THE ANALYSIS OF ACTS OF VIOLENCE THROUGH PSYCHOANALYSIS: THE SCARS

FINAL PROJECT

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirement of the Degree of
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The Scars

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Michelle Lupita
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SUMMARY

The story is about an 18-year-old girl who has a trust-issues toward people surround her. It starts when she lost her mother at young age. As Sarah thought her father caused her mother die, she hates her father. Once, her temperament father get married with a woman who also has a daughter. Sarah get pressured even more, as she has no meaning and purpose of life. After years of suffering from the anxiety and the fear that she has. One day, Sarah meet a guy and they are falling in love. The guy become a hope for her life. Then, the fear of losing someone, haunted her. She is afraid of her surroundings and future, but she has to overcome her fears and anxiety.
RINGKASAN

The Scars

“Ah, the weather is hot,” grumbled the 18-year-old girl, Sarah. The girl, who often locked herself in a room and has no expectation about her own life, she was typical of the stolid girl who had no idea about how her life would be, after her mother passed away.

It was so bright. September, 2017, Monday morning was the first day of Sarah’s college life. She went to campus with Mercy, her annoying step-sister who always had bad-mouthed over her. They didn’t have decent relationship like the usual sisters-relationship. It wasn’t lovey dovey relationship between sisters, nevertheless hatred among them. The hatred had grown as they grew up. They were in the same college which known as Universitas Indonesia. Sarah was a mathematic student; meanwhile Mercy was a law student.

That morning, both of them were on the same vehicle, drove by their driver with black Daihatsu car. Sarah and Mercy didn’t say anything while they were inside the car. Sarah, with her white blush combined with brown-black pants was busy by reading a novel titled Breaking Down. It was the fourth novel in the Twilight Saga novel series written by Stephanie Meyer. Meanwhile Mercy wore dark-blue leather jacket and black pants, with her hair tied up was busy with her I-phone, updated her photos on Instagram, and Twitter.

Mercy seemed very excited about her university life. Mercy was smiling all the way. Mercy tidied her hair and put a full make on her face. Meanwhile Sarah showed her cheerless face, she kept moving her legs, pinching her fingers, then looked outside window. She was so uneasy that morning. “What is so interesting about college life? New place? New people? Nope! Still… At the same place with that evil Mercy. Why?!!” She sighed. “I won’t let her meddle again. What an annoying girl!” She thought.

They arrived at the entrance of the campus. After separated without a single word at the bus stop, Sarah took bus kuning\(^1\) headed to The Faculty of Mathematics and Natural Science. It took about ten minutes to arrive in front of the faculty building.

\(^1\)Bus kuning refers to a transportation for students in campus area of University of Indonesia
She walked slowly with her Beat earphone on her ears, toward the faculty entrance. After she took couples steps through the hallway, she was overwhelmed with fear. There were several students stood near the administration desk. “Oh! They are gazed on me strangely. Why?” Sarah Thought as she walked in the lightless corridor. Sarah glimpsed to them for a while, then lowered her head down, only glanced to the floor. Sweat poured from forehead, then she wiped her sweats, turned her body to the opposite direction as she walked outside the faculty building. “Why do people look at me like I was a suspect of a murder case?” Thought Sarah as she walked faster, and then stopped, in front of the entrance to take a deep breath for a while.

“Ah!” she sighed. She pinched her nails; the sweat flowed down on forehead. “Come on, give it a try,” She denied her fears. She felt so nervous to enter the class; it was like she couldn’t handle the fear to meet new people. “Is it okay to be friend with others? I wanted to know others, but… I know I couldn’t bear it! Know someone new. It is not that simple…It’s even hard for me, just to open my mouth to say hello. It’s so awkward!” Sarah kept thinking hardly, since she has been spending most of her time without any close friends.

Presently, she headed to the faculty corridor for the second times. She walked a bit faster with her black shoes. She glimpsed around the corridor while looking for her classroom. “Okay Sarah! You can do this! Don’t let your fear, overwhelmed you.” Sarah pretended to be alright. But her plain face couldn’t cover up her fear with doubt.

She arrived in front of the Statistics Method classroom. Her hand grabbed the door, pulled it, tried to open the door, and then closed it. “Why is the room empty? The class has not ready yet?” Thought her as she looked at her watch, and then realized it was too early. “Ah! It’s thirty minutes early. Ah! It’s better rather than late.”

Across the class was a small park with pond in the middle, it attracted her attention. Immediately, she took a foot-step toward the park. Colorful wooden bench lined up; there were small fish in the pond. Sarah chose to sit near the pond to see the fish. As she sat on the wooden bench, she put her bag and earphone beside her. She sat calmly, straightened her legs, and then took a long breath.
She was sitting for 10 minutes. She kept quiet, did nothing, but to think that there was a new beginning about her life. She had hundreds of thoughts running in her mind. Then, the chirping birds broke the silence. She looked upon the birds, stayed on trees. Glanced at the loving birds, smiled softly and her eyes sparkled. “If only I had wings like a bird. I could fly away, and forever happy without any worries, “she thoughts for a moment. She was amazed by the loving birds, as it reminded her of her mothers.

“Life wasn’t that simple when you were gone, Mom. I’m ready to face new life, but I have no desire about this. What is the purpose of my life without Mom, beside me? I don’t know. Everything didn’t go well, its pretty sad and even harder now for me. Dad, haven’t changed! No one cares! I know! I wasn’t lucky. I’m not a good daughter thou—But, maybe It’ll change as I go to college, at least I hope,” thought Sarah; considered she wasn’t lucky, but wandered there was a hope for her life. “I miss you, Mom.”

She tried to avoid her wild thoughts while taking a long breath. She opened her small brown bag beside her, took out the novel again. For a moment, she forgot about everything as she focused on reading her novel again. A few moments later, she stood up as she realizing that several students had appeared in front the class. Sarah put in her belonging into the bag, grabbed it on her shoulder, and crossed the road to the class.

The class already filled with the noise as Sarah entered the class; meanwhile several students had already sat on the rows of blue seats.“Why are they already sat? Ah, It’s better to sat on the back, no one could recognize me.” She walked with her head lowered down, headed to the back rows. She chose to sit at the back over the front chair.

“Finally, I sit down”, she thought. She tried to calm herself, by folding her hand on the desk. She relieved that she could see her surrounding from the back. There was a group of three girl, laughed together like no one else in the classroom. Their voice rose, as one of them joked. It seemed they were so fashionable, from the outfit combined with all branded bags and shirt they wore. The left side, there were two boys, one of them wearing a leather jacket with a skull pictured on the back of his jacket. A bit terrified, she thoughts. Lots of people with different character and enthusiasm were in one class. “Ah! This semester would be so though,” thought
Sarah. Soon, the lecturer came in with paper on his hand. He put the papers immediately on the desk.

“Good morning, class,” greeted the lecture, as the students greeted him back. “This is your first class, right? So, I want all of you introduce your name and give the reason why you guys choose this major. Please, be real”, said the lecture. “Okay, start from the back!” the lecture pointed to Sarah.

“Hmm…Me?” Sarah was surprised, as she pointed to her face, to ensure. Her face seemed confused. “Is it me? Why it should me over all of them? What should I say?” She thought, as she got chosen all of sudden.

“Yes! You! Please stand up, and introduce yourself.” the lecture said. All the eyes looked at her. Her hands trembled for moment, but she tried to get up.

“Okay. Keep calm Sarah! You can do this! Keep calm!” She tried to calm herself. “Hmm… My name… I’m Sarah…” said Sarah with shaky lips. “Hmm, the reasons why I choose this major… Hm… Because…” she stopped for a while. Her eyes looked up to the roof, she tried to use a proper words. “Because, I just want it,” added her nervously.

“Hello, Sarah!” teased one of the students, followed with the noise of others students. Meanwhile her hand kept tremble. She bit her lip, to cover up her fear.

“It’s a safe answer for you. Well, that’s okay. You can take a sit.” said the lecture.

All of sudden, a guy came in and crushed the noise.

“Sorry Sir, I’m late,” said the blue-glasses guy, behind the entrance door, who wore white shirt neatly, as well with his neat hair.

“This is your first time, but you are already coming late. Stand here! Just let them know your name and the reason why you come to this class.” ordered the lecture, as he allowed the guy introduced himself.
“Hello! My name is David. The reason why? Hmm, because I love Mathematic, Sir,” said David confidently.

From the back, Sarah glanced to David. His face seemed familiar, but Sarah couldn’t remember exactly, where she had seen him before.

“What a common reason! You can take a seat,” said the lecture.

All of sudden, he sat next to Sarah. The guy turned her head to Sarah. He discovered Sarah, whom the face was so familiar with the person he knew, back then.

“What’s your name?” Whispered the blue-glasses guy named David, who sat next to Sarah. Meanwhile other students introducing themselves, David looked at Sarah with curiosity. “What’s wrong with this guy?! We just meet, but he already looked at me strangely. Ah. Just don’t mind him. What a weird guy!”She thought as she showed her confusing face and gave no answer. She kept looking into her desk, as she still nervous.

“It’s like I have meet you before,” said David again, lowered is voice, tried to make a conversation. “Please, don’t get me wrong. I just wonder, if maybe we have met before,” added David.

Sarah stayed quietly. “He is so freaking weird,” she thought as she turned her head again to other side. She didn’t want to answer. Again, she prevented to deal with others. David assumed that Sarah felt uncomfortable, and then he pretended like there’s nothing happened.

The lecture started to explain the rules of the class, and the requirement to pass the class, as long as the class material for one semester.

During the class, again he wanted to ensure his curiosity. He stopped writing, fixing up his glasses’ position. “Are you from Bandung?” asked David again with his raised eyebrows, tried to figure out the girl in next to him.
“How can he know that I’m from Bandung? Is he a pervert or... So suspicious..” She sighed heavily, put her ballpoint away as she answered him briefly without looking into David’s face. “Nope!” said Sarah curtly.

“Well, I thought, I ever see you. Your face is familiar. But I’m not sure. Do you know me? In case we have meet before?” He attacked Sarah with questions.

“Ah! He is so annoying!” Sarah felt disturbed. “I’m not sure. Hmm...” Her face seemed hesitated as she tried to guess the guy who sat next to her. She felt less nervous obviously, after David tortured her with questions.

“Well, I don’t know. You may know me, but I forget it. I’m sorry,” added her awkwardly as she turned her head toward the lecturer. She wanted to focus on the lecturer’s explanation of statistical data process.

He sighed, snouted his lips, “Well, I think. I’m wrong.” replied him, as he turned her head back, and began to draw a table of data on his notes.

The class was over. Sarah immediately walked out of the class. Meanwhile she waiting for the next class, she decided to have a meal in the cafeteria. She strolled the faculty building with hesitation. “Hmm, people are gathered there. It’ll be so awkward for me to gather with them all of sudden. They also seem a bit scary--” Ended up, she regretted the decision she made before, as she saw people gathered at cafeteria. She changed her mind up, and turned her body back. “Ah!” Groaned Sarah who accidently bumped into someone in front of her. The food was falling apart on the floor.

“What the hell are you doing?!” shouted the girl who Sarah bumped into.

“Oh! What a bad day! It’s embarrassed! I’m so bashful” Thought Sarah “I… I’m… really. Sorry…” said Sarah immediately with hesitation. “It was an accident. I don’t see you. Sorry,” added Sarah, as she stumbled.

Everybody looked at her, right away. She felt guilty and embarrassed at the same time. She felt isolated by the fear and terrible at the moment. She got up right after she apologized,
then run away through the corridor. She couldn’t bear the embarrassment anymore. She covered up her face with hands.

Sarah arrived at home. She went to her bedroom, locked the door. Dropped herself on the bed, she took the blanket and covered up herself. Her eyes turned red, the tears fell down. “It was so embarrassing. I hate it. Why did people look so scary,” she thought. She cried out, all night along. “It’s only the first day of university life, I got so bad fortune. What should I do tomorrow? People will get me wrong? Or they will make a joke on me? Ah! Forget it Sarah, I can pass it. Don’t mind about them!”

The next morning, Sarah was confused, whether she went to campus or not. People might notice her or gave more attention to her. “What should I do?” she thought. She rubbed forehead, frowned, she tried to make decision. Actually, she wanted to go, as people might forget about yesterday, but she couldn’t avoid the negativity over her head. At the end, she faced her fear.

∞

The next morning, Sarah walked a bit faster as she passed by the administration office at campus. A guy behind her with long legs, black short hair with his blue glasses called her.

“Hey, you!” called the guy who stood behind her.

Sarah moistened her lips. “Huh? Me?” Replied Sarah, as she turned her body to look at her back. She stood still with hesitation face. She gazed at the guy. “Why did he look at me that way?” She realized that the guy has been discovering her from minutes ago. Turned out, it was the same guy that she has met yesterday.

“Yes. You are! Come here,” said the men, confidently. He was heading to Sarah.

“Do you really forget about me?” Asked the long-legs guy.

She raised her eyebrow, sighed, and tried to overcome the situation. “Who is he? What’s his problem,” she thought.
"How could you forget about me?" He grumped. "I don’t even forget you for a second! It's been 11 years. I'm David Leo!" he officially introduced himself in front of Sarah.

“Hmm…” Sarah stopped as a thought crossed her mind. She was wondering the guy in front of her. “Are you that piggy David which is always eating Ketoprak?” Asked David.

“Yes. I am,"

“Is it really David? He seem different with the person that I knew. I almost forget about him... But, David was a shy child back then. He’s changed.” Sarah was surprised, as she knew she met her childhood friend from Bandung. The only friend she had when she was seven years old. That time, Sarah lived with her grandmother in Bandung; she spent almost 6 years to live there, after the death of her mother. She also took Anak Panah homeschooling in there, the reason why she only had very few friends, and got hard to socialize with others. Besides, she also used to be alone

“Hmm... Hi! Dave!” She greeted awkwardly, as she realized they weren’t a stranger from now on.

David smiled softly at her. He approached Sarah’s ear and whispering "I think you are taller now," teased David.

She surprised, “What? Sorry?” her checks turned red, she glanced at the floor, tried to cover up her face.

“I think I have to go now. I have the Statistical Method class,” said Sarah, because she wanted to end their conversation immediately. She quickly left, headed to her class. David waved his hands, as Sarah left him behind.

The class wasn’t ready yet. Sarah sat at the back, sighed, tried to control her mind, which distracted by David. She was happy for a moment, realizing that there was someone that she knew. At the same time, Sarah hesitated to deal with people. Even tough, it was someone that she familiar with.

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*Ketoprak is a vegetarian dish from Jakarta-Indonesia, consists of vegetables, rice cake, and tofu that served in peanut sauce*
The next day, she prepared some books to go campus. Her eyes were heavy, hasn’t got much sleep the night before, because of she had mixed thoughts about her childhood-friend. Last night, when she closed her eyes, she slightly remembered him. It bothered her.

Early morning, she arrived at the class, sat at the back rows again. She leaned forward as her body began to weary because of her sleepless night. She completely confused about her mind. She thought that she wanted to meet her childhood friend.

“Sarah!” a voice snapped her out from her fantasized. She looked over to see the familiar voice that shouted her name; probably it was the guy she was thinking. “Is it David?” Her eyes caught David’s appearance immediately. She lowered her head and straightened her back up. “Ah! It is really him.” Sarah thought.

“Hey. I’m looking for you, Sarah,” said David, and then took a step to come in to the class. Headed to Sarah, took a sit beside her, while putting a bottle of coffee on the desk. “This is for you.” David gave it as a small present.

She narrowed her eyes at him, and then asked him. “Is that for me?!”

“Nope,” he paused, as he grinned to her. “Of course, this is for you. Take this!” said David; he pushed the bottle to Sarah.

Sarah awkwardly took the bottle, “Thank you,” said Sarah. Again, she bowed her head. She seemed embarrassed. David smiled to her, and then he left to attend his class—

The next morning, accidently Sarah met David again. It happened for several times, as they realized that they have unusual feeling after days passed.

Formerly, Sarah was a girl who avoided dealing with someone. But the existence of David once scrambled her mind. She didn’t realize as the time passed.
One day, David saw Sarah was sitting alone on the bench across the cafeteria.

“Hey Sarah, what are you doing?” asked David, who wore blue stripe shirt with Adidas black-white bag on his shoulder. David seemed very masculine that morning.

She noticed David; she put her novel beside her “Ah. I read novel,” she wiggled her legs. She was alert to David’s appearance.

“What kind of Novel?”

“It’s about high school love…”

“Oh. I see."

They started to talk about the novel for minutes. Sarah started to have a curiosity over David. She bowed most of the time, but her ears focused on David’s voice. All of sudden, David teased her. “Sarah, you seem very mature and beautiful now.”

“It’s nonsense,” she replied.

“It’s the fact,” he intended to give compliments. “Well… Sarah, it was so unpredictable. We meet here…,” he added.

“Yeah” she replied briefly, as she turned down her face because she felt it was an awkward situation.

“Well. Where are you going??” asked David.

“Hmm… I’m going to stroll around.”

“Oh. I see. Well, do you take Mrs. Mega class at 13 pm?”

“How could you know?”

“I just guess it!” replied David. “So we are at the same class then,” continued David.

“Really? What a coincidence!”
“Why don’t you have a walk with me?” Inquired David.

She was in silent for a while and accepted the offer. “Why not?!"

Sarah went out with David for the first time.

Once they had a deeper conversation. At that time, she was so calm. They were reminiscing about the old time when they were in Bandung. They talked about their favorite jajanan³ back then, such as es doger⁴ or rambut nenek⁵.

Sarah laughed, not as usual. Time passed by without they realized it. The afternoon class was over. David and Sarah made an appointment for the next day. David asked Sarah to go with him to his favorite Cafè, named Sekala Kopi.

It was the next day, at 07 pm. David with her brown jacket as long with his clumsy hair, picked up Sarah in front of her house, by his Honda Vixion. He parked his motorcycle. While waiting in front of the tall gate of Sarah’s house, David leaned on his motorcycle, checked his message on Xiaomi Smartphone. A door opened was sounded, he directly saw Sarah walked through the gate, Sarah looked simple but beautiful with her black dress, combined with brown clutch on her hands. He took a maroon helmet, and gave it to Sarah. Their gestured was awkward and they just giving smile to each other. Then, they went to Sekala Kopi. It was David’s favorite place.

After parked his Honda Vixion on parking area, they headed the cafè. When Sarah opened the door, her nose caught the smell of coffee immediately. “Ah! This smells is so unique! They have a good combination for the furniture. I love it! The place is quite comfortable, it’s so me.” Thought Sarah, as she entered the cafè, she was impressed by the decoration. The place was filled with unique ornaments such as abstract paintings, wooden furniture, and traditional wooden sculpture. She enjoyed the classic atmosphere; it made herself calmed, combined with a song titled/la vie en sore.

³Jajanan refers to the word snack in Indonesia
⁴Es doger is an Indonesian coconut milk-based shaved ice beverage with pinkish color often served as a dessert. It is a specialty of Bandung, West Java.
⁵Rambut nenek is Indonesian sweet fragrances consists of two slices of plain-tasted chip for the top and bottom cover. It tastes similar to cotton candy.
“Have a seat, Sar…”

“Thank you,” said Sarah, as she sat on the unique wooden chair covered with flannel, she enfolded her foot and put on her current favorite book on the circle table.

“What coffee, do you usually order?” asked Sarah

“All menus are recommended for me—well, usually I order frappe cappuccino with caramel,”

“Well, I want it, then.”

“Okay two cups of frappe cappuccino. Me, with less sugar, of course,” added David.

“You are old enough for some sugar!” teased Sarah.

“You know. I loved candies back then, but not for now,” said David with a little laugh on her face, he couldn’t avoid not to laugh.

They had conversation together for few hours. “We are on the same wavelength as a person. I love having a conversation with him. It’s like finally I find my long lost friend.” Sarah couldn’t lie to herself that she enjoyed the time she had with David. The time was like a wind blew that passed by, as fast without she figured it out.

As she had a conversation with David, “David is a good guy. What if I do fall in love with him? He is so nice to me. But, loving someone means we have to ready to be hurt or lose them. Am I ready for it— it’s hard to think about it.” Anxiety crossed her mind as sudden as she realized that she started to cherish someone. She was frightened and confused. Imagining how she might be left by someone again and it might hurt her even more.

“I hate it! What should I do then?” she thought. She didn’t like the way she felt frightened so easily. She wandered about the separation and loneliness. She had no confidence, even after she finally talked to someone else, except her family. Regardless, she was a quiet, but not at that time. She talked much and enjoyed it to the fullest. But, again curiosity haunted her mind.
David took a sip of his coffee, “Sarah, how’s your father’s condition, after--?” said David, and then stopped his word after realizing that Sarah showed her grimed face as sudden.

“Well, I’d rather not to tell you.”

“It’s your choice,” he replied.

“Well….” She stopped for moments.

“I’m just curious about your family. After that moment, you moved without any information. I was so sad back then. Knowing that I separated with you at that time,” explained David, and then gulped. “Just imagine that I couldn’t play with you or teased you anymore, it made my day became boring and I was so sad, back then. I asked my mom about you, but she also didn’t know. I cried over the long-night. I remembered that moment clearly,” added David with a grimace.

“Well, I think you overreacted about it,” replied Sarah bashfully.

“No. It’s true!” justified David.

After a long night conversation, David drove Sarah to her house at 9 pm.

As she arrived at her house, she took a bath and changed her clothes into her favorite pajamas. She took a look at mirror and remembered David’s words. She was affected by his words.

“So, he cried because of me? Did he really sad, when we separated?” she thought. She grabbed her cheek, closed her eyes with hands, and grimaced. She felt comforted by David’s word, as she knew the fact that someone was sad, because of her. As she turned her head to other side, she could see the scar on her neck. The scars hold traumatic memories for her. Her wild thought brought back the old story. “Mom! Is it okay if I give it a try to David? He won’t leave me, right? I hope he wouldn’t leave me, “she thought.
It was a cold day in September 2013, a 14-year-old Sarah couldn’t have a sleep because that night she would have met her father’s new spouse. Sarah and her father moved from Jogjakarta to Jakarta because her father, Jeremy got a job offer in Jakarta. It was 2 years after she had moved from her grandmother’s house in Bandung. One day Jeremy had planned to marry Leah, a single mother with one daughter, named Mercy. She was at the same age as Sarah.

That time, Jeremy thought that Sarah was a teenager who needed a mother to take care of her. In fact, it wasn’t what Sarah wanted. It was hard for her to believe his father would’ve married again. She wandered that Jeremy might became the worst person even more; he might became more temperamental, arrogant, or stubborn person. There would be another thunderstorm on someone else’s life, because of her father’s attitude. At the end, she couldn’t do anything at that time. She had no choice. Sarah already had a bad intention toward her step-sister, Mercy. As Sarah had never imagined she would have sister in life. Life that full of thunderstorm started.

Both Mercy and Sarah never had a genuine sister relationship. They hated each other from the first time they saw each other. Their personality was contradicted. Sarah didn’t like Mercy, who always tried to make problems; they rarely talked one to another, except the nanny who took care of Sarah when she's younger. As Sarah had grown up as a teenager, she almost had no friend because she did a homeschooling, right before she took the general school.

Going back even further, there were times which a 14-year-old Sarah had gotten up and rubbed her face a couple times to check, if she broke anything. After she had checked Mercy was okay, she checked her stepsister's condition. Mercy was stumbling from the table when Sarah walked out from the bathroom; she has unintentionally nudged the vase on the table with her elbow.

"Oh my Gosh, watch your step girl!" said Mercy as she tried to get her body up.

Sarah groaned, "What a shame!" roughed Sarah immediately. "Hey! Be careful— you such a bitch!" added Sarah. Then Mercy grabbed her towel and threw it at Sarah. The fought started. Both Mercy and Sarah always lost in little fought. They easily lost their temper, if unexpected things happened.
The miserable moments happened between them for years, it's how their relationship going on as a stepsister. “I hate her! She always did whatever she wanted to do over me! She's a trouble maker! One day, I will pull all her hair, kick and punch her, right on her face!” thought a 14-year-old girl, named Sarah. “I wish she wasn’t my sibling. I wish,” she insisted.

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Suddenly a harsh voice broke the silence.

“Who is there?” asked Sarah as she laid her body on the bed as sudden.

"Sarah, I saw you yesterday! You were walking with a man. Who is he?” asked Mercy while opening the door.

"That's not your business!” fumed Sarah coldly; she swung her head to other side, showed she didn’t care about what her sister’s saying.

"Oh, come on Sarah. You tell me, now!” she pleaded aggressively."Or I will tell dad later." threatened Mercy, showed her sarcastic face while folding her arms.

"Just tell him! I don’t even care about it."

"Well. As you wish!"

∞

One day, Sarah met David even after Mercy had threatened her. Months later, their relationship grew faster into a romantic relationship. They were like a loving bird, finally after years; Sarah felt that she was loved by someone else. She buried her fear of goodbye for moments, wondering about the happiness, that she had been wanting for years – to be with someone. Their relationship was going so romantic.

One afternoon, on the way home, David drove Sarah by the park, near the campus where they spent their time together as a couple.
"Well, I can't say that it was a good joke, but you have to try your best. I appreciate it" said David as he pressed his fingers on Sarah's forehead. He comforted Sarah after she tried to make a joke on him. As they were strolling along, then a serious moment followed. There was an unusual amount of talk. David gulped; he was trying to make a good word to ask something. He encouraged himself to start.


Sarah turned her head toward David; she glanced into his eyes deeply. She felt like something halted in her throat. "How can you know Mercy?" replied Sarah.

"Well, yesterday she called me; she said that it was urgent. Then we met and she told me about your father's prohibition toward our relationship. I also just knew about your stepsister" explained David. "But, how could you not tell me that you were going to meet my sister?" added him.

"I just don't like her." stated her shortly. "Well, is it important to you, to know about my sister? Does it really matter to you?" Sarah felt a bit jealous of David's question.

"Well, it isn't. But at least, you can tell me about your family, we have to be open one to another. Even though, you don't like her," David touched Sarah's cheeks with both of his hand, trying to convince Sarah to tell him everything.

"I just hate it. I don't like her. I wish I have no sister" griped her with a disappointed face; she tried to look to another side to hide her feeling. Their conversation ended up with no conclusion. She decided to go back home as she felt uncomfortable about their conversation.

At home, Sarah stayed still. Her fears from the past haunted her again. She couldn’t hide her anxiety. She afraid of the future and didn’t want to be hurt, even if all is well for now. She tried to build a wall for her heart and mind. For fragile heart, she thought.

As she arrived in the house, she just went to her bedroom. She was staring at the blue sky through the window. The wind blew; the leaves flew freely taken along with the wind. Sarah sat
on her wooden table with the pen scathed on it, next to the window. It was her favorite place to be wistful. She opened the window then closed it, she kept repeating it. She wanted to give up on the past. In real life she's free as a person but she's mentally imprisoned in her memory.

∞

There were moments, for a full hour, a 6-year-old Sarah Veronica had stood by the bedroom window alone, listening to the chirping of the birds. Her face looked pale with her black short hair tied on the back. She looked outside of the window then she sat in his seat, elbows on the desk, and her chin on his hands, still staring at the window. Her mouth had opened and closed softly, she was trying to calm herself. Outside the window, there were some children playing together with their bicycle, they were laughing and jokes around. Then Sarah only glanced at the window for the next hour.

Suddenly, the sound of smashed plate came from the kitchen.

“Hey, what wrong with you?” said Jeremy, who had come back from the office.

“It’s not a big problem, don’t mind me. Take care of your own business,” said Cony.

“You can’t even handle this? How can you tell me to take care of my business? You always make a big trouble!” replied Jeremy, his eyebrow rose as he got angry and raised his voice toward Cony.

“I don’t need you! You are such a rat,” whispered Cony as she took a broom at the backside of the kitchen door.

“What did you say? Did you call me a rat?!” said Jeremy as he raised her hand, tried to scold her wife.

“What? Do you want to punch me again?” Cony snaps and tried to avoid Jeremy’s hand. “Punch me! You don’t deserve to be called as a human. You are such a jerk man alive!” yelled Cony. She was angry that her husband never appreciated what she had done; instead he blamed everything to her.
“Come with me!” said Jeremy. He grabbed Cony’s hand, forced her to walk along the kitchen corridor to the outside of the house. As her foot was fainted because of the shard of the glass, she walked wobbly.

“You get out from my house! I don’t need a useless woman like you!” He tried to chase away her wife as it has usually happened when both of Jeremy and Cony had fought. Cony was sobbing, it sounded to their neighbor, but their neighbor often didn’t pay attention to it because it oftentimes happened. That was how the first marriage of Jeremy going on. Jeremy had a bad temperament, as long as Cony. Especially, at that time, Jeremy's company were going to bankrupt. As an important person, Jeremy usually spent most of his time to manage his business and it's actually worsened his marriage life. Jeremy released his stress to her wife and daughter.

It was how the nightmare began.

Near the television, Sarah Veronica was sitting on the sofa with strawberry bread on her mouth. Her face looked frightened when she saw both of her parents’ fought in front of her eyes. “Why do they have to fight one to another? Dad is so mean! I hated him. He always hurt mom as he want… He is so cruel!” thought a six-years-old Sarah, she was very flustered that time; her fingers trembled as she kept trying to eat her bread. She was crying in silence, her eyes were a bit red as she couldn’t hold her tears anymore. Tears fell on her checks, but her ear couldn’t hear. She cried in silence.

Jeremy walked to his bedroom, he opened the wardrobe and took Cony’s clothes, and he threw them to the outside floor.

Meanwhile, Jeremy was taking Cony’s clothes from the wardrobe, Cony walked into the house and she urged Sarah to go with her.

“Come here Sarah, come with mommy,” Sarah tried to stop crying, she stood up from the sofa, she opened her arms as her mother carried her on the back.

Sarah and her mother used to getout from the house without any pieces of clothes. Cony usually took her daughter with her to her friends’ house for a while if she had a fight with her husband. After days, Cony would come back to the house because she knew that her daughter
needed education. Even, sometimes Cony also became an egoist person for her daughter, she tend to protected herself, rather than took care of the younger Sarah. As a child, Sarah could only follow where her mother took her. Deep inside Sarah's thought, she was extremely oppressed by that condition; she had no choice, because she was a young child, at that time.

Meanwhile, Cony and Jeremy usually had a fight, Sarah could only watch in silence without doing anything. Both Jeremy and Cony had married at young ages. At that time, they were financially in difficulties; Jeremy just had started his furniture business. When Sarah was about 4 years old, Jeremy had bankruptcy on his business. That condition forced them to start from zero again. Even after that, they returned to live in prosperity. They used to live in wealthy, but they were at the down, then they could get up. Sometimes, they were even hard to eat. Sometimes, that condition triggered the fights between Cony and Jeremy. Jeremy became more temperament, when he had problems with his business, it affected Cony’s condition. Furthermore, Cony had mental issues at that time.

∞

One day, Jeremy was in drunk, uncontrolled and unconscious. That time, he just came back from the office at 10 pm. When he parked his car, there was sound of the crash from the garage. Cony had woken up suddenly.

“Aw, did I just waken up you?” asked Jeremy stagger from drunkenness.

“Are you drunk again? Oh, shit. Please don’t do any problems again,” replied Cony who just walked out of her bedroom. “Be quiet! You will make your daughter awake and see how shameful you are,” said Cony.

“How shameful am I? You are not even a good wife, I would rather be looking for another woman outside there to service me instead of you, witch. I had a fun with them outside and it satisfied me better than you.”

“What did you say?”
“Hemp… Did I make you angry again? Oh come on girl, come here please hug your husband. Be a useful wife.” said Jeremy while in drunks.

“I’m not willing to call your husband. You are a bastard!” replied Cony.

“What!” Jeremy grabbed Cony’s hair, pulled it to her arms until she fell off to the floor. He pointed to her wife. “If you have courage to say it again, I don’t hesitate to hurt you,” he was threatening Cony, she was trying to keep herself safe so she just be quiet then. Cony looked so frightened and just look down to the floor, she was fear if her husband might hurt or did something out of control.

“Are you afraid? Did you hear me?” said Jeremy.

“If it is not me, you will not become like this, having this expensive necklace.” Jeremy pulled the necklace from Cony’s neck. The grains of pearls scattered on the floor. “Even, this expensive ear pearl!” This time, Jeremy hit Cony’s ear. “It’s all from me! You can’t deny it,” continued Jeremy. “I’m your husband. You must respect me!” Unexpectedly, Jeremy pushed down Cony’s head to the edge of the table. Blood flowed out of colliding head, immediately Cony was unconscious. At that time Cony seriously injured her head, she was hospitalized for one week.

Meanwhile, Sarah stood alone for minutes watched her parents fight all the time for uncountable times. She clenched his hand, started to bite her nails as if she frightened. Her hands trembled. Once again, she was mentally scratched herself because she had nothing to do with her mother and she even can’t help her mother.

"No!" the 6-year-old of Sarah screamed as she watched her dying mother lied on the bed.

“Beep... Beep...Beep…” The sound of medic tool showed that her mother had no more time to live.
"Mom!!" shouted Sarah as she hugged her mom for the last time. Sarah kept crying. She couldn’t stop crying. "Please, come back, Mom!"

Cony's eyes looked lifeless, she had done her parts, "You are loved, dear" said Cony to her daughter for the last time. She looked at her daughter deeply, and she wiped Sarah's tears till Cony felt the room spinning and slowly she started to take a nap forever, she had her last breathe beside her daughter.

∞

It was 2 years after the death of Sarah’s mother. Sarah always had locked herself in her room for days. She avoided playing, socializing, or even having meals. She rarely met people after those very obscure moments. Sarah spent most of her time in her room, with the light of the lamp off, the windows half-opened. When the light from outside pierced through the windows it means the new day was coming. Yet, Sarah just sat on the wooden chair which her mother usually used to sit there. She had an empty gaze, she rarely just frowned her forehead if she flashback to the time when her mother still alive. She stared outside the windows and her droopy eyes reflected her sadness for years.

One day, after her father went to the office. There was a nanny who taken care Sarah in the house. Like the other days, Sarah woken up early in the morning. That day she had a new teacher in the house after her last teacher resigned. Ever since Sarah avoided going, she had her homeschooling with a different teacher almost every month.

The teacher usually had given up because Sarah didn't want to act nicely to other people instead; she just sat quietly, and let the teacher waiting for her outside her room. The nanny had no choice after the nanny was taking care of Sarah for almost two years, she slightly understands how Sarah had felt, and she didn’t want to push an 8-year-old child. She was afraid that Sarah would do something out of control. Sarah got out of her room; silently she went to the toilet. She took a bath for an hour. A nanny worried, she waited for Sarah and knocked on the door.

"Sarah? What are you doing?" asked the nanny. There was no response. "Sarah? Sarah? Are you okay?" the nanny knocked the door anxiously. The sound of water flows was heard immediately. "Oh, fortunately," said a nanny calmly, she was stroking his chest. She relieved.
"Are you okay?" inquired the nanny. Sarah just nodded her head. "Hemp..." she whispered. She got out from the toilet with soaked hair and a towel on her hand.

"I'm worried, sorry for disturbing you. Let's change your clothes, dear. Your teacher is waiting for you," spoke the nanny.

"Is it the new teacher?" asked Sarah

"Yeah! Of course! You have to see her first, it seems she had new toys for you," replied the nanny, as she was excited and to urge Sarah met the teacher. "She will be so glad if you want to see her. Or do you want to study in your bedroom?" added her.

"No. I don't want to," stated Sarah, showing she avoided her new teacher again.

It was even worst when Jeremy had heard about Sarah’s condition. Jeremy wasn’t typical of ‘Good morning dear, don’t forget to have your lunch’ but rather, ‘Do everything as best as you can, if not, you are such a useless for me’. At the end, it would be ended up with beating up. Formerly, when Sarah was younger, Jeremy usually beat up his wife regularly.

After the death of her mother, Jeremy would get out until night and came back, drunken, like there’s no tomorrow. That’s when the usual physical abuse began. He couldn’t control his temper, when he got stressed because the job he had. That’s how the scars emerged.

∞

One day, Sarah was slept on her bedroom, comfortably; she wore her favorite bunny pajamas, covered with tight blankets. Then, her father shouted outside her room.

“Sarah! What are you doing right now? Get out of your room!” shouted Jeremy.

“If you don’t come out right now... I’m going to punish you right now,” insisted Jeremy.

Sarah tried to open her eyes, when she heard her father shouted from the outside. She shifted the blankets, with her sleepy eyes she walked slowly to the door. Opened the door
quietly, the door half opened and Sarah looked a bit to the outside. Jeremy pushed the door with his right foot until the door widely open.

“Come here!” ordered Jeremy. “For how long, you want to act up like a little baby! You have to study and get out of your room. I will burn up this room if you always like this,” said Jeremy pointed at Sarah’s face.

“I want to be like this forever,” muttered Sarah as she looked down. Her face bathed in sweat, awash in fear and twitching.

“What are you saying? Do you want to be like this forever? So, you better get a job by yourself! I don’t want to waste my money on useless things.”

“Yeah. It’s better for me to stay away from you. I’m tired of you,” grumbled Sarah.

“Oh! You are brave enough to talk back at me. Who teach you like this? You and your mom are just the same. You are not useless!” wrinkled Jeremy.

“I am. I am the son of the bitch. So, you are…,” whispered Sarah

“What do you say?” Jeremy’s hand was hovering to Sarah’s cheek. Sarah’s cheek was flushed, meanwhile the nanny had tried to stop Jeremy. Unfortunately, it’s second too late, Sarah just started to shed the tears, a nanny hugged Sarah on her arms, tried to calm her.

“Sir, please don’t do this. You make her afraid of you,” stated the nanny, while she tried to comfort Sarah.

“I can’t spoil her all the time like a little baby, tomorrow you have to study. If not I’m going to send you to the orphanage, let others handle you,” said Jeremy.

Sarah tried to stop crying; she stood up and run away outside of the house. She run away while crying, the nanny tried to chase her but Sarah was running too fast compared to an old lady. She’s gone.
Sarah walked along the street, the road she took divided into two paths, and Sarah chose a road which a bit darker with trees surrounding the road. After minutes, Sarah tired, she stopped near the small seafood restaurant Dinar Restaurant which open at that time, not far from the Taman Anggrek houses, where Sarah lived. There was an old lady, with grey hair tied back, wearing a sarong untidily. Meanwhile, the old lady swept the floor slowly, she discovered Sarah from inside. She approached Sarah who had sat at the edge of the road. Sarah’s eyes had swollen after she had been crying for half an hour. She looked confused, she tried to hold her tears, and she clenched her head tightly.

“Hello Dear, what’s your name?” asked the old lady softly, she stared at Sarah deeply. “The wind outside here was very cold, come in. I will make some food for you. You look so pale and hungry, dear,” invited the old lady.

As she was confused and still disturbed by what just happened in her house, with a pale face, she followed the old lady came in into the house which located next to the stall. The house seems darker than other houses, since the lamp street in front of the road was damaged.

There was slightly no light from the outside. Sarah came in into the old lady’s house; it wasn’t very big, yet not small. There was some wooden animal furniture with terrified face. Paintings of some animal attached to the wall. Sarah awkwardly walked into the house headed to the living room where the sofa seems damaged on the surface; the foams looked out from the sofa’s leather.

“Have a sit dear,” the old lady let her sat on the damaged sofa. Sarah quietly sat on the sofa; she lost her torn sandal from her feet. Sarah was waiting while her eyes looked around the house. Minutes later, the old lady brought a slice of bread with hot chocolate milk.

“You have to eat and drink the milk, and then take a rest for a night,” said the old lady. Sarah suspicious of the old lady, but she just can’t avoid the offering. After Sarah ate the bread, she slept in the small room with only one yellow lamp on the wooden table. She didn’t change the clothes instead; she just fell asleep as lying on the bed.
The next day, a slight of light came through the small windows which dazzled her eyes. Sarah was just wakened, sat and lost on her wild thoughts for minutes. She realized something suspicious just happened. Her hands were tied tightly with a long fabric with frowsy smells. It was hard for her to move around because of her hand tied with a rope, but her foot wasn’t. In her confusion and frightened, then the door opened. The old lady handed a plate of fried bread.

Sarah threatened, she only looked down, and she worried if something might happen.

“Are you just waking up? Have some food,” offered the old lady. “Do you want me to feed you?” asked the old lady while she sat next to Sarah.

“I’m not going to hurt you, eat this. You will be hungry later,” stated the old lady.

Sarah stood still then she sat again next to the old lady. She clenched her hands again, her hair and clothes still messed up; she just stared at the floor and stayed still for minutes. Then, she grabbed the bread and spent the food as fast as she was very hungry.

Then, the old lady had asked Sarah to take a rest while she was out. Sarah had obeyed the only lady’s demand. At night, when an old lady came back from the food stall, she had a little chat with Sarah. The old lady was asking about Sarah's family, study, and then she had a sleep. The next day, the same things happened. The old lady didn’t let Sarah go, yet Sarah also had stayed there for days.

Five days passed by, but still no good news about Sarah. Jeremy has reported it to the police. Exactly one week later, after the loss of Sarah, a police officer came to the place where Sarah has stayed for a week.

The door locked up from the outside, and then the police officer opened the door forcibly. There, sat a girl with a messed hair, she was carrying a Barbie doll. Sarah seemed so calm when the police officer pushing the door and saw she sat calmly.

Sarah didn’t realize about the incident that she had at that time. She just enjoyed the time that she had when she was separated from her father. Besides, her father managed to handle this incident as soon, after she found only her daughter.
As an 8-year-old child, she didn’t really understand what happened at that time. She just wandered if only her mother was still alive. After the incident, Jeremy made a decision; he agreed that Sarah would live with her grandmother - from Sarah's mother side- for a while. After 2 years, Sarah lived with her grandmother, there was a time when Jeremy came to visit Sarah, but she just ignored her father. She still had a bad memory of his father and couldn’t accept the fact that her mother had died.

By the time, Jeremy regretted his decision that made him separated from his daughter. He thought that he needed Sarah by her side as he didn’t want to lose someone anymore. Then, Jeremy came to visit Sarah; he forced Sarah to follow him back to their house. Sarah was just a teenager at that time. She also couldn’t avoid her father's decision. Finally, Sarah lived with her father, again, for the second time. Sarah wished that she would forget the past and start a new day with her father, even the memory still exists.

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One night, the sound of a clock was rising filled the silent room. Arouse a soul from her daydream. “It’s better for me to stay away from David. He is a nice person, but I won’t let Dad hurt him, or I will get hurt too. Back then, Dad harmed mom, then mom left me, here, alone. Will David leave me too?” Her wild thought carried her back into the old days as she tried to deny her anxiety. A teardrop fell into her shirt, made the shirt wet in second. She started to cry, remembered about the past. Again, she felt the pain on her foot; it was even sharper than the old days.

Days passed. Sarah avoided communicating with David; she started to get away for a while. Everything was fine until one day. It wasn’t like usual moments; Sarah would have had a family dinner. It was such a rare thing in her house.

"It’s so odd!" Sarah thought. Sarah sat next to his father. She took the spoon, and ate awkwardly. She only looked at her meals, without turned her head around. Then, the bell rang. Mercy stood up, she walked toward the door and opened it. A man with a black coat suited with the black pants was coming in. Immediately, Sarah glanced at that man for a second. She couldn’t turn away her sight from the man that she exactly knew.
"Who are you?" asked Jeremy as he stood up from his chair, he wandered about the guy who came over to their house without any permit.

Sarah sighed, she tried to calm. "It's David, Dad," added Sarah, and then she walked toward David immediately. "Who let you come here, David?" whispered Sarah. David pointed at Mercy. "Mercy invited you to come?" she kept whispering.

"What are you two doing there? Sarah goes back to your room," said Jeremy. "And you!" pointed Jeremy to David, Jeremy ordered David to approach him immediately.

David came nearby, and then a punch dropped on David's cheek. David was falling to the floor as sudden. "Dad!" screamed Sarah; she was approaching David who had lied on the floor.

"You are not allowed to come to this house without permission. So, get out of my place," said Jeremy, seemed not regretted what he had done to David.

In December 2017, 18-year-old of Sarah decided to break up with David. She has no choice. She was afraid to be hurt; it’s something that herself didn’t understand why she chose that way. She loved him, but she knew that she couldn’t love him more than this. It would hurt him if he was standing by her side “I have a walk too far from my right place. I hate the feeling of goodbye! I hate it even more, if I should feel it again. I could feel, a sharp on her feet, it's like a knife got stabbed into her bones, it hurt but there wasn’t blood,” she thought.

On December twentieth, Sarah told David about her decision. She left her home and stayed at her Grandmother’s home. She wanted to be alone like the old time. She was afraid if she had to lose someone again. She blamed herself of what had happened to David. She felt sorry and afraid if David also might leave her, but at the same time she thought that it was better to leave David.

Meanwhile, Mercy secretly met David at college. Sarah took a break for a whole last-period of semester. Mercy was in jealous with Sarah who always loved by Jeremy more than herself. She wanted to hurt Sarah by acknowledging David as his boyfriend, by making up a trick. Mercy convinced David to be with her, so that David would be able to approach Sarah
freely. David thought that Mercy had a good intention toward her sister and he wanted the old Sarah to back. He had no choice, to enter Sarah's life. David thought, he might break the boundary between him and Sarah, if he was closed to Mercy. As if they were in a relationship. Besides, he wanted Sarah to be back to the house. David accepted Mercy just for one condition. They didn’t really have a real relationship like other couple.

∞

For Sarah, it was a gloomy day, just like the other days. That day, she decided to be back to college. She wanted to return her mood.

"Is it, David?" she thought. Unexpectedly, Sarah saw David with a girl, they were walking together. The girl seemed familiar, she thought. Sarah was curious about the girl, but at the same time she didn’t want to see the girl closely. She was afraid, it would hurt her feeling. "It might be her friend… Hemp…" she thought. Her gut-feeling brought her to follow David. She walked slowly but sure behind David.

"Is It Mer…?" she thought. When she approached David closely, something was distracting, the voice of the girl seemed familiar, and she assumed that it was her sister. Sarah pretended to look for a book in his bag, but she actually listened to the conversation. Then, David turned back, when he got suspicious a stalker behind him.

"Sarah how's life?" stated Mercy, she tried to hold David's arm.

"So, you are now together?" asked Sarah with a strange smile, she was shocked inside but she only showed her fake smiled.

"As you see," Mercy raised her eyebrow, indicated that Sarah's assumed was true.

"It's not like that, Sarah." David tried to lose Mercy's wrist.

"No!" said Sarah "Stay there!" added her. "I know all of you are mean. I hate you both!" screamed her as Sarah ran away passed them. "I'm okay" Sarah thought. She tried to hide her feeling by saying it continuously inside.
She felt her world collapsed just in one second. She didn’t understand her feeling, but she was so upset. She came back home, whereas she wanted to get her favorite book on the treasure box placed in her bedroom.

Then, someone walked behind her.

"Watch, who has come back, a little baby girl!" said Mercy scornfully to Sarah who just came back, to take her shirt at her bedroom.

"Watch your mouth!" replied Sarah calmly; she didn’t want to get trapped in anger.

"What a shame. How can you back after you run away? Such a coward!" mocked Mercy.

Mercy's word just made Sarah angry she couldn’t hold her anger; she clenched her fists and breathe through her mouth trying to be calm.

"What a loser!"

"Shut up!" said Sarah with clenched teeth. “Ah! I just wanted to punch her right now,” she thought. She walked ahead toward Mercy without any hesitation, she grabbed Mercy's wrist, and the first thing that she did was punch Mercy straight in the face. Sarah was shocked about what she just did, but she felt relieved at the same time.

Mercy screamed as she felt her nose break and blood dropped drown onto her skirt. Mercy was angry, tried to take revenge, she pushed Sarah's chest back to the wall as well as Sarah's arms hold her body at a cupboard. The cupboard was broken down, and the glasses vase dropped down stroked into Sarah's head. Sarah was dropped into the floor, Mercy shocked right then. Sarah slowly lost her conscious, her eyes half-opened.

"What the hell are you two doing?" Jeremy yelled at Sarah and Mercy who in fought. He pointed at them. Jeremy stared at the two of his daughter with wide eyed. Then unexpectedly, Jeremy fell down to the floor, her hand pressed his chest, he grasping hardly, his lips turned pale as he got heart attacked as sudden. Sarah and Jeremy were brought to the hospital immediately; both the daughter and the father were hospitalized.
When Sarah was sleeping, she had a dream about her mother.

"Mom, can we go now, please," said Sarah while she was unconscious.

"Sarah…" said Jeremy shakily, he spoke hardly.

"Dad… Is that you?" asked Sarah after she got recovered from her unconsciousness, she lied on the bed, then slowly opened her eyes. She discovered the place where she was sleeping. When she turned her head to the right side, there was a sight of Jeremy, lied next to her with a tube over his body. Sarah started to cry, she's overwhelmed with tears when she saw her father showed his smile hardly to her.

"What happened, Dad?" asked her again as tears dropped.

"Its okay dear." replied Jeremy. “Did you just have a bad dream?” added Jeremy

Sarah just kept nodding. "She's gone…," said Sarah shortly.

"Who?"

"Mom." replied Sarah, her voice cracked.

"Don’t cry, dear. Your mom's happy right know." said Jeremy softly, tried to comfort her daughter. "I might follow your mom." whispered Jeremy, and smiled.

Sarah stayed still, and cried over. "I'm sorry, Dad. I'm sorry." her voice got extremely shaky. As she never imagined that her father might left her too. “I wish that I could have a father that I can talk to or listen to my story. I hate him! But, I don’t want him to left me too. Forever. I hope he can change to be a loving person.”

"No, dear! It should be me, to say sorry," said Jeremy followed with the tears that fell down on his cheeks. Jeremy held her daughter's hand. “I'm a terrible father. I'm sorry for making you struggling for all this time. I just realized it," Jeremy sobbed, he cried over.
“I have never see dad like this. He is a person, who will never say things like that. I used to hate him. But I still love him. He is a good father at the end, even he isn’t a good husband for mom. I love you, Dad.” She just never imagined a situation like this. They were crying together.

"I'm so sorry Dad," said Sarah putting her arms around her father’s body.

"It's okay. I would much rather have it to be me, than you," Sarah pulled away to look at his father and Jeremy gave her daughter a small smile. Jeremy wiped away the tears that Sarah didn’t even know was falling down on her cheek.

She sat back next to his father while waiting for her father gone forever. “At least, now, Mom wasn’t alone anymore.” She looked at the blue sky and wondering about the new day, she was so excited that her mother wasn’t alone anymore. She put a small smiled on her face after tears. "I'm okay, mom" she said while smiling.

That's how the bond between Jeremy and Sarah grew into the real relationship among a father and a daughter. It was also the last moment that Sarah had with her father. She was happy now. How relief, she thought.

This is the end, of everything. She felt there were arms on either side of her body. Hug her tightly. Sarah was happy. She wanted to bury all on the past, and started a new day in her life. Mercy and Leah now decided to move to Yogyakarta. Meanwhile she stayed in her grandma's house. She wanted to take care of hers, released the burden that she had bearing for years.
Reflective paper

❖ Introduction

The statuesque shows that millions of women and children are harmed psychologically or physically abused by their partner or parents. There are many cases caused by the violence that begin with domestic violence which defined physical assault by a spouse and cohabitating partners (Tjaden & Thoenners, 2000). They are physically and psychologically abused.

There are many similar cases that happened in our society. Those who used to have a view of psychical and emotional violence in their own house give the most effects psychologically. Especially in this case is children’s ability to trust people in their environment. A child might have a trust – issues toward others because they have a bad experience when they are young. In this case, children who often see their parents fight. Parents as the role model in household, ended up by giving bad impact to their children.

A child who trapped in that situation is defined as victims, they might affected with fearful, trust-issues, acceptance, mental-illness, and anxiety at some stages, or experience psychological problems, such as post-traumatic stress disorder. It makes them show different behavior which usually caused depressions cases. The most severe case, they may commit suicide.

Therefore the writer wanted to make the story based on the violence cases to build society’s awareness and to prevent the violence that has been a phenomenon in the society. Children who live in a household with violence often show psychological problems from an early age, and later may affected their behavior. By showing the long-term effects of the violence, the writer wants the society and parents who take a big part in this case, to be more aware with their action, take responsible by don’t let the acts of violence is acceptable or justified.

❖ Writing Process

The story of Scars especially tells the story of Sarah as the main character who experiences the psychological abuse since her childhood. Moreover, it tells how the main character’s childhood gives a big impact toward her behaviour as she grows up. The lead character lost his mother, experience bad things. She becomes an introvert. The story will be
based on a 3rd person point of view. It will show how she experiences the psychological violence and how such a moment that changes her to become traumatic person as she grew up.

In order to make a story which related to children violence, I learnt about domestic violence to children, this disrupts children’s progression through age-appropriate developmental tasks’ (Margolin & Gordis 2000; p.445; p.449), Sigmund Freud’s theory of id, ego and superego. Besides that, I also did a mini research, by collecting my friends’ experiences and also from mine. Moreover, I also do a research throughout the internet, gain some information from journals and read books or short story that related to my story.

During my writing process I had so many obstacles to finish my works. First, I am confused to decide the characters that I want to build up, especially the characterization, the family background and the core issues. Second, I was confused to set up the setting as well with the plot. At the end, because sometimes I still wanted to change the problem or issues because the ideas came along, as the result, it’s become complicated to decide the issues that the writer want to tell.

❖ Conclusion

My writing process has been a long journey for me myself. In the middle of my writing process, I found that it was hard to write if we didn’t give more effort to our story and didn’t have a lot of experience on writing a story. I ended up with unfinished story for months. Then, It made me become unconfident to write again after a long absence on writing my story. But, finally I’m able to finish my story.

My story tells the readers about the impact of psychological violence to someone, because of the traumatic problems that happen in the early age. Specifically, throughout Sigmund’s id, ego, and superego that fits into the story. It makes a good example of how people should be aware to this kind of issues. I hope the readers could enjoy my story and get a lesson.
<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>24/07/18</td>
<td>Starts to make the whole story.</td>
<td>In progressing to make the end of the story.</td>
<td>The lack of characterization, and background of the story</td>
<td>Make sure the character has a strong characterization, and do some research for making a good background.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>01/08/18</td>
<td>Revise the character, and some part of storyline.</td>
<td>Adding some dialogues, and minor conflicts to show the characterization.</td>
<td>The core issues isn’t clear enough.</td>
<td>Show some progressive issues before go to the climax issues.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05/08/18</td>
<td>Revise the story and continue the progress.</td>
<td>Revise the core issues, add some details to show some progressives issues in the story;</td>
<td>Lack of characterization</td>
<td>Be specific about each of characters, and show the differences between the characters; elaborate the characters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/10/18</td>
<td>Revise the core issues in the story.</td>
<td>Revise some part of the story line to elaborate the characterization.</td>
<td>Lack of explanation on the minor conflicts in the story. The minor conflicts also isn’t relatable to the core issues.</td>
<td>Relate the core issues and conflicts. Doing some research, in order to make a relatable minor conflicts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8/11/18</td>
<td>Revised the conflicts in the story.</td>
<td>Revise the story line, and explains more about the core issues by showing some flashback events that relate to the core issues.</td>
<td>Lack of explanation of the atmosphere and details of the situation; lack of transition; common words of choice or vocabulary that used in the story; lack of punctuation; unclear pronoun;</td>
<td>Add some details in some paragraphs; be more descriptive to write the situation or atmosphere of the places; add relatable transition for the conversation or dialogue in the story; changes some words;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Action</td>
<td>Suggestions</td>
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<tr>
<td>17/11/18</td>
<td>Revise the story.</td>
<td>- Add some transition, and some details in each paragraph. Add some additional dialogues within the characters.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>- There are still many grammatical errors; the present of characters in the middle of the story is unclear; the background of character Jeremy still lack of explanation, the conflicts between the characters is unclear in some parts; Add some details to tell the conflicts between the characters Jeremy and Cony; don’t too fast to tell the closeness within Sarah and the guy in the beginning; be more specific about the conflicts between the characters to show the theories in the story.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>26/11/18</td>
<td>Revise the story.</td>
<td>- Add some details in the conflicts between the characters, add some lines in the beginning of the story.</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>- The pages is wrong, correct the grammar again. Correcting some parts of the story, and revise the wrong pages.</td>
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</table>
References

