

# Struktur Organisasi

**WALI KELAS**

**INDAH PUJI LESTAR, S.PD**

**KETUA KELAS**

**RAFIF AQILA MALIK**

**SEKRETARIS 1&2**

**CHELSEA ZIZAH**

**AZKIYA FUTRI**

**WAKIL KETUA KELAS**

**QANIA ALISYA LUBIS**

**BENDAHARA 1&2**

**AISYAH Z NAFISA**

**RAISA IFFAH**



**KEBERSIHAN**

**M RADITIYA**

**HAZMI FARIZ**

**KERAPIHAN**

**HABI GHANIYAN**

**FAHRI AKBAR**

**KEAMANAN**

**LIANEL ZANETI**

**SHEVA DIKA**

**KEAGAMAAN**

**SYUKUR HAMDANI**

**M FHABIL HAFIZ**

At the Island 189  
gray shore. They could see the white foam of  
the breaking rollers, and the gray rocks below  
but there was no sign of motorboat or of any  
human being.  
“We may as well stay right on the hillside,  
behind the rocks,” Chet suggested. “Let’s go  
rounding about the shore we’re faced into to run  
into Rod and his gang.”  
“Perhaps they’ve taken their own boats and  
gone after the Hardy boys.”  
“They may have. But we can’t take a chance  
on it. If any of them are prowling around it  
would be just our luck to meet them.”  
The chums made themselves as comfortable  
as possible in the shelter of a huge rock, from  
which they had a good view of the shore and  
a sea beyond. It was still dark at the shore and  
no one of rescue before a morning.  
“Come any one to come out here  
to rescue us?” asked Chet. “The big thing  
is to get out of daylight and then  
have a chance of rescue.”  
“I’m not so sure about that,” said Chet.  
“I’ve no idea where we are now. I’ve no  
idea what cave