized as a religious rule. Sometimes she thought many people outside never felt constrained on a predestined life.

“Nisa! Take a bath now! Zahra is waiting you.”

Nisa’s father called her to stop their dance.

“Enough! We will continue it tomorrow.”

After the fatigue she got during the day of activity, finally, time to rest had arrived. After cleaning her body and doing dinner together, clearing the dinner table, Nisa immediately walked to her room. She took off her fatigue by lying on her foam bed.

Nisa began to look at the roof and as if in disappointment said, *I think everyone knows that ordinary life is the most appropriate choice. Being a special human can add to the burden that must be borne in the future.*

Through a narrow gap from the door of her open room, she peered outwards where her father was leaning her tiring on a rocking chair that began to fade in color with a little weathering on one side of its wooden leg. *Actually, what did father think until almost midnight still have not gone to bed?*

She let out her weak breath out while she still lurking her father's exhaustion. It never occurred to her to come over because she understood her father was not the person who would complain about her problem to others. And she knew all this time that had made her father still lift with his father-in-law was the presence of Nisa who was present and binding between the two of them. The difference between the two was still the only biggest problem to date. During this time she never even saw them both sitting together and talking to each other unless she was there. She only harbored the mixed feelings she had been feeling for his family's harmony.
She raised her palms as she recited the verses before bed and, having no strength to hold her heavy eyes, began to lie down and fall asleep hugging her bolt in her thick fur coat. When she wanted to go to sleep or was awake in comfort, a figure that is familiar appeared in front of her into a dream, shadowing herself either just to show its existence or to try to communicate with her in reverse.

From the age of third, she had been prepared by her grandmother to get to know the supernatural figures guarding their house. Although she limited to giving an explanation of the identity of the creatures, which were considered as protectors, strangely sometimes she felt it disturbed and sometimes not, even more, time after time, she became accustomed to each of their arrivals which surprised her. Even in each of their appearances, there were often certain purposes or reasons related to all family members.

Once she deliberately opened her inner contact to communicate with one of them, but unfortunately, her intention was not in accordance with the first plan. Her misfortune, when her body was very exhausted which caused unwanted things to happen to her. One of them approached and easily entered and took over Nisa’s conscience. Although it lasted long enough and made her father be more worried about the situation, Nisa felt the opposite because, in the end, she could know what they want to convey. When she was in unconsciousness, she heard the words, "sick and die comes" in a whisper with a faint, mild voice. Then, after she regained consciousness, she found herself in a half position leaning against the bed.

Like having experienced a nightmare, she was still confused and unsure about the meaning of the message. And the message began intently when her grandmother suddenly had to go to the hospital because a heart attack had declared by the doctor in charge. About four days of being treated in the ICU, on the third night, Nisa got a bad feeling for not visiting and waiting for her grandmother, and it was even stronger when she had a bad dream about her grandmother being sent home with a shroud in an ambulance. Once again the dream was proven when her father woke at 2 am, which was right after the news of grief to her father's ears who received a call from the hospital. No more than 15 minutes to reach the hospital, she could not believe that the message was true giving experience by the coming of sorrow for her grandmother’s passing away.
Chapter 2

Local culture on Nisa’s belief

The big demand to continue the ancestral cultural heritage was increasingly emphasized Nisa because from the beginning she was appointed as the successor. In fact, almost all her family never care about Nisa's condition. They just want to be separated and not bound by the cultural rules of ancestors who considered too ancient and taboo. They want to be free from the restraints that will make or require them to keep and stay in the family heritage house, which had been occupied by the deceased parents and their predecessors. Nisa was chosen as the successor automatically. She was considered to have the blood of descent and capable abilities to run and protect the culture so that it did not perish.

Nisa’s daily without her grandmother’s guidance felt complicated because of her who understood any cultural rules set in. It was still too early to bear the big thing, especially now that her maturity level had not been established certainly as a girl who just entered a period of youth.

*What must I do for you, my lovely daughter? And why do you do the same thing as your deceased mother did before?!* Sometimes, Nisa’s father accidentally waited until she was unconscious in sleep while reciting Qur'an scriptures, even sleeping on the outer sofa beside the walls of her room just to calm Nisa's delirious habit after midnight and heard some gamelan sounds usually sung in a dance of sadness. But his beautiful manner voice could make the night be gentle guarded Nisa from others disturbing.

Not that she was not happy her daughter was inherited from a culture that had been the identity of his mother-in-law's descendants, he did not want to see his child being miserable. Nisa's father always tried hard to be able breaking the bonds. His efforts had almost succeeded in removing Nisa from the shackles of the creatures that was attached.

But then there was another big problem which caused her father to overturn his decision. The consequences were a quite burdensome implementation of the plan greatly affecting the personal health of Nisa to endanger mental and behavior. At that time, she even got a depression that made her not want to interact with everyone, the melancholy and sadness of excessive tears always appeared on her expression.
Like someone who lost her identity in an empty daydream and there was no energy to live and survive. In fact, trying to be given a few questions, She only replied with a sad look accompanied by a strange laugh, like someone who did not know herself. Because witnessing such a situation slumped, he could not bear to continue the process of neutralization and washing his daughter. Feelings of affection that melt the determination of his heart to Nisa not get hurt deeper over his selfishness. He searched for other ways that could bring his child closer to religious beliefs rather than filling her time by dancing while weakening the bonds of the cultural element slowly without physical violence on Nisa's body by coercion.

At the age of the 17th birthday, Nisa got used to the religious routine with Zahra every afternoon. The process of familiarizing themselves was also supported by fellow inter-family because Zahra's visit who often infiltrate, hide and sneak at the side of their house. As well as her hobby of making others laugh, making her easily accepted and warmly welcomed by the family of Nisa's embrace.

“Hoooo...what are you doing, Nisa?” The fragrant of the sprinkling of jasmine flowers carried by the wind and smelled by Zahra’s nose had stolen her attention.

“Nothing”, Nisa who kept sprinkling flowers at the corners of her house while she was holding a tray on her left hand.

“Okey, I will help you to finished it soon.”

“It’s not needed! Let’s go to the mosque now.”

In the dewy sunny day, Nisa was taken to her mother's cemetery by her father on that Thursday. Usually, on the day it is used as a separate schedule to send prayers to elders and family members who had died. That's right, for sure as long as they were at the tomb they would clean the grass that always grew above the tomb, as well as the fallen leaves covering the grave ground.

My dear wife, here we still miss you. Our daughter has grown as fast as you past away, honey. After they finished everything to burn the garbage collected, Then, they squatted facing the tomb, precisely to the right of the tomb, they began to pray at the Koran led by her father.
The distance of the cemetery was only about a kilometer away from home, it made them be comfortable because they will regularly always take care of the condition of the tomb of the predecessors and of course her mother’s. It turned out the ticking time had been so long since they arrived there and finally at 11.30 they went home. Their arrival time at home has coincided with the sounding of the call to another prayer.

“I will leave, right now. I have late.”

After they came home, Nisa’s dad immediately prepared himself to go to the mosque while Nisa was ready to cook a lunch in the kitchen.

*Hmm...I will make spicy scrambled chicken broccoli for this noon. She was cooking with the voice of the old wall clock was heard in her ears “tik...to..tik...tok”.*

When she cooked her tears sometimes dripped from her eyeballs, in fact, the consciousness of her and her mother’s remained the memories that were stored for her. It was unexpected that she would be left so quickly by the love of her mother. Even this day she still buzzed by the sound of singing sleeping from her mother, like a sleepy singing song, more she heard and entered the singing of the song, more severe her eyes to survive from the resulting sleepiness too. The calmness of her mother made it impossible to forget the figure of the woman who had given birth to Nisa.

Finally, the meal was ready. Nisa also prepare several things by putting roses and jasmine into the jug in her kitchen.

Then, the door knocked “tok tok tok”. Nisa’s father open the door “kriet” and came inside walking to the kitchen.

“Assalamu’alaikum!”

“Wa’alaikumusalam”, Nisa answered.

Actually, there were many similarities between both of them, even when eating they always did the same thing. When they eat fish using different ways on both their hands, left-hand side holds the spoon, while their right hand held the meat of the fish. Not much to say, but happy to do many things, it was also a special trait that was clearly inherited by her father.
Without any conversation, silence, even there almost unheard of spoons and plates voices. There was only peace between them.

“Has everything done, Nisa?”

“Yes.”

“So, join and take lunch with me. What is still not finish yet?”

“I just complete this for a while, dad.”

When his father’s eyes seemed opening a conversation with her, she bowed her head as if avoiding direct contact in their eyes. The inconvenience that grew in her mind that she realized as the biggest obstacle to her could establish a closer relationship with her father.

“No, it is not a necessary you have to do.”

“But…” Nisa stopped her words while her father was shaking his head.

“Put it at the back yard. You can leave it there.”

Nisa didn’t answer. She turned her body and walked outside and she put the offerings into the small pool.

Because she always not dare to take a helping hand from her own father and from other people too, unfortunately, she was wrong in taking the road because it created a sense of self-distrust that will grow deeper in herself. The biggest consequence, of course, was true and affects her sense of comfort towards the surrounding environment.
Chapter 3

Own concern of Nisa

After doing a lot of housework, the day began to change with the seconds of time that kept spinning on its axis. Nisa was enjoying her sleep that night with a position showed that she was really exhausted. Although she slept tightly, she still dreamed in his darkness. And this time, she dreamed of something related to an old well behind his house. Recently she surprised after she dreamed of strange things on that lonely night. An old nightmare she experienced, and now she had to dream again. Even one unimaginable figure appeared before a creature that looks like her grandmother had left this mortal world a few days ago. Although she didn’t do more talks to her father, she listened and remembered everything he taught.

"My daughter ..., listen to this carefully. That the dead living thing will never return to this world. If anything, they are just other beings who appear as human beings we know here."

Nisa planted those words in her and fixed them in her mind too. Initially, she was convinced of that because the religious lesson she learned at school also told and taught it all. Aside from the other side of Nisa's self, her deep heart said that she would not be as easy to ignore what she saw before. Obviously, the being of her dream was so similar to assertiveness that all time she knew it was her grandmother's mimic.

"What does all this mean?!!"

He cried of confusion from inside, nobody told her about the anxiety. She thought only she could solve the problems. As it once, the image that she considered unreasonable and creepy would soon disappear if she could control the emotions of her fear. But it was not the calm she got after experiencing the dream twice, but the increasing anxiety, pervading under her consciousness. She didn’t understand why the creature had bothered her gradually in such a way that it even more imagined of the restraints.

"Don’t!!! ... You intend to frighten me!"
Nisa intended to convince herself that her mind would not be shaken up as a result of being mocked. And surely the existence of Zahra was helping her not to be easily possessed by diverting the situation to a more reasonable reality. Because she already knew that Nisa began to notice and listen to her talks, be closed with her, but not all told where she saw an opportunity. A gap to provoke Nisa's heart to be more open. She was positioning to advise Nisa not to drag on the matter. By filling in other positive activities, Zahra hoped Nisa to forget the impact of the nightmare.

"Don’t worry too much, Nisa. It's just a dream. You know, right? If we have a dream in sleep, it is only because there is a flower of sleep approaching us.”

"How can you consider my problem as simple as that? You're not experienced by yourself, so do not know what difficulties I'm facing now."

Zahra was instantly silent because she confused as to how she responded to it. Meanwhile, she also knew and didn’t deny if it happened to herself, and would like what later, never imagined by her.

"You are absolutely right that I couldn’t understand your whole problem. But if the situation is bad, then why don't we forget it and leave it, right?"

Nisa was also eager to leave it, but one of the hobbies that she really didn't like to be able to stay away from was as easy as said. The problem was not she didn't like dancing, it's just that she didn’t want to be overburdened by the ancestors' attitudes. Moreover, just because she continues the culture, controls her sense of awareness as human were shaken every day.

Zahra was surprised because she saw and didn’t believe that Nisa suddenly cried on her right side where at that time there was only two of them were sitting in Nisa's room. Then it didn't take long, she moved her body closer to Nisa and patted Nisa's back smoothly.

"Nisa, are you okay?"

Unable to stand to look at Nisa who so much shed tears on the hands that hide her face, her eyes also come teary. Suddenly, Nisa lied on her head placed over her pillow, her red face confronted and closed off.
"Cry! You will feel better."

Rubbing the palm of her hand against Nisa's unbuttoned hair, rolling up on the back of her hand, Zahra tried to calm her friend. She waited and accompanied Nisa for half a day until she realized that she had just fallen asleep up there. When she woke up first, before she went home, he turned Nisa who was still lying face down on the bed. She was afraid that Nisa would lack air to breathe if in a position like that. After she managed to turn it over, she did not think that although she knew Nisa had fallen asleep since Nisa's eyes still dropped until they wetted their pillows. Then Zahra immediately asked for a small towel to Nisa's father to wash and dry the moisture that covers Nisa’s face and hair on her forehead. She thought that the state of Nisa was enough to be left alone, she rushed out of Nisa's room with gentle steps and say goodbye to Nisa's father who sat on the front seat of the house.

"Zahra, how's Nisa doing now?"

"Calm down, Uncle. She had asleep in exhaustion weeping."

After throwing a small smile at him, Zahra reached out her right hand to say goodbye. Then Nisa's father also gave his hand friendly while wiping Zahra’s head that still was put her forehead on the hands of Nisa's father. After that, Zahra's footsteps moved away from Nisa's house.

The late-night time that signaled exactly at midnight was about to arrive, Nisa winked her eyelids while she was opening both eyes slowly from her sleep. She glanced a little her eyes toward the clockwork that seemed to have memorized its location. Without moving her limp body, by staring at her left side, it told her that time would soon be twelve minutes less. Nisa was trying to close her eyes, she found it difficult to force her eyes to sleep again. Eyes were not willing to support her body that still tired, that's what Nisa must accept. She was also confused about what she could do in the middle of the night like that. And of course, she realized that if she did strange things, surely her father would check into her room because her father's sleep would be disturbed, especially by hearing a little noise. He would wake up easily even though he was sleeping soundly. It was caused by her father's growing anxiety in whatever situation Nisa would or was going through.
Before long, it let her go out into the back of the house. She convinced herself that she could be separated from the shadow of them and she would not feel curious about the well that had been one of her dreams. After being fully awake, she opened the door slowly until she would not cause a sound that would disturb her father on the sofa there. She even managed to get out of the middle door connecting and confining the living room to their kitchen. Then she stepped her legs alternately while she crept into the bathroom where the location of the well was.

Actually, she was still hesitant to enter the bathroom. She didn’t know what, but she felt the creeps all over her body like something terrified. There was one creature who had appeared before she resembled her mother's face. She was afraid that figure would suddenly appear again, and she had to see and be lulled by the figure of her mother who had been close and was very dear to the creature. She didn’t want to feel that sadness again in the deeper heart.

In addition, she never allowed the creature to affect and take over her body when she was distracted by her own sorrow. Then she approached the well that had been visible from the outside since the bathroom door had not been closed before. She looked to her right and left the side, making sure she kept her mind focused. The well was getting closer to where she also did not stop her steps. She looked into the depths of the dark well to ensure earnestly and found out what her dream message to be conveyed to her.

There is not anything here, so, what is it mean to happen next?

After spending a while there, she returned to her room. Her mind still let herself be disturbed because she was forced to trust the bonds that the beings gave her all. She couldn’t deny even though she never asked for the help from them, she remained, protected and talked with them. It’s so complicated to be like that. How it will happen as easy as they think?

When she was a child where her mother was still alive too, she had seen them all, especially a creature who had always seemed more dominant in her mind's eyes. She saw the soft side of her mother almost similar to the creatures. She still remembered her conversation with her mother when she said that the creature would not bother you. She didn’t feel of fear approaching her like she saw other creatures.
On the contrary, that creature rarely approached Nisa and let its appearance be known as certain things. Even though it was in the position of being seen and who was standing in front of Nisa, She didn’t know its face. The long strands of her straight hair along the adult's hand always cover the looks of it.

Too much confusing on her mind, Nisa almost ignored the arrival of her father who shocked her by looking at her next to the door. Dawn that had begun to give the light also didn’t lose to immediately infiltrate through the cracks of window vents and dazzle the eyes of Nisa.

"It’s too early you wake up. Is there something wrong?"

“No.” She shook her head.

While frowning, he touch Nisa’s back.

“Let’s pray at dawn together with father!”

Nodding her head and stretching the joints for a moment, Nisa walked behind her father's steps. After purifying themselves by ablution of water flowing from a special jug that has been filled well water, they were both ready to stand still facing the prays to carry out their duties as Muslims by taking the time to 3 minutes on a prayer rug. The shrewdness emanating from their second faces had quieted for a moment early in the morning. The voice produced by the recitation of holy verses by her father was soft and clear enough for her. No need to spend a long time, they finished their prayers which ended by Nisa who kissed her father's hand as usual.

Barefooted, her father went to the rice field. He spent hours in the field to irrigate the land. At home, Nisa felt so happy with her father’s absence as she could spend more time practicing dances.

Unlike her habits, where before she danced she was ordered to perform cultural rituals first. On the other hand, the only thing she did was to sit back and relax, straightening both legs beside the storage pool. When her grandmother was still there, she was required to prepare a kind of offerings and sing a typical Javanese song, now she tried to avoid the dependence on the influence of dance culture that she must continue.
Can I be like you, Mom? I miss you. I feel tired to be here alone.

That day she didn’t imagine that even though she was not perfect to finish the dance. She spent quite a bit of time on it because it coincided with her dance class, so she could focus heavily on a dance she had almost mastered. After repeating it twice, she still didn’t feel the satisfaction of her own ability. The shadow of swing, the perfect curves that were seen when her grandmother danced greatly influenced Nisa's doing. After the stature of her mother, the influence of her grandmother embedded Nisa's attitude and mind. Breathless in heavy breathing, she rested her back on the center side of the studio floor for about fifteen minutes. There Nisa was still contemplating the problem with a brain full of confusing allegations that seemed to make her forehead had to be scrunched up.

I'm not confident to myself, Mom. I don’t want to face it alone. Why did you leave me with this burden?!

Zahra surprised her, she overheard the words of Nisa was so still beaten to her condition, she became silent and only pay attention to Nisa closer without Nisa knew her coming there. Nisa who was stretching her hands up she surprised to Zahra who was sitting cross-legged close to her. Quickly she moved her body to wake up with a glowing eyeball.

"Sorry if I bother you. Are you wanting to spend time alone? I will go."

Zahra who understood the situation then positioned herself so as not to interfere with Nisa comfort at that time. She didn’t expect if Nisa will be shaken and cried again. She always tried to pursue the role of her side to support Nisa in order to be more calm to control the sadness. Although no visible tears that dripped from Nisa, but the facial expression that couldn’t lie on the clarity of her condition will not be easily hidden. When she was ready to stand up, suddenly the touch of Nisa's hands tasted cold enough on the surface of Zahra's hand, she clasped, indicating that Zahra delayed her left. Her mind that could not believe what has been done by Nisa just made her look at Nisa.

"Please stay with me for a while here?"

“Sure, Nisa. Will you tell me what you feel now?”
Hearing the words sounded begging her, it has touched her heart that momentarily becomes happy. Finally, an opportunity of the results of her hard work had been coming too. Nisa began to venture and open her heart of Zahra persuasion that came barrage. The changes she wanted to do by Nisa firstly. But Zahra who had been pretty excited that she was sure would hear Nisa told her what she was thinking, otherwise, she was disappointed that her estimation didn't happen. Such a lost physique on Nisa, limp slipped into a situation that not be seen in plain view in front of others but is very complicated for her, and Zahra can hardly contain the tickling of the buried joy. A few strong touches over Nisa's shoulders made all four of their eyes meet. Both hands that seemed to limit the space, Zahra wanted to give assertiveness that she invited Nisa to rise. The grip that seemed to impose on Nisa's slender arm by her hands would not be released until the positive energy she was channeling into her could remove any remaining doubt.

Unfortunately, for once again Zahra's failure to Nisa's expression became more fearful and her body little trembling while she was clenched as well. She thought that she had just done to ask Zahra to stay put all the things wrong in her aim. As there were whispers from any direction that weaken the confidence that was being felt by Nisa. Her fairly agile movement immediately closed her hearing. Then, Zahra inhaled and sighed for several times to make herself calmer towards Nisa. Nisa's gentle heart influenced Zahra and confused her about the precision of her actions. She took off Nisa's arm with a sense of guilt that she hurt her. Then, she took Nisa's hands, trying to change the atmosphere and divert the conversation. She let Nisa's thoughts become calmer into other things.

"How can you dance alone here, let's practice together, it would definitely be cooler!!"

Shortly after, Zahra stood up while pulling Nisa's body to rise following as well. They spent the whole day together on that day and ignore any uneasiness that is approaching in their own minds.
Chapter 4

Nisa’s heart’s scream

Heavy days then, Nisa had tidied her bed immediately went out of the room to get ready to go to school. Actually, Nisa's unstable emotions made Zahra felt anxious about what would happen to Nisa later. To release all the anomalies in her mind, she shook her head like someone who was running away from a problem to be more positive. Before Nisa realized her silliness, she hurried walked beside her. After they arrived in their respective classes, Nisa who was separated from Zahra who didn't in the same class, she entered into er bench near the window.

In class, there wasn't much activity she did. she just silently listened to all the lessons about the lesson. The same thing she did when the resting time by talking sufficiently to her friends who approached. Because recently only Zahra was her comfortable friend, she looked feel lonely. Her mind soon returned to her inner problem which was still overshadowed by her unexpected beings to come. Just sitting pensively while holding the face facing outward, the last class ended on that day were accompanied by summer temperatures. From leaving until Nisa arrived home again, that day was enough to make her feel tired going straight entered her house, she just took off her shoes and leaned on the fresh sweat of the wall at the front porch. Her father who was aware of her arrival still clutching her newspaper roll, she walked with his trademark towards Nisa.

"Come on! Don't be out of the way with the west wind like this.”

Nisa was in the midst of despair because of the same problem that had happened many times and attacked her whole body and mind, now resulted in Nisa's gaze often empty in front of her face. Her mind was often so difficult to be controlled so it was not easy to be expected by the people around. For a moment she felt like getting angry and spending all deep heart on what she hate and like. The desires that should be conveyed early on about what she chose and determine for herself. Unable to be stored again, all the things that had been kept tightly it finally declared with tears. The words that came out and sounded like they were defending themselves, shedding the sadness had been passed on to her father.
Blaming everything she lift up to now, the confusion that was stressed on her, she ventured and let go, she spent all disappointment in front of her father who was also crying and be hurt. Nisa’s father never expected a problem that ensnared her beloved child. Screaming, weeping, she pressed her heartbroken chest.

“I hate you, dad !! I do not want it again!.”

“Forgive me, I am who can't understand you. So burdened you because of my selfishness rejecting the cultural heritage of your grandmother. I just didn’t want to no longer happen to you, dear.”

Nisa who still couldn’t stem her tears, she cried warmly embraced her father. She still blamed him too. She began to recall the days when her mother was still there, she who always comforted her when she was sad and happy together. Because so deeply her affection on her mother and she still assumed the consequences of her death was selfish of her grandmother and father.

In the past, Nisa often caught them both arguing each time her mother was doing something absurd. Or on the contrary, they will denounce each other by emphasizing their respective opinions on the right as a husband and the right of a biological mother. The same thing goes back again, and that was where Nisa's position must begin to replace her mother who was no longer there. It also repeated, almost exactly the same as her mother's situation at that time. The only difference from the situation that the mother had experienced, they both stopped relating to each other. Although under one roof, inside a house and on the same dining table, they didn’t want to greet each other and make small talk in front of Nisa. How would Nisa's self-esteem grow if her family circumstances unnaturally occurred? Not only her grandmother but also her father always said that she should respect the elders, the adults who have experienced before, how would it happen? Even their tolerance was not properly exemplified and deserved.

They always thought of themselves as righteous without seeing the other side or the consequences of their actions, their unilateral decisions for their mother and her own. Due to Nisa's growing maturity, she understands that it was wrong. She knew that her mother had never been sick, began to suspect how or because of what had caused her mother died.
Therefore, since she experienced her own on her mother once felt, it all happened because they were restrained on what they were never allowed to choose and decide for themselves. They did not realize that she also became adrift on the matter.

Nisa's father ended up dripping so many innocent tears for Nisa who was still held by him. At that time, there, the wind blew between them as if they wanted to join listening to the groaning of their sadness that was being wrapped up in the heat around them. All eyes and noses that have been flushed and drenched were really describing their moods that had just opened a reality.

By his surrender, he was begging forgiveness to his daughter for all insensitivity to Nisa's wishes. There was a big misunderstanding that made the closeness that should be had existed among them to be far away. It seemed obvious that her father had never wanted to let Nisa experience any bad things. She felt stunned after learning that he herself had hurt her beloved daughter. Even after an afternoon of eccentricity, he was still sadly sitting on his long couch and left Nisa in her own room because of the awkward atmosphere between them, the great guilty she received making his health decline. While Nisa was trying to accept her father again, she decided to throw a bad experience just in her past.
Last chapter

The logical heart was followed

Unusual, in the cold morning which was still dewy at that time, Nisa who had woken up early, then she woke up her father who was still asleep on his bed. She touched his father's right hand that was over his head. She intended to wake him up in a quiet manner without alarming her father. It didn’t take long. Then, his father began to open his eyelids with half of his consciousness. After successfully collecting his soulfully, he looked surprised to see Nisa who was standing beside him. Nisa immediately gave her short smile towards her father to make their awkwardness fade even fainter until they removed the boundary and distance between them.

After undergoing the obligations and necessities they do every day, Nisa more confidently stepped into the kitchen without fear of the bad shadows of the creatures that follow would approach her again. By her conviction, she made a peace with her old problems and tried to undergo a new life with her father in the house of his grandmother. She decided to stay there because of her father's request to care for the house. On the other hand, she also had the heart to keep preserving the dance culture because many people were interested to be taught. She was not willing to be considered as irresponsible to friends who already believe her.

Together with the help of Zahra who looked quite adept at dancing various types of regional dances, she intended to develop the dance studio to be more prosperous and accepted by the people there. Of course, by not even involving and allowing the creatures in their efforts. Although she couldn’t eliminate and avoid her ability to be able to connect with supernatural beings, she was still capable enough to impose limits so that they don’t take over her consciousness completely again. She convinced herself to always focus on all the efforts she did. Besides, that was the best choice she had taken. It was also because she promised an agreement with her father to remain a religious obedient too. Her father didn’t forbid Nisa to stay in touch with the caring creatures behind her. He just reminded Nisa not to be easy to believe all talks of them so it was not considered its wrong.

Nisa began to understand her father's goals, as well as the hidden intentions behind the decree of her deceased grandmother to continue to carry out a heritage culture.
Therefore, she tried to put herself to be able living the two destiny in balance, the
tolerance helping others while it is considered an appropriate choice for herself. Nisa’s life
was getting better every day. She began to feel comfortable to be at her father’s side. The
support of her father opened her mind to accept the culture, and it made Nisa no longer
hesitate to fulfill her obligations which had been given the trust as the granddaughter of their
successor. Many suggestions from her father and Zahra and from her experience as well, she
instilled power for herself so that she would never feel pessimistic in her decision. She saw a
big change after she didn’t stand still and tried to disappear from the crowded again and
again.

Her heart was frankly saying boldly and loudly toward the faces of the creatures who
often baptize and just want to protect. She would not blame it anymore just because she was
desperate with the influence of the existence of those beings. Nisa united her determination to
always move forward and be grateful for all the things she had and gained up to now. Nisa
was increasingly visible in her progress towards her maturity. She gave evidence to everyone
that by a little tolerance, her choice would be right and good to accept. After deepening the
various wisdom of her own religion, she became more grateful because by that she always
awake from any bad thing as she was in a relationship with certain creatures, especially those
who also inhabit her house.

I know Nisa is stronger than his father know. Even Zahra who began to get used to the
strange actions of Nisa, she can understand it all were a special grace given by God to Nisa’s
family. She became happy seeing her friend was able to solve her own problems. She never
wanted to confuse the trivial things due to the unique ability of Nisa was not really disturbing
her. Only her own mind or not, but Nisa did not deny the positive energy that surrounded her
luck who had a nice friend like Zahra. So proudly she stepped forward and stood in her spirit,
smiling cheerfully at Zahra. Also, she was clutching one of her father’s hands to say her
gratitude to him who always accompanied her. Then she went to her grandmother’s room and
stared at her photo for a moment before finally flying out of the door with relief. Thank you,
Grandma. Because of the learning of life that you had shown, now I am myself could be
taking a new, the better step for my own future.

----------THE END----------
Reflective paper

Introduction

Nowadays, as one of the living beings on earth we believe that we also live side by side with other creatures, even though they live in a different dimension. It may be true that we have nothing to do with their existence, but for a person or a handful of people who are given the confidence to have the ability to know them. This is different for some people with special abilities, they can feel the ghosts’ presence and they even see various kinds of visible creatures in front of them directly. By knowing that, will make it easier to write a new story that can give the special impression to the readers. This story will contain about a girl named Nisa who was disturbed between her ability to see supernatural beings as a cultural heritage she received from her grandmother, and the necessity applied by her father who asked to ignore or don’t follow the mystical things of her grandmother's tradition because her father opposed a tradition which was considered to be incompatible with their religious beliefs as a Muslim.

This short story will provide informations to the readers to can understand the characteristics and the identity of Javanese people as Muslim in a specific tradition through Nisa’s family after they realize the using of Psychoanalysis by the applying among terms of Id, ego, and superego based on the theories of Sigmund Freud. The evidence of indirect explanations will be told and showed in a this new story so that it can solve the problems or to clarify the unclear informations that are presented around readers’ societies about psychoanalysis and Javanese’ cultures related to supernatural skill.

Process

“It's Up to My Wish” look into the psychology of the character, so that young adults would be more aware of the impacts they give to their children when getting forced. It will also give a little background of how a family is, when both the adults in the family doesn’t have real feelings for each other, but still end up getting life together, because either they take care about their children wants.
The conscious mind includes everything that we are aware. It is an aspect of our mental processing that we can think and talk about rationally. A part of this includes our memory, which is not always a part of consciousness but it can be retrieved easily at any time and brought into our consciousness. Freud called this the preconscious. Preconscious mind is part of the mind that represent ordinary memory. While we are not consciously aware of the information at any particular time, we can pick it up and pull it into consciousness when needed. The unconscious mind is a reservoir of feelings, thoughts, urges, and memories outside our awareness. Most of the contents of the unconscious are unacceptable or unpleasant, such as feelings of pain, anxiety, or conflict. Freud said, the unconscious continues to influence behavior and experience.

This study will get into the subconscious of a person called Nisa, who is an only child of divorced parents which both parents have made new families. The story will be based on her experience, so it will be based on a 1st person point of view. It will show why she took the option and how she handles the aftermath. Also it will show the impact of having forced by the two situation for the future of her life, especially when she stumbles upon a big obstacle in her mind.

To be able to make this story, I had to learn about the subconscious of a person. I learned about Sigmund Freud’s theory of id, ego and superego from the books of Saul Mcleod (2007) and Daniel K. Lapsley and Paul C. Stey (2011). I did not just read books, but also observed the experiences of the people around me, and from my own experience. I wanted to base this story from an experience I was embarrassed to tell my friends, but with a little more motives into it.

To gain more of my understanding in divorce effects towards children, I searched it up, and I used some stories for my references. I even used TV shows that had divorced couples as part of my reference, just to know how different children react towards their parents’ divorce. Checking on what the effects are for the children was also part of my research.

This story is also based on the movie before I fall and if I stay for the outer body experience and accidents. Then there are other TV shows that I used as references for the relationship of the characters.
The main characters of this story are Anna, Marie, and Jack, the side characters are Anna’s mother and father and an old lady, as well as the cashier. I was able to find the names of the main characters by what they mean. Anna meant favour or grace or beautiful, which fit the character I had planned out for her. She is the portrayal of a girl who looks beautiful, and has everything going on for her, while behind all of that, she is struggling to find herself. As for the name of Marie, it just popped into my head. Then I needed to find the name suitable for the guy, and I came up with Jack. Since I got his characteristics partly because of the Jack character in Titanic who was played by Leonardo DiCaprio. For the parents, I only put in their last names when they were together, because I wanted the readers to know that even though they are separated they are still bound to be together. I put the old lady in the picture because I wanted to have someone who is wise enough to give Anna advice, so that she won’t go astray.

Writing process

As I started writing the story itself, it became hard, because my mind would wander and get so many ideas all at once that I wouldn’t be able to write them all down. When my story got checked, I was told that it was more like “reporting” rather than “showing.”

Since that was my first draft, I thought it was okay, but then I read it again for a few times, and then I was able to spot the mistakes. I also wrote a lot of numbers, in numerals rather than writing the number down as a word. In that case, I had to check each and every number I used, and re-write it using the alphabets.

As the story goes on, I illustrated some parts as to what made her do the things she did. Such as when Anna ran away, because it was all she knew she could do.

There are some parts that I changed, such as the chapters that were originally supposed to be until chapter 9 became to be until chapter 7. I thought that parts of the stories in one chapter correlates with the chapter after that, so I decided to shrink 2 chapters into 1. Of course, I did it with having the consultation first. However, as I shrunk the chapters, I had to change the plot a bit just so it would make more sense and more understandable for the readers.
I wanted to make this story to give awareness, and I was only going to achieve making a story that will spread awareness to young married couples by doing the research, and revising parts and parts of my story. I needed a flow in my story, and I wanted the readers to keep on reading until the end. That is why at the end of each chapter I decided to make things mysterious, like using a cliff-hanger. As an example I used the sentence “At that moment my whole body felt heavy. The person I have tried to avoid my whole life was there, awaiting my entrance,” instead of just saying that Anna’s father was waiting for her in her apartment.

The last chapter was a bit emotional for me to write. I watched sad, tragic movies beforehand, to get the feeling of having lost someone from each of the character’s perspective. Especially when Jack, Marie, and Anna’s parents read the letters that were written to them by Anna.

Conclusion

My writing for this story explores the mind and action of a girl who feel alone and hate of her life. It shows her id, ego, and superego into doing the things she does when facing an obstacle. Through this writing I have learned the process of writing and researching to make a better story. I hope it will make the readers would be able to see the effects to put more cares to their childs growing up on both arrogancy, making them to think twice before taking an action that will negatively impact their childs.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

By writing this project that faced several steps on every plots and without any help from everyone, this project would not finish. First of all, I would like to thank to God for the blessing to finish this project. Secondly, I would like to thank to my supervisor, Erio R. P. Fanggidae, M.Hum for the guidance giving suggestions to make my story was written on better way, and my second reader, Suzana Maria L. A. F, M.Hum who helped me by giving more suggestions to make my story complete.

Lastly, I also would like to thank to both of my parents and my friends who always motivated me until I finished my story. Also, for all lecturers of the Faculty of Language and Arts, I thank to you for all guidance and supports.
References

Mcleod, Saul. *Id, Ego, and Superego*. 2007


Freud (1900) *The Interpretation of Dreams* [1900], *Standard*, vol. 4 and 5 / The first Great work of the Founder of Psychoanalysis.


# LOGBOOK

**PROJECT:** IT'S UP TO MY WISH

**NAME:** NORRI INTAN PUTRI CAHYANI

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Activities</th>
<th>Progress</th>
<th>Problems</th>
<th>Advisor’s Suggestion</th>
<th>Advisor’s Signature</th>
<th>Student’s Signature</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16/04/18</td>
<td>• Revising the first chapters.</td>
<td>Writing the introduction properly so that it has the interesting point to begin the story.</td>
<td>Showing the characteristics and personalities for each character.</td>
<td>• Make sure for each character.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Make sure the characters for the story.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>• Make an outline of the story.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Making an outline.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>• Show that the characters have personalities.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11/06/18</td>
<td>• Revising the words using.</td>
<td>Starting on the rising action of the story.</td>
<td>I was getting confused to use the right words to make my story more interesting and understandable.</td>
<td>• Look up certain words that feel like it suitable to the story.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Starting on the rising action.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>• Start making the climax.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Tasks</td>
<td>Notes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18/06/18</td>
<td>• Revising the beginning and rising action.</td>
<td>I still had many problems with the grammar and typos.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Starting on the climax.</td>
<td>• Fix the grammar.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Starting on making the climax of the story.</td>
<td>• Use the right punctuations.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>• Use the thesaurus to help you in finding the right words.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>09/07/18</td>
<td>• Finishing the whole story.</td>
<td>• Grammatical errors should be fixed.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Fixing the monolog and dialogues.</td>
<td>• Revise the plot.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Fixing grammatical errors.</td>
<td>• The onomatopoeia should be revised.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Revising the characters appears</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Revising the story and plot.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• I had to fix some of the dialogues and onomatopoeia which was</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>difficult.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23/07/18</td>
<td>Revising the story</td>
<td>• Onomatopoeia still should be revised.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The first draft of the whole story has been made. Then I needed to</td>
<td>• Grammatical errors should be revised.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>revise.</td>
<td>• Make the relationship of the</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
because the sounds can be similar to the Indonesian sounds, but be written in a different way.

characters show more.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Task Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>27/07/18</td>
<td>Revising the story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Revising the plot and characters of the story.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Revising grammatical errors and still struggling in showing how the characters are connected in a way.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• The settings, atmosphere should be more put in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Make some parts more poetic.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Make the characters clear, and who you are talking about.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>02/08/18</td>
<td>Revising the story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>After making revisions, I saw that I made 9000 over words. I still proceeded in making the story.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I was actually panicking as I saw that I was writing over 9000 words. However, it was then when I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• The letters could just be omitted.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Make the atmosphere more imaginative. Use the five senses.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
thought of making the chapters, and combining them. I finally got about 7,900-ish words.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Details</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>03/08/18</td>
<td>Revising the story</td>
<td>Revising parts that were seen as “reporting” into “seeing or showing”</td>
<td>There were still many parts where I was reporting the story. I had to revise many parts related to the setting.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>• Revise the “reporting” parts.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>• Making sure the spacing.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>