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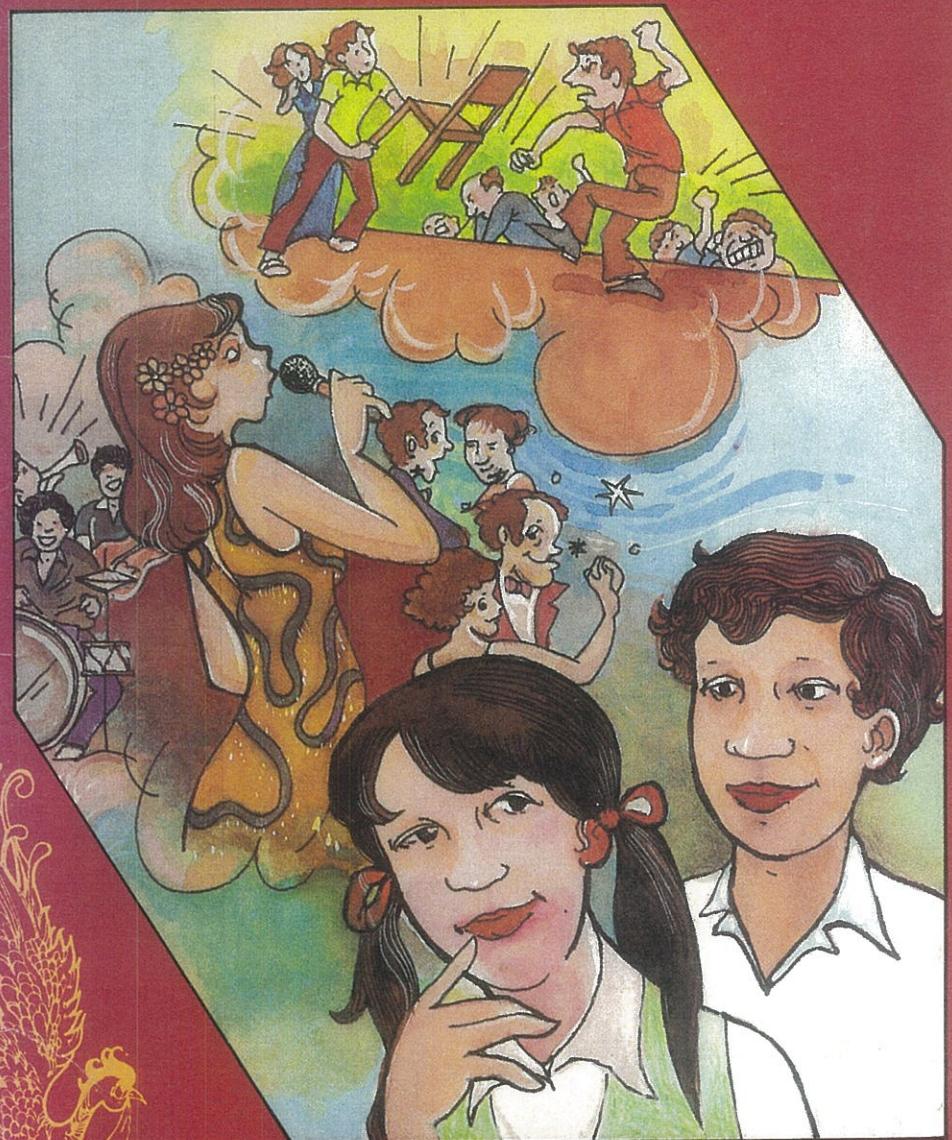
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INDONESIAN LOVE STORY

Paul Nation and Gerry Meister

General Editor: Jack Richards

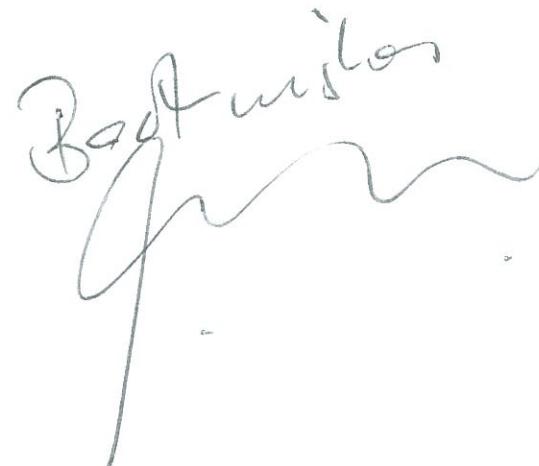


Phoenix Reading Series Stage 2

INDONESIAN LOVE STORY

Paul Nation

General Editor: Jack Richards

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Paul Nation". The signature is fluid and cursive, with "Paul" on the left and "Nation" on the right, connected by a vertical line.

Longman 

The Longman logo consists of a stylized building facade with multiple windows.

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Chapter 1 Joni

“Do you like it?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Do you want it?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Do you like ice-cream?”

“Yes, I do.”

The English lesson again. And always the same questions and the same answers.

“Do you hate it?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Do you like it?”

“Yes, I do.”

Joni was not thinking about the English lesson. Widi is very beautiful today, he thought. She is always beautiful.

“Agus, do you love ice-cream?”

“Yes, Miss Suhardi, I do.”

“Junjun, do you love books?”

“Yes, Miss Suhardi, I do.”

Joni was still looking at Widi. She is so small and quiet, he thought. She is like a flower, a beautiful flower.

“Joni, do you love her?”

“Yes, yes, she is like a beautiful flower.”

Everybody laughed. Joni’s face became red and hot.

“Joni, that is not the correct answer. Please listen to the lesson,” said Miss Suhardi. Then the bell rang. It was the end of the English lesson and it was the end of school for that day. Miss Suhardi gave the class some homework and left the room.

The students began to talk and laugh. Joni’s face was still hot, but the others had already forgotten his mistake. They were excited because they wanted to talk about the trip.

“Are you going, Priyadi?”

“Of course.”

“Are you going, Tuti?”

“If I can get the money.”

"And you, Esti?"

"If my parents will let me go."

"The meeting is in Room 4," one of the students said. They took their bags and went to Room 4. Widi picked up her books and went too. Joni walked near her. He was happy. He wanted to sit near her.

Priyadi stood up and spoke to all the students. "Next Thursday," he said, "we are going to visit the students of a school in Jakarta. We are going to stay with them for three days. We will visit some places in Jakarta too. It will cost 2,500 rupiahs¹. Please pay the money soon. Tell me your names and pay the money to me." He sat down. All the students began to talk among themselves again.

"Are you going?"

"It costs a lot of money, doesn't it?"

Joni watched Widi. She paid her money and someone wrote her name. Widi is going, Joni thought. I want to go too, but I don't have the money. Then he thought about his money from home. Every month Joni's mother and father sent some money to him. It was not very much, but it was enough. Next month I am not going to eat very much. But I am going to go to Jakarta. Goodbye food, hello Jakarta, he thought.

* * * *

That evening, Joni cooked his rice and thought about his money again. Perhaps he could pay for his room next month. Yes, he would ask his landlady². At that moment he heard a loud noise outside the house. It was Bu³ Parto, the vegetable seller. She was hitting her cooking pots with a large spoon. Joni took his bowl and went out. He reached into his pocket. I'll only spend twenty rupiahs tonight, he thought. He usually spent forty.

"What is good tonight, Bu?" he asked.

"It is all good," Bu Parto laughed. She lifted the lids of the

1 Indonesian money. US\$1 to about 645 rupiahs

2 a woman from whom someone rents a room

3 Indonesian term for Mother, Lady, Mrs



pots. Joni smelled the nice smells and his stomach spoke to him. He pointed to three of the pots. "Can I have twenty rupiahs worth of this one and this one and this one please?"

"That will be sixty rupiahs. Do you have a guest? Or are you very hungry tonight?"

"No, no, no. I mean twenty rupiahs for the lot."

"Twenty rupiahs!" Bu Parto laughed again. But she stopped when she saw Joni's face. "Take twenty rupiahs worth of this one," she said. She put some in his bowl. It was not very much.

"Just one more spoonful," he said.

"You already have more than twenty rupiahs worth," Bu Parto said. But she gave him another spoonful.

Joni went back into the house and into his room. He took rice from the pot on his little stove and put it in a bowl. Then he put the two bowls on his table. Before he could begin to eat there was a knock on his door.

"Come in," Joni called. It was Bu Tien, his landlady. Joni lived in one room of the small house and Bu Tien and her family lived in the other part of the house. Joni shared the bathroom

with Bu Tien and her family, but he did not eat with them. Every month Joni's father and mother sent him some rice and some money. He cooked the rice himself and he used the money for his room and for his other food. For the price of the room Bu Tien gave him tea too. She had a glass of tea for him now.

"Here is your tea," she said. Joni wanted to ask Bu Tien about paying for the room next month. But Bu Tien spoke first.

"I want to ask you something, Joni," she said. "I know you usually pay for your room at the end of the month. But now I have a problem. I have just got news from Bandung. My brother died today and I must go there on the train tonight. I don't have the money for the train. Can you help me, and pay for your room today?"

"Of course, Bu," Joni said. "I am sorry about your brother." But his heart sank. He unlocked the drawer in his table and gave her the money.

"Thank you Joni. I knew you would help me," Bu Tien said.

"Travel safely, Bu." Joni closed the door after her and returned to his meal. While he ate he thought about the visit to Jakarta again. I can save twenty rupiah a day, but it is still not enough, he thought. I must sell something. He looked at his guitar. No, not my guitar, he thought. It was a present from his uncle and it was like an old friend. What other things do I have? He looked around the small room. There was not much. A small stove, one cooking pot for his rice, two food bowls, a fork and a spoon and a glass. He needed all those. His school books. He couldn't sell them. A bed, a small table, a chair, and a small cupboard for his clothes. They belonged to Bu Tien. He went to the cupboard and opened it. He looked at his clothes. One pair of pants, two sarongs⁴ and three shirts. One of the sarongs was new. His mother had sent it last week. I only need one sarong, he thought. And two shirts are enough for me. And he took out the new sarong and his best shirt.

* * * *

4 cloths wrapped around the waist like a loose skirt

Joni felt pleased as he left the night market. It was a good price for the shirt and the sarong. He walked slowly along the main street. It was crowded with people and the shops were brightly lit. He felt the money in his pocket and looked in the windows of the shops. He could walk into one of the shops and he could buy something. But he did not want to buy anything. He had a better plan for his money.

"Joni, Joni, where are you going?" he heard. His heart jumped, and he turned. It was Widi. She was with Yun and Esti. They were just coming out of a restaurant.

"I'm just going home," he said. "Where are you going?"

"We're going to a movie," Esti said. "Why don't you come with us?"

Joni looked at Widi and she smiled. Her smile was like a song. "Yes, why don't you come with us, Joni?" she said. He thought of the money in his pocket and he almost said yes.

"I must go home. My landlady had to go away and I must look after the house," he said. It was not true. Bu Tien's oldest son was at home looking after the house. But he could not say, "I don't have enough money for a movie and for Jakarta."

"Oh, well, we'll see you at school tomorrow," Yun said.

"Yes, see you tomorrow," Joni said, and he turned and hurried away.

Chapter 2 Widi

The days went by quickly. Widi was ready early on the day of the trip. As she put her bags by the front door her mother said, “Have you got the cloth for Aunt Sita?”

“Yes, Mother. Don’t worry,” Widi said. “I haven’t forgotten anything.”

“Be careful now, Widi,” her father said. “Jakarta is much bigger than Jogja¹. Don’t go anywhere alone.”

“I’ll be all right, Father,” Widi replied.

Her mother and father walked with her to the gate, while the servant called a becak². Widi got in.

“Have a good time and come back safely,” they called. Widi waved and the becak moved quickly away.

The visit to Jakarta was going to be fun. New adventures were waiting for her. She was going to be with her friends and she was going to be away from home. She loved her mother and father very much, but they were always worrying about her. Sometimes she wanted to say to them, “Look, I am seventeen years old. I can look after myself. I can think for myself. Don’t worry about me so much.” But she never did. She always said, “Yes, Mother,” or “Yes, Father.” Now she was going to be away from them. She would be with her friends. Her best friends, Tina, Yun and Esti. And Joni. She wondered about him. He was a nice boy. He was kind and helpful. He seemed to like her.

Her becak reached the bus station. It was crowded and busy. People moved in all directions. Ticket sellers shouted and pushed. Food sellers moved between the buses and called out. Clouds of smoke came from the motors and mixed with the dust. The noise was exciting.

“Wid, Wid, over here!” It was Tina with a big smile on her face. Widi paid her becak driver and followed Tina on to the bus.

“Come and sit with me,” Tina said. “Here’s my place.”

1 short for Jogjakarta, a large city in Central Java

2 a bicycle taxi with 3 wheels and a seat at the front

Widi put her bags under the seat. The noise in the bus was as loud as the noise outside. Everyone was calling out and making jokes. Priyadi stood at the front of the bus with a list of names. Then Joni got on the bus. “You’re the last,” Priyadi said.

“Look,” said Tina, “he has his guitar. Joni, come and sit near us!”

Joni smiled and sat in the next seat. Finally the bus moved off. They all laughed and sang. Joni played his guitar.

Widi wanted to sing, but she was afraid. So she did not sing with her friends. She just listened and laughed with the others. She felt happy. She listened now, as Joni played his guitar and Esti sang a song. It was good. Widi looked around the bus. Everybody looked happy, and they all wanted to hear another song. So Esti sang again. Then Widi heard Esti say, “Now, Widi, sing a song for us, please!” Her face became red as everybody looked at her.

“No, I can’t sing,” she said. “Esti, you sing again, please.”

But Esti said, “No, I’m too tired. You sing, Widi. We want to listen to you. You’re always quiet.”

Then Joni said, “Yes, Widi, sing for us, please!” And her face became redder as he smiled. Now everybody was calling out, “Yes, you must sing for us.”

Widi’s face felt hot and red and she said, “Don’t tell me that. You are worse than my mother and father. They always say, ‘Do this. Do that.’” But then she looked at Joni and he was still smiling. So she said, “All right. But you must put your hands over your ears.” Everybody laughed and Widi began to sing.

As she sang Widi listened to Joni’s guitar. His playing helps me, she thought. And she sang more strongly. But then she noticed the other students. No one was talking. They were all quiet. They were all listening to her, and they were all looking at her. And she began to feel uncomfortable again. She was glad when the song ended. Everybody was still very quiet. Then they shouted and clapped their hands. Widi heard, “Widi, that was beautiful.” “Widi, you can sing like a bird.” “You must sing another song. That was very good.”



Now suddenly Widi felt very happy. She looked at Joni. He smiled. "Yes, Widi," he said, "sing another song. Do you know 'Blue Skies'?" And he began to play again. So Widi sang: "Blue skies, shining on me, nothing but blue skies do I see . . ." Again everybody was quiet. But this time Widi felt more comfortable. Everybody was looking at her, but they were her friends. They liked her. Her mother and father did not need to worry. And as she sang, she thought, Yes, Jakarta will be full of blue skies for me.

* * * *

It was night when the bus reached the first lights of Jakarta. Widi woke up and looked out the window at the bright lights and the wide streets. Then she looked around the bus. Most of the students were still sleeping. Some were awake and looking out of the windows. Others were talking quietly with their friends. Slowly, as the lights shone into the bus, the students began to wake up. Slowly the noise in the bus began to grow. Tina woke up

and Widi said, "We're here!" Everyone became excited again. It was like the beginning of the trip. Soon the bus was filled with noise. Everybody was shouting and laughing. And then everyone began to sing again.

But the drive through Jakarta took a long time. It took more than an hour to reach the school. Finally they arrived. By that time everyone was quieter again.

The Jakarta students were at the school to meet them. They had food and hot drinks ready. Everyone ate and talked. Then one of the Jakarta students said, "You are all tired. We will show you your rooms. The girls come this way, please, and the boys go that way."

Widi went with Tina and Yun and Esti and the other girls. They went to one of the classrooms. There were beds on the floor for them. The girls chose their places and put their bags near their beds. Widi chose the bed between Tina's and Esti's. Then the Jakarta girls showed them the bathroom and said goodnight.

There was only one bathroom and many girls, so Widi and Tina and Yun and Esti went back to the sleeping room to wait. They sat on their beds and talked.

"That was a nice trip in the bus, wasn't it?" said Tina.

"Yes, it was fun, wasn't it?" said Esti.

"Hey, you have a beautiful voice," said Yun. "I didn't know that before."

"Yes, you sang beautifully," said Tina.

"Did I?" Widi smiled. She felt happy.

"Yes, you did," Esti said, "and Joni played the guitar very nicely for you too."

"Yes," Tina said. "He likes you."

"He doesn't," said Yun.

"Oh, why not?" Tina asked.

"Well, last week Widi and Esti invited him to come to a movie with us. He didn't want to come."

"Anyway, his guitar is his girlfriend," Esti said. "Did you see him when he was asleep on the bus? He had his arms round his guitar."

Widi didn't say anything. She didn't know the reason, but she hoped that Yun and Esti were wrong. Then the bathroom was free and the girls took their turns to wash. Widi went last.

The boys' bathroom was next to the girls' bathroom. Next to it was an open washroom. When Widi came out of the bathroom the boys' bathroom was quiet. All the boys had gone to bed. But Joni was in the open washroom. He was washing something in a basin.



"Hey, what are you doing, Joni?" Widi called.

"I'm washing my shirt," Joni answered.

"Hey, did you only bring one shirt?" Widi asked. She said it as a joke.

Joni laughed and said, "Well, I only have two shirts. When I saw you in the town last week I was coming from the market. I

sold my other shirt. I wanted the money for the trip. But I'm glad. This weekend is going to be fun." And he laughed again.

Widi could not say anything. She felt sorry about her joke. But she could not say anything. She just stood and watched Joni. At last she said softly, "Goodnight, Joni. See you in the morning." And she walked slowly away.

Chapter 3 Joni and Widi

In the morning, Joni woke and went to wash. Others were already there, so he had to wait in the line. Widi was waiting in the girls' line. She looked beautiful. Someone came out of the bathroom and said, "There's not much water."

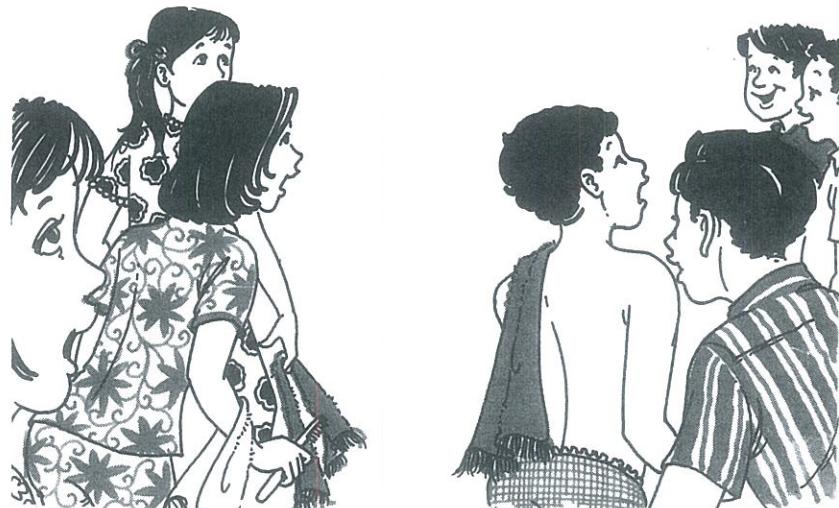
"Don't worry!" said one of the Jakarta students. "We are pumping more."

Joni's turn soon came. There was only a little water, but more water was coming in. He threw the water over himself and then covered himself with soap. He sang as he washed. He stopped his singing when he looked in the water tank. It was empty, and no more water was coming into it. He waited a moment and then called out. The others outside were making a lot of noise, and they did not hear him. He put his sarong around him and opened the door. "Hey, there's no water," he called.

Everybody laughed. "A ghost!" they shouted. Joni's body and hair were still white with soap.

One of the Jakarta students came running. "Don't use the bathroom! The pump is broken!"

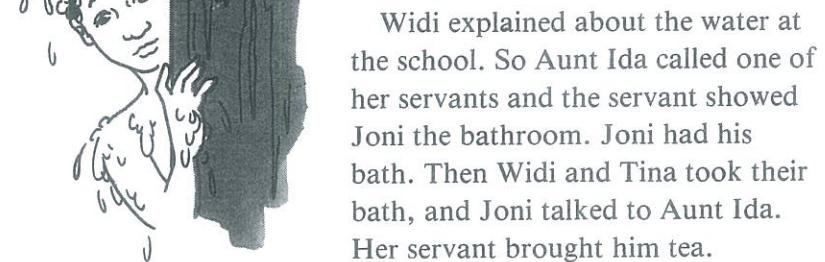
Everybody laughed again. "Hey, you'll have to be a ghost all day," they shouted.



Joni felt uncomfortable. He went back into the bathroom and tried to rub the soap off his body with his sarong. Most of the soap stayed on him. When he came out, Widi and Tina were still there. All the other students had gone.

"Don't worry, Joni," Widi said. "My aunt Ida lives near here. You can go and have a bath there. We'll take you."

Widi and Tina and Joni took a becak to Widi's aunt's house. It was a big house in a street full of big houses with beautiful gardens. There was a high fence around the garden. Widi rang the bell and a servant answered it. The servant called Widi's aunt, and she met Joni and Tina. She asked them to come into the house and she welcomed them warmly, but Joni felt uncomfortable. The house was so rich.



"You and Widi are classmates?" Aunt Ida asked.

"Yes, Bu," Joni answered.

"Do you live near her parents' house?"

"No, Bu," Joni answered. He held his cup on his knee and looked down at the floor.

"And where do your parents live?" Aunt Ida asked. Joni named the small village where his parents lived. "Ah, I know it well. My husband is from the next village, Kertek. He is an engineer for an oil company here. But we go to Kertek every year at Idul Fitri¹ and we pass through your village."

Joni felt more comfortable. They are just village people like me, he thought. But then he also felt a little angry. If her husband

¹ an important Muslim festival. People spend it with their family.

is an engineer and a villager he should work in a village, Joni thought. Kertek is poor and the water supply is bad and there is no electricity. An engineer could do many things for the people, but instead he works in Jakarta in order to become rich.

"And what will you do when you leave school?" Aunt Ida was asking him.

Joni looked at her. "My parents cannot afford to send me to university, so I will study to become a teacher." He saw Widi and Tina come into the room again, and he smiled at them.

"And you, Widi, what will you do when you leave school?" Aunt Ida asked.

"Oh, I don't know, Aunt. I haven't decided yet," Widi said.

"Well, my girl, don't just wait around to get married. Study something so that you can work. Look at me. I didn't study and I married a man who became rich, so some people say I am lucky. But I don't work and my life is rich and stupid. You think that, don't you, Joni? Well, it's true!" Joni's face became red. "Pardon me," Aunt Ida continued, "when Jakarta people think something, they say it."

"Widi will become a famous singer," Joni said. "She has a beautiful voice."

"Yes, that's right," said Tina, and Widi laughed.

"Well, that is better than doing nothing," Aunt Ida said. "But if you want to do that, be serious about it. Take singing lessons. Now, have you had your breakfast?" And she ordered the servant to prepare food.

After their breakfast they all felt more comfortable, and when they left Aunt Ida's house they were happy. They thanked Aunt Ida for her kindness and returned to the school. But when they arrived at the school their classmates were not there. They did not know the programme for the day, so they waited at the school. They talked for a while. Joni was happy to be near Widi. Tina looked at them and smiled to herself. Then Tina said, "Get your guitar, Joni." So Joni got his guitar and Widi sang.

At lunchtime the other students came back to the school. Then Widi and Joni and Tina joined in the afternoon programme. That

day and on Saturday and Sunday they visited many interesting places. Joni and Widi were together most of the day. They talked. They talked about school, they talked about new songs, they talked about most things. They did not talk about love, but it came to them. The three days passed very quickly.

On the Sunday evening the Jakarta students arranged a party. Many students got up and sang songs or played. Then Widi got up and sang a song and Joni played the guitar for her. Everyone was quiet when she sang. Then they shouted and clapped and called for another song. Even the Jakarta students called for another song. So Widi sang 'Blue Skies'. "I never saw the sun, shining so bright, never saw things going so right, never saw the days hurrying by, when you're in love, oh how they fly . . .", she sang, and she looked at Joni and their eyes met.

* * * *

The next day the students went back to Jogja. Widi talked to her father about her singing. He found a teacher for her. She had three lessons every week. She sang with Joni too. Joni often went to Widi's house. He took his guitar with him. He played and Widi sang. Widi was happy. She liked to sing with Joni, and she liked to talk with him too. Widi learned many new songs and Joni played them on his guitar.

But Widi did not think about her schoolwork. She only thought about her singing and about Joni. So her schoolwork was not good. Her father was very angry. "Do your schoolwork," he said. "Work hard at school or you cannot study singing."

Widi was unhappy. In the evening Joni came to her house. She told Joni about it. He said, "Your father is right. I am going to help you. We can do our lessons here every evening." Widi was very happy again. She looked at Joni and she said, "You always help me. Why do you do it?"

Joni's face was red. He did not answer her question, but he knew the answer.

Chapter 4 Love

Now all of Joni and Widi's friends knew about them. Their friends sometimes called them Romi and Juli and not Joni and Widi. At school they were always together. Then one day, one of Widi's friends came to see her. Her name was Endang. Endang always liked to talk about other people. She often did not say good things about them. Widi did not like her very much.

"Widi," Endang said, "did you meet Joni last night?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I just want to know," said Endang. "I want to help you. I'm your friend."

"Joni was at home. We did not meet last night. He had a lot of homework," answered Widi.

"Perhaps he finished it quickly. When I saw him last night he wasn't doing his homework. He was walking with a friend. A beautiful friend."

"It was not Joni," said Widi. "You were wrong. It was just a boy like Joni."

"No," Endang answered. "It was Joni. I spoke to him. The girl was very beautiful. She and Joni weren't thinking about homework."

Widi did not say anything.

"I followed them," Endang said. "They went to a movie. Don't cry, Widi. Joni's not good. Forget about him."

"Don't say that. Leave me. I want to think."

"Forget him, Widi. He doesn't love you. He's only playing with you," said Endang.

* * * *

For the next two days Widi stayed away from Joni. At school she stayed with her girlfriends. She did not talk to Joni. Joni came to her house in the evening but she did not answer the door. Joni did not understand it. Why doesn't she talk to me, he thought. Did I do something wrong? Then he was angry. She has another boyfriend, he thought. She does not love me now. He was very

sad.

Widi was very sad too, but she did not show Joni. She smiled and laughed. But it was just a game. Joni saw her. She is happy, he thought. That is good. But why doesn't she love me now?

Joni went to Widi's house again. He wanted to talk to her. He wanted to ask her many questions. He waited for a long time, but Widi did not come out. Joni did not go away. He just sat and waited. Then Widi came out.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to talk to you!"

"I'm very busy now. I have a lot of homework. Please go now."

"Widi, why are you like this? Are you ill?" said Joni.

Widi did not answer his questions. She did not say anything but shut the door with a loud noise. Joni knocked on the door again, and shouted her name. There was no answer. People from other houses looked at him. He saw them and he went away. He did not go home but he walked through the streets for a long time.

* * * *

The next day Widi was in the town with one of her friends. They went into a shop and looked at some books. Widi bought one. Then she heard someone behind her. She turned and Joni was there with a beautiful girl.

"You!" said Widi and she cried. "Is she your new girlfriend?" And Widi turned away. She wanted to run. Joni held her arm with his hand.

"Widi! You don't understand. Wait!"

"Don't touch me. I want to go," cried Widi.

"Listen, Widi. You're wrong. I understand now. This is not my girlfriend."

"I don't want to listen to you . . . What did you say?"

"This isn't my girlfriend. She is Sutinah. She's my aunt."

"Your aunt? But, but . . . ?"

"That's right," said Sutinah. "Joni's mother is my sister."

"But you're so young," said Widi.



"Joni's mother was the first in the family. I was the last child. My mother had eleven children."

"But Endang told me . . ." said Widi, and she cried again.

"Endang was wrong," Joni said. "Sutinah is staying here for two weeks. I am showing her around."

"I thought . . ." said Widi. She laughed and cried at the same time.

"I know," said Joni. "You were wrong."

Then they said nothing. There was no need. In a few seconds everything was different. They were happy again.

"Let's go," said Sutinah. "Everybody is watching us."

Joni and Widi looked. They were still in the bookshop. People looked at them and smiled. Joni and Widi walked out of the bookshop together. Outside, the sun shone.

"Wait for me," shouted Sutinah. But they did not hear her.

"Wait," Widi's friend Esti said to Sutinah. "Come with me. Joni and Widi are busy."

Sutinah stopped. She smiled. "Yes they are, aren't they?"

"Let's go," said Esti. "I'm going to show you the town." Esti and Sutinah watched Joni and Widi walk away together.

"They look nice together," said Sutinah.

"Yes, they do," said Esti. "You should hear them sing."

"Yes, Joni told me about Widi's singing. She is very beautiful too. Perhaps she will be famous one day."

"Perhaps she will," said Esti, "but that makes me afraid."

"Oh! Why?"

"I don't know. Look at them now. They are so happy. Their future seems good but I worry about them. They can see each other, but they cannot see in front of them. Something bad will happen. I know it."

"Sutinah laughed. "Don't be like that. They are happy. Let's be happy too."

Esti smiled. "Perhaps you are right," she said. "Come on. Let's look at some more shops first."

Chapter 5 Widi and Agus

Prambanan Temple is about twenty kilometres from Jogjakarta. It is a very beautiful place. The temple is more than a thousand years old. It has some pictures on the walls. These pictures tell the old story of Rama. Rama lost his wife and fought many animals and people before he found her again. The story of Rama is a story of love.

At the end of the week many people go to Prambanan. They look at the temple and they sit on the grass under the tall trees. They talk about the story of Rama and his beautiful wife. Of course, they talk about other things too, because they go to Prambanan with their friends and families.

On Sunday, Sutinah took Joni to Prambanan. They went by taxi. Widi and Esti came too. The temple is on the main road to another city, and the road was very busy. People walked on the edge and bicycles, carts, trucks, buses and cars filled the rest of the road. Sutinah wanted to look at the green fields, but she could not.

"Please drive more slowly," she said to the taxi driver. The driver said yes, but in a few minutes the taxi was going fast again. Near a corner the taxi moved out to pass another car. But suddenly a bus came round the corner towards them. The taxi could not go back to the other side of the road. There was not enough time. Widi was afraid. Joni did not think of himself. He quickly pushed Widi down behind the seat.

There was a loud noise and the taxi stopped. The bus did not hit the taxi, but the taxi went off the road. The bus driver was very angry. He shouted at the driver of the taxi and then drove away. Everyone climbed out of the taxi. Widi was still afraid, but Joni held her.

Joni was very angry. "You're not hurt, are you, Widi?"

"No, Joni. Thank you." They did not speak again but their eyes said many things.

They pushed the taxi back on the road and drove slowly to Prambanan. Nobody said very much, but everybody thought

about the accident.

At Prambanan they were happy again. They looked at the temple and then sat on the grass under the trees. Joni had his guitar with him. He played and they listened. Then Widi sang. Many people came near and listened to her. Soon more than a hundred people were listening. The song ended and the people clapped. "More! More!" they shouted. Widi sang again. Then she was tired and stopped. Slowly the people went away, but one man stayed. He spoke to Widi.

"My name is Agus Sutomo," he said. "You have a very beautiful voice. I can help you. Do you want to sing with my band? We need a good singer like you."

Widi looked at Joni. "Speak to Widi's father first," he said to Agus. He told Mr Sutomo Widi's name and her address.

"I am going to speak to your father soon," Mr Sutomo said to Widi. They talked for a few minutes and then Mr Sutomo said goodbye. Widi and Joni were very happy.

"You are going to be a famous singer," Joni said. "I know that."

They sang together in the taxi on the way home. The beginning of the day had not been good, but now everything seemed right.

* * * *

As Widi sang, she watched the dancers. They moved with the music. They looked up at her and smiled. She smiled back.

It was her fifth night with Agus Sutomo's band, and each night was better than the night before. Each night more people came to listen and dance. Each night her singing was stronger. At first she felt afraid when people really listened to her, but now she liked it. At the end of each night she felt very tired, but she also felt very good. Joni said she would be a famous singer, and perhaps he was right. She liked the idea.

Widi stopped singing now and the dancers returned to their seats. She could hear them talking.

"She's very good, isn't she?"

"Yes, she has a wonderful voice."



"Do you like it?"

"Yes, I do."

A man and a woman came up to her. "We really like your voice," the woman said. "Will you sing a song for us? Do you know 'Blue Skies'?"

"Yes," said Widi. "I'll sing it for you after the interval."

She went behind the stage. Joni was there waiting for her. "I won't be long now, Joni," she said.

"That's all right, Widi," Joni said. "I could listen to you all night, every night." It was not true. Joni wanted to listen to Widi every night, but it cost money to come to the dance. He could not come to the dance again until next month. He had spent his money for this month already by coming to the dance with Widi five nights.

Agus came towards them. "There is a big crowd here tonight," he said. "You're bringing luck to our band. We have enough money to buy a new microphone for you, Widi, and to pay you."

Widi was very happy. She looked at Joni and smiled at him. But then she saw his face. It was not happy.

"What's wrong, Joni?" she asked.

"Nothing, Widi. It's all right," Joni said.

"Come on, Widi, it's time to sing again," said Agus.

Widi and the band got on the stage. She sang some songs and then she sang 'Blue Skies'. From behind the stage Joni listened. Her voice is much stronger, he thought. He remembered the party in Jakarta when she sang 'Blue Skies' and their eyes met. Yes, her voice is stronger, he thought. But the feeling is different. In Jakarta she sang the song for me, now she is singing it for herself. The song ended and the people called for more.

When the dance ended, Joni went to get a becak. He told the becak driver to wait by the side door. He went in to get Widi. Widi was talking to Agus. They were sitting behind the stage and drinking coffee.

"Just five minutes," Widi called to Joni.

"The becak is waiting," Joni said.

Widi and Agus talked some more. Joni waited by the door. Then Agus came over to him. "You don't have to wait," he told Joni. "I will take Widi home."

Joni looked at Widi. She smiled at him.

"I can wait," Joni said.

"Thank you, Agus," Widi said, "but I will go with Joni." She picked up her things and said goodnight to Agus.

In the becak, Widi said to Joni, "You didn't look happy tonight, Joni. What is wrong?"

Joni felt uncomfortable, but he said, "Well, I'm worried about money, Widi. You know I don't have very much money. I can't really afford to come to the dance every night."

"You know, you don't have to come every night, Joni," Widi said. "Agus can bring me and take me home. He has offered to take me home before."

"I know," said Joni. "But I don't like it."

"Why not, Joni?" Widi asked. "Don't you trust me?"

"Of course I trust you, Widi. But I'm not sure about Agus. He will help you to become famous, I know. But he wants to help himself too. And I am not sure about him."

"Well, if you trust one of us, you can trust both of us," Widi

said. "You want me to be a famous singer, don't you? So I have to sing with Agus."

"I suppose so," said Joni.

"I understand about your money, Joni," Widi said. "You come to the dance when you can. I will like that. And when you can't come, Agus can take me home. And nothing will happen with Agus, believe me."

Joni still did not feel very happy, but he could not say anything more. Joni said goodnight to Widi at her house and walked home. Everything that Widi said was true, he thought. I do want her to be a famous singer. She has a beautiful voice and she should use it. And she does have to sing with Agus now. It is a big chance for her. And I can't go to the dance every night, so Agus will have to take her home. And I do believe in her. So why do I worry?

And he thought about his money again. Perhaps I should get a job, he thought. If I have money I can go to the dance every night. Priyadi has a job, he remembered. He works for some foreigners. He translates letters from English into Indonesian and from Indonesian into English. He gets a lot of money for it. My English is as good as Priyadi's. Yes, tomorrow I will ask Priyadi if he can help me to get a job with those foreigners.

Chapter 6 Heru

Agus and his band were playing for a special party in a big hotel in Jogja. A group of people had come to see the famous dance at Prambanan Temple, and after the dance there was a party at the hotel. Widi sang with the band. After her song, one of the waiters brought her a note. It said, 'I would like to talk to you about your singing', and it was signed 'Heru Jumanti'. Widi was very excited. Heru Jumanti was the manager of many famous singers. Widi showed the note to Agus, and Agus was very excited too. "This is our big chance," he said. "Heru Jumanti can get a lot of work for us."

Widi and Agus went to see Heru at his table. There was one empty seat there. Heru told Widi to sit down. Agus stood behind her until a waiter brought a chair for him.

"You are a very good singer," Heru said to Widi. "You could easily be a famous singer. But you need to get more experience and sing with several different bands. I can help you. Are you interested?"



"Of course she is interested," said Agus. "But she does not need other bands. Widi sings well because she knows my band and my band knows her. We work well together."

"Perhaps that is true," said Heru. "Widi, we are planning a big concert in Jogja one month from now. I want you to sing at that concert. Sing well, and there will be many other concerts for you, here and in Jakarta."

"What about my band," said Agus. "Widi will sing with my band at the concert, won't she?"

"Let us think about that," said Heru. "We still have to plan many things."

It was almost time for the band to play again and Agus had to leave. "Come on, Widi," he said.

"She'll follow you in a minute," said Heru. "I want to ask her a few questions first."

"She has to sing soon," said Agus.

"Don't worry," said Heru. "She'll come soon. Don't wait for her." Agus left.

When the party ended Widi left the hotel. Joni was waiting outside to take her home. She told him about Heru and the big concert. "Agus is very excited about the concert," she said. "It will be good for the band. I must practise a lot."

Joni felt happy and sad. Widi was becoming well-known. She was excited about her singing. But now Joni did not meet her very often. After school she practised with the band. And Joni went to his job. Priyadi had helped him to get a job and he worked almost every afternoon. Sometimes he had to work at nights too, and often it was on the nights when Widi was with the band.

"Shall we do our homework tomorrow, Widi?" Joni asked. "I don't have to work tomorrow."

"Don't worry about homework now," Widi said. "This concert is very important. My schoolwork can wait. What shall I wear for the concert?"

"You look beautiful in that blue dress."

"Oh, that's too old. I'll buy a new dress. I'll look for one tomorrow. Oh, I'm so excited. I must practise every day."

"Well," laughed Joni. "Please keep one day free for me."

"What? Of course. Tomorrow I must talk to Agus about some new songs. I can sing them at the concert."

"I'll play them for you, and you can practise them with me," said Joni.

"It's no good with just the two of us," said Widi. "I must practise with the band. Three new songs will be enough. Oh! Are we here already? Goodnight, Joni. Thanks. See you at school tomorrow."

"Goodnight, Widi. Sleep well." Joni watched as Widi ran inside to tell her mother and father about Heru and the concert. I'll see her at school tomorrow, he thought. Perhaps we can talk then.

* * * *

But the next day Widi did not come to school. Joni waited all morning for her to come into the classroom. After a night with the band she sometimes came to school late. But today she did not come at all. At lunchtime Joni went to her house.

"Are you not well, Widi?" he asked.

"I'm fine, thanks," Widi said. "Just a little tired. I didn't sleep very much last night. I was too excited about the concert. So I got up late, and then I went into town. I chose some material for my new dress. I've already taken it to the dressmaker."

"You shouldn't stay away from school for that," Joni said. "You have the afternoons free. You can do your shopping then."

"Oh, I know. But it doesn't really matter, does it?" Widi answered.

"Perhaps it doesn't," Joni said. "But it worries me, Widi. Everything is moving so fast. Are you really ready for a big concert?"

"This is my big chance, Joni. I have to take it."

"You could wait, Widi. There will be other chances."

"I don't understand you, Joni. You want me to be a famous singer, don't you? But when the chance comes, you don't want me to take it."

"Well, you don't have to be in a hurry. You could spend more time with me. Now you spend more and more time with other people. Are all those people good, Widi?"

“Ah, you are jealous, Joni. I cannot become a singer if I only sing at home with you. You must understand that. But I don’t want to fight with you, Joni. Be happy for me, Joni. This concert will be my big chance.”

“You are probably right, Widi. And perhaps I am jealous.”

Chapter 7 Agus and Heru

Agus too was excited about the concert. The band practised every day. Widi did not meet Joni very much. She was too busy. She learned new songs and worked with the band. One evening Heru visited her at her home.

“Well, Widi, are you ready for the concert?” he asked.

“I am practising with the band every day. We’ll do well. I’m sure.”

“Don’t worry about the band,” said Heru. “In a few days a band from Jakarta will be here. Then you can practise with them. They’re very good.”

“But what about Agus’s band. Won’t I sing with them at the concert?”

“Agus has a good band, but it’s not good enough,” Heru said. “This is going to be a big concert. We want the best. We want you, but we don’t want Agus and his band. You must sing with a really good band.”

Widi did not say anything. What would she say to Agus? “You must practise a lot with the band,” Heru said. “Can you come after school every day?”

“Yes,” said Widi, “I’ll try.”

“Good. I want you to sing five songs at the concert. First you . . .”

There was a knock at the door. It was Joni.

“I’m sorry, Joni,” said Widi. “I am talking to Heru now about the concert. Will you wait?”

“Well . . . O.K., Widi. But I can’t stay very long,” said Joni. “I have to go to my job.”

“I won’t be long,” said Widi.

Joni sat down outside and waited. The sun was going down and the street became quieter. He could hear the radio from a shop near Widi’s house. Time passed. It was darker now. Joni had to go to work. He looked in at Heru and Widi. They were still talking. He looked into the street again. He could see lights in some of the shops. He must go or he would lose his job. He left

and Widi saw him through the window. She went to the door, but he was gone.

The next day Widi practised with Agus and the band. She did not tell him about Heru's band. He would be angry.

"I can't practise tomorrow," she said. "I have some other work."

"Widi, the concert is only one week from now. We must practise a lot," said Agus. Widi said nothing.

The next day she met Heru and she met the band from Jakarta. They were bigger than Agus's band and they were very good. Widi practised with them, but she worried about Agus. What would he do? The next day she met Joni at school and she told him.

"You must tell Agus now," he said. "Agus wants to play in the concert. His band is working hard for it. He will be angry that he can't play. But he must know about it now. Tell him, Widi."

"I will, tonight," she said, but she was afraid. It was difficult. She had to practise with the new band that afternoon, but Agus was practising then too. I must tell Agus, she thought. That afternoon she went to Agus's house first. "I can't practise today," she told him. "Heru wants to talk about the concert."

"Good," said Agus. "Let's go," he said to the band. "Heru is going to tell us about the concert. How many songs will we play there, do you think?"

"But, but . . ." Widi said. But it was too late. Agus and the band talked happily amongst themselves. Widi wanted to tell them, but she could not. They soon came to the concert hall. Heru came to them.

"Hello, Widi. Good to see you. Agus, everyone, please sit down," he said.

"What about the concert?" said Agus.

"It's going to be good," said Heru. "You must come to it. Wait, I'll get you all some free tickets."

"Free tickets!" said Agus. "What about my band?"

"They can have free tickets too," said Heru. "You all want to hear Widi, don't you?"

"But my band is playing, isn't it?"



"Your band? No. We only want Widi. But please come and listen to the concert. Everyone will be there."

"Well, we won't! Come on, Widi. We are leaving."

"But the concert!" said Widi.

"We are not playing at the concert," said Agus.

"But Widi is singing at it," said Heru. He took Widi towards the stage. She did not look at Agus. Agus quickly followed. Then he stopped. "O.K.," he said to himself. "We're not playing at the concert. So there will not be a concert." He smiled and left the hall with his band.

Widi was worried. She spoke to Heru about it. "Agus is very angry," she said. "Why can't he play at the concert?"

"Widi," said Heru, "we talked about this before. Agus is not good enough. Don't worry about him. You must do a lot of work between now and the concert."

When Widi came out of the hall, Joni was there. Widi was still worried. "Today was terrible," she told him. "Agus came here with his band. When he heard about the concert he was very angry. I don't want to sing with his band again. I am afraid."

"Widi, Agus helped you before. You can't leave him now."

"But I want to sing at the concert," said Widi.

"There is only one concert," Joni said. "After the concert, you can sing again with Agus. Go and see him now."

"I'm afraid. I'm in the concert but he isn't. He's very angry."

"O.K. I'll go and talk to him. I'll see you again this evening."

"I'm busy this evening. I'm practising for the concert. It's tomorrow night. See me then. Here's your ticket. You can't wait behind the stage, but your seat is near the front. Come early."

Joni left Widi and walked to Agus's house. When he reached the house he did not knock on the door. He could see some visitors inside. He sat and waited. Then he thought. He knew one of the visitors. Why was Agus talking to him? That man was dangerous. He was always fighting and was always in trouble. Joni did not know the other guests. Then the guests stood up. They said goodbye to Agus and came out. One of them was putting money into his pocket as he said goodbye.



Agus saw Joni and was surprised. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to talk about Widi," said Joni. "She's worried. Are you angry with her about the concert?"

"The concert?" Agus laughed. "I'm not angry about the concert. I don't want to be in the concert."

"Oh!" said Joni. "I thought . . ."

"No," said Agus, "Widi can sing at the concert. It will be good for her. She'll learn a lot there."

"Oh, I am glad," said Joni.

"Don't worry about me," said Agus. "Go to the concert. It will be very exciting. I'm sure about that."



Joni said goodbye and left. He was still surprised. Agus was not angry. Widi was wrong about that. He walked slowly to work and forgot about Agus's guests.

Chapter 8 The Concert

It was the night of the concert. It was like a wedding, a holiday, a meeting . . . There were so many people. Joni already had his ticket. He was lucky. The ticket office was closed. There were no more tickets.

"Do you want a ticket?" someone asked. "It's a seat at the front. It's not expensive."

"How much?" Joni laughed.

"Eight hundred rupiah."

"Eight hundred rupiah!" said Joni. "At the ticket office they only cost five hundred."

"Then buy one at the ticket office," the person said, and he looked around for another customer.

Joni pushed through the crowd towards the concert hall. It was not easy. Around the door, people were selling things, others were trying to get in, and others were just looking. At last Joni got into the hall and found his seat. Then he walked towards the back of the stage. He wanted to see Widi and wish her good luck. He did not get very far. Two men were standing at the door to the back of the stage.



"Excuse me," said Joni.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the men.

"To the back of the stage. I want to see a friend of mine. She's a singer," said Joni.

"Everybody's her friend," laughed one of the men. "Sorry. Nobody can go in here."

"But she's waiting for me," said Joni.

"Go and sit down," said the man. "Orders are orders. Nobody goes in here. Sit down. The show is starting soon."

Joni was angry, but he could not do anything. He went back to his seat. The hall was full. The hall became darker and the talking stopped. Suddenly coloured lights began to shine onto the stage and onto the audience. The lights were moving and making pretty patterns.

Joni looked around. Everybody was excited. Then Joni was surprised. At the end of the front row Joni saw one of Agus's guests. And three seats away from him was another one of Agus's guests. Why weren't they sitting together? Joni thought about it and looked at the other side of the hall. The other guests were there. There's going to be trouble, Joni thought, Agus paid them. They're going to stop the concert. I must tell Widi, he thought. She must not go on stage. He ran to the door to the back of the stage. The two guards were still there.

"Let me in!" he shouted. "I must talk to Widi. There's going to be trouble."

"Not you again," said the guards. "Sit down or we'll throw you out of the hall."

"You don't understand. Widi mustn't sing. There's going to be a fight," said Joni.

"There'll be a fight here, now," said the guards. "Get out." They moved towards him. Joni could not do anything. He turned and walked to his seat. The first band was playing now. Joni sat and watched them. But he did not hear the music. What can I do? The audience clapped and moved with the music. Soon Widi would sing. He must stop her. They would hurt her.

The music stopped. The audience clapped and shouted. Widi was next. There was a noise from the drum and Widi was on the stage. She began her song. Joni stood up. At the same time

Agus's friends stood up. They threw bottles and cans on the stage. A bottle hit the drum and broke it. Widi was in danger. The men moved towards the stage. The guards ran towards them and fighting started. Many of the audience joined in the fight. They pushed chairs over and pushed each other. They shouted and screamed. Some ran towards the door. Others stood and did nothing. Two men ran on to the stage. Widi was still standing there. She could not move. She was too frightened. Joni ran towards her. The two men on the stage were not guards. They were Agus's friends. One of them had a knife.

"Widi!" Joni shouted. "Be careful! He's got a knife." Widi just stood there. The men moved towards her. Joni was on the stage now. He pushed Widi behind him and he picked up a chair.



He held it in front of him. The two men smiled. This was going to be easy, they thought. One went on each side of Joni. Joni turned one way and then the other. The man with the knife moved quickly towards him. Joni hit him with the chair. The man fell back, but he still had the knife. Joni turned quickly and kicked the other man. Then suddenly there was a pain in his back. He could not move. He looked at Widi's face and then everything went black.

* * * *

At first he could hear the voices, but he could not see anyone. "Joni, Joni," the voices called softly. Then he could see Widi. And behind her he could see the white walls of the hospital. Widi was there, but why couldn't he move.

"Joni. Don't move. Just rest quietly. Please!"

He looked at Widi again. Then he remembered. The concert. The men on the stage. The fight. Widi!

"Widi!" he called.

"It's all right, Joni. I'm here."

"The fight . . . those men . . . Widi," said Joni.

"Don't worry, Joni," said Widi. "I am not hurt. The police came and stopped the concert. Oh, Joni. You were right. It was too much for me. Too much too quickly. I'm going to stop it. I don't want to sing again. Please get well, Joni! Please! Please!"

"Just a few minutes more," said another voice. "He must be quiet. He must rest for a long time. A very long time."

"Listen, Widi," Joni said. "You must sing again. You must. Your voice is a gift. You must share it with others. Don't stop, Widi."

"Joni, you helped me and now you are in hospital. My singing did this to you. How can I help you, Joni? How?"

"He will need a lot of help in the next months," said the doctor's voice. "He is very ill. You can help him. Now you must go. He's tired. He lost a lot of blood."



"Goodbye Joni," said Widi. "I will be back tomorrow. Get well quickly."

Widi kissed Joni softly and left the room. She walked slowly home. Two months ago she was not a singer. Joni and she were happy. She thought about the day at Prambanan. It all began there. No, earlier than that. Joni had started her as a singer. He had played for her and had helped her in so many ways. She stopped and looked at the people on the street. There were so many people, but she was alone. Joni had been alone too. Her singing had been more important than Joni. Well, it was different now. She would sing again, but Joni would always be first. She would help him, and their lives would be happy again.

Questions and Exercises

A. COMPREHENSION

Chapter 1

1. Joni was not going to eat much because (a) he wanted to save money (b) he needed the food in Jakarta (c) he was in love and did not feel hungry.
2. Joni sold a sarong and a shirt because (a) he had plenty of clothes (b) he wanted to go to Jakarta (c) he wanted to give the money to Widi.

Chapter 2

1. Tina asked Joni to sit by them on the bus because (a) Widi loved him (b) Joni had a guitar (c) Tina was angry with Widi.
2. In Jakarta the students slept (a) in a hotel (b) in a school (c) in Aunt Ida's house.

Chapter 3

1. Everyone laughed when Joni came out of the bathroom because (a) he had no clothes on (b) he was in the wrong bathroom (c) he had soap all over him.
2. "She looked at Joni and their eyes met." tells us that Joni and Widi (a) looked at the same thing (b) were in love (c) saw each other for the first time.

Chapter 4

1. Joni and Widi were called Romi and Juli because (a) people did not know their real names (b) Romeo and Juliet were famous lovers (c) they were always in trouble.
2. Widi would not talk to Joni because (a) she did not love him (b) she thought that Sutinah was his girlfriend (c) she wanted to be with her own friends.

Chapter 5

1. In the accident between the taxi and the bus (a) several people were hurt (b) Joni tried to help Widi (c) Widi was hurt.
2. Joni wanted to get a job because (a) he wanted to be with Widi (b) Widi needed more money (c) he wanted to send money to his mother and father.

Chapter 6

1. Widi met Heru (a) at Prambanan (b) at a concert (c) at a hotel.
2. Joni was worried about Widi because (a) she was not paid for her singing (b) everything was happening so quickly (c) he was jealous of her and Agus.

Chapter 7

1. At the concert Heru wanted (a) Widi to sing with Agus's band
(b) Agus's band to play for another singer (c) Widi to sing with another band.
2. Agus gave money to some men because (a) they worked in his band
(b) they had brought him a new guitar (c) he wanted them to stop the concert.

Chapter 8

1. Before the fight began (a) Joni knew there would be trouble
(b) Widi left the stage (c) the guards talked to Agus.
2. Joni was in hospital because (a) one of Agus's friends hit him with a knife (b) a guard hit him with a chair (c) he became ill from too much work.

B. VOCABULARY

1. What is it? The answers are all words from the story. The first letter of each word is given and each short line is one letter.
 - a. It is made of wood. It has several strings. People play it. It is used to make music. Joni plays it. It is a g -----.
 - b. People put things in it. We can open and close it. Some tables have one or two. It is a d -----.
 - c. It is a kind of story. People usually speak it. It makes people laugh. It is a funny story. It is a j ----.
 - d. People are afraid of them. They are usually white. They come from dead persons. People see them at night. Some people do not believe in them. They are g ---- s.
 - e. Everybody can be one but you must have some money. We can find them in shops. They are people who buy things. They are c ----- s.
2. In the story the word *free* has two meanings.

- A** free = without paying, does not cost anything
e.g. He had a *free* meal.
B free = not busy, not used for work, not being used.
e.g. He had some *free* time.

Write **A** or **B** after the following sentences to show what meaning *free* has in each sentence.

- a. Heru gave them some free tickets for the show. _____
- b. Keep one day free for me. _____
- c. The bathroom was free so Joni went in. _____
- d. He had a free ride on the bus. _____

- e. He saw a free seat so he sat in it. _____
- f. I'll see you when I have some free time. _____
- g. I have no free evenings this week. _____
- h. I'll be free after the meeting. _____
- i. She got in free. _____
- j. The shopkeeper was giving away free ice creams. _____

C. GRAMMAR

1. Use the words to make sentences which follow this pattern.

1	2	3	4	5
There + be + noun (+ preposition + noun)				

Remember, *be* and the following noun must agree with each other. Here are two examples.

1	2	3
There was no answer.		

1	2	3	4	5
There was someone behind him.				

- a. knock on his door
- b. beds floor
- c. only a little water
- d. one empty seat
- e. not enough time
- f. will many other concerts you
- g. will not a concert
- h. going to be trouble
- i. a pain his back
- j. so many people

2. Take away *and* and rewrite each sentence as two sentences.

- a. Miss Suhardi gave the class some homework and left the room.
- b. They took their bags and went to Room 4.
- c. That evening Joni cooked his rice and thought about his money again.
- d. Can you help me and pay for your room today?
- e. Joni closed the door after her and returned to his meal.
- f. Food sellers moved between the buses and called out.
- g. Everyone was calling out and making jokes.
- h. He shouted at the driver of the taxi and drove away.
- i. He looked up at her and smiled.
- j. We have enough money to buy a new microphone and to pay you.