

3. CREATIVE WORK

Story 1

Finding a Friend

Satria feels like he can hear his heart beating.

He thinks that the first day of school is a scary thing.

Mommy and Daddy always go with him everywhere, but right now they can't be there.

Satria looks around.

There are too many people and too much noise!

“Gather round, kids!” Miss Ula calls.

Satria feels small among them all.

“Welcome to school! Let's get to know each other today. You can pick any toys and play together. Make lots of friends, okay? Have fun!” Miss Ula smiles and sits down.

Some kids already play together in groups, but no one comes to Satria.

He waits, and waits, and waits, but still, he is alone.

He finally takes a deeeeep breath, and goes to the nearest group.

But because he is trembling, he falls down and yells an “Oops!”

“HAHAHAHAHAHA!” Everyone in that group points at him.

Satria stands up and tries not to cry.

His face turns red because he feels very shy.

Satria runs back to the corner to calm down.

He wants his parents to comfort him, but there are only friends.

He decides to try again.

This time, he brings his favorite rock and goes to a group of ten.

“H-hello, guys... I'm Satria...,” Satria whispers.

No one hears him. They are busy playing ball.

Satria tries to speak louder.

“Hello, guys... I'm Satria!”

This time the monkey next to him hears him.

“Hello, Satria! I'm Momo,” he says with a smile.

Satria tries to show Momo his favorite rock, but a pig across from him yells, “Momo, catch this!”

Momo catches the ball and laughs. He then throws the ball to the giraffe. They yell and play with the ball, but Satria is forgotten and alone once again. “Who cares? I don’t need friends!” Satria scoffs and stomps his feet.

He goes back to the corner and starts to eat.

He looks at his lunch.

It is nice to be crunched, but his lunch cannot look at his favorite rock.

He takes a toy car.

It has a pretty picture of a star, but the car cannot hold his favorite rock.

He grabs a teddy bear.

It can sit on a chair, but the teddy bear cannot talk about his favorite rock.

Satria feels sad.

All of the toys cannot make him glad.

He wants a friend to show his rock to, but he doesn’t know who.

“Maybe I need to go home. I will never have any friends,” Satria mumbles to his pen.

He starts to tidy his things and put them in his bag.

But when he goes near the door, he sees something near the flag.

Someone is reading a book.

Satria takes a closer look.

The book has a picture of rocks on the cover!

He wants to talk to the reader, but he is afraid she’ll treat him like the others.

Satria turns back to the door.

He walks one step, two steps and more, but he feels something he can’t ignore.

He takes out his rock and thinks.

This may be the last chance to find someone who likes the same thing!

Satria finally drops his bag to the table, and walks to the reader even though his legs feel like jelly.

Halfway through, Satria feels scared again.

Voices in his head tell him that she will also ignore him.

He stops and turns back, but he wants to be brave so he ignores the attack.

One step, two steps, three steps, Satria walks closer to her.

Finally, he is right in front of her.

“Umm, excuse me... I’m Satria,” Satria waves to her.

“Oh, hi! I’m Susi,” the squirrel closes her book and replies.

“Do you like rocks?” Satria points to the book.

“Yes! I collect them. I even bring my favorite one today!” Susi takes it from her bag for Satria to look at.

“Wow! Me too... Here, let me show you,” Satria also takes out his favorite rock.

They exchange their rocks and look at them for some time.

“Yours is so beautiful. I like the color, and it’s so smooth!” Susi smiles widely.

“I like yours too,” Satria says shyly.

They stay together for the rest of the class.

When the school bell rings, Satria and Susie go to play on the swings.

“Umm... Do you want to go to my house? I have many rocks that I want to show,” asks Satria.

His heart is beating so fast, but Susi answers at last.

“Sure! But tomorrow, you have to go to my house. I also want to show you my rocks!”

Satria is very happy because he finally finds a friend.

This time, his friend can look at his rock, hold his rock, talk about his rock, and even show him her own rocks!

Story 2

Choosing a Color

Laras wakes up when it is still dark outside.

She tries to go back to sleep, but her eyes stay wide.

She is so excited because today is the first day of school.

Laras wants to be ready and look cool.

She jumps from her bed and opens her wardrobe.

There are a lot of pants, shirts, sweaters, and dresses.

So many things to choose from!

But Laras can't see them clearly.

She decides to take everything out.

Now the floor is covered with so many clothes.

Laras decides to try some.

The pink dress looks pretty.

The black pants look sparkly.

The blue shirt fits tight.

The yellow sweater seems bright.

Everything looks good.

Laras can't pick just one.

She decides to wear them all.

First, she wears the blue shirt. She buttons it from top to bottom.

Then, she puts on the black pants. Her right leg goes into one hole, and her left right goes into the other hole.

Then, she wears the pink dress. She puts her head through and pulls it to the bottom.

Lastly, she wears the yellow sweater. Head in, right arm in, left arm in, and done!

She can't wait to show everyone how cool she looks today.

"Laras, why is your bedroom so messy? I can't even see the floor!" Her mom comes and sees the mess.

"But, Mom, look at me! I pick my own clothes today!" Laras replies with a proud smile.

“Oh, dear, why are you wearing everything? It’s so ugly. I’ll take it off.”

“But this is cool, Mom...” Laras tries to wiggle away.

“No, you will not have any friends if you wear this weird thing. Are you not ashamed?”

Her mom lifts the yellow sweater up, takes off the pink dress, unbuttons her blue shirt, and pulls down her black pants.

“Here, wear this instead,” she then puts on a white shirt and brown skirt on Laras.

“But I want to choose my own clothes, Mom,” says Laras.

Her mom shakes her head, “you still can’t, Laras. It will turn out so bad like what you are wearing just now. And what is this?” Her mom looks at Laras’ drawing on the table.

“It’s a cat! I make it, Mom. I will show it to all my friends!” Laras answers excitedly.

“Laras, there is no pink cat. The ears are too big. The legs are too small. Why don’t you use your coloring book? You just need to color by the number.” Her mom does not look happy.

“Okay, Mom...” Laras feels sad, but she does not want to make her mom mad.

“Good girl. Now, put all your clothes back and let’s go,” her mom smiles and throws the drawing in the trash.

They then go to school.

Being in school makes Laras happy again.

She makes a lot of new friends, and she plays a lot of games with them.

The teachers are also very nice.

She learns a lot of new things from them.

Soon, it is time for the last lesson.

“Welcome to art lessons! You can color this flower until the bell rings. Please give them to me when you’re done,” Mr. Evan the elephant shows a picture of a flower to the class.

He then gives the paper and coloring pencils to everyone.

Laras grins.

She loves to draw and color.
But she remembers her mom's words.
Laras is not sure now.
She does not want Mr. Evan to think that her drawing is weird.
Her friends start coloring, but Laras is still thinking hard.
Finally, she gets an idea.
She draws the flower on her drawing book and colors it there.
This way, if she makes a mistake, she can start over.
There is no number on the paper.
Laras feels scared.
She does not know what color to pick.
Her mom always says that she is not ready to choose things by herself.
She wishes her mom is here so that she can help her, but she is alone now.
She starts coloring, but she is not sure.
She crumples the paper and draws on another paper.
She colors it halfway, then stops to look at it.
Something is still weird.
She crumples it again and starts over.
One by one, her friends give their finished drawing to Mr. Evan.
Laras is now the only one still working.
There are a lot of crumpled paper balls around her, but the paper from Mr.
Evan is still empty.
Laras does not know what to do.
I will just give this to Mr. Evan.
Laras decides to give up.
She takes her empty paper and goes to Mr. Evan's desk.
She sees some of her friend's finished works.
There are so many different colors!
She sees purple, red, orange, and even gray flowers!
Mr. Evan does not say that any of them are weird.
Laras now learns that using different colors is okay.
Laras goes back to her table and looks at the coloring pencils.

She uses every color to make a rainbow flower.

With every color, Laras feels surer.

She is no longer scared.

When she is done, everyone gathers around her and admires her flower.

Mr. Evan also says that it's very beautiful.

Now Laras knows that it is okay to choose by herself, even when her choice might be different.

She can't wait to draw more!

Story 3

Telling the Truth

Widia stands up right after the bell rings.

She says goodbye and takes all her things.

She can't wait for school to end today because she will go to Santi's house to play.

"Come on, Widia! Let's go!" Santi takes her hand.

Together they walk while making a plan.

"What are we going to play?" asks Widia.

"Hide and seek? *Congklak? Engkel? Egrang?*" Santi thinks of some possibilities.

"I like everything, it's up to you!"

"Oh, I know! My dad buys me a new doll, you should see it too!" Santi smiles widely.

When they arrive, Santi excitedly takes out the doll.

It's a fluffy bunny with big black button eyes.

It has pretty dresses, cute ribbons, and a blanket.

Widia hugs it and puts it on her thighs.

"You can play with it and change the dress. I want to pee first." Santi goes to the bathroom.

Widia takes the dress off, but it gets stuck to one of the button eyes!

She tries to pull it, but it won't move.

She pulls harder.

The dress is finally off, but the button gets loose!

"Oh no!" Widia quickly takes the button and puts it in her pocket.

She covers the doll with all the dresses and the blanket.

She then runs to the bathroom and yells, "Santi, I'm sorry, but I need to go home now. Bye!"

Without waiting for a reply, Widia runs home.

The next day at school, Santi asks Widia about the doll.

"Widia, do you know why my doll's eye is missing?"

“I don’t know. I’m going to change the dress, but I suddenly have to go home,” Widia lies.

Santi tries to talk to her again, but Widia is scared.

She runs to the bathroom, eats with other friends, and even hides behind the bushes so Santi cannot find her.

Widia feels bad the whole day.

She forgets how to solve 1+1, she doesn’t hear when her teacher explains the alphabets, and even her favorite lunch doesn’t taste good.

The saddest thing is, she cannot talk to her best friend!

The loose button feels heavy in her pocket.

She wants to tell Santi, but she is afraid that Santi will get mad.

What if Santi tells all of her friends? What if no one wants to talk to her ever again? What if Santi tells the teacher? What if she gets punished?

Just thinking about it makes Widia’s body shake with fear.

Her eyes get full of tears.

But she misses Santi.

She also wants to be free.

She finally decides to be honest.

Widia stands up after the bell rings.

This time, she is not excited but scared.

She walks to Santi before she can change her mind.

“Santi, I need to tell you something,” Widia whispers.

Santi nods and starts to listen.

“I am the one who breaks your doll’s eye. It gets loose when I take off the dress,” Widia takes the button out of her pocket.

Santi just looks at it.

Widia speaks again, “I am so so sorry. Can you forgive me, Santi?”

Widia starts to cry because she is very afraid that Santi is not going to forgive her.

She closes her eyes, but she suddenly feels warm.

Santi hugs her!

“Of course I will forgive you, you are my best friend!” says Santi.

Widia wipes her eyes and smiles. “Thank you, Santi. You are the best!”

They hug for a while.

Then, Widia gets a bright idea.

“Santi, let’s fix your doll!” says Widia.

“How?” Santi looks confused.

“I see Miss Cathy sews Momo’s loose button a few days ago,” Widia points at Momo the monkey’s shirt.

“Oh, you’re right! Maybe she will help us if we ask nicely,” Santi finally looks happy.

They walk hand in hand to Miss Cathy’s table.

“Hello, Miss Cathy, can you help us, please?” Widia politely asks.

“Of course, dear, what can I help you with?” Miss Cathy replies with a smile.

After they tell her the story, Miss Cathy promises to help them fix the doll.

The next day, Widia’s world is no longer gray.

She brings the button, and Santi brings the doll.

They will meet Miss Cathy after class to fix it all.

Widia feels so happy.

Santi is not mad at her, she still has many friends, and she is not punished.

During the day, Widia can remember the answer to 1+1. She understands when her teacher explains the alphabet, and her favorite lunch tastes delicious.

The happiest thing is, she can talk to her best friend again!

All because she chooses to be honest and tells the truth.

Story 4

Forgiving a Friend

Manda thinks that it is a perfect day to go to the park, especially with her best friend Risa by her side.

There is also a bear who is giving floating balloons to the children.

There are a lot of colors: red, brown, blue, green, yellow, orange, grey, white, black, purple, and pink.

“Form a line, children! I will not give the balloons if you are not forming a line!” says the bear with a smile.

The children quickly obey him.

Since Manda and Risa are the last to come, they are at the very end of the line.

After waiting for some time, it’s finally their turn.

Fortunately, there is one pink balloon left!

Manda quickly takes the balloon and holds it tightly in her hand.

Risa also gets her blue balloon.

They look at each other and smile widely.

“Now I want ice cream,” Manda says.

“Wow, me too! Maybe you can read my mind,” Risa giggles.

“Okay, I’ll buy it, just wait here.” Manda gives her balloon to Risa and goes to the ice cream truck.

After Manda leaves, Risa sits on a bench.

Suddenly, there is a ball flying to her.

It moves very fast, and Risa does not have time to move.

The ball hits her hand.

Oops! She lets go of Manda’s pink balloon.

“Sorry, I’m really sorry!” A little squirrel takes the ball.

Risa panics and runs to chase the balloon, but she can’t see it anymore.

When she is about to run to look for it, Manda comes with two ice creams.

“Risa, here’s your ice cream! But where is my pink balloon?” asks Manda.

“Manda, I’m so sorry, a ball hits my hand and your balloon flies...” Risa does not dare to look at Manda.

“B-but... It is the last pink balloon...”

Tears flow from Manda’s eyes. She drops the ice cream.

“I’m so sorry... Will you forgive me?” Risa peeks at Manda.

“No! You are not my best friend anymore!” Manda cries harder.

Risa starts to cry, too.

She doesn’t want to lose her best friend.

She then asks Manda, “what if I find your pink balloon? Will you forgive me, then?”

“Hmph, maybe!” Manda crosses her hand on her chest.

“Okay, okay, I will look for it!” Risa feels hopeful.

“I don’t want to see you again if you don’t find it!” Manda stomps away.

“Okay, just wait on the bench! I will find it!” Risa wipes her tears and goes to look.

Manda feels really sad.

She really likes that balloon!

She is going to show it to her mom later, but now it’s gone.

I shouldn’t give it to Risa! Manda thinks.

She feels so angry at Risa now.

Risa tells her to wait here, but she is not Manda’s best friend anymore.

Why should Manda listen to her?

Manda finally decides to go and look for a new best friend.

She stands and starts to walk.

She sees a frog near the pond.

She decides to say hi.

Maybe this can be her new best friend.

“Hello, what’s your name?” Manda asks nicely.

“Fifi,” answers the frog.

“What are you doing, Fifi?” Manda smiles.

“Sitting.”

“Do you like the park?” Manda starts to feel confused about what to talk about.

“Yes,” Fifi answers shortly.

Manda frowns.

Risa always gives her long answers.

Maybe Fifi is not her new best friend.

She says goodbye and looks for others.

After some time walking, Manda sees a bird on the tree.

She is about to say hello, but the bird talks first.

“Hello, I’m Ayu. I’m the prettiest bird here. Look at my fluffy feathers!

Look at my shiny beak! Look at my pretty wings! I’m sure you never see anything like me, right? You’re just an ordinary bird. I’m way prettier than you. And I can sing! I have the most beautiful voice! Listen to me sing!” Ayu starts singing and dancing on the tree branch.

Manda frowns again.

Risa always gives her time to talk, and she never brags about herself.

Risa also never says bad things about Manda.

Ayu is definitely not her new best friend.

Maybe it’s best if Manda is alone.

Who needs a best friend anyway?

Manda decides to play alone, but she quickly discovers that it is not as fun.

Manda misses Risa.

She decides to come back to the bench.

After she sits down, Risa comes.

She is covered in leaves and mud.

Her knee is bleeding, too!

“I’m sorry, Manda, I look in the bushes, ask everyone, climb the trees, but I can’t find your balloon.” Risa cries.

“Risa! Why are you bleeding? It must hurt!” Manda looks at her knee.

“I fall from the tree... I’m so sorry... You must not want to be my best friend anymore...” Risa sobs.

“No, I forgive you. I’m sorry too, I should not be angry at you like that,” Manda hugs Risa.

“But what about your balloon?” Risa still feels guilty.

“Who needs a balloon if I have the greatest best friend in the world?”

Manda smiles.

“So, we are still best friends?”

“Of course!” Manda hugs her tighter.

Now she is sure that forgiving Risa is better than being grumpy all day long.

Manda feels a little sad to lose her balloon, but she feels happier not to lose her best friend.

Story 5

Letting it Go

Dimas goes to his mom's garden as usual, but this time his smile seems wider.

His mom will finally give him his own plant, and this makes his day brighter.

His mom is already inside.

There is a small brown pot on her side.

"Hello, darling, here's my gift to you," her mom takes the pot and gives it to Dimas.

"Thank you very much, Mom! I promise to take good care of it," Dimas looks at it with sparkling eyes.

It is a small round cactus.

It is green and it has little white spikes.

There is a yellow flower on top of it.

It is perfect!

Dimas puts the cactus on the table next to his bed.

He waters it every day and says good night to it every night.

He feels really happy every time he looks at it.

He loves it very much and he wants to keep it forever.

However, after some days, the cactus looks weird.

Its green color turns to brown.

When Dimas pokes it with his watering can, it feels squishy.

Dimas feels panic.

He runs to look for his mom.

"Mom! Mom!" Dimas yells while running.

"What happens, dear?" His mom's voice is full of worry.

"My cactus..." Dimas can't continue.

His eyes get teary.

"Oh, dear, let's look at it," his mom holds his hand and goes to his room.

They take a look at the cactus.

"So? Why is it like that? Is it okay?" Dimas can't wait to know the answer.

“It seems like it gets too much water. I’m sorry, dear, I think we can’t save it,” his mom hugs him.

“No, no! You must be lying!” Dimas yells with eyes full of tears.

“No, Dimas, it’s true. Let me get this out now,” his mom is about to take the cactus, but Dimas stops her.

“No, please, don’t throw it away, it will get better,” Dimas begs.

His mom shakes her head, but she lets Dimas put the cactus back on the table.

She feels like Dimas will learn to let it go by himself later.

Days went by.

Dimas keeps watering the cactus and hopes to make it better.

Sadly, the cactus keeps getting brown and even black.

But Dimas does not want to give up.

He feels guilty if he stops taking care of the cactus.

After a few more days, the cactus begins to smell really bad.

When Dimas’ mom cleans his room, she asks, “are you sure you don’t want to throw this away, dear? The smell is really awful, you must feel uncomfortable in your room.”

Dimas looks down.

He starts to cry again.

His mom hugs him and comforts him. “It’s okay, dear...”

“What if I forget it after I throw it out?” Dimas asks his mom between sobs.

“You won’t, dear... Even if it is gone, the memories will stay. Your love will stay,” his mom pats his head gently.

Dimas hugs his mom back and sees something poking out from the corner of his bag.

It is a box of his coloring pencils.

He gets an idea.

He wipes his tears and goes to take the pencils out.

He also takes a blank paper.

His mom watches him curiously.

She finally asks, “what are you going to do, darling?”

“I know how to keep the memory, Mom. I will draw my cactus!” answers Dimas.

He starts to smile again now.

“That’s a great idea, dear. I will make you some hot chocolate,” his mom goes out of his room.

Dimas looks at his cactus and draws it on his paper.

He also colors it with green and yellow.

He draws it as well as he can.

Finally, he is done.

He looks at it and compares it to his cactus.

It looks good.

His mom goes back with a cup of hot chocolate.

She also admires his drawing.

“Now you can take the cactus, Mom. I will keep it here,” Dimas points at his drawing, “and here,” he then points at his heart.

His mom smiles and helps him stick the drawing above his bed.

They then bury the cactus in the garden.

Now, Dimas looks at his drawing every night.

He still misses his cactus sometimes, but he knows that his love will stay.

He will also keep the cactus safe in his heart forever.