A CULTURAL IDENTITY OF A MIXED-RACE TEENAGE GIRL REPRESENTED IN A SHORT STORY ENTITLED

IN BETWEEN

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

Christy Eunike Louis
392015061

FACULTY OF LANGUAGE AND ARTS
UNIVERSITAS KRISTEN SATYA WACANA
SALATIGA
2019
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Pembimbing : Ervin Suryaningsih, M.Hum
Penguji : Lany Kristono, S.Pd, M.Hum

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Thesis Supervisor

Examiner

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ABSTRACT

This study is entitled “A Cultural Identity of a Mixed-Race Teenage Girl Represented in a Short Story Entitled In Between”. This study aims to portray a cultural identity of a mixed-race teenage girl that is represented in a short story entitled “In Between”. In writing the story, the writer adapted the theory of cultural identity by Stuart Hall (2005). This theory underlies this study regarding how this mixed-race teenage girl can refigure their real identity, who and where they come from sociological conception, between personal and public world. The analysis is done by the writer and for the result, there is one out of two mixed-race teenage girls which is going through an establishing of her cultural identity. However, there are also gaps in analyzing this study, because this tendency is rarely found in Salatiga, Indonesia, for it is too personal and sensitive. From this study, the writer wants to literary reader to develop more about cultural identity crisis of mixed-race teenagers in Indonesia nowadays—to think that having an identity is requisite.

Keywords: Short Story, Identity, Mixed-Race Teenager, Cultural Identity, Stuart Hall.
I. INTRODUCTION

A. Background of the Study

Interracial Marriage continues to be on the rise in Indonesia. This tendency creates more mixed-race families. As Rocha and Fozdar stated, the number of mixed-race families in Indonesia is steadily increasing, and children born in interracial marriage may face problems with their identity (3). Many of them are still being considered as foreigners or what Indonesians usually call ‘bule’—for most of Caucasians—instead of being as Indonesian. It may cause some impact on how these teenagers find their identity in Indonesia.

However, mixed-race teenagers have probably shown that they do not differ from other teenagers in self-esteem, comfort with themselves. Also, they may tend to be high achievers with a strong sense of self and tolerance of diversity. Teenagers in a mixed-race family may have different racial identities from one another. Their racial/cultural identity is influenced by their individual physical features, family background, and experiences with racial groups (Smith, 559).

Researchers have shown that teenagers with a mixed-race identity—both parents live together—generally grow up to be happier than mixed-race teenagers who grow up with a "single-race" identity (Chang, 245). For example, if their parents are not together anymore, they should pick between their parents’ race identity. What it tries to say is that mixed-race teenagers in divorced families may have greater difficulties accepting and valuing the cultures of both parents, because they do not know which identity they have. It should be their parents who help them to cope with these pressures by establishing open communication in the family about race and cultures. It affects to how society sees them, because they are different in appearance, even though one of their races is Indonesian.

As a cultural critic, Kobena Mercer, observes, ‘identity only becomes an issue when it is in crisis, when something assumed to be fixed, coherent and stable is displaced by the experience of doubt and uncertainty’ (Mercer, 43). Erik H. Erikson coined the term identity crisis to describe the uncertainty, and even anxiety, that teenagers may feel as they recognize that they are no longer children and become puzzled and confused about their present and future roles in life (28). In this case, mixed-race teenagers who live with only one of their parents are having identity crisis, especially in terms of cultural identity.
In this study, cultural identity—those aspects of our identities which arise from our 'belonging' which is our history, culture, and power to distinctive ethnic, racial, linguistic, religious and, above all, national cultures (Hall, 274)—will be the highlight. In Indonesia itself, this story has gaps in researching about the study of cultural identity for mixed-race teenagers in Indonesia. There is a lack of discussion about this study regarding how these teenagers can refigure their real identity, who and where they come from historically, culturally, and powerfully. This would make this work a little bit harder to explore deeply.

B. Research Problem

This research problem regarding the story that will be written is:

(1) How is the portrayal of cultural identity of a mixed-race teenage girl that will be represented in the story entitled ‘In Between’?

C. The Objective of the Study

The objective from this story is to portray accurately the situation of a mixed-race teenage girl in her cultural identity as an Indonesian through the study of cultural identity, looking from the history, culture, and power. The story will describe how she is convincing to the society regarding her real identity as an Indonesian. Her appearance may not look like a pure Indonesian, but how her ‘belonging’—historically, culturally, and powerfully—from her living culture in Indonesia could convince people that her identity is the same as indigenous Indonesian. In other words, it will tell about how she could refigure her cultural identity in Indonesia to make people sure that she is also an Indonesian instead of a foreigner.
D. The Significance of the Study

Hopefully, this study is very useful for readers in understanding cultural identity. Practically, this study will help the students who learn about cultural identity and to increase their understanding about identity as a part of cultural study. By reading the story later, it could also literary reader to develop more about cultural identity crisis of mixed-race teenagers in Indonesia nowadays—to think that having an identity is requisite. It is also to break the stereotype of being called as orang asing or bule in which these mixed-race teenagers think that they are not actually a bule, but a part of Indonesians—meaning that this story could help mixed-race teenagers in their confidence and self-esteem, and that they also have their own representation as mixed-race teenagers in this case.

II. THEORITICAL FRAMEWORK

A. Review of Related Study

First, according to Mélanie Jane Knight, in her thesis about ‘The Negotiation of Identities: Narratives of Mixed-Race Individuals in Canada’, researchers assert that there is an increase in recognition of one's own and others' group membership which is related to factors such as skin color, physical appearance, language, and culture (6).

This thesis examines how mixed-race individuals shape and negotiate their identities and where they situate themselves along the racial continuum. This study examines participants' negotiation of two White racially dominant groups, the Anglophone majority and Francophone linguistic minority who themselves differ in social and economic status. It was found that participants' self-identification as individuals of color was not an indicator of their participation within subordinate groups. Participants chose to situate themselves at different locations on the racial continuum, either participating within Whiteness, Blackness or both. Negotiations within certain locations on the continuum was found to bring benefits, depend to some extent on phenotype, cause tension and contradiction, to be influenced by racism and racial consciousness and to be complicated by language and ethnicity.

Second, based on “Lone mothers of Mixed Racial and Ethnic Children: Then and Now”, a case study by Dr. Chamion Caballero, in which she explored the experiences of 10 lone mothers of children from mixed racial and ethnic backgrounds who lived, worked, socialized or educated their children in or around a multicultural ward in inner-city Bristol. The study was funded by London South Bank University’s Research Opportunity Fund and conducted
in collaboration with the Bristol-based charity Single Parent Action Network UK (SPAN), who were interested in learning more about a family group to whom many of their users and members belong. Six of the mothers who took part in the study were from white British backgrounds, with the remainder from Black British, Mixed Ethnic, and Latin American backgrounds.

The children’s fathers came from Black African, African American, Black British, White British, White British/European, Eastern European, and British Asian backgrounds. Three of the mothers identified themselves as coming from middle-class backgrounds. All mothers had between one to four children whose ages at the time of interview ranged from 4-17.

**B. Review of Related Theory**

**Cultural Identity: Stuart Hall**

This research will be conducted through cultural approach which is conceived by Stuart Hall in “The Question of Cultural Identity”. Identity, in his sociological conception, bridges the gap between the ‘inside’ the ‘outside’ -between the personal and the public worlds. The fact that we project ‘ourselves’ into these cultural identities, at the same time internalizing their meanings and values, making them ‘part of us’, helps to align our subjective feelings with the objective places we occupy in the social and cultural world. Identity thus stitches (or, to use a current medical metaphor, ‘sutures’ the subject into the structure). It stabilizes both subjects and the cultural worlds they inhabit, making both reciprocally more unified and predictable (276).

Yet these are exactly what are now said to be ‘shifting’. The subject, previously experienced as having a unified and stable identity, is becoming fragmented; composed, not of a single, but of several, sometimes contradictory or unresolved, identities. Correspondingly, the identities which composed the social landscapes ‘out there’, and which ensured our subjective conformity with the objective ‘needs’ of the culture, are breaking up as a result of structural and institutional change. The very process of identification, through which we project ourselves into our cultural identities, has become more open-ended, variable and problematic (Hall, 276-277).

The study that will be discussed in the story is about where Hall’s notion reflected to this sociological view with the growing complexity of the modern world and the awareness that this inner core of the subject that is going to be described who is not autonomous and self-
sufficient, but is formed in relation to ‘significant others’, who mediates to the subject the values, meanings and symbols—the culture—of the worlds he/she inhabits.

III. METHOD OF THE STUDY

In this story, the writer will use two methods for gathering the data. The first method is interviewing. The writer will interview at least two people. The first person was a student from Mountainview High School: Stacia McDole, a mixed-race teenage girl who lived in Salatiga, in order to get to know what she had been through—her struggles and how she handled it—as a multiracial who has been living in Indonesia for a couple of years. The second person who is going to be interviewed is also a student from UKSW: Bunga, in order to get a deep understanding of being a multiracial who live only with her mother who is Indonesian and never know who her father is.

Listed below are the list of questions that will be asked:

a. Close-ended Questions:
   1) Name:
   2) Age:
   3) Gender:
   4) Date of Birth:
   5) Place of Birth:
   6) Hometown:
   7) Eye color:
   8) Hair color:
   9) Parents:
      a. Mother’s Name:
      b. Father’s Name:
      c. Mother’s Occupation:
      d. Father’s Occupation:
   10) Previous Education:
      a. Elementary School:
      b. Junior High School:
      c. Senior High School:
   11) University Course (Jurusan):
   12) Angakatan:
b. **Open-ended Questions:**

1) What is your family ethnicity/cultural background?
2) How long have you been living in Indonesia?
3) Why did your family choose to live in Indonesia?
4) Since you are a mixed-race, how do the people around you treat you?
5) Was it hard for you to get along with people around you? Do you have any struggle in facing it?
6) How did the people in school treat you?
7) How did you overcome the comments from the people around you that you’re a *bule*?

**Follow Up Questions:**

1) Do you know about your father’s/mother’s cultural background?
2) What is your family condition like? Do your parents get along really well?
3) How do you and other people react to your family condition?

The second method that will be used is library study. The writer will read several books and reviews about how multiracial kids who could find their cultural identity and how they cope with it, also what is Multiracial and Cultural Identity works for teenage nowadays. Books like ‘Multiracial Identity Development and the Impact of Race-oriented Student Services’ written by Margaret Roque and ‘Identity Crisis: Multiracial Identity and the Future of America’ by Nia Ridgle in order to find out the struggles experience by the mixed-race teenagers in finding their identity. To see how Indonesians society treats *bule*, an observation was done by reading a book entitled ‘Bule Juga Manusia: Petualangan Turis Gila di Indonesia’ by Richard Miles. In addition to have a deep understanding about cultural identity, another observation was done by reading a book entitled ‘Cultural Identity and Diaspora’ written by Richard L. W. Clarke. Also reviews from Quora of ‘How is Life Being Caucasian Mixed in Indonesia?’ and ‘What is Like to be a Westerner in Indonesia?’ to increase the knowledge regarding how Indonesians society treats *bule*.

**Close-ended Questions:**

13) Name: Stacia McDole
14) Age: 18th
15) Gender: Female  
16) Date of Birth: June 19, 2001  
17) Place of Birth: Sentani, Papua  
18) Hometown: Sentani, Papua  
19) Eye color: Light Brown  
20) Hair color: Light Brown  
21) Parents:  
   a. Mother’s Name: Tina McDole  
   b. Father’s Name: Paul McDole  
   c. Mother’s Occupation: Missionary  
   d. Father’s Occupation: Missionary  
22) Previous Education:  
   a. Elementary School: Homeschooling  
   b. Junior High School: Mountainview C.S Salatiga  
   c. Senior High School: Mountainview C.S Salatiga  
23) University Course (Jurusan): -  
24) Angakatan: -  

Open-ended Questions:  

8) What is your family ethnicity/cultural background?  
   - My mom is from Indonesia and my dad is from America  
9) How long have you been living in Indonesia?  
   - Almost all of my life  
10) Why did your family choose to live in Indonesia?  
   - Because Indonesia is their mission field.  
11) Since you are a mixed-race, how do the people around you treat you?  
   - Well, by living in Sentani, people there were thinking that we are some of high class people because we are white and coming to Sentani only for preaching. Sometimes, people don’t know that I am a mixed-race.  
12) Was it hard for you to get along with people around you? Do you have any struggle in facing it?  
   - Actually, it’s not really hard. Because people are attracted by my appearance and they want to get close to us, I guess. Or maybe because I am so easy to get along for I have a good Papua accent.
13) How did the people in school treat you?
- I went to international school, so I don’t really get the atmosphere or vibes of a regular school in Indonesia, because I know it must be different with international school.

14) How did you overcome the comments from the people around you that you’re a *bule*?
- I was okay, because why not? I am a half *bule* though. I also feel happy when people know that I am different, because I am. So I don’t need to be fake around people, or assure them that I am an Indonesian.

**Follow Up Questions:**

4) Do you know about your father’s/mother’s culture background?
- Sure, I do.

5) What is your family condition like? Do your parents get along really well?
- I cannot say that our family is a goal, because we live separately now. But we still contact each other and everything. And my parents are so well in Sentani, they rarely fight with one another, only a bit of debate I think.

6) How do you and other people react to your family condition?
- Me, as a mixed-race and a third culture kid, always want our family to live together, but my parents are always away for missionary thing. Some people think that my family is so independent, but we actually don’t, we only rely on God’s purpose for our family.

Thank you very much for your willingness to help complete my thesis. God bless you.
I. Title

“In Between” – this title is chosen because the story tells about a mixed-race girl who is in the middle or in between of what society thinks of her and who she really is. The society still considers her as *bule* because of her appearance, but actually the main character feels that she is not a *bule* since she was living and raised in Indonesia from the moment she was born. Being in the middle is significant in the way she thinks about herself. She is unable to choose one side that is right about her.

II. Component of Creative Work

A. Theme

The theme of this story is “a mixed-race teenage girl who is re-evaluating her cultural identity”. The reason of this theme is because Mutia (the main character) is trying to portray her struggles in convincing her identity for years. In order to give explanation of how she cope to the society and make people sure that she is an Indonesian.
# B. Characters

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<tr>
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</tr>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Wanda Mutia</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Age</td>
<td>21 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hair</td>
<td>Middle-short red hair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Eyes</td>
<td>Blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Build</td>
<td>Tall, skinny and fit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Marital status</td>
<td>No Marriage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Current home</td>
<td>Living with her step parents (Ayana’s parents)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Parents</td>
<td>(passed away)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Siblings</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other related people</td>
<td>Yudith and Reza (College bestfriend), Ayana and Rere (High School friends)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Childhood</td>
<td>Been called as <em>bule</em></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Education</td>
<td>Third year college student</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Qualifications</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Boy/girlfriend</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Special skills</td>
<td>A good Indonesian traditional dancer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Strengths</td>
<td>Strong-minded, open-minded, easy to get along.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Weaknesses</td>
<td>Easily affected.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Relevant information</td>
<td>Studying at University of Jenderal Soedirman.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Already a citizen of Indonesia.</td>
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<tr>
<th></th>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Ayana Miyuki</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Age</td>
<td>16 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hair</td>
<td>Long-braided black hair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Eyes</td>
<td>Dark Brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Build</td>
<td>Strong, Gallant, White-colored body (means innocent and cold)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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<td>Marital status</td>
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<td>Current home</td>
<td>Living in her parents.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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<td>Parents</td>
<td>Budi and Lidya</td>
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<tr>
<td>Siblings</td>
<td>-</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other related people</td>
<td>Mutia (best friend)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Childhood</td>
<td>A half Japanese girl who moved from Jakarta to Purwokerto.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Education</td>
<td>High school student</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Qualifications</td>
<td>Doesn’t care about what people think of her.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Loyal to Mutia.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boy/girlfriend</td>
<td>-</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special skills</td>
<td>Master at playing any games at school (means always wins).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strengths</td>
<td>Honest.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Genius.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weaknesses</td>
<td>Ignorant.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relevant information</td>
<td>Studying at SMAN 4 Purwokerto.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>3</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Jayanti (Eyang)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Age</td>
<td>63 years</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hair</td>
<td>Long-gray hair</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eyes</td>
<td>Dark Brown</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Build</td>
<td>Always wears her necklace and bracelets on her left hand.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marital status</td>
<td>Was Married</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Current home</td>
<td>Purwokerto</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Parents</strong></td>
<td>-</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Siblings</strong></td>
<td>No sibling</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Other related people</strong></td>
<td>Soraya (Daughter), Mutia (Grandaughter)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Childhood</strong></td>
<td>-</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Education</strong></td>
<td>-</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **Qualifications** | An assertive person  
She has a strong principle with her desires |
| **Boy/girlfriend** | - |
| **Special skills** | Was a Gambyong traditional dancer. |
| **Strengths** | A good example for her granddaughter |
| **Weaknesses** | Close-minded |
| **Relevant information** | Taking care of Mutia from birth  
Always has different opinions with her daughter  
The one who registered Mutia to join Gambyong |

<p>| <strong>3</strong> | <strong>Name</strong> | Soraya Larasati (Mutia’s Mother) |
| <strong>Age</strong> | 37 years |
| <strong>Hair</strong> | Long-wavy black hair |
| <strong>Eyes</strong> | Dark Brown |
| <strong>Build</strong> | A career woman |
| <strong>Marital status</strong> | No Marriage |
| <strong>Current home</strong> | Purwokerto |
| <strong>Parents</strong> | Jayanti (Eyang) |
| <strong>Siblings</strong> | No sibling |
| <strong>Other related people</strong> | Mutia (Daughter) |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Childhood</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Education</td>
<td>A career woman, work in a company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qualifications</td>
<td>A good worker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Smoking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boy/girlfriend</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special skills</td>
<td>Good in her work.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strengths</td>
<td>Open-minded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weaknesses</td>
<td>Not really a good mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relevant information</td>
<td>Always working from day to night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Always has different opinions with her mother</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Ardhana Reswarni (Rere)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Age</td>
<td>16 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hair</td>
<td>Dark short hair.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eyes</td>
<td>Black</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Build</td>
<td>Gallant, short, always wears Red bandana.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mouth</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marital status</td>
<td>No marriage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Current home</td>
<td>Living with her parents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parents</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Siblings</td>
<td>No Siblings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other related people</td>
<td>Nadya Dewani and Ganita Haryani (her bestfriends)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Childhood</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Education</td>
<td>High School Student</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Qualifications

- A bully.
- Having hatred to Mutia.
- Will do anything to fulfill her desires.

Boy/girlfriend

- No boyfriend

Special skills

- Also a good Gambyong traditional dancer.

Strengths

- Persistent.

Weaknesses

- Can’t control her hatred and desires

Relevant information

- Was always bridled by her parents
- She was threatening Mutia

C. Setting

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Purwokerto</strong></td>
<td>Purwokerto is a town on the island of Java, Indonesia. It is the capital of Banyumas Regency, Central Java region. A place of Javanese majority lives in. Because of the amount of Javanese, people from outside the country or buli is not really common to live there.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Garden of University of Jenderal Soedirman</strong></td>
<td>University of Jenderal Soedirman is a public university. The only university that local people would like to go college to at Purwokerto. Every faculty has its own garden, but the garden that will be used is the main garden of this university.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mutia’s Mother’s Home</strong></td>
<td>An imaginary house which is located at the center of the city. In Purwokerto itself, there are still many of old, colonial Dutch houses. Most of local people still live at those houses, including the house where Mutia lives with her mother. The house was given by Mutia’s grandmother.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SMAN 4 Purwokerto</strong></td>
<td>A public high school in Purwokerto which is majorities of Javanese students and also Muslims. In this case, this</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
school is good with its academic major. This will be a good example to the story because Mutia will be uncommon to those student who school there.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Elisabeth Hospital</th>
<th>Catholic hospital, one of the best hospital in Purwokerto.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cemetery</td>
<td>This funeral will be near at the hospital. Where her mother will be cremated.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Past time (2008-2014s)</td>
<td>In the 2008-2014s, Purwokerto is not really common with bulu who attended high school in Purwokerto, especially public school. Rarely bulu went school to public school, they mostly went to international school. Not much either of having a mixed-race teenager who lived in Purwokerto, most of them went out of town to find a better school.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1) The setting will be set at two different times. The first setting is in the recent time, at a cafe—the place where Mutia, Yudith, and Reza gather and talk about Mutia’s life.

2) The second setting is in the past time which is divided to four places. The first place is at Mutia’s mother’s home—an old, colonial Dutch house at the center of the city. The second place is at SMAN 4 Purwokerto. The third place is at the hospital by the time Mutia’s mother was sick. The last place is at the funeral, when Mutia’s mother died.
A) A Cafe

B) Eyang’s home
C) SMAN 4 Purwokerto

D) The hospital

E) The Cremation
D. Conflict

- External Conflict: Man versus Society

  Where people interact with Mutia based on her appearance and they make assumptions about her socioeconomic status, interests, etc. Between Mutia and Rere’s Genk, where Rere backstabbed Mutia, she was threatening Mutia and there have been a rival between them.

- External Conflict: Man versus Man

  Where Mutia’s mother and Eyang argued about their own perspective and ego, it affected Mutia to be confused because of her own family member had different perspective of life.

- Internal Conflict: Man versus Self

  Where Mutia feels isolated and then she feels hated by everyone. Between Mutia and herself, where she struggled with herself in refiguring who she is. The uncertainty came because she thinks she is a broken-home girl with no culture background—only bad history of life, do not know who her father is, not sure what identity she has and has no power to make people sure that she is an Indonesian.

E. Point of View

  First person point of view that will be used in the story. The reason is because the main character—Mutia will be the one who tells her past story, as if it is her story, so she is the only one who knows the whole story that she had been through for years. It will be easier to have the thoughts and feelings that she has in the story.

F. Symbol

  The symbol that will be used in the short story In Between is ‘bule’. Since in Purwokerto itself, people sees bulu as someone who is not belonging in the city. Bule itself symbolizes as a rationale for justifying racist behavior, such as charging higher prices and expecting bulu to all be affluent with a resulting expectation to pay the higher prices. When they see a bulu, it would be very nice and really friendly, they really try speaking and reaching out to that bulu. Mixed-race people in Purwokerto are also considered as bulu because of their appearance is different from local people who are mostly Javanese. Match with the story that Mutia will be treated differently in Purwokerto, either with the people who are nice to her or even the group of girls who didn’t like her.
**G. Plot**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Introduction</th>
<th>Mutia is now 21 years old and on that day she was walking around the campus with her friends. They stopped and started to talk about their childhood. Mutia told her story of her struggle being a half Indonesian and half American who lived in Indonesia in her whole life.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Conflict</td>
<td>FLASHBACK—She hated her father for leaving her mother, so she removed everything about her half identity as an American. People started to call her <em>bule</em> and indirectly, Mutia started to question who she was. Her high school friends did not like her because they were jealous of her being smart and having a good vibe at school. They talked about her behind her back and started to threaten her. She barely saw Eyang and her mother got along. (Mutia’s mother was sick and she could not pay for the treatments in the hospital.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climax</td>
<td>The moment of impact. She made a decision not to continue her dance competition to pay all her mother’s treatments, and began to work. At the time she was going to graduate, she was really happy. However, few hours after her graduation, her mother died from cancer. No one could help her, not even Ayana—she was hard to be reached.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conflict after Climax</td>
<td>Unconsciousness came up to her mind. She was struggled of her identity because her mother died. Her breakdown happened and started to think of who she is, because she has no parents at all. She still believed that she is an Indonesian, but she also thought that people would not believe her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resolution</td>
<td>She finally got to meet Ayana and her family. Ayana’s family helped Mutia in every funeral matter. In the end, she was adopted by Ayana’s parents and then she made her Indonesia citizen ID. She broke the stereotype of</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
being a *bule* by joining Javanese traditional dance training and she was okay for being called as *bule* by people and for her, it is not a big deal anymore. She continued her study with a scholarship and got new best friends. (Mutia is still in the same situation where she is still in between of her identity—Open ended)
IV. STORYBOARD

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mutia introduces herself and her college friends. She tells about her college.</th>
<th>She starts telling about her past when she was in elementary school. The moment of her being called as an adopted child</th>
<th>She asked her grandmother about who her father is. Her grandmother said that her father left her mother, so she hated her father after that.</th>
<th>She is a good student in her school. She joined many of school competitions and was being teacher’s favorite student.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mutia’s mother was having cancer, so she should take care of her mother every day. Those girls talked bad things about Mutia’s family background. She tried to tell them that she did not want to be called as <em>bule</em>.</td>
<td>The moment of impact where Mutia’s mother died after a few hours of Mutia’s high school graduation. She was stressed and her bestfriend, Ayana could not be called.</td>
<td>Mutia came to Ayana’s house waiting for Ayana and her parents. A few hours they came and went straight away to the hospital. Ayana’s parents adopted Mutia to be part of their family.</td>
<td>Mutia made her Indonesian ID Card. She started to focus to her PR major in college. Now she takes traditional Javanese dance training and doesn’t really care for people who call her as <em>bule</em>.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SUMMARY

There lived a red hair girl, with her blue eyes shining through. A mixed-race who only lived with her mother and Eyang in Purwokerto, named Mutia. She grew up with her talent in Indonesian traditional dancing. However, she was raised without knowing who her father was. Everything felt hidden from her about her father. Until finally, one of her school friends called her an adopted child because she looked different from her mother and Eyang.

An honesty was told by Eyang. The relationship between her mother and father was revealed. From that moment, Mutia really hated her father and didn't accept who she was. She didn’t even want to be called as *bule*. Controversy between her mother and Eyang was not barely happening.

Then, came a time when she began to slowly accept that she was different when she entered high school. However, that would only make the problem worse. Slanders sprang up about who she was. And then, she had to give up dancing, because she needed money for her mother who was sick at the time. A sudden hard times came to her until her mother passed away and she couldn’t do anything about it.

In the end, Mutia understood how she had to recover after everything that had happened to her. She finally returned to live with Eyang and continued dancing, because she knew where she belonged culturally, home.
IN BETWEEN

On a bright sunny day, a young blue-eyed girl was ready to perform a traditional dance in celebrating Banyumas Regency Anniversary at city of knights, Purwokerto. She kept smiling even she was nervous. Seconds before the music played, she took a deep breath, exhaled strongly and started to move beautifully. People might have guessed who the blue-eyed girl was. Her name was Mutia, the name of a shining pearl and she was me.

After the performance, somebody asked me in his Javanese-English accent, “where do you come from, Miss? How long have you been learning a Javanese traditional dance?”

Then I answered, “Kula saking Purwokerto, kula latihan nari saking alit” graciously, I tried to convince them.

That man looked very surprised to hear my answer. Then he said, “Wow, nggih mbak nggih. Can I take a picture with you?”

Well, this thing happened almost every time I performed a traditional dance. People were surprised and reacted so happy knowing that I could speak High Javanese. In fact, I did that every time people asked me where I came from. A big smile and a word of thanks were also expressed from the Regent when he was embracing me.

As the sun went down with sweat that had dried up, the celebration was finally done. When I began to clean my face from faded makeup in the rest room, a sudden call came from my cellphone.

“Mutia!” A howl was heard from my cellphone loudspeaker. “Forgive me for the umpteenth time, I don’t think I could make it in time.”

Again, the campus ambassador, Yudith, gave an excuse to be late. It was Sunday and I already had an agenda with my two best friends at a cafe right after that event. Finally, I arrived at the cafe, alone. I did not really remember how many times I peeked at the clock hanging on the wall. It seemed the clock was mocking on me.

Suddenly, my phone rang again and when I answered it, “Hey, where…”

“Wait, baby, I’ll be over there, just right after I handle my last handsome customer, kay?” A recognizable voice of Reza cut the call with his number one priority, his online shop business.
We were supposed to meet at 6 p.m. but they, as usual, ten-minute-late persons. Actually, I didn't really care about how long I waited for them at the cafe. I just couldn’t wait to pour up everything that had happened these 21 years of my life.

Always the hits trio, the *bule* with her two exclusive friends, was the sentence of many people used to describe our friendship and that became Yudith’s matter to ridicule our friendship to ourselves. Mockery wasn't a real big deal, yet a thought always came to my mind that there might be something wrong with our friendship. No, it was not about us, it’s about me. I had never discussed this with them before. They might not realize it.

I was afraid to talk about this with them. On the other hand, I believed they would understand what I meant. There were things which blocked my heart to bear everything out. But why? Of course I thought I know my problem was.

Blue eyes,
Red hair,
White yet pale skin,
Freckle cheeks.

My appearance was different, I was different.

***

Finally, I heard a familiar voice calling my name. It was Mr. Online shop.

“Hey pretty, I just got five consumers who want to buy my sales. Five hundred thousand rupiah per day! It’s crazy, isn't it? It’s a big fortune to have you as my model. Thanks you so much my pretty lady” Mr. Online shop a.k.a Reza rashly talking.

My heart churned happily to hear that, but my mind was the exact opposite of that. It got me a little bit anxious to hear him saying that. Well, I was used to it, so, I didn't worry too much about my anxiety.

“There she goes, the official mother of all Soedirman land, walking like a model” said Reza sarcastically. Yes, that was Yudith with her yellowish-brown Soedirman alma mater jacket she wore every day.
Perfect! All of us are here and I couldn’t wait to start my story. So then I started to tell them about my story. One thing that I hoped after I told them everything was they could understand my feelings.

***

I was in my fourth grade, a very pleasant time in my life—the time I knew nothing than playing hide and seek, marbles, pretending having a boyfriend, play around a green, wide rice field, and other games after school. Nothing bothered us except our parents who were always telling us to take a nap when it was our time to play.

It was 7 a.m. and I was sitting across teacher’s desk in my class, waiting for the teacher to come. Five minutes went by, suddenly, I felt something sticky on my seat, it made me so uncomfortable. It didn't occur to me if I would wet my skirt in class or if something else happened to me.

“I think there’s something wet in my skirt” I said to my friend sitting beside me. She just shook her head while shrugging her shoulders slightly, then I stood up from my chair.

“Hey Mutia! Look at your skirt. Are you okay?” Fatma shouted. “Huh?” I was panic and all class was staring at me. Argh, I really didn’t like how Fatma shouted at me like that, she could come to me and whispering, I didn’t think it was hard.

Quickly, I ran out of the class to find a toilet, then I saw on my skirt, there were red spots. My heart was beating so fast and I did not know what to do, so I ran to the student health unit.

“Oh you have your first day of menstruation, which means you are now a big girl, Mutia” said the unit keeper softly. Alright, I was confused, my mind was not even there to think of every word she said. The unit keeper told me to go home and called my mother, talking about my health problem.

“Am I okay? Because I feel a slight pain in my stomach” I asked her.

“Sure, you are totally fine, you are growing up, sweetie,” she said with her big smile which was intimidating me. There was not a single word that I could hear clearly from her because I was getting dizzy. After that, I went upstairs to take my stuffs, then something happened.

“Look at her, the bule orphan is getting her period!”
Out of nowhere in my class, a boy shouted that to me. I saw him laughing with his friends, but their laughter indicated something odd. My eyes glared at him with anger and he was being reprimanded by the teacher.

Alright, I knew about what happened to me with that red spots on my skirt, it was my first period, a common thing for woman. As a career woman, my mother never really talked to me about this kind of stuff, but after that incident, I asked her about menstruation and things that might came out with it in the future.

Everything was fine for me, except the boy shouting at me with that bad taunt. That boy’s face was always stuck in my head day by day after that. For some days, they kept calling me *bule* orphan and blue eyes invader. I didn’t really understand what they meant.

For once, it didn’t really hurt. But as a little girl, who knew that she had a different appearance among her friends, they were not only calling me as *bule*, they called me as an orphan. How could a nine-year-old child react to that? Mad? Not really, but it came to be a big question mark of who she was. I was thinking that maybe those words they hurled at me was true.

For my mother who was always left her daughter clueless, it turned out that trying to tell her when I was mocked could come to fruition, fruition of nothing.

She just said, “oh dear, don't listen to your friend, that means nothing.”

I always thought that maybe only cigarette my mother always thought of. Even though it had no meaning, I knew for sure if that mock had a specific purpose. My mother was not helping at all at that moment, so I went to another person who was also living in my house, my grandmother—which I called *Eyang*.

Then I told her the story and she said, “Who called you that?”

“My schoolmate, *Eyang*.”

“Your mother is true, honey, don't listen to them. Those words aren't good to say.”

“Ah *Eyang*, I really mean this one. What does that mean? Is it real? Am I an adopted child? You told me that my father is working outside the country, that is true, isn’t it?” I was trying so hard not to think negatively, but I was very dead curious. While *Eyang* was preparing me rice with some fried anchovy and sautéed water spinach, she finally explained to me.
“Not all people can understand you, they have their own opinion about what they see through you. However, I know it is a negative thing to say, but you know, you are a *bule*, but you are not an adopted child, honey. I saw you crying so hard when you were born. And yes, your father is working far, far away from our country. Do you know America? He works there.”

At that time, I was a bit in denial, because I did not think *Eyang* told me the exact story. I knew that I was different, but I could not accept when people call me as *bule* orphan. So I told *Eyang*.

“I'm Javanese, *Eyang*, and I look like mother.”

*Eyang* did not look a little shocked by my statement. Otherwise, she was quiet for a moment and she only took a deep breath with her big smile.

***

I remembered when *Eyang* taught me Javanese traditional dance, Gambyong. Actually, this dance was a folk dance and was held as a tribute to the guests who came in our city. Every day *Eyang* taught me this dance after school, because she once was a Gambyong dancer too. She also taught me how to speak fine Javanese. Every movement and every word that was taught to me was still stuck until I was in high school, even today.

My mother was a hundred and eighty degrees different from *Eyang*. A busy woman who only talked when it was really necessary. As I said, a career woman who worked from day to night, spent her day full in the office. Well, my mother worked at one of textile factories in town, so I met my mother only at breakfast and dinner. So it could be said that I was closer to *Eyang* than with my own mother.

When I was in the 5th grade of elementary school, *Eyang* registered me in Gambyong traditional dance class. We practiced 3 times a week under the carvings of wooden roofs of the pavilion in the town square. It was still glittering in my head when I first used the bun and each of its gold makeup, brown batik embroidered, and also a yellow scarf that was attached to my whole body. There, *Eyang* always accompanied me.

“Smile as long as you dance, because smile is the main key in pleasing others through the dance you bring. The flexibility of your body will not emit anything if there are no smile
on your face,” said my dance teacher. That was what I always remembered in my head every
time I danced.

Even when I was first chosen to dance in a government event in Purwokerto, it was
the first time that many people praised me. They thought I was not an Indonesian, but wanted
to learn about the country's traditional dance. My fluency in speaking Javanese made them
gazed. Every time I finished dancing anywhere in the city even outside the city, I had to
explain that I am half Javanese to people who had questions and statements like that.

Until then, I started to realize that people would always see me different, they saw me
not as they saw other dancers, and I was okay with that, I tried to understand that fact.

However, there was one thing that hurt me about that one piece of cake—which was
the impression of people who saw me as bule and all the gossips that spread with it.

When I entered high school, I close to a boy that taught me many things. From him, I
began to learn how to appreciate what was done by myself. Eventually, it helped me to be
more active in school, and continued to maintain rank in my class, I even won several
academic and traditional dance competitions. I knew, it made me a little stingy with my
friends of course, even though in my house, I was taught to share with others, or in other
languages, we should not be stingy and greedy.

Well screwed that, I was very proud of what I could achieve. Teachers believed in me,
friends were asking for my phone number, asking me to study and teach them. Ehm, yes, we
already had our own phone on that time. That continued until I entered high school.

It was fun. For a moment. Until finally, in a bright, Monday morning, I was walking
along the school corridor as a freshman high school student, then one girl, with her white
glasses on and her black-braided hair, which I did not know who she was, came to me.

“Hey Mutia, wait up!” She came to me hobbling like she was being chased by
something terrifying.

“Oh hey. What’s wrong?”

“Mm, you may not know me, but I know a lot about you” she spoke slowly.

“Uhm, yes?”

“Well, can we go somewhere private?” she talked hesitantly.
“Oh okay.”

Immediately, we ran to the back of our school canteen. I really did not see what her problem was, but it seemed so serious. There, she sat so close to me, she started whispering, explaining something that I have never heard before.

“My name is Ayana by the way. Okay, let’s get to the point. I do not know if it is true or not, but one of your friend told me yesterday that you were expelled from the traditional dance. Is it true?” asked Ayana.

“Well, I was out from the traditional dance class, but I was not being kicked out. How do you know?” I asked back.

“Ehm, I was in the same traditional dance as you, but we’re on a different class. I don’t think you notice me. After all, yesterday was practice time, then I went to the toilet and met three girls which I know as your friends. Who were their name again? Rere, Nadya and Nita?”

“Ahh yes, I know them, we used to be friends, but I don’t think we are now. What did they say?”

“She spontaneously talked to me and asked if I know you or not, then I said no, that’s the truth. But if they were wrong, then why they told me that you were being kicked out? Did you have problems with them?”

“Hmm, I am not really sure. I think, they are the one who have problems with me, because I never did something bad to them.”

We accidentally talked more than 30 minutes, until the school bell rang. All of a sudden, we stopped and she grabbed my hand.

“I’ll see you after school! You still have stories to tell!” she shouted at me. Then my eyes immediately emitted a strange glance at her, what a weird girl.

Rere aka Ardhana Reswari, she is my first friend in dance class. We had been friends for more than a year. She had also taken a dance class two months earlier before I joined. Together with her two best friends, Nadya and Nana, the three of them were like a trio who were always together everywhere. Then I got along with them and it was the four of us for years.
Just couple months before we graduated from junior high school, our friendship was over as I thought I always got extra days of practice for Central Java Gambyong dance competition at Semarang. It was sad, because I was chosen to join the competition, and the three of them were not. The time I got back from Semarang, they were acting really different in front of me.

They saw me as if they didn't know me. Their eyes were sharp, along with a cynical face. I came over to them, yet they were turning their faces away and left. That’s it, the story of our friendship was over until finally we entered the same high school.

Then this incident happened, a weird girl with such a weird name, Ayana, came to me asking so many questions about my relation with those three girls. I didn't think that there was anything to talk about, I thought it might because they were annoyed with me for not playing with them. Middle school children were still carried away with the nature of elementary school children, so in my opinion it didn't need to be followed up. In high school, everything would be fine.

The school bell finally rang. I really wanted to avoid this weird girl, but I was also very curious about the story, about everything that she knew. Then, I saw her talking to Rere in front of the school gate. After thinking twice, I finally approached them hesitatingly—because I hadn't really talked with Rere for months, but I ventured myself to stay normal, as if nothing had ever happened between us.

“Hi, Re! Hi, Ayana! Do you know each other?”

“Hai Mut,” Ayana answered with a shy smile.

“Hai Mut, finally we meet after a long time. Yes, she was my classmate in dance class. By the way how are you? Still dancing?” Rere asked again.

For a slight moment my brain thought, Rere might be thinking the same thought as me. I meant, we had to be more mature, and the past didn't need to be a problem anymore, it seemed like she had forgotten it too. Her face looked very happy when she met me. After all, she was not with Nadya and Nana. Or they both could come home first, and Rere, as usual, was still waiting for her mother to pick her up.

“I'm fine, Re, and no, I'm not practicing for a while, my mother is sick at home, so I have to take care of her, at least until she gets better first then I will be back dancing.” My
mother started getting lung cancer when I was in high school, but that was in another part of this story.

“Ah, alright then. Greet from me for your mother, may she get well soon,” Rere kindly spoke.

A week later Rere, Nadya, Nana, and me, without Ayana, were good friends. I also came back to the dance class with them, just as my mother told me to get back to dance class, because my mother’s condition was better, and Eyang was able to take care of her. However, I had avoided Ayana several times, because I was afraid she wanted to affect me with her story. Well, never mind, my friends and I were fine. We even had so many friends and boyfriends too. I felt that I was like a woman who was very easy to attract men’s hearts.

I often saw Ayana with other friends, looking at me sarcastically. Even though, for several times Ayana still took time to smile at me when I passed by, but because I felt bad about her, I immediately left without replying her smile. Sometimes I felt very guilty for what I did to Ayana. She seemed like a very nice girl. I wanted to talked to her, deep inside my heart. However, I didn’t think that Rere would like that.

Rere once told me that Ayana was half Japanese with her white skin and her narrow eyes. Her father was very rich yet stingy, and he was very rude to Ayana. I totally understood that when I heard about it, but the thing was, Rere refused me to get along with her, because she might have taken advantage of me because I was a bulu.

After all, I was denying Rere’s statements about Ayana. So, I pushed myself to talk to Ayana and asked her about what she wanted to tell me before. I didn’t mind if she was going to take advantage of me or anything, but I just wanted to know her problems this whole time, I just could not wait any longer.

I went to Rere and said that I wanted to buy food and she said, “Okay, anything for you my blue eyed princess.”

On the contrary, I actually went to talk with Ayana. In the corner of canteen, I tried to approach Ayana alone. While she was eating with two of her friends, I smiled at her and waved my hand with hesitated. Ayana then looked at me and shyly smiled too. After that, her two friends glared at me until I stopped my step in front of them. Never mind what they thought of me.
“Hey you guys! May I sit here?” I said with no hesitate anymore.

“Sure, here, Mut,” Ayana told me to sit beside her.

“Oh Mutia, this is Lucy and Sarah,” she introduced her friends which I already knew.

“Oh sure, actually I already knew the two of you of course, we’re all in the same grade, right? How come I don’t know you?”

Both of Lucy and Sarah seemed very quiet. They talked as I asked them, and they never really talked first or even asked about me, except for Ayana. It felt like, I was only talking to Ayana. But Lucy and Sarah was also got along very fast after that. Well, yes, I got along very well with them, I could even laugh very loud with them. Trust me, Ayana was so smart in making small jokes.

Then I asked Ayana, “Are you practicing this evening?”

“Yes, you too, aren’t you?”

“Yes! Alright then, let’s continue your coins of jokes later! Bye!” Then I went out from canteen and went back home.

The dance class under the wooden roof with its unique carvings finally began that afternoon, and there were Rere, Nadya, Nana, and me. A few minutes later, Ayana arrived. I greeted her from a distance and invited Ayana to join the four of us with pleasure. Then Rere held my hand really tight right away.

“Why are you inviting her here?”


“Hi,” said Ayana. And it ended just like that, with nothing further to be explained. We just continued our dance class with an oddity.

Here was the thing, I felt that there was an oddity between Rere and Ayana, something I didn't know, the thing I wanted to ask Ayana all this time. Even so, when I noticed, Ayana did not have a bad view of us at that time. Even then, Ayana looked very happy to be able to gather with us. Instead, it raised a big question mark in my head, was there something wrong with Rere?
During the practice, I was thinking, it seemed like I had to try to be closer to Ayana to see Rere’s reaction. At recess, I tried to do what I was thinking, so I started to get closer to Ayana, but suddenly Rere came to me and pulled me away from Ayana.

“What's the matter with you?” I asked Rere angrily.

She stopped and replied, “I already told you, you shouldn’t be friends with her.”

“Yes, I have heard that once, and now twice, but what's wrong with that? You also never told me what the real problem is, you have no right to forbid me to be friends with who I want to be friends with,” I said fiercely and spontaneously.

I realized that my words were so against her. I didn’t know what would happen after that, but in my mind I just thought about this question. Would she want to be open with me, or even stay away from me again? I could be so fed up by her behavior over time. I thought she had changed. Sometimes, I thought that my best friends took some advantages from me. But it’s okay, I did not mind too much if there were juicy gossips about me, but when it turned on to a slander, it could be devastating.

So, Rere told Ayana that I was an adopted child entrusted by someone from abroad to my mother. My emotions rose, and my hatred overflowed like lava coming out of the volcano. That was the most piercing thing I’d ever heard. Or maybe, indeed, almost all people in the school already understood this.

At that time, I just wanted to run away and leave school while dragging my anger out. I started to drop my tears in front of Ayana. I did not know what I should think of beside why this could happen to me. Well, that was not even fair. She was my friend that I had always believed. I even told her how people think about me, because I looked different from my family. I thought she understood, apparently not. She just made it worse.

Ayana continued to explain, that when I went to Semarang during middle school, Rere and Ayana had become close friends for a while, and she told Ayana, “why is Mutia always chosen to take part in the competitions? Of course she is a bulu, all entrusted to her.”

I was tired of all the bullshits which had been told to everyone about me. It was quite discomforting, being subjected to so many demands. It was almost like being a celebrity followed by the paparazzi. I had never told Ayana how I felt about those gossips. Instead,
Ayana was the one who asked how I felt about that. Without any doubt, I told her everything. As I expressed my discomfort, Ayana turned to me.

“You are the monkey here. You’re a novelty.”

“Oh, yeah, thanks plenty, my dearest Ayana, you help a lot!” I talked sarcastically.

Even though I knew that she was joking, but at that second, my thoughts changed entirely about who and where I was. Until this point in my life, I was just a common *bule* girl—as they said. Another one in the crowd of locals.

Here, off the beaten path in western Indonesia, they saw me as an exotic creature from a foreign land. It seemed that most of the people here had never seen a white person in real life before, especially one who is a relative red haired with blue eyes. A single story immortalized me in countless stories and probably even more. I was a noteworthy story of so many. Like a monkey, I was a sight to see, like who the hell was I? I did not even know what world that I lived in anymore. I did not feel like I belonged here.

“Why? Oh why?”

***

The moon finally appeared, yet it was very cold and my blanket didn't completely warm me. So, I got out of bed and went out of my room to my mother's bedroom. She was fast asleep in her warm blanket. I couldn’t stand to see her lying alone. I straightly asked myself, where was my father? What was he doing?

Actually, I always wanted to ask about my father's whereabouts for a long time. However, at the time when my mother was sick, I did not want to add more burden to her. So, I thought to ask Eyang that night. I didn't know if that was the right time to know everything about my father. However, I knew I was already a sixteen-year-old girl, who was very curious to be told something very interesting, especially about my own father whom I had never known the exact story before.

Finally, I was determined to knock on Eyang's room right beside my mother’s room, and luckily she was still awake.

“Eyang?” No need for long, I immediately laid next to Eyang.

“Come here, honey.”
“Who actually is my father, Eyang?”

“Dwayne Carter” she said. “Your mother and your father was having a relationship for three years in college and your mother never told me. After I knew that my daughter had a relationship with a foreign student, she was very difficult to contact. Then suddenly, after she was missing for a month, she called Eyang, yet she was crying so hard because Dwayne left her.”

“Why, Eyang?”

“Eyang felt that something was wrong with their relationship and it turned out that my guess was right. Your mother was pregnant, then you were born.”

“So he left mother and me?” I was shocked with bulging eyes.

“Promise me, you won’t tell your mother about this. It looks like she still can’t accept what Dwayne did to her,” she was whispering.

I remembered exactly what Eyang said that night. Every sentence and high tone that made her carried away with the atmosphere back in time my mother dumped Eyang. Yet still again, I was just a sixteen-year-old girl, I could hear and feel about it, but I couldn’t do anything to it. I just hated my father after listening to Eyang.

I had spent many years hoping and believing that a father, any father, would miraculously show up on my doorstep. But now, all I was thinking about was how can a man, who should have been my father left my mother firmly. Actually what was in his brain at that time? How did he feel about leaving us? I would rather hate him because he was never present in my life.

From that moment, I could only I came out of Eyang's room and took a walk around a block with tears in my eyes. But at the same time, I was in need of my father to defend me when my friends mocked me as adopted child.

“I should have never asked about my father.”

“I shouldn’t”

“I shouldn’t”

“I shouldn’t”

That was the only thing I said along the way.
**AT DINNER**—I tried to hide my feelings. Even though in some ways I could not help to tell my mother about how I felt. Two hours after that, I went in to my mother’s bedroom and have been thinking to sleep with her, so that I would not get disturbed by my mind of thinking about my feelings. Well, on the contrary, I told her after few minutes lying down beside her and my anxiety started killing me. And with her eyes that had turned red, this was what she said about my feelings.

“Honey, I do not know what to say. I feel so guilty right now for not telling you about your father, until you have to hear it from Eyang. I feel so embarrassed. I am so sorry I put you in this situation,” then she cried and hugged me.

True, I should have never asked about my father and I should have never known about him. I hated him forever on that day. I hated him even more when I saw my mother cried over it. I could only see her cried. On the opposite side, I was not crying at all, for a high school girl, I thought I was a psychopath for not feeling anything.

Well, I once ever thought in front of my mirror why my face looked so different with my mother. My hair, my skin, my eyes, almost my everything, not including my Javanese accent though. Thanks to my father whom I hated, he was the one who gave me this look. Because of that, I was even more in denial to accept who I was with my appearance. I once was so proud because people around me told me that I was beautiful and I joined modeling only because of my appearance. They said, “you are so pretty, you must look like your father.” Yet after I knew about my father which causing me with this look, I was so mean to people surround me.

“Thanks! But I prefer to look like my mother.”

Eyang told me to always be good on responding other people. Even though they told me something that I did not like, I still have to be good in front of them.

“Mutia, be polite!” She whispered.

“I hate when they say I look like father, Eyang.”

“But you are, dear,” Eyang once told me sarcastically and I was mad at her. Like really mad, but just the way how a high school girl kind of mad. I went to the restroom and cried. Eyang did not know that. So, I made him a poem.
Leaving behind others to take your place,
Carrying on your name, walking around with your face,
Knowing you got left behind,
Wondering what's on my father's mind.
He didn't even think to try.
To leave my mother with tears going down her face,
Left me only to embrace,
Only for me to ask her why?
My mother can give me answers;
My father left behind.
For the fear he has to give his love to us,
For a piece of him can't give his love to me,
My mother would give her life,
As she's given life to me,
My father I hope to love.
Will he ever really love me?
He can take and make a life and keep living on,
But what is it like to live without a father,
He doesn't even know,
Because he doesn't even care.
He left me alone.

My hatred finally subsided, everything about him was left behind me. But this was what made me understood why my mother seemed to suffer so much.

I rarely saw my mother really happy all this time. More often I saw my mother arguing with Eyang rather than seeing them both getting along well at home.

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The next day at school, I went on foot. That day, my mother did not give me any money because my mother's money had run out for her treatment a few weeks ago. One kilo approached the school, Ayana greeted me from afar. The windshield of her new car was wide open and I could see clearly when she waved her hand. It was the first time Ayana drove a car to school.

“Hey, Mut. If you need anything, just tell me, okay?”
“Hmm, you are arrogant now huh, you shower!” I quipped her happily.

Everything went smoothly at school, even I was driven home by Ayana in her new car. Until it was right at 6 pm, I had a dance practice for the national custom dance competition. But unexpectedly, I came a little late because I had to take care of my mother who suddenly came home from work with a very pale face and very cold body just right after I opened the front door. She was already panting on a wooden chair on a porch of the house.

“Mother? Are you okay?” I asked panically.

“Just go, Mutia. Don’t you have to go practice?”

“Come on, Mother. Here, just lay down here, I will get you your medicines.”

“Thank you, honey. Now, go. I can ask Eyang to help me.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m okay.”

“Okay, just promise me, you will call me if there’s something wrong,” hastily pointing at my mother.

Two hours had passed, there was no call from my mother. Alright, I thought that she had taken a rest and had been taken care of by Eyang. Then three hours had passed, finally sweat had run over my body, and I had run out of drinking water. Suddenly, Rere was approaching me, she said, “wanna drink? Here, you may take it.”

I wondered what was on her mind, it was so clear that we had never spoken for two weeks, but I appreciated her good effort anyway.

The class was done, I was waiting for Ayana to hopefully take me home, so that I would not have to drive my feet on the ground to come home. The bad news was, Ayana’s dad called her and she had to come home early, which meant that she could not take me home, or even heard me complaining about life just as I did usually. Then I said bye to Ayana with a little bit of fake smile I guessed.

I was walking along a sidewalk, alone for sure, but accompanied with the loud noise of cars machine. In twenty something minutes, I walked my feet to get home earlier, a similar car with Ayana’s car passed by really fast. But then it came back and approached me, well actually it stopped right beside me.
At first I thought it was Ayana. Apparently it was Rere. Honestly, I didn't expect anything from her at all, even if she wanted to apologize, at that time I still couldn't forgive her. However, at that time, what happened was the opposite of what I had hoped. When she opened the windshield, she immediately shouted out hastily.

“Mutia! Hurry and get in the car now!”

“What is wrong?”

“Quick! your mother……”

“What?”

“Come on, get in the car now!”

My brain didn't think anything at all, I immediately got on Rere's car and without saying anything, Rere drove very fast, and it made me even more frightened. Her face looked so pale and seemed like something bad was happening to my mother. Then she started the conversation.

“Ayana called me,”

“And?” my mind was so confused.

“It's okay, Mut. Ayana’s father already took care of her.”

“What the hell, Re? What are you trying to say?” in panic.

“Ergh, your mother is sick, Mut!” she replied annoyingly.

“I know! But what happened to her?”

“She fell after she had her dinner, Mut!”

I was really panic on that second. In the car, we only shouted at each other, plus my mother's condition made me even more panic. The only thing I thought was if my mother would be okay.

When we arrived at the hospital, I immediately got out of the car and ran to the emergency room, while Rere parked her car first. In front of the room, I only saw Ayana's father. I approached Ayana's father and asked, “how is my mother's condition?”

“Calm yourself, she’ll be fine. Just sit down for a while.”
“Where is Eyang and Ayana?”

“Ayana is accompanying Eyang in the canteen.”

No matter how much I tried to stay calm, my legs could not stay still. I didn’t realize, I had been pacing back and forth in the hallway for several minutes, until finally the sound of an open door was heard. The doctor came out of the emergency room, he went to Ayana's father, then I immediately ran toward them. Unexpectedly, at a glance, what I heard was true, the doctor said that my mother had breast cancer.

BOOM!!! Yes, that was my heart beat. It was like the explosion of the atomic bomb on Nagasaki. Everyone lost their homes and loved ones. That was what I felt that second. I meant, first lung cancer, and then breast cancer? Come on!

“I’m so sorry to tell you this, we will do our best to take care of her,” said the doctor suspiciously.

"I want to meet my mother, doc," with my pale face and my efforts to remain calm.

"Sorry, you haven't been able to meet your mother at this critical time, I suggest you to go home and rest. You can come back tomorrow morning."

Just because I couldn't wait to meet my mother, I immediately ran to the toilet and the rain fell along with my tears. I was just thinking that life could change so much in forty-five seconds. Everything was perfectly fine, everything was great, then one moment it all came crashing down and shattered pieces were left. One time your mother was a healthy and vibrant woman at the height of her life, and the next time she fought a life-threatening illness, wasn’t sure if she would reach the age of 50.

When the cancer was spread throughout your mother’s body, doctors could note just get rid of it no matter how badly you wished they could. Rounds of chemotherapy only slow it down, yet it was still there a lurking monster waiting to reappear at any given moment. Nothing could even begin to describe the fear I felt, and still have to deal with the payment and school and a national competition awaited.

A month later, Eyang told me to go home early because there was a debt collector coming to the house. I would surely understand the point of it. Yes, my mother left her job and we had run out of money to pay for my mother's treatment at the hospital. I mostly
argued with Eyang because of this. Sometimes I understood why my mother always argued with Eyang because of this kind of stuffs.

What else could we do? Automatically my mother was taken home without any treatment. Luckily I got a scholarship at school so I didn't have to pay any tuition until I graduated. Still, there must be an effort for my mother to continue to treat her. I was the one who sacrificed, of course. There are already three places that accept me to work part time. But what I chose was modeling. I knew the job seems to be too ordinary for someone like me, I meant bulu. However, Eyang did not really agree that I have to do modeling, but what else could I do, right?

So I lied to her. I told her I worked part time at a coffee shop down town. At least I got permission to come home late, because coffee shop closed at night. Three months worked as a model and three months lied to Eyang, I could pay at least one treatment for my mother. I knew it wasn’t enough. In fact, I have to disappear from dance rehearsal for a full month to continue working. Until then suddenly Rere called me,

“Do you still want to take part in the competition?”

“Obviously still.”

“Then how is your mother? You have to work right?”

“With the money that can be generated through the competition, it seems that I can bail out my mother's treatment.”

“You've missed a lot. It's useless if you want to take part in the competition again, instead we can lose just because of you” Rere spoke rudely.

“We won’t, Re. I am still needed to take part in the race.”

“Never mind, you better leave your position to me, and that’s the only way!”

“No, Re. I need the money.”

“Mut, don’t you understand my feelings? What will my parents say later? I've already told them that I'm the main actor in the competition.”

“Do you even have a heart? For the sake of your position, you are willing to lie with your parents?”
“Okay then I just straighten it out, you don't want your mother to die because you can't afford money, can you? It's better now that you leave your position to me, and I will give whatever money you ask for. How?” Rere threatened me with a conscience that had been swallowed by the earth.

There was nothing I could do anymore. Rere's words were too rough for me. Everything she said pierced my heart. At that moment, I immediately pointed my index finger in front of her face and said,

“You fucking bitch!” And I immediately ran to the bathroom crying.

Oh, but that didn't stop there. Actually, I always thought about Rere's offer every night at home. Even every time I took care of my mother at home, the thing I thought about was that it would be better if I just accept Rere's offer. So I talked about it to my mother in her room.

“Mother, I need to tell you something and I don’t think Eyang would agree with this, but this is really important for your health” I was whispering.

“What is it, honey?”

“Hmm, Rere offers me to give up my Gambyong dance competition, in return she will give us money, at least it can pay a little bit of your treatments.”

“Are you sure, honey? Have you ever thought about it? What would happen? I mean, giving up your dreams? It’s not a…”

“I know it’s a stupid idea, but it’s all that matter for you. I think about it constantly. It’s just a competition, they can win it, but I can’t give up on you, right?” I cut her.

“I know, honey, but it's not your obligation to finance all of my treatment, me and Eyang can still make money, your job is only to achieve your dreams.”

“MUTIA KNOWS, I JUST WANT MY MOTHER TO KEEP HEALTHY! IS THAT SO HARD?”

We were silent for a moment.

“Mutia ...” in a halting voice, “well if that's your decision, I can't ban it if you want to stop from the Gambyong dance competition.”

Suddenly Eyang opened the door violently.
“What? Do you want to quit the Gambyong dance competition?” Eyang said in surprise. “Is it true Mutia? Did I not mishear?”

“Ehm, yes, Eyang” I answered in a broken voice.

“You...”

“Mother, stop! Just stop it, okay? Don’t force Mutia, let her decide what she wants” cut my mother.

“Alright then, Mutia come with Eyang for a minute, please, I need to talk with you” Eyang said while pointing at me. “Mutia, answer my question, do you really want to quit the Gambyong dance competition for money?” Eyang asked outside my mother’s room.

“Well, Eyang, please listen to me clearly. I did it all because of mother. I really need money, Eyang. And Rere is the only hope I can pay at least a little for mother’s treatment. After all, does Eyang have a better solution? I know Eyang also want mother to recover, right?” Eyang said nothing but she looked very sad. When she couldn’t hold her tears anymore, she left me and went into her room. I was about to follow her, but then I thought it would be better for her to be alone for a while. So, I went into my mother’s room instead.

Finally, my decision was unanimous. Three days after that, I immediately called Rere and begged for an apology. Rere forgave me, but in return, that I had to give up my position for her. I knew it’s the stupidest thing. But the good thing was, I didn't need to work anymore and think about how to keep my mother alive. I made every effort for my mother to stay healthy, even my own pride. The most important thing was my mother.

Apparently, they won the dance competition. I was very proud that I could see them appearing so extraordinary on the stage. At least, it could prove to my dance teacher, that everyone has talent, and she doesn't need to choose me again to be the main character.

A month later, it's time for us to prepare ourselves for the graduation exam. At that time, my mother was in critical condition, while my grandmother could not accompany my mother 24/7. So I volunteered not to study for a few days to take care of my mother. Then one night my mother called my name very softly.

“Mutia, honey.”

“Yes mother, do you need anything?”
“Here sleep with me, I miss you so much” I answered while I was stepping my feet.

Finally, I was lying next to her and she asked, “the day after tomorrow, you have test, haven’t you?”

“Yes mother, I'm so afraid”

Then she said, “Mutia, I'm very proud of you. You have been strong against everything very bravely. Be yourself, don't follow what people say about you. I do not know how much longer I could live, I will not always be there beside you, but trust me, I will always be in your heart and support you at all times.”

Tears were flowing through my cheeks, I thought in my mind, why did my mother suddenly become melancholy like this? The motivation from my mother really made me crumble at that time. But then I guessed, I knew someday my mother would not be there for me, but I had to make her proud before she’s gone.

Yes, that was true, I was different and I didn't know who my father was, but I knew clearly who my mother was, who raised me and shaped me to be who I really am. Only this which made me believe in myself that I am me, and not from what people say about me.

A month had passed, my mother’s condition at the hospital had begun to improve and I hoped my mother could go home and I could take care of her. Not as I expected, three days before my graduation, my mother’s condition declined again. The doctor said that my mother had to do chemotherapy for the rest of her life. What could I say, doctor is always right, isn’t they?

“Mutia, it’s okay, I’m okay. Trust me” My mother said it melancholy.

I hated it so much when my mother said it. It was like the time for her to sigh her last breath by saying everything would be alright. I couldn’t relate anymore to those words, because I knew it was impossible. What positive thoughts could I get? None, that’s for sure. So I asked her one thing and one thing only, but sarcastically.

“I just want you to come to my graduation.”

“Really? That’s all?” She asked back even more sarcastic.

“Really mother? You think it’s easy for me to ask you that one thing? You think it’s easy for you to do that also?”
“You know what? I would do anything for you, even on my last tiny little crazy freaking fucking breath, you know that? And I’m very serious right now. So don’t mess with me, you pretty bule of mine, don’t ever mess with me on this.”

I unexpectedly was moved with sadness, pleasure, annoyance, sure all feelings became one. My whole body shuddered and I immediately opened my arms wide with embrace to hug her so tight. Oh yes, I imagined that this incident happened in slow motion and with a very encouraging atmosphere. I know at that moment my mother was a real wonder woman.

And just right, my mother sighed her last breath exactly after I was given a congratulatory word by my principal. I got off the stage gratefully, but in a hurry by a phone call through Ayana’s father.

Not that I expected her to say goodbye to me, well she actually did when she said she was okay. But what could I expect? To stay strong? In only a blink, every word my mother told me in the hospital seemed to drift away with her last breath. I wasn’t in to those motivation words that came out from everyone’s mouth. My body wasn’t just crushed anymore but was smashed to pieces. I screamed with all my heart when I got to see her body laid in ICU with her smiling face. It was precisely with her smile that made me even less resistant to see her death. She looked very happy.

“Why can she be happy to leave me here alone? Where should I go now? Who am I without you anymore?” I cried loudly.

“Mutia, everything is going to be okay. Your mother will always be with you. Just remember, she’s smiling because she could last until your graduation, that’s all that matters,” cried one of the nurse while she was hugging me so tight.

She was gone just a second after my graduation. And yes, her promise was truly fulfilled. But what happened then? My anxiety got worse and changed to the heat of fire that burned my brain until I lost sight of who I really was. I was just someone who didn't even know who she really was without her mother. I was nobody, no one understood me besides my mother. I was only a bule who didn't even know from what world I came from.

But then it came to the realization when my heart told me that I still had Eyang who gave roof and all of her heart for me. I saw her sitting in hospital canteen and she was crying
already. I knew that she might felt the same way as me for knowing that her one and only daughter had died. So I came to her and hugged her so tight with our tears running.

“I’m sorry Soraya, and I’m sorry for everything” the first time after a long time I didn’t hear Eyang said my mother’s name. In this case, it might be Eyang who regretted my mother’s death. However, she was also the proof of my and my mother’s happiness so far.

***

When my mother passed away, no one accompanied me, not even Eyang. I, was alone just watching the last gust of her breath. I was calling Ayana and her parents, no one had picked up. I was panic, I screamed out loud, even the nurse couldn't hold me back, my body rebelled from the hands holding me tight.

And so, there came holiday. My first day of holiday was quiet sad, but finally Ayana’s family came to my house, just before my mother was cremated. There was only a moment where I saw my mother was burnt in the funeral. All payments for treatment and cremation were borne by Ayana’s parents.

I got through every day like a moon without stars. Two months without my mother beside me. Eyang was already helpless. After that, I lived alone in Eyang’s old house, only surrounded by white wall cracks and teak furniture that had been for decades. I often fought with myself. My mind and heart went in different directions. Sometimes, I liked to think that my body was not entitled to be here, I was nobody, for what else I was in this world.

However, my heart felt only a moment of destruction, because I knew that there were still many people who loved me and cared for me. I still had Eyang and some of my distant brothers who understand my situation. I still had Ayana and her family who cared about me. All positive and negative things became one in my bloodstream every time I thought about my future and how my life would be. It seemed like my life had been turned around 180 degrees differently until I understood who I really was.

Not long after, my cellphone rang, I knew that, but I wasn’t strong enough to lift my lazy body from the soft mattress. After ringing the third time, my eyes opened wide and my body sat upright alert to something important waiting for me. A call from unknown numbers.

“Hello Mutia, are you busy?”
“Yeah, uh, I mean no, I have nothing to do today, sorry who am I talking to?” I was embarrassed.

“This is Ayana’s mother. Ayana is on her way to your house. Yes, prepare now, we will take you on a trip.”

“Oh yeah of course, Ma’am. Okay, soon I'll be ready.”

Nevertheless, Ayana arrived for a moment when I just headed for the bathroom door.

“Mutia!!”

Just right before I came in to the bathroom, Ayana immediately came in and grabbed my hand and brought me into the car without any clarity about where to go. In essence, I failed to take a shower.

Beach, that's the destination. I understood why I didn't need to take a shower. Ayana's parents had arrived there. Actually, when we enjoyed a holiday at the beach, Ayana’s father looked a little bit strange, until finally he approached me and invited me to talk.

“Mutia..”

“Yes, Sir?”

“My wife and I, also Ayana, we had time to think because you are already considered as our own daughter ...”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“We know that you are a good dancer and you still have a long journey ahead, so I thought maybe you want to become one of my daughter? I mean my real daughter, so that Ayana could have a sister too.”

I was shocked. At first glance what I had in mind that second was that I really wanted happiness like this again with them someday. At that time, maybe it was indeed the right time for me to enjoy the time after my mother's death, but it was not the right time to accept Ayana's father's offer to adopt me.

So I said no to him, “I am so sorry, but I don’t think that this is the right time and I still have Eyang, so I guess I should do what is best for my family first.”
I knew Ayana's family very well, because my mother was one of her father's employees. I will never forget the goodness of his family until the end of my breath. However, I knew more about who my family was, Eyang who raised me. Maybe at that time I could have accepted Ayana’s family's offer, but my own grandmother was more important than everything at that time.

My home, Purwokerto, was my silent witness of my ups and downs. So I chose to remain with my family who had raised me until today. My life journey might be agitated and there were many times when I was regretting who I was. However, here was the unexpected moment. I was grateful for what I had before and now. In college, I was still joining in Gambyong traditional dance. I also became a campus ambassador, to get a full scholarship for my college. Even once I was invited to represent Indonesia through Gambyong dance in Thailand.

I was proud to be an Indonesian traditional dancer. The thing I learned was that this dance brought me to be able to prove to many people out there that I was a native of Indonesia. Indeed, I couldn’t deny that I was different. However, my representative was enough to prove who and where I came from. A very deep meaning was already stated in this dance. Where this dance represented the graceful movement of the woman dancers’ showed an attitude and character of the women of Central Java's synonymous with graceful. I thought my life was never far from being graceful all the time in front of people.

-THE END-
According to Zarine L. Rocha and Farida Fozdar, mixed-race is a topic that is in great demand around the world, but the study of mixed-race in Asia is rare, especially in Indonesia, even though there is a specific purpose for Asian people about this. Their research presents an in-depth exploration of race, ethnicity, mix and ownership, both in the past and present which includes the complexity of mixed-race experiences.

Moreover, Chang stated that it would be hard for a mixed-race to find their identity if they only live with a ‘single-race’ or not having one of their parents. It should be their parents who can help their children cope with these pressures by establishing open communication within the family about race and culture. This affects how people see them, because they differ in appearance.

Therefore, I used a theory of cultural identity by Stuart Hall which could less the pressure of a mixed-race teenagers who only live with one of their parents in establishing their identity. Stuart Hall mentioned that a sociological conception in this theory connects the objects of ‘inside’ and ‘outside’ which is the private and public world. The fact that we call ourselves into our existing cultural identity, at the same time, it influences our meaning and values, makes it ‘part of us’, helps to align our feelings with other places we live in—between the social and cultural world. The very process of identification, through which we project ourselves into our cultural identities, has become more open-ended, variable and problematic.

In writing the story, there were some difficulties in interviewing a mixed-race teenage girl who really lived with one parent. Since it was a personal problem, so I couldn’t discuss about it any deeper than I should. Therefore, I relied on the library study more than the interview. I read a lot of books and paper about mixed-race teenager. It helped me a lot during the writing process, as I could understand the behavioral patterns of a mixed-race teenager who only lived with one culture identity. On the process of writing, I found two unexpected things that turned out to be important.

The first one is some videos from TED Talks, conferences about mixed-race teenagers. Most of it stated that as a mixed-race, identity is not that simple. Those videos helped me a lot to find out more about how they coped with the society from telling that their identity was ethnically ambiguous. Then the second is from some teenage blogs, where they talked about their experiences as a mixed-race in establishing their cultural identity. It also taught me that they were given the opportunity to introduce people to a new cultural standard.
As I said before, I got some difficulties in interviewing a mixed-race who lived in Salatiga. This might be a sensitive context for interviewing. So, for some part of my story, I only related it to some general conflicts where it might be happening in a single-race family.

Basically, my story portrays how a mixed-race teenage girl establishing her cultural identity, because she only lived with a single-race family. In my story, it concludes that certain standards that are created by society to a mixed-race cannot affect their identity culturally. Hence, every moment that makes them aware that they are seen as ‘different’, it is precisely the moment when they can strengthen who they really are.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

At the end of this thesis, I would like to take some time to thank all the people without whom this project would never have been possible. Although it is just my name on the cover, many people have contributed to the research in their own particular way and for that I want to give them special thanks.

First of all, I thank my God, my good Father, for letting me through all the difficulties. I have experienced Your guidance day by day. You are the one who let me finish my degree. I will keep on trusting You for my future. Thank you, Lord.

I would like to express my special appreciation and thanks to my supervisor, Ervin Suryaningsih, M.Hum, for have been a tremendous mentor for me. I would like to thank you for encouraging my research and for allowing me to grow as a final year student. Your advice on both research as well as on my last year of college have been invaluable. I would also wish to express my gratitude to my second reader, Lany Kristono for valuable comments and suggestions which have contributed greatly to the improvement of this thesis.

A special thanks to my family. Words cannot express how grateful I am to my mother and father for all of the sacrifices that you’ve made on my behalf. Your prayer for me was what sustained me thus far. I would also like to thank to my beloved grandpa, Jack Louis and uncle Bagus Surjantoro’s family. Thank you for supporting me in everything throughout this four years’ experience. To my beloved sister, I would like to express my thanks for being such a good girl always cheering me up.

I would also like to thank my support system, Yoses Galen Hardika for your understanding in all ups and downs this past year, for your patience through the anger I exerted to you because of this thesis. Also for my thesis class members and my Moh. Yamin Boarding House friends, a.k.a my beloved friends, Dyah Ayu Larasati, Martha Vena Eka Murti, Ester Stephanny Tani, Chantika Lily Kartika, Abigail Thesa, Ema Yulianingtyas, Sesilia Dewi, Yohana Hasti, for supporting each other even at hardship. I also want to thank you for always sharing happiness, letting my defense be an enjoyable moment, and for your brilliant comments and suggestions, thanks to you.

Finally, I would especially like to thank my best friends, Sarah Yohana and Awcantex—which I cannot mention one by one because there are seven of them, also my Sastra Menulis friends in all the prayers and support even though we weren’t always together at all times, but your guidance had helped me a lot. All of you have been there to support me in my scary moments for my Sarjana Sastra degree.
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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
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<td>07/01/2019</td>
<td>Submitting the first draft.</td>
<td></td>
<td>The use of the word is too simple and still looks like a translation.</td>
<td>The use of the word should emulate more from the youth novels. Ask a native friend to proofread whether this paper can be easily understood.</td>
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| 27/02/2019 | Submitting the second draft with the revision. | Revising several parts and adding some new parts of the story. | In the story, there are too much conflict that are not really needed. | - Try to concern more with family problem.  
- Describe more about the main character’s feeling. |                     |                     |
| 01/03/2019 | Submitting the third draft of the story | Finishing the draft with the revision from the previous consultation.  | - The focus on the thesis proposal began to disappear. | - Pay attention to the use of grammar in English.  
- Rewrite the story per storyboards which in the thesis proposal.  
- Understand the focus of the theory again. |                     |                     |
| 01/04/2019 | Submitting the revised draft.        | Revising the story per storyboards.                                     | Some parts of the story are confusing and not straight to the point. | - Read the story again before revising or continue writing.  
- Find more words and sentences that are easy to understand without changing the atmosphere of the story. |                     |                     |
| 12/04/2019 | Submitting the revised draft.        | Revising the fifth draft.                                               | The climax part is less dramatic than it should be. | Find parts that can be made more dramatic. Add a little conflict that hit. |                     |                     |
| 06/05/2019 | Submitting the revised draft.        | Finishing the draft with the revision from the previous consultation.    | The emphasis in describing the place setting is less appear. | Add more specific place settings, don’t be too general. |                     |                     |
| 24/05/2019 | Submitting the revised draft.        | Revising the sixth draft.                                               | Writing text messages as a dialog needs to be addressed. | Look for writing the right text messages as dialogue in the story. |                     |                     |
| 01/06/2019 | Submitting the revised draft.        | Finishing the end of the story and revising the draft from the previous consultation. | The ending part looks too rushed. | - Show not tell!  
- More words is okay, it can be reduced it later. |                     |                     |
| 12/07/2019 | Submitting the revised draft.        | Revising the draft from the previous consultation.                      | There are some mistakes in the format of the sentences. | - Continuing on finishing the minor mistakes. |                     |                     |
| 12/08/2019 | Submitting the revised draft.        | Finishing the final checking for the minor mistakes.                    |                                                                          |                                                                  |                     |                     |
REFERENCES


Hall, Stuart, et al. The Question of Cultural Identity.


