**Data: Students’ Texts**

**Text 1: Student’ Descriptive Text**

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| **My Place**My home is located at Cobradreef 13th 3564, Utrecht Province, The Netherlands. I've lived there since 2012 with my parents and my older sister, my younger sister was then born in 2016 and joined us in this comfy house. It's a house which the walls are merged with the rest of the houses in my street. Imagine it as a horizontal apartment. It's constructed from mostly red bricks. My house consists of three floors. The first floor is actually used by mostly university students who live there by contract. When you first step through the white-coloured front door, on the left there is a coat hanger with a toilet on the side and in front of it a pair of stairs that lead to the second floor. If you continue straight forward you will find 2 doors which the first one leads to a kitchen with two glass doors at the back that lead to the backyard, the second door leads to another three doors which two of them lead to the student's rooms, and the other door to a bathroom. Oh, and by the way, the first and second floor's walls are white and the floor is covered with black tiles. Meanwhile the third floor's rooms are green in colour and the floor is covered with wooden tiles. If you go up the stairs you will find yourself in a small hall that has a door and another set of stairs that leads to the third floor. That door will lead you to a big space which is the whole of the second floor. It consists of the kitchen and the living room. But what you will see right in front of you when you go through that door dressoir (a kind of dresser) that is around 2 meters wide with a big mirror with the same width. On the dressoir there are picture frames on display with my little sisters fish aquarium in the middle. The dressoir itself contains (beside some random objects) mostly my mom's books.When you go to the left you will see my living room that contams of a couches, a coffee table, a workspace, a mini circustent where my little sister plays in, a mattress, and a TV with tall cupboards on the side. If you go to the right you will find my kitchen, it's type is a kitchen set that is black in colour; a refrigerator, a sink, a dishwasher some drawers and cabinets, a stove, and an oven. Because the gas price has been increasing this year because of the war between Ukrain and Russia, my mom replaced the gas stove with an electric one. I can't wait 10 use it :)!If you go back to the hall and go up the stairs, you will find yourself in another small hall where the first door leads to my bedroom, the second to my sister's, the third door is actually a cabinet that is merged in the wall (actually all of the wardrobe's in the bedrooms are merged within the walls) where my washing machine is placed. The fourth door is my parent's bedroom and the last door leads to the bathroom.My backyard can be reached from the kitchen of the first floor and one of the student bedrooms. I have a green-coloured outdoor table with some white coloured outdoor chairs. I have a barbeque where my mom loves to make roasted fish on and it's delicious :). There are a lot of plants and flowers in my backyard. My favourite flower there is 'The Bleeding Heart Flower'. Do you know that flower? That flower has always been there growing wildly since I was small, so it's pretty nostalgic and memorable. The backyard is also a place where my little sister plays alot, because there's a trampoline and a pair of swings which my sister loves. I also have a sunshade that is green and white coloured. When it's really hot and sunny outside, we can push on a button and the sunshade will automatically spawn out and create a shade so we can relax outside but not get too not.I like my house, like, a lot. I like going out but if I had to stay of home, it wouldn't bother. I think it's perfect in size, not too small nor too big for my family. I've grown with this house, I was raised here for most of my life. It is just right. |

**Text 2: Student’s Argumentative Text**

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| As we've all experienced, we can sometimes be unmotivated or unproductive to do something. However, for us this feeling comes and goes. Yet for some people, they are always lazy. They don't want to work hard, even if it's for their future. They just accept to be whatever they want or can be. Perhaps, it might be the reason why Indonesia is still dealing with problems, such as poverty right now.A reason could be because they don't have enough motivation. Furthermore, if they have no motivation, they have no dreams for what others want to become when they're older. They think that in this state [poverty], it doesn't matter how hard they work; nothing will change.Another reason could be because they aren't disciplined. They procrastinate their work too often. Obviously, procrastinating is normal but most to their extent. We shouldn't let our work stack up because we're too "relaxed". Following that, having too much work could also be a factor. When we have too much work, we become tired and over-stressed. Moreover, when we're given too much work, we don't know where to start which keeps on making it more difficult for us to start working. Plus, we'd then be overworked and be in a bad state of mind. Afterwards, we need to keep in mind that if we want to be able to work hard, we need to have a good mental health. But nowadays with the influence of media and personal issues, ore mental health keeps on getting worse. When we're mentally in a bad state of mind, it's hard for us to be the productive; and, therefore it's seen as lazy. Although it's very hard to live with a bad mental health, we should at least work a bit in order to help ourselves get through it.Plus, social media and technology in general is now more common. In our everyday life. This is called distraction. Distraction plays a very important role in being lazy. When we're too busy with unimportant things, the work we need to do won't get done, therefore, we should Put our technology down more often.When I'm older, I'd like to be a teacher, by being a teacher I'd help motivate kids so they'd have a dream for the future. So they'd work harder. I'd like to become a psychologist i'd be able to research and find out ways to be productive and move deeper reasons why we're lazy. I could also help those with a bad mental health. I hope to work for the government. I'd then be able to handle how Indonesia is financially doing. I'd help people in poverty. So that they'd know there'll be a change in the future, which will motivate them to work harder. I wish to become a business Manager. I'd help others be more disciplined and maybe not overwork those who work for me. Furthermore, I'd- be able to donate to charity.In conclusion, being lazy has many factors. Being unmotivated, undisciplined, I overworked, mental health and distractions. There are many ways to overcome these problems, even though it may be hard, just know that a little goes a long way. |

**Text 3: Student’s Recount Text**

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| Assalamualaikum Mamah and Papah, It’s me your daughter, Fatimah Azzahra Khaerunissa. I think I’m still not used to staying in Indonesia because there’s still many things I’m unfamiliar with, so I still need time to adapt to my new environment. I still often think about wanting to go home, papah please pick me up. I miss everyone there. I miss bella. I want to be able to hug and cuddle bella. I won’t be able to see her until December, and that’s too long. I miss just going to the living room and have everyone in one room, I won’t be able to experience that that much anymore. Calling once a week and getting visited once in a while isn’t really enough. I really miss everyone; I want to go home. I’m used to having so much free time but in here there’s so many activities so I get tired easily. I’m currently having English class and we got an assignment which is to write this. After this lesson I have a math exam that I didn’t fully revise for yet so I’m confident my grades won’t be high, pah help me ☹ the lessons here is so difficult I don’t understand the language, especially physics. I’m used to being able to understand physics in AKIS so not being able to understand physics here is stressing me out, and having low grades is something I rarely get so it’s really bothering me but I’m still going to try my best to improve my grades and make everyone proud however it will probably take a long time. I think the first term will be really hard, and I know that but I’m going to work hard to improve my grades and complain less. I want to be able to get as much knowledge and be able to achieve my dreams and make my parents proud. I’m grateful I have friends here that would always be open for me talk and rant to so I won’t feel lonely and can make myself feel better when I feel down. I also miss my friends there, I miss going out with them and talking to them.Next week i have half term examination and mamah is coming to visit me yay! And then we have half term break! Even though the examination will be tough im going to use my break as a motivation for me to be able to go through that one week. After that one week I’ll be able to see mamah and teteh; call papah, khassa and shaddiq more often. Please pray that the examination will go well and that there are improvements in my grade. I know papah said to not stress over the grades and focus on adapting to assyifa, however I still don’t want to disappoint anyone so I really want to work hard. I hope if my grades are bad it can improve as time pass by. Maybe for now they’ll be at average but I’ll try to make them better.During break I want to use it to spend time with mamah and teteh to heal my feeling of homesick. Mamah, papah pray for me that everything here will go well. I will pray for everyone there too, I hope khanssa and shaddiq studies well and always stays healthy. And I hope teteh enjoys her new university and can receive great education. Thank you mamah and papah for always supporting me and and always being by my side. You’ve never once complained about me and will always listen to my complaints. I would never trade you both for anything and will love you always. I apologize for being annoying and not listening to you both sometimes. There are times when I went against your instructions but you both stayed patient with me. You both should know that you guys are the most important people in my life and I will always pray for the best for you. I can’t wait to call you later today to tell you guys about how my week went. There’s so much I want to say but I can’t really think of a way to express it through this letter so I think I’ll just save the others for when I see you both again so it’s easier for me to tell my story andways i Love you 3000♡, please take care of your health and don’t worry about me too much, everything here is going well.  |

**Text 4: Student’s Narrative Text**

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| Where did the children go?My junior high school campus was across the lake. I moved because my dad had a new job, and there were stories about that place anyway. My best friend, Chiara, used to go to school there too. She had unusual looks than the rest. With droopy pastel pink eyes, it matched with her blonde, permed hair. She was thin and wasn't that tall either. Her figure was perfect and her smile was warm. It was like she was a doll.In fact, she had perfect A's in most of her subjects. She had a handful of friends but quite a lot of who hated her. She never missed a day of school because she really is that much of a high achiever. Until one day she stopped coming; missing more than 3 weeks of school was already an alarming amount. There were rumours that grew amongst her classmates. Words like "kidnapped" and "ran away" were in it. Believe me, I have no idea how those words managed to get there. But I know for sure that they're all ridiculous stories just to frighten other students.----☆----Currently, I just finished high school, on my way to college. No news about Chiara. Over the past 3 years I kept in contact with a few of my friends who stayed behind. They said there's more missing cases. Due to this, the city had a billboard just for missing-people sign. Of course, I'd be curious, so I went and checked it out. ----☆----There in the distance, the board stood sturdy up ahead, next to a bench. My vision wasn't that well as it was a cold foggy day, blurring my glasses. I clutched my brown leather bag close to my chest, as an eerie feeling crept up my spine. Looking around, are just buildings, some broken, some closed and taped or boarded with wood, but definitely no people. It was a dead city, a ghost city. My steps and the wind were the only noises I can hear, not even a bird chirping its usual cheerful tune. It was deafening. Glancing at the board and it was all filled with the word "missing" stamped in red repeatedly with the faces of distraught children. I noticed how everyone were around the ages of 8 to 13, very young. I was so focused on the board, analyzing it, that I didnt notice that there was a black figure following me. Its shape was unfamiliar to me, I couldn't tell if it was moving towards me, if it was even human. Not only that but the bench that was supposedly next to the board was behind me now, facing the board like seats facing a large screen in a cinema. I wasn't hallucinating now am I? |