

APPENDICES

Appendix. 1.

Research Schedule

No	Activity	Dec-21				Jan-22				Feb-22				Mar-22				Apr-22				May-22				Jun-22				Jul-22				Aug-22								
		1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4					
		1	Proposal and Revising Thesis Proposal	[Filled]																																						
2	Guiding with Advisor	[Filled]																																								
3	Proposal Seminar																																									
4	Proposal Revision																																									
5	Collecting the Data																																									
6	Analyzing the Data																																									
7	Presenting the Finding																																									
8	Thesis Examination																																									
9	Thesis Revision																																									

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Appendix.2.

A. THE WIZARD AND THE HOPPING POT

There was once a kindly old wizard who used his magic generously and wisely for the benefit of his neighbours. Rather than reveal the true source of his power, he pretended that his potions, charms and antidotes sprang ready-made from the little cauldron he called his lucky cooking pot. From miles around people came to him with their troubles, and the wizard was pleased to give his pot a stir and put things right.

This well-beloved wizard lived to a goodly age, then died, leaving all his chattels to his only son. This son was of a very different disposition to his gentle father. Those who could not work magic were, to the son's mind, worthless, and he had often quarrelled with his father's habit of dispensing magical aid to their neighbours.

Upon the father's death, the son found hidden inside the old cooking pot a small package bearing his name. He opened it, hoping for gold, but found instead a soft, thick slipper, much too small to wear, and with no pair. A fragment of parchment within the slipper bore the words "In the fond hope, my son, that you will never need it."

The son cursed his father's age-softened mind, then threw the slipper back into the cauldron, resolving to use it henceforth as a rubbish pail.

That very night a peasant woman knocked on the front door.

“My granddaughter is afflicted by a crop of warts, sir,” she told him. “Your father used to mix a special poultice in that old cooking pot –”

“Begone!” cried the son. “What care I for your brat’s warts?”

And he slammed the door in the old woman’s face.

At once there came a loud clanging and banging from his kitchen. The wizard lit his wand and opened the door, and there, to his amazement, he saw his father’s old cooking pot: it had sprouted a single foot of brass, and was hopping on the spot, in the middle of the floor, making a fearful noise upon the flagstones.

The wizard approached it in wonder, but fell back hurriedly when he saw that the whole of the pot’s surface was covered in warts.

“Disgusting object!” he cried, and he tried firstly to Vanish the pot, then to clean it by magic, and finally to force it out of the house. None of his spells worked, however, and he was unable to prevent the pot hopping after him out of the kitchen, and then following him up to bed, clanging and banging loudly on every wooden stair.

The wizard could not sleep all night for the banging of the warty old pot by his bedside, and next morning the pot insisted upon hopping after him to the breakfast table. Clang, clang, clang, went the brass-footed pot, and the wizard had not even started his porridge when there came another knock on the door.

An old man stood on the doorstep.

“’Tis my old donkey, sir,” he explained. “Lost, she is, or stolen, and without her I cannot take my wares to market, and my family will go hungry tonight.”

“And I am hungry now!” roared the wizard, and he slammed the door upon the old man.

Clang, clang, clang, went the cooking pot’s single brass foot upon the floor, but now its clamour was mixed with the brays of a donkey and human groans of hunger, echoing from the depths of the pot.

“Be still. Be silent!” shrieked the wizard, but not all his magical powers could quieten the warty pot, which hopped at his heels all day, braying and groaning and clanging, no matter where he went or what he did.

That evening there came a third knock upon The Tales of Beedle the Bard’s door, and there on the threshold stood a young woman sobbing as though her heart would break.

“My baby is grievously ill,” she said. “Won’t you please help us? Your father bade me come if troubled —”

But the wizard slammed the door on her. And now the tormenting pot filled to the brim with salt water, and slopped tears all over the floor as it hopped, and brayed, and groaned, and sprouted more warts.

Though no more villagers came to seek help at the wizard’s cottage for the rest of the week, the pot kept him informed of their many ills.

Within a few days, it was not only braying and groaning and slopping and hopping and sprouting warts, it was also choking and retching, crying like a baby, whining like a dog, and The Wizard and the Hopping Pot spewing out bad cheese and sour milk and a plague of hungry slugs.

The wizard could not sleep or eat with the pot beside him, but the pot refused to leave, and he could not silence it or force it to be still.

At last the wizard could bear it no more.

“Bring me all your problems, all your troubles and your woes!” he screamed, fleeing into the The Tales of Beedle the Bard 10 night, with the pot hopping behind him along the road into the village. “Come! Let me cure you, mend you and comfort you! I have my father’s cooking pot, and I shall make you well!”

And with the foul pot still bounding along behind him, he ran up the street, casting spells in every direction.

Inside one house the little girl’s warts vanished as she slept; the lost donkey was Summoned from a distant briar patch and set down softly in its stable; the sick baby was doused in dittany and woke, well and rosy. At every house of sickness and sorrow, the wizard did his best, and gradually the cooking pot beside him stopped groaning and retching, and became quiet, shiny and clean.

“Well, Pot?” asked the trembling wizard, as the sun began to rise.

The pot burped out the single slipper he had thrown into it, and permitted him to fit it on to the brass foot. Together, they set off back to the wizard's house, the pot's footstep muffled at last. But from that day forward, the wizard helped the villagers like his father before him, lest the pot cast off its slipper, and begin to hop once more.

B. THE FOUNTAIN OF FAIR FORTUNE

High on a hill in an enchanted garden, enclosed by tall walls and protected by strong magic, flowed the Fountain of Fair Fortune. Once a year, between the hours of sunrise and sunset on the longest day, a single unfortunate was given the chance to fight their way to the Fountain, bathe in its waters and receive Fair Fortune for evermore.

On the appointed day, hundreds of people travelled from all over the kingdom to reach the garden walls before dawn. Male and female, rich and poor, young and old, of magical means and without, they gathered in the darkness, each hoping that they would be the one to gain entrance to the garden.

Three witches, each with her burden of woe, met on the outskirts of the crowd, and told one another their sorrows as they waited for sunrise.

The first, by name Asha, was sick of a malady no Healer could cure. She hoped that the Fountain would banish her symptoms and grant her a long and happy life.

The second, by name Altheda, had been The Fountain of Fair Fortune 23 robbed of her home, her gold and her wand by an evil sorcerer. She hoped that the Fountain might relieve her of powerlessness and poverty.

The third, by name Amata, had been deserted by a man whom she loved dearly, and she thought her heart would never mend. She hoped that the Fountain would relieve her of her grief and longing.

Pitying each other, the three women agreed that, should the chance befall them, they would unite and try to reach the Fountain together.

The sky was rent with the first ray of sun, and a chink in the wall opened. The crowd surged forward, each of them shrieking their claim for the Fountain's benison. Creepers from the garden beyond snaked through the pressing mass, and twisted themselves around the first witch, Asha. She grasped the wrist of the second witch, Altheda, who seized tight upon the robes of the third witch, Amata.

And Amata became caught upon the armour of a dismal-looking knight who was seated on a bone-thin horse.

The creepers tugged the three witches through the chink in the wall, and the knight was dragged off his steed after them.

The furious screams of the disappointed throng rose upon the morning air, then fell silent as the garden walls sealed once more.

Asha and Altheda were angry with Amata, who had accidentally brought along the knight.

“Only one can bathe in the Fountain! It will be hard enough to decide which of us it will be, without adding another!”

Now, Sir Luckless, as the knight was known in the land outside the walls, observed that these were witches, and, having no magic, nor any great skill at jousting or duelling with swords, nor anything that distinguished the non-magical man, was sure that he had no hope of beating the three women to the Fountain. He therefore declared his intention of withdrawing outside the walls again.

At this, Amata became angry too. “Faint heart!” she chided him. “Draw your sword, Knight, and help us reach our goal!” And so the three

witches and the forlorn knight ventured forth into the enchanted garden, where rare herbs, fruit and flowers grew in abundance on either side of the sunlit paths. They met no obstacle until they reached the foot of the hill on which the Fountain stood. There, however, wrapped around the base of the hill, was a monstrous white Worm, bloated and blind. At their approach, it turned a foul face upon them, and uttered the following words:

“Pay me the proof of your pain.”

Sir Luckless drew his sword and attempted to kill the beast, but his blade snapped. Then Altheda cast rocks at the Worm, while Asha and

Amata essayed every spell that might subdue or entrance it, but the power of their wands was no more effective than their friend's stone, or the knight's steel: the Worm would not let them pass.

The sun rose higher and higher in the sky, and Asha, despairing, began to weep. Then the great Worm placed its face upon hers and drank the tears from her cheeks. Its thirst assuaged, the Worm slithered aside, and vanished into a hole in the ground. Rejoicing at the Worm's disappearance, the three witches and the knight began to climb the hill, sure that they would reach the Fountain before noon. Halfway up the steep slope, however, they came across words cut into the ground before them. Pay me the fruit of your labours. Sir Luckless took out his only coin, and placed it upon the grassy hillside, but it rolled away and was lost. The three witches and the knight continued to climb, but though they walked for hours more, they advanced not a step; the summit came no nearer, and still the inscription lay in the earth before them.

All were discouraged as the sun rose over their heads and began to sink towards the far horizon, but Altheda walked faster and harder than any of them, and exhorted the others to follow her example, though she moved no further up the enchanted hill. "Courage, friends, and do not yield!" she cried, wiping the sweat from her brow.

As the drops fell glittering on to the earth, the inscription blocking their path vanished, and they found that they were able to move upwards once more.

Delighted by the removal of this second obstacle, they hurried towards the summit as fast as they could, until at last they glimpsed the, glittering like crystal in a bower of flowers and trees. Before they could reach it, however, they came to a stream that ran round the hilltop, barring their way. In the depths of the clear water lay a smooth stone bearing the words: Pay me the treasure of your past. Sir Luckless attempted to float across the stream on his shield, but it sank. The three witches pulled him from the water, then tried to leap the brook themselves, but it would not let them cross, and all the while the sun was sinking lower in the sky.

So they fell to pondering the meaning of the stone's message, and Amata was the first to understand. Taking her wand, she drew from her mind all the memories of happy times she had spent with her vanished lover, and dropped them into the rushing waters. The stream swept them away, and stepping stones appeared, and the three witches and the knight were able to pass at last on to the summit of the hill.

The Fountain shimmered before them, set amidst herbs and flowers rarer and more beautiful than any they had yet seen. The sky burned ruby, and it was time to decide which of them would bathe. Before they could

make their decision, however, frail Asha fell to the ground. Exhausted by their struggle to the summit, she was close to death.

Her three friends would have carried her to the Fountain, but Asha was in mortal agony and begged them not to touch her.

Then Altheda hastened to pick all those herbs she thought most hopeful, and mixed them in Sir Luckless's gourd of water, and poured the potion into Asha's mouth.

At once, Asha was able to stand. What was more, all symptoms of her dread malady had vanished.

"I am cured!" she cried. "I have no need of the Fountain – let Altheda bathe!"

But Altheda was busy collecting more herbs in her apron.

"If I can cure this disease, I shall earn gold aplenty! Let Amata bathe!"

Sir Luckless bowed, and gestured Amata towards the Fountain, but she shook her head. The stream had washed away all regret for her lover, and she saw now that he had been cruel and faithless, and that it was happiness enough to be rid of him.

"Good sir, you must bathe, as a reward for all your chivalry!" she told Sir Luckless.

So the knight clanked forth in the last rays of the setting sun, and bathed in the Fountain of Fair Fortune, astonished that he was the chosen one of hundreds and giddy with his incredible luck.

As the sun fell below the horizon, Sir Luckless emerged from the waters with the glory of his triumph upon him, and flung himself in his rusted armour at the feet of Amata, who was the kindest and most beautiful woman he had ever beheld. Flushed with success, he begged for her hand and her heart, and Amata, no less \ delighted, realised that she had found a man worthy of them.

The three witches and the knight set off down the hill together, arm in arm, and all four led long and happy lives, and none of them ever knew or suspected that the Fountain's waters carried no enchantment at all.

C. THE WARLOCK'S HAIR HEART

There was once a handsome, rich and talented young warlock, who observed that his friends grew foolish when they fell in love, gambolling and preening, losing their appetites and their dignity. The young warlock resolved never to fall prey to such weakness, and employed Dark Arts to ensure his immunity.

Unaware of his secret, the warlock's family laughed to see him so aloof and cold.

“All will change,” they prophesied, “when a maid catches his fancy!”

But the young warlock’s fancy remained untouched. Though many a maiden was intrigued by his haughty mien, and employed her most subtle arts to please him, none succeeded in touching his heart. The warlock gloried in his indifference and the sagacity that had produced it.

The first freshness of youth waned, and the warlock’s peers began to wed, and then to bring forth children.

“Their hearts must be husks,” he sneered inwardly, as he observed the antics of the young parents around him, “shrivelled by the demands of these mewling offspring!”

And once again he congratulated himself upon the wisdom of his early choice. In due course, the warlock’s aged parents died. Their son did not mourn them; on the contrary, he considered himself blessed by their demise. Now he reigned alone in their castle. Having transferred his greatest treasure to the deepest dungeon, he gave himself over to a life of ease and plenty, his comfort the only aim of his many servants.

The warlock was sure that he must be an object of immense envy to all who beheld his splendid and untroubled solitude. Fierce were his anger and chagrin, therefore, when he overheard two of his lackeys discussing their master one day.

The first servant expressed pity for the warlock who, with all his wealth and power, was yet beloved by nobody.

But his companion jeered, asking why a man with so much gold and a palatial castle to his name had been unable to attract a wife.

Their words dealt dreadful blows to the listening warlock's pride. He resolved at once to take a wife, and that she would be a wife superior to all others. She would possess astounding beauty, exciting envy and desire in every man who beheld her; she would spring from magical lineage, so that their offspring would inherit outstanding magical gifts; and she would have wealth at least equal to his own, so that his comfortable existence would be assured, in spite of additions to his household.

It might have taken the warlock fifty years to find such a woman, yet it so happened that the very day after he decided to seek her, a maiden answering his every wish arrived in the neighbourhood to visit her kinsfolk.

She was a witch of prodigious skill and possessed of much gold. Her beauty was such that it tugged at the heart of every man who set eyes on her; of every man, that is, except one. The warlock's heart felt nothing at all. Nevertheless, she was the prize he sought, so he began to pay her court.

All who noticed the warlock's change in manners were amazed, and told the maiden that she had succeeded where a hundred had failed. The young woman herself was both fascinated and repelled by the warlock's attentions. She sensed the coldness that lay behind the warmth of his flattery, and had never met a man so strange and remote.

Her kinsfolk, however, deemed theirs a most suitable match and, eager to promote it, accepted the warlock's invitation to a great feast in the maiden's honour.

The table was laden with silver and gold bearing the finest wines and most sumptuous foods. Minstrels strummed on silk-stringed lutes and sang of a love their master had never felt. The maiden sat upon a throne beside the warlock, who spoke low, employing words of tenderness he had stolen from the poets, without any idea of their true meaning.

The maiden listened, puzzled, and finally replied, "You speak well, Warlock, and I would be delighted by your attentions, if only I thought you had a heart!" The warlock smiled, and told her that she need not fear on that score. Bidding her follow, he led her from the feast, and down to the locked dungeon where he kept his greatest treasure. Here, in an enchanted crystal casket, was the warlock's beating heart.

Long since disconnected from eyes, ears and fingers, it had never fallen prey to beauty, or to a musical voice, to the feel of silken skin. The

maiden was terrified by the sight of it, for the heart was shrunken and covered in long black hair.

“Oh, what have you done?” she lamented. “Put it back where it belongs, I beseech you!”

Seeing that this was necessary to please her, the warlock drew his wand, unlocked the crystal casket, sliced open his own breast and replaced the hairy heart in the empty cavity it had once occupied.

“Now you are healed and will know true love!” cried the maiden, and she embraced him.

The touch of her soft white arms, the sound of her breath in his ear, the scent of her heavy gold hair: all pierced the newly awakened heart like spears. But it had grown strange during its long exile, blind and savage in the darkness to which it had been condemned, and its appetites had grown powerful and perverse.

The guests at the feast had noticed the absence of their host and the maiden. At first untroubled, they grew anxious as the hours passed, and finally began to search the castle. They found the dungeon at last, and a most dreadful sight awaited them there. The maiden lay dead upon the floor, her breast cut open, and beside her crouched the mad warlock, holding in one bloody hand a great, smooth, shining scarlet heart, which he licked and stroked, vowing to exchange it for his own.

In his other hand, he held his wand, trying to coax from his own chest the shrivelled, hairy heart.

But the hairy heart was stronger than he was, and refused to relinquish its hold upon his senses or to return to the coffin in which it had been locked for so long.

Before the horror-struck eyes of his guests, the warlock cast aside his wand, and seized a silver dagger. Vowing never to be mastered by his own heart, he hacked it from his chest. For one moment, the warlock knelt triumphant, with a heart clutched in each hand; then he fell across the maiden's body, and died.

D. BABBITY RABBITY AND HER CACKLING STUMP

A long time ago, in a far-off land, there lived a foolish king who decided that he alone should have the power of magic.

He therefore commanded the head of his army to form a Brigade of Witch-Hunters, and issued them with a pack of ferocious black hounds. At the same time, the King caused proclamations to be read in every village and town across the land: "Wanted by the King, an Instructor in Magic."

No true witch or wizard dared volunteer for the post, for they were all in hiding from the Brigade of Witch-Hunters.

However, a cunning charlatan with no magical power saw a chance of enriching himself, and arrived at the palace, claiming to be a wizard of enormous skill. The charlatan performed a few simple tricks, which convinced the foolish King of his magical powers, and was immediately appointed Grand Sorcerer in Chief, the King's Private Magic Master.

The charlatan bade the King give him a large sack of gold, so that he might purchase wands and other magical necessities. He also requested several large rubies, to be used in the casting of curative charms, and a silver chalice or two, for the storing and maturing of potions. All these things the foolish King supplied.

The charlatan stowed the treasure safely in his own house and returned to the palace grounds. He did not know that he was being watched by an old woman who lived in a hovel on the edge of the grounds.

Her name was Babbitty, and she was the washerwoman who kept the palace linens soft, fragrant and white. Peeping from behind her drying sheets, Babbitty saw the charlatan snap two twigs from one of the King's trees and disappear into the palace.

The charlatan gave one of the twigs to the King and assured him that it was a wand of tremendous power. "It will only work, however," said the charlatan, "when you are worthy of it." Every morning the charlatan and the foolish King walked out into the palace grounds, where they waved their wands and shouted nonsense at the sky. The charlatan

was careful to perform more tricks, so that the King remained convinced of his Grand Sorcerer's skill, and of the power of the wands that had cost so much gold.

One morning, as the charlatan and the foolish King were twirling their twigs, and hopping in circles, and chanting meaningless rhymes, a loud cackling reached the King's ears. Babbitty the washerwoman was watching the King and the charlatan from the window of her tiny cottage, and was laughing so hard she soon sank out of sight, too weak to stand.

"I must look most undignified, to make the old washerwoman laugh so!" said the King. He ceased his hopping and twig twirling, and frowned. "I grow weary of practice! When shall I be ready to perform real spells in front of my subjects, Sorcerer?"

The charlatan tried to soothe his pupil, assuring him that he would soon be capable of astonishing feats of magic, but Babbitty's cackling had stung the foolish King more than the charlatan knew.

"Tomorrow," said the King, "we shall invite our court to watch their King perform magic!"

The charlatan saw that the time had come to take his treasure and flee.

"Alas, Your Majesty, it is impossible! I had forgotten to tell Your Majesty that I must set out on a long journey tomorrow –"

“If you leave this palace without my permission, Sorcerer, my Brigade of Witch-Hunters will hunt you down with their hounds!

Tomorrow morning you will assist me to perform magic for the benefit of my lords and ladies, and if anybody laughs at me, I shall have you beheaded!”

The King stormed back to the palace, leaving the charlatan alone and afraid. Not all his cunning could save him now, for he could not run away, nor could he help the King with magic that neither of them knew.

Seeking a vent for his fear and his anger, the charlatan approached the window of Babbitty the washerwoman. Peering inside, he saw the little old lady sitting at her table, polishing a wand. In a corner behind her, the King’s sheets were washing themselves in a wooden tub.

The charlatan understood at once that Babbitty was a true witch, and that she who had given him his awful problem could also solve it. “Crone!” roared the charlatan. “Your cackling has cost me dear! If you fail to help me, I shall denounce you as a witch, and it will be you who is torn apart by the King’s hounds!”

Old Babbitty smiled at the charlatan and assured him that she would do everything in her power to help.

The charlatan instructed her to conceal herself inside a bush while the King gave his magical display, and to perform the King’s spells for

him, without his knowledge. Babbitty agreed to the plan but asked one question.

“What, sir, if the King attempts a spell Babbitty cannot perform?” The charlatan scoffed. “Your magic is more than equal to that fool’s imagination,” he assured her, and he retired to the castle, well pleased with his own cleverness. The following morning all the lords and ladies of the kingdom assembled in the palace grounds. The King climbed on to a stage in front of them, with the charlatan by his side. “I shall firstly make this lady’s hat disappear!” cried the King, pointing his twig at a noblewoman. From inside a bush nearby, Babbitty pointed her wand at the hat and caused it to vanish.

Great was the astonishment and admiration of the crowd, and loud their applause for the jubilant King. “Next, I shall make that horse fly!” cried the King, pointing his twig at his own steed.

From inside the bush, Babbitty pointed her wand at the horse and it rose high into the air. The crowd was still more thrilled and amazed, and they roared their appreciation of their magical King. “And now,” said the King, looking all around for an idea; and the Captain of his Brigade of Witch-Hunters ran forwards. “Your Majesty,” said the Captain, “this very morning, Sabre died of eating a poisonous toadstool! Bring him back to life, Your Majesty, with your wand!” And the Captain heaved on to the stage the lifeless body of the largest of the witch-hunting hounds.

The foolish King brandished his twig and pointed it at the dead dog. But inside the bush, Babbitty smiled, and did not trouble to lift her wand, for no magic can raise the dead. When the dog did not stir, the crowd began first to whisper, and then to laugh. They suspected that the King's first two feats had been mere tricks after all.

"Why doesn't it work?" the King screamed at the charlatan, who bethought himself of the only ruse left to him.

"There, Your Majesty, there!" he shouted, pointing at the bush where Babbitty sat concealed. "I see her plain, a wicked witch who is blocking your magic with her own evil spells! Seize her, somebody, seize her!"

Babbitty fled from the bush, and the Brigade of Witch-Hunters set off in pursuit, unleashing their hounds, who bayed for Babbitty's blood. But as she reached a low hedge, the little witch vanished from sight, and when the King, the charlatan and all the courtiers gained the other side, they found the pack of witch-hunting hounds barking and scrabbling around a bent and aged tree. "She has turned herself into a tree!" screamed the charlatan and, dreading lest Babbitty turn back into a woman and denounce him, he added, "Cut her down, Your Majesty, that is the way to treat evil witches!" An axe was brought at once, and the old tree was felled to loud cheers from the courtiers and the charlatan. However, as they were making ready to return to the palace, the sound of loud cackling stopped

them in their tracks. "Fools!" cried Babbitty's voice from the stump they had left behind. "No witch or wizard can be killed by being cut in half! Take the axe, if you do not believe me, and cut the Grand Sorcerer in two!"

The Captain of the Brigade of Witch-Hunters was eager to make the experiment, but as he raised the axe the charlatan fell to his knees, screaming for mercy and confessing all his wickedness. As he was dragged away to the dungeons, the tree stump cackled more loudly than ever. "By cutting a witch in half, you have unleashed a dreadful curse upon your kingdom!" it told the petrified King. "Henceforth, every stroke of harm that you inflict upon my fellow witches and wizards will feel like an axe stroke in your own side, until you will wish you could die of it!"

At that, the King fell to his knees too, and told the stump that he would issue a proclamation at once, protecting all the witches and wizards of the kingdom, and allowing them to practise their magic in peace.

"Very good," said the stump, "but you have not yet made amends to Babbitty!" "Anything, anything at all!" cried the foolish King, wringing his hands before the stump.

"You will erect a statue of Babbitty upon me, in memory of your poor washerwoman, and to remind you for ever of your own foolishness!" said the stump.

The King agreed to it at once, and promised to engage the foremost sculptor in the land, and have the statue made of pure gold. Then the shamed King and all the noblemen and women returned to the palace, leaving the tree stump cackling behind them.

When the grounds were deserted once more, there wriggled from a hole between the roots of the tree stump a stout and whiskery old rabbit with a wand clamped between her teeth. Babbitty hopped out of the grounds and far away, and ever after a golden statue of the washerwoman stood upon the tree stump, and no witch or wizard was ever persecuted in the kingdom again.

E. THE TALES OF THE THREE BROTHERS

There were once three brothers who were travelling along a lonely, winding road at twilight. In time, the brothers reached a river too deep to wade through and too deep to swim across. However, these brothers were learnt in the magical arts, so they simply waved their wand and made a bridge appear across the treacherous water. They were halfway across it when they found their path blocked by a hooded figure. And Death spoke to them. He was angry that he had been cheated out of three new victims, for travellers usually drowned in the river. But Death was cunning. He pretended to congratulate the three brothers upon their magic, and said that each had earned a prize for having been clever enough to evade him.

So the oldest brother, who was a combative man, asked for a wand more powerful than any in existence: a wand that must always win duels for its owner, a wand worthy of a wizard who had conquered Death! So Death crossed to an elder tree on the banks of the river, fashioned a wand from a branch that hung there, and gave it to the eldest brother.

Then the second brother, who was an arrogant man, decided that he wanted to humiliate Death still further and asked for the power to recall others from death. So Death picked up the stone from the riverbank and gave it to the second brother, and told him that the stone would have the power to bring back the dead. And then Death asked the third and youngest brother what he would like. The youngest brother was the humblest and also the wisest of the brothers, and he did not trust Death. So he asked for something that would enable him to go forth from that place without being followed by Death. And Death, most unwillingly, handed over his own Cloak of Invisibility. Then Death stood aside and allowed the three brothers to continue on their way and they did so, talking with wonder of the adventure they had had, and admiring Death's gifts. In due course the brothers separated, each for his own destination.

The first brother travelled for a week or more, and reached a distant village, he sought out a fellow with whom he had a quarrel. Naturally, with the Elder Wand as his weapon, he could not fail to win the duel that followed. Leaving his enemy dead upon the floor, the oldest brother proceeded to an inn, where he boasted loudly of the powerful wand he had

snatched from Death himself, and of how it made him invincible. That very night, another wizard crept upon the eldest brother. The thief took the wand and used it to kill the first brother. And so Death took the first brother for his own.

Meanwhile, the second brother travelled to his own home, where he lived alone. Here, he took out the stone that had the power to recall the dead, and turned it thrice in his hand. To his amazement and his delight, the figure of the girl he had once hoped to marry before her untimely death, appeared before him once more. Yet she was silent and cold, separated from him as though by a veil. Though she had returned to the mortal world, she did not truly belong there and suffered. Finally, the second brother's body gave up on him and he truly joined his love.

And so Death took the second brother for his own. But though Death searched for the third brother for many years, he was never able to find him. It was only when he had obtained a great age that the youngest brother finally took off the Cloak of Invisibility and gave it to his son. And then he greeted Death as an old friend, and went with him gladly, and, equals, they departed this life.

Appendix.3.

The Indonesia Version Stories

A. PENYIHIR DAN KUALI YANG MELOMPAT

Dahulu kala hiduplah seorang penyihir tua yang baik, menggunakan sihir hanya untuk menolong tetangga. Ia tidak pernah mengungkapkan memiliki ilmu sihir tetapi menjelaskan bahwa ramuan, mantra, dan obat-obatan yang dimilikinya tersedia berkat sebuah kualii kecil yang disebut kualii keberuntungan. Orang-orang berdatangan dari berbagai penjuru dan dengan senang hati penyihir tersebut menolong.

Penyihir tua disayangi banyak orang sampai akhirnya meninggal karena umur. Sebelum meninggal ia memberikan warisan kualii tersebut kepada anak semata wayang. Anak laki-laki itu memiliki pemikiran yang berbeda dengan sang ayah. Menurutnya, mereka yang tidak memiliki kemampuan sihir merupakan orang-orang tidak berguna dan penyihir muda sering bertengkar dengan sang ayah karena kebiasaannya memberikan pertolongan kepada para tetangga. Setelah kematian ayahnya, penyihir muda menemukan sebuah bungkusan disembunyikan dalam kualii kecil. Ia membukanya, sambil berharap didalamnya terdapat emas, tetapi yang ditemukan hanya sebuah sandal tebal, terlalu kecil untuk dikenakan, dan tanpa pasangan. Pada sandal terdapat tulisan yang diukir berbunyi, “Sangat berharap, anak ku, semoga kau tidak memerlukannya.”

Sang anak mengutuk pola pikir ayahnya, sandal dilempar kedalam kuali, dan akan menggunakan kuali tersebut sebagai tempat sampah. Pada suatu malam seorang petani wanita mengetuk pintu.

“Cucu perempuanku menderita karena sebuah kutil, tuan.” ujarnya,”Ayah mu biasa mencampur ramuan khusus didalam kuali tua ...” “Pergi!” teriak si anak, “Siapa yang peduli pada kutil?” Kemudian ia membanting pintu tepat diwajah wanita tua. Pada saat yang bersamaan terdengar gemerincing dan suara memelas terdengar dari arah dapur.

Penyihir muda mengacungkan tongkat sihirnya dan membuka pintu dapur, ia melihat dengan takjub, pada bagian bawah kuali tua warisan ayahnya muncul sebuah kaki dari kuningan dan melompat-lompat di tengah ruangan, menimbulkan suara gaduh. Dengan penuh keingintahuan penyihir muda mencoba mendekati namun dengan cepat mundur ketika melihat seluruh permukaan kuali ditutupi oleh kutil.

“Benda yang menjijikan!” ia berteriak, sambil mencoba menghilangkan kuali, kemudian membersihkan kuali, dan akhirnya memaksanya keluar dari rumah. Namun tidak satupun mantra yang diucapkanya bekerja, bahkan ia tidak mampu menghambat kuali tersebut berlompat-lompat mengejarnya sampai keluar dapur. Kualinya terus mengikuti sampai ke ruang tidur, bergemerincing dan menimbulkan suara keras setiap menyentuh lantai yang terbuat dari kayu.

Penyihir muda tidak dapat tidur semalaman karena suara yang ditimbulkan kuali. Pada pagi harinya kuali mengejar sampai meja makan. Ting, ting, ting bunyi keluar dari kaki kuningan yang bertumbukan dengan lantai, penyihir muda belum mulai menyantap bubur, tiba-tiba terdengar pintu diketuk. Seorang kakek berdiri di pintu masuk. “Keledai saya, tuan,” ujarnya. “Hilang atau di curi, tolonglah tanpa keledai saya tidak dapat mengangkut barang-barang kepasar, dan kami akan kelaparan nanti malam ..”

“... dan saya lapar sekarang!” bentak penyihir muda, kemudian seperti sebelumnya ia membanting pintu didepan sang kakek.

Ting, ting, ting, kuali dengan satu kaki dari kuningan melompat-lompat diatas lantai, kali ini diikuti gabungan ringkikan keledai dan erangan orang kelaparan yang berasal dari dalam kuali.

“Tetap ditempat, diam!” pekik penyihir muda, tetapi tidak ada kekuatan sihir yang mampu membuat kuali berhenti. Benda tersebut terus besuara dan melompat-lompat mengikuti sang penyihir, dimanapun dan kapanpun.

Malam telah tiba, terdengar ketukan ketiga, disana berdiri seorang wanita sambil menangis tersedu-sedu terlihat sedih sekali.

“Bayi saya sakit sangat parah,” ujarnya. “Sudilah kiranya tuan menolong kami. Ayah tuan berpesan seandainya kami mendapat kesulitan ...”

Tanpa menunggu wanita tersebut menyelesaikan kalimatnya penyihir muda tersebut membanting pintu keras-keras.

Tak lama kemudian kualinya kesakitan dan penuh berisi air mata. Tumpah kelantai setiap melompat-lompat, terdengar ringkikan keledai, erangan orang kelaparan, dan tumbuh kutil disekujur kualinya.

Sekalipun tidak ada satupun penduduk yang datang mencari bantuan kepada penyihir muda sampai akhir minggu, kualinya selalu memberikan informasi jika ada penduduk yang sakit. Hari-hari berikutnya suara-suara yang keluar dari kualinya makin bertambah seperti suara orang batuk, tangisan bayi, gonggongan anjing, memuntahkan keju basi, menumpahkan susu dan keluar siput-siput yang kelaparan.

Penyihir muda tidak dapat tidur maupun makan dengan kualinya disampingnya, tetapi benda tersebut menolak untuk pergi dan tidak dapat diperintah untuk diam.

Sampai akhirnya penyihir muda tidak tahan lagi dan berteriak, “Kemarilah, ceritakan semua masalah dan kesulitan yang dihadapi.”

Ia berlari di malam gelap menuju desa, dengan kualinya melompat-lompat dibelakangnya. “Kemarilah! Saya akan mencoba menyembuhkan anda semua dan memperbaiki segala yang telah rusak! Saya memiliki kualinya warisan ayah saya, dan saya akan membuat anda semua baik kembali!”

Dengan kualinya berlari dibelakangnya ia terus berlari di jalan-jalan desa, mengucapkan mantra kesemua penjuru. Didalam rumah gadis kecil, kutilnya lenyap dan tetap tertidur pulas. Keledai muncul kembali dikandangannya, bayi yang sakit kembali sehat. Pada setiap rumah yang terdapat orang sakit dan kemalangan, penyihir muda melakukan hal terbaik yang dia bisa, dan secara bertahap kualinya disampingnya berhenti bersuara, menjadi bersih dan mengkilap.

“Bagaimana kualinya?” tanya penyihir muda saat matahari mulai terbit di ufuk timur. Kualinya memuntahkan sandal warisan penyihir tua kemudian kaki kuningannya memakainya. Bersama mereka kembali ke rumah penyihir muda, suara kaki kualinya tidak sekeras sebelumnya.

Sejak hari itu, penyihir muda mulai menolong penduduk desa seperti yang telah dilakukan ayahnya selama bertahun-tahun. Kualinya warisan seperti sudah mengerti dan tidak pernah melompat-lompat kembali.

B. MATA AIR KEBERUNTUNGAN

Didataran tinggi disebuah bukit terhampar taman yang indah, tertutup oleh dinding yang tinggi dan dilindungi oleh sihir yang kuat. Ditaman itu mengalir mata air keberuntungan. Sekali dalam setahun, sejak matahari terbit sampai terbenam di waktu yang paling panjang dari hari-hari yang lain, seorang yang “tidak beruntung” diberi kesempatan menemukan jalan ke arah mata air, mandi disana dan mendapatkan

keberuntungan abadi. Pada waktu yang telah ditetapkan, ratusan orang dari berbagai belahan penjuru dunia datang mengadu nasib untuk mencapai mata air tersebut sebelum senja tiba. Laki-laki, perempuan, tua, muda, miskin, kaya, penyihir maupun Muggle, bersama berkumpul pada saat masih gelap, masing-masing berharap mereka yang terpilih masuk kedalam taman.

Tiga penyihir, tiap-tiap mereka menanggung derita, tanpa sengaja bertemu didalam kerumunan ratusan orang, saling bercerita tentang kisah sedih mereka sambil menanti datangnya fajar. Yang pertama adalah Asha, yang menderita sebuah penyakit yang tidak dapat disembuhkan tabib manapun, dan dia berharap mata air itu dapat mengembalikan kesehatannya. Yang kedua adalah Altheda, ia telah dirampok rumahnya, hartanya, bahkan tongkat sihirnya oleh seorang penyihir yang jahat. Dia berharap mata air itu akan mengangkat perasaan tidak berdaya dan kemiskinannya. Penyihir ketiga, bernama Amata, ditinggalkan kekasihnya yang sangat ia cintai, dan merasa sakit hatinya tak mungkin terobati. Ia berharap mata air itu bisa mengobati duka.

Merasa senasib sepenanggungan mereka memutuskan bahwa tiga kepala lebih baik daripada hanya sendirian, kemudian mereka menggabungkan usul usul untuk mencapai mata air tersebut bersama-sama. Pada sambaran petir pertama, sebuah retakan di dinding muncul dan datangnya tanaman-tanaman menjalar dari taman menyambar dan meliliti

tubuh Asha, penyihir pertama. Dia memegang Altheda, yang merangkul Amata. Tetapi Amata menyentuh perisai perang seorang ksatria. Dan ketika tanaman menjalar tadi menarik Asha masuk, ketiga penyihir bersama ksatria ikut tertarik menembus dinding dan memasuki taman. Karena hanya satu dari mereka yang akan diperbolehkan mandi di Mata Air itu, Asha dan Altheda menyayangkan ketidaksengajaan Amata yang ikut membawa pesaing lainnya. Karena merasa tidak punya kekuatan sihir, setelah menyadari bahwa ketiga wanita tersebut adalah penyihir, dan menyadari kebenaran namanya Tuan Tidak Beruntung, ksatria itu mengatakan keinginannya untuk pergi. Amata mengejek keputusasaannya kemudian mengajaknya bergabung bersama mereka.

Dalam perjalanan menuju Mata Air, keempatnya menghadapi tiga tantangan. Tantangan pertama, mereka menghadapi cacing yang meminta bukti kesengsaraan mereka. Setelah mereka menggunakan beberapa cara dengan sihir maupun usaha lain yang hanya sia-sia belaka, Asha menitikkan air mata putus asa. Ternyata air mata tersebut memuaskan cacing lawan mereka sehingga keempat orang itu dibolehkan meneruskan perjalanan.

Kemudian, mereka menjumpai sebuah bukit yang menanjak terjal dan diminta untuk membayar hasil kerja keras mereka. Mereka mencoba dan terus mencoba menaiki bukit selama berjam-jam namun tidak berhasil. Akhirnya, usaha gagal Altheda ketika dia menyemangati teman-temannya

untuk maju hingga keringat mengucur dari atas alisnya membuat mereka lolos ujian itu.

Pada tantangan terakhir, mereka menjumpai sebuah aliran sungai deras yang harus dilintasi dan diminta untuk membayar harta masa lalu mereka.

Bingung memilih, berusaha berenang atau gagal, Amata yang akhirnya berpikir menggunakan tongkat sihirnya mengeluarkan ingatan-ingatan tentang kekasih yang meninggalkannya, kemudian menjatuhkannya ke air (sebuah pensieve). berpijak pada batu-batu di dalam air, keempat orang itu dapat menyeberang ke arah Mata Air, tempat mereka harus memutuskan siapa yang akan mandi di situ.

Tapi apa daya Asha pingsan karena kelelahan dan hampir mati. Dia mengalami penderitaan yang sangat sehingga dia tidak bisa melanjutkan langkahnya ke mata air dan memohon ketiga temannya untuk tidak memindahkannya. Altheda cepat-cepat mencampur sebuah ramuan mujarab untuk menolongnya dan kenyataannya ramuan itu berhasil menyembuhkan penyakitnya, sehingga dia tidak lagi berminat mandi dalam Mata Air itu. Dengan menyembuhkan Asha, Altheda menyadari bahwa dia memiliki kekuatan untuk menyembuhkan orang lain dan sehingga dapat menghasilkan uang. Dia tidak membutuhkan lagi mata air untuk menyembuhkan perasaan tidak berdaya dan kemiskinannya

Penyihir ketiga, Amata menyadari bahwa sesudah dia menyingkirkan rasa penyesalannya tentang kekasihnya, dia mampu melihat sifat mantan kekasih yang kejam dan tidak bisa dipercaya, dia tidak lagi membutuhkan Mata Air itu. dia berbalik kepada Tuan Tidak Beruntung dan menawarkan kesempatan padanya untuk mandi di Mata Air sebagai hadiah atas keberaniannya. Ksatria itu, yang tidak menyangka atas keberuntungannya, mandi di Mata Air dan menceburkan diri berikut baju besi berkaratnya.

Ketika matahari menghilang di ufuk barat, setelah mandi di mata air keberuntungan tersebut sang ksatria bersimpuh di bawah kaki Amata, memohon tangan dan hatinya. Ketiga penyihir mendapatkan impian mereka untuk kesembuhan, seorang ksatria tak beruntung memenangkan sebuah arti keberanian, dan Amata, seorang penyihir yang mempercayainya, menyadari bahwa dia telah menemukan seorang lelaki yang pantas menerimanya.

Ketiga penyihir dan satria turun dari bukit bersama-sama, berpegangan tangan dan keempatnya hidup bahagia selama-lamanya, namun tidak ada satupun dari mereka (termasuk ratusan orang yang tidak seberuntung mereka) yang tahu bahwa mata air keberuntungan tersebut adalah mata air biasa seperti mata air lainnya dan tidak memiliki keajaiban sebagaimana kabar yang tersiar.

C. PENYIHIR BERJANTUNG BERBULU

Jaman dahulu ada seorang penyihir muda tampan, berbakat, dan kaya raya. Ia melihat teman-temannya menjadi seperti orang bodoh hanya karena jatuh cinta, bahkan ada sampai kehilangan gairah hidup dan kehilangan harga diri mereka. Pemuda itu berhasrat tidak mau menunjukkan kelemahan macam itu sehingga dia menggunakan sihir hitam untuk mencegah dirinya jatuh cinta.

Tanpa disadari pemuda tersebut telah melangkah terlalu jauh, keluarga pemuda itu menertawakan usahanya menghindari cinta. Namun sang pemuda terlanjur bangga dan akan kepandaian serta kekuatannya untuk mengabaikan cinta. Ketika kedua orang tua penyihir itu meninggal dunia, dia sama sekali tidak merasakan kesedihan bahkan merasa terberkati karena kematian mereka. Sekarang ia seorang diri menguasai Kastil tersebut. Sang penyihir muda kemudian memindahkan kekayaan terhebatnya keruang bawah tanah.

Penyihir itu meyakinkan dirinya sendiri bahwa dia pantas membuat orang lain iri karena kesendiriannya, hingga pada suatu hari sang penyihir mendengar pembicaraan dua pembantunya yang membuatnya sangat kecewa. Salah satunya menaruh kasihan padanya dengan kekayaan seperti sekarang ini belum juga mendapatkan seseorang yang dikasihi.

Pembantu lain menertawakannya karena dengan kekayaan seperti yang dimiliki penyihir muda saat ini tidak dapat menarik seseorang

sebagai istrinya. Pembicaraan keduanya sangat menyakitkan hati sang penyihir. Kemudian ia memutuskan untuk mencari seorang istri, yang kemungkinan besar harus paling cantik agar orang-orang dapat mengaguminya, berasal dari keluarga penyihir yang sakti sehingga ia memiliki bakat yang sama seperti keluarganya, dan memiliki kekayaan setidaknya sama dengannya sehingga eksistensinya menjadi jelas.

Dibutuhkan waktu lama mendapatkan wanita sesuai dengan kriteria tersebut, namun sebuah keajaiban terjadi, satu hari setelah sang penyihir muda berketetapan mencari pendamping ia bertemu dengan seorang gadis penyihir yang kebetulan sedang mengunjungi keluarganya di lingkungan tersebut. Wanita tersebut memiliki keahlian sihir yang mumpuni, memiliki kekayaan yang tidak dapat diragukan lagi serta kecantikannya membuat semua pria terpana, kecuali satu orang. Penyihir muda tidak merasa sedikitpun perasaan yang dimiliki orang lain.

Namun demikian ia menganggap gadis penyihir itu sebagai hadiah utama, penyihir laki-laki itu mengejanya, meyakinkan semua orang yang dikenalnya bahwa ia telah berhasil merebut hati gadis tersebut. Tetapi gadis penyihir merasakan sikap kagum sekaligus aneh terhadap perhatian pemuda tersebut, ia merasakan sikap dingin dibalik kehangatan yang diperlihatkannya. Sang gadis tidak pernah bertemu dengan seorang pria yang begitu aneh. Keluarga gadis membesarkan hatinya bahwa mereka

berdua adalah pasangan yang serasi dan menyatakan kesediaan mereka menerima undangan pesta yang akan diadakan di kastil sang pemuda.

Pada saat pesta diadakan, meja-meja dihiasi dengan perak dan emas, dilengkapi anggur terbaik yang pernah ada dan makanan yang lezat. Pemuda dan sang gadis duduk berdampingan dan pemuda tersebut membisikkan syair-syair puisi yang ia sendiri sebenarnya tidak mengerti arti sesungguhnya. Sang gadis mendengarkan dengan seksama, dan akhirnya menjawab, “Engkau berbicara dengan baik, dan saya sangat senang atas perhatian yang diberikan hanya jika aku telah melihat hatimu!”

Sang pemuda tersenyum dan mengatakan tidak perlu khawatir akan masalah tersebut, kemudian ia membungkuk memberi salam hormat kemudian menuntun sang gadis mejauhi pesta tersebut menuju ruang bawah tanah yang terkunci tempat dia menyimpan rahasia terbesar miliknya. Disana pemuda menunjukkan sebuah kotak kristal, yang di dalamnya tersimpan sebetuk jantung yang berdetak.

Sudah lama sejak jantung tersebut terpisah dengan anggota tubuh yang lain, sudah tidak pernah memahami arti kecantikan, indahnya suara musik dan merasakan halusny kulit. Sang gadis menjadi ketakutan melihat kenyataan tersebut, jantung tersebut telah menyusut dan ditutupi oleh bulu hitam dan panjang.

“Oh, apa yang telah engkau lakukan?” tanyanya. “Kembalikan itu ketempatnya semula, kumohon padamu!”

Sang pemuda melihat hal tersebut dapat menyenangkan hati sang gadis, kemudian ia mengayunkan tongkat sihir untuk membuka kotak kristal, membelah dadanya dan meletakkan jantung berbulu itu di tempatnya.

“Sekarang kau akan mengerti apa itu cinta sejati!”, sang gadis menangis sambil memeluk pemuda tersebut.

Sentuhan dari tangan putih lembut, suara nafas yang terdengar ditelinga, dan hawa yang keluar dari rambut emas sang gadis, semuanya laksana anak panah yang membangunkan jantung yang baru menyatu dengan tubuhnya tersebut. Jantung tersebut membesar dengan aneh seiring tarikan nafas pemuda. Buta dan liar dalam kegelapan tempat selama ini sang jantung bersemayam, dan hasrat menguat serta mulai melawan sang pemuda.

Para tamu undangan pesta mulai memperhatikan ketidak hadiran tuan rumah dan sang gadis. Awalnya mereka menganggap hal tersebut wajar, namun berjam-jam mereka mulai resah dan mencari-cari keduanya dikastil tersebut sampai akhirnya mereka menemukan ruang bawah tanah dan terlihat sang gadis terbujur kaku dilantai dengan dada robek terbuka.

Disampingnya mayat pemuda memegang jantung merah bersinar milik si gadis yang akan dimasukan kedalam dadanya. Tangan yang lain memegang tongkat sihir untuk mencabut jantung berbulu miliknya yang terus melawan tidak mau meninggalkan tubuhnya. Hal tersebut terjadi begitu cepat, sang pemuda akhirnya membuang tongkat sihir kemudian menyambar pisau perak dan mencabut jantungnya dari rongga dada agar ia tidak dikuasai jantung berbulu tersebut. Untuk beberapa saat dia berlutut penuh kemenangan dengan sebuah jantung di masing-masing tangannya. Sampai akhirnya terjatuh diatas mayat sang gadis dalam keadaan tak bernyawa.

D. BABBITY SI KELINCI DAN BONGGOL POHON YANG DAPAT BICARA

Zaman dahulu kala, di suatu tempat yang jauh, hiduplah seorang raja yang bodoh, ia memutuskan hanya dirinyalah yang boleh memiliki ilmu sihir. Raja memerintahkan komandan pasukannya untuk membentuk brigade pemburu penyihir, dan memberikan mereka sekelompok anjing jenis black hound yang galak. Pada waktu yang sama, raja mengumumkan ke desa-desa dan kota-kota di seluruh negeri: “Dicari oleh Raja: Pengajar ilmu sihir.”

Tidak ada satupun penyihir yang secara suka rela mendaftar sayembara tersebut, semuanya bersembunyi dari kejaran brigade pemburu penyihir. Sampai akhirnya seorang penipu yang tidak memiliki

kemampuan sihir melihat peluang untuk memperkaya diri sendiri, memperkenalkan diri sebagai penyihir sakti. Penipu tersebut melakukan atraksi kecil untuk meyakinkan raja akan kehebatannya, karena kagum raja menunjuknya sebagai kepala penyihir kerajaan, merangkap guru sihir sang raja. Sang penipu meminta kepada raja sekantong besar emas, untuk membeli tongkat sihir dan peralatan sihir yang dibutuhkan. Ia juga meminta beberapa butir batu delima besar untuk jimat penyembuh, dan satu atau dua piala perak untuk menawar racun. Semua perangkat menggelikan tersebut disediakan oleh raja bodoh tersebut. Si penipu menyimpan harta karun ditempat aman di dalam rumahnya kemudian kembali ke istana.

Penipu tidak mengetahui gerak-geriknya diawasi oleh seorang wanita tua yang tinggal digubuk diujung halaman istana. Namanya Babbitty, pekerjaan sehari-hari mencuci seprai raja sehingga tetap lembut, segar, dan putih. Tanpa sengaja saat akan mengangkat seprai yang sudah kering, ia melihat penipu memetik dua buah ranting pada salah satu pohon di halaman istana, kemudian masuk kedalam istana. Penipu memberikan salah satu ranting kepada raja dan meyakinkannya bahwa ranting tersebut adalah tongkat sihir sakti. “Tongkat ini akan bekerja hanya jika memang ia merasa pantas.” Ujar sang penipu. Setiap pagi penipu dan raja yang bodoh berjalan-jalan di halaman istana, mereka melambai-lambaikan tongkat sihir mereka dan meneriakkan sesuatu yang dikatakan sebagai mantra. Sang penipu mencoba

tipuan baru agar Raja percaya pada kekuatan kepala sihir kerajaan, dan usaha raja untuk menguasai tongkat sihir tersebut menghasilkan banyak emas bagi penipu tersebut.

Suatu pagi ketika raja dan penipu seperti biasanya memutar-mutar tongkat sihir mereka dan mencoba membaca mantra-mantra yang sesungguhnya tidak berguna, raja mendengar suara cukup keras. Babbitty si pembersih seperai istana mengawasi mereka melalui jendela di rumah kecilnya, dan tertawa terbahak-bahak hingga tidak mampu berdiri. “Pasti terlihat tidak bermartabat hingga seorang tua pembersih seperai istana mentertawai Saya!” ujar sang raja. Ia berhenti memutar-mutar tongkat sihirnya dan berkata dengan sungguh-sungguh. “Saya sudah letih berlatih! Kapan saya bisa menggunakan mantra, hai penyihir kerajaan?” Penipu mencoba tetap tenang, meyakinkan raja bahwa tidak lama lagi ia akan melakukan sihir, tetapi tawa Babbitty telah menusuk hatinya lebih dari pada yang diketahui sang penipu.

“Esok hari,” titah sang raja, “Kita akan mengundang para bangsawan untuk melihat Raja menggunakan sihir!” Penipu melihat waktunya sudah tiba untuk mengambil barang-barangnya dan pergi menjauh. “Ampun tuanku, itu tidak mungkin! Saya lupa memberitahu tuan, saya harus menempuh perjalanan jauh besok ...” “Jika kau meninggalkan istana ini tanpa ijin ku, hai penyihir, maka brigade pemburu penyihir milikku akan mengejarmu sampai dapat! Besok pagi

kau akan mendampingi ku mempertunjukkan sihir, jika ada yang mentertawaku maka besok pagi kau akan kehilangan kepala!” Dengan langkah lebar sang raja kembali ke istana, meninggalkan penipu dalam kesendirian dan penuh ketakutan. Otaknya berpikir mencari cara untuk menyelamatkan diri, tapi bagaimana? Ia tidak mungkin melarikan diri, tidak mungkin pula menghasilkan sihir yang diinginkan sang raja. Sambil mencari pelampiasan kemarahannya, penipu mendekati jendela Babbitty dan mengintip kedalam rumah. Disana ia melihat seorang wanita tua dengan perawakan kecil sedang duduk menghadap meja sambil membersihkan sebuah tongkat sihir.

Tepat diujung ruangan seprei sang raja mencuci sendiri didalam ember kayu besar. Penipu mengerti sekarang, Babbitty adalah seorang penyihir, dan ia menjadi kunci penyelesaian masalah yang sedang dihadapinya. “Hai tua bangka!” teriak penipu, “Ucapan mu telah menyebabkan saya dalam masalah! Jika kau tidak mau menolong maka akan saya laporkan kepada raja bahwa kamu seorang penyihir dan anjing-anjing kerajaan dengan senang hati mencabik-cabik tubuhmu!” Babbitty tersenyum kepada sang penipu, dan menjawab ia akan menolong dengan menggunakan kekuatan yang dimilikinya. Penipu memerintahnya untuk bersembunyi dibalik semak-semak pada saat raja memperagakan sihir. Ia setuju dengan rencana tersebut kemudian menanyakan satu pertanyaan. “Bagaimana seandainya raja menginginkan sesuatu yang mantranya tidak saya kuasai?” Penyihir palsu memberi

jawaban mengejek. “Sihirmu sejajar dengan imajinsi si bodoh itu!” Sang penyihir meyakinkan Babbitty kemudian kembali ke istana, sambil tersenyum bangga akan kepintarannya.

Esok paginya semua bangsawan dan istri-istri mereka telah hadir dilapangan istana. Raja naik keatas panggung dengan kepala sihir kerajaan berdiri disampingnya. “Pertama-tama saya akan menghilangkan topi wanita ini.” Teriak raja sambil menunjuk topi dengan ranting yang dikira tongkat sihir. Dari dalam semak-semak Babbitty mengarahkan tongkat sihirnya kepada topi tersebut dan membuatnya menghilang. Tepuk tangan riuh rendah dan kekaguman menyambut hilangnya topi tersebut. “Selanjutnya saya akan membuat kuda yang ada disebelah sana terbang!” Teriak sang raja sambil menunjuk kuda jantan miliknya. Dari dalam semak Babbitty mengarahkan tongkat sihirnya pada kuda dimaksud dan perlahan-lahan naik keudara. Penonton semakin takjub dan tepuk tangan membahana dilapangan istana, mereka meneriakkan kata-kata pujian untuk raja mereka. “Dan sekarang ...” Raja melihat sekeliling mencari ide, kapten Brigade Pemburu Penyihir menghambur ke hadapan sang raja. “Tuan ku.” Ujar kapten, “Subuh tadi, Sabre mati keracunan! Mohon kesediaan paduka menghidupkannya kembali dengan tongkat sihir.” Sang kapten mengangkat anjing yang telah mati dari jenis black hound dihadapan sang raja bodoh tersebut. Dengan penuh keyakinan ia mengarahkan tongkat sihirnya kepada anjing tersebut. Dari balik semak-semak Babbitty tersenyum, ia tidak mengarahkan tongkat sihirnya karena

tidak ada sihir apapun yang dapat membangkitkan sesuatu yang telah mati. Ketika anjing tersebut tidak bergerak, kerumunanpun mulai berbisik, kemudian mulai tertawa. Mereka menganggap pertunjukan tadi hanyalah tipuan belaka.

“Mengapa tidak bekerja?” Teriak sang raja kepada kepala sihir kerajaan (yang sesungguhnya adalah penyihir palsu), merasa telah diperdayai. “Itu disana yang mulia!” Penipu menunjuk kearah semak-semak dimana Babbitty bersembunyi. “Saya melihat wanita itu yang melakukannya, ia menahan sihir anda dengan ilmu hitam yang dimilikinya! Tangkap dia, pengawal tangkap wanita itu!” Babbitty keluar dari semak, dan Brigade Pemburu Penyihir mengejanya, melepas anjing-anjing pemburu yang terlihat haus akan darah Babbitty. Walaupun sudah tua namun ia terlihat lincah, penyihir kecil itu dapat meloloskan diri. Ketika Raja, penyihir palsu, dan brigade sampai disuatu tempat dilihat anjing-anjing mereka menyalak dan berputar-putar mengitari sebuah pohon yang telah tua. “Dia merubah dirinya menjadi pohon!” teriak penipu, ia khawatir Babbitty kembali kewujudnya semula kemudian mengadakan perihal siapa ia sebenarnya. “Tebang pohon tersebut, Yang Mulia, hanya itu satu-satunya cara untuk menghancurkan penyihir jahat tersebut.” lanjutnya. Kapak segera dibawa dan pohon tua tersebut ditebang, penipu, pasuka brigade pemburu penyihir, dan semua yang hadir disitu terlihat gembira. Tetapi pada saat mereka bersiap kembali ke istana, terdengar sebuah teriakan keras.

“Bodoh...!” suara Babbity dari arah bonggol pohon bekas tebangannya tadi. “Tidak ada seorang penyihirpun yang mati hanya dengan dibelah menjadi dua! Kalau tidak percaya ambil kapak itu lalu belahlah *kepala sihir kerajaan* menjadi dua!” Kapten Brigade Pemburu Penyihir tertarik melakukan percobaan yang diinstruksikan oleh suara Babbity, namun belum kapak diayunkan sang penipu sudah menjerit sekeras-kerasnya sambil berlutut. Ia memohon ampun dan mengaku tidak memiliki kemampuan sihir. Akhirnya ia diseret masuk ke penjara, bonggol pohon berteriak makin nyaring.

“Dengan memotong penyihir wanita menjadi dua bagian kalian telah menimbulkan kutukan pada kerajaan ini!” Babbity melanjutkan kata-katanya kepada raja yang ketakutan. “Setiap usaha menyakiti teman-temanku para penyihir, sama artinya mengayunkan kapak kearah mu sendiri sampai akhirnya kamu berharap lebih baik mati!” Sang raja berlutut dihadapan bonggol pohon dan berkata ia akan memberikan pengumuman bahwa ia akan melindungi para penyihir di kerajaan ini dan memperbolehkan mereka mempraktekan sihir untuk tujuan damai. “Bagus sekali,” jawab bonggol kayu, “Tapi kamu belum mengeluarkan pernyataan maaf kepada Babbity.” “Tentu saja saya memohon maaf kepadanya.” Jawab sang raja, sambil menangkupkan kedua tangannya tanda memohon dihadapan bonggol kayu. “Kamu akan membuat patung Babbity, sebagai penghargaan kepada tukang cuci yang malang, dan mengingatkan mu akan kebodohanmu!”

perintah bonggol kayu. Sang raja setuju dan berjanji akan memanggil pematung paling ahli diseluruh negeri untuk membuat patung dari emas. Setelah berjanji raja dan lainnya kembali ke istana.

Ketika halaman kerajaan sudah menjadi sepi seperti sediakala, sesuatu terlihat bergerak-gerak diantara akar-akar yang menyembul dipermukaan tanah. Dari sana keluarlah seekor kelinci kecil yang menggigit sebuah tongkat sihir, ia adalah Babbitty dalam sepi bergerak menjauh dari halaman istana. Segera setelah patung dari emas diletakkan diatas bonggol kayu tidak ada satupun penyihir yang dikejar-kejar diseluruh wilayah kerajaan untuk selamanya.

E. KISAH TIGA BERSAUDARA

Dahulu kala hidup tiga orang bersaudara, mereka melanglang buana, melewati tempat-tempat sepi dan termaram. Sampai suatu hari tibalah ketiga bersaudara ditepi sebuah sungai yang lebar dan dalam, sehingga terlalu berbahaya untuk dilewati dengan berjalan kaki ataupun terlalu lebar diseberangi dengan berenang. Meskipun demikian ketiganya merupakan penyihir yang mahir, hanya dengan melambaikan tongkat sihir terbentuk sebuah jembatan dihadapan mereka.

Pada saat mereka sampai tengah jembatan, ketiganya dihalangi oleh mahluk berjubah. Ternyata mahluk tersebut adalah sang kematian, ia marah karena merasa telah dicurangi oleh ketiganya. Biasanya orang-orang yang berniat menyeberangi sungai tersebut berakhir dengan

tenggelam kedaras sungai. Dengan licik ia berpura-pura memberikan selamat atas kemampuan sihir ketiganya, dan mengatakan tiap-tiap orang akan mendapatkan hadiah atas kehebatan mereka mengalahkan kematian. Sulung diantara mereka adalah seorang yang senang berduel, ia meminta sebuah tongkat sihir sakti yang pernah dibuat dimuka bumi. Tongkat sihir tersebut harus selalu memberikan kemenangan bagi pemiliknya, sebuah tongkat yang pantas karena telah mengalahkan kematian! Sang kematian mendekati pohon elder (semacam pohon arbei liar) yang terdapat dipinggir sungai, membuat sebuah tongkat sihir indah dari ranting pohon kemudian memberikan si Sulung tongkat tersebut.

Anak ke dua seorang yang sombong, berniat mempermalukan malaikat maut lebih jauh lagi, dan meminta kemampuan untuk menunda kematian. Sang kematian memungut sebuah batu dari dasar sungai yang deras tersebut, memberikan batu tersebut sambil berpesan batu tersebut mempunyai kemampuan untuk menghidupkan kembali orang yang telah meninggal dunia. Kematian bertanya kepada si bungsu apa yang ia inginkan. Bungsu dari tiga bersaudara ini adalah seorang yang rendah hati dan bijaksana, ia tidak percaya dengan niat tulus sang kematian.

Si bungsu meminta sesuatu yang dapat membuatnya pergi melanjutkan perjalanan tanpa diikuti oleh kematian. Sang kematian dengan enggan (karena sudah berjanji sebelumnya akan mengabdikan apapun permintaan mereka) memberikan jubah gaib yang dimilikinya.

Sang kematian menyingkir dan mempersilahkan mereka melanjutkan perjalanan. Ketiganya melanjutkan perjalanan sambil memperbincangkan kejadian yang baru mereka alami sambil mengagumi hadiah yang mereka dapat dari kematian. Sampai tiba saatnya ketiganya harus berpisah melanjutkan tujuan masing-masing.

Sulung terus melanjutkan perjalanan lebih dari seminggu sampai akhirnya mendapati desa yang sangat jauh, mencari seseorang yang pernah bertengkar dengannya. Dengan tongkat elder sebagai senjatanya, si sulung tidak akan kalah dalam pertarungan. Membiarkan lawannya yang mati tergeletak begitu saja diatas lantai. Kemudian ia menyewa sebuah losmen, disana si sulung menyombongkan diri bahwa ia tidak mungkin kalah karena tongkat sihir miliknya merupakan hadiah sang kematian.

Malamnya, seorang penyihir datang sambil mengendap-endap mendekati si sulung yang sedang tertidur dalam keadaan mabuk, penyihir tersebut menggorok lehernya kemudian mengambil tongkat Elder. Dan kematian datang menghampiri, mengambil si sulung sebagai miliknya.

Sementara itu, anak ke dua dari tiga bersaudara kembali kerumahnya dimana ia tinggal sendirian disana.

Kemudian ia mengeluarkan batu kebangkitan, diletakkan diatas telapak tangannya kemudian diputar tiga kali.

Tiba-tiba bayangan wanita yang dulu pernah hampir dinikahnya muncul dihadapannya.

Tetapi wanita pujaannya terlihat sedih dan dingin, seakan-akan ada sesuatu yang memisahkan mereka berdua. Sekalipun sang wanita hidup kembali, tetapi dunia ini bukanlah tempatnya dan terlihat sangat menderita. Sampai akhirnya anak ke dua menjadi putus harapan, kemudian bunuh diri demi menyusul orang yang ia cintai. Dan kematian datang untuk anak kedua. Sang maut kemudian mencari si bungsu, bertahun-tahun mencari tanpa ada hasil. Ketika si bungsu sudah menjadi tua, ia melepas jubah pemberian malaikat maut dan menyerahkan jubah tersebut kepada anaknya. Si bungsu menyapa malaikat maut yang menemuinya dengan senang hati sebagaimana seseorang bertemu kawan lama. Malaikat maut dengan terang terang mengatakan bahwa posisi mereka seimbang dan si bungsu meninggal dengan tenang.

Appendix. 4.

Table of Research Data

The Forms of Category Shift Translation The Tales Of Beedle The Bard” An Anthology By J.K Rowling

No	Sentence	SS	US	INS	CS
1.	There was once <i>a kindly old wizard</i> who used the magic generously and wisely for the benefit of his neighbor.	✓			
2.	upon the father death, the son found hidden inside the old cooking pot a <i>small package</i> bearing his name <i>So I'am very blessed be surrounded by amazing woman.</i>	✓			
3.	<i>Rubish Pail</i>	✓			
4.	<i>Cooking Pot</i>	✓			
5.	<i>Cooking Pot</i>	✓			
6.	On the appointed day, hundreds of people travelled from all over the kindom to teach <i>garden walls</i> before dawn	✓			
7.	<i>Salt Water</i>	✓			
8.	<i>Sour milk</i>	✓			
9.	<i>Bad cheese</i>	✓			
10.	<i>Happy life</i>	✓			
11.	<i>Evil sorcerer</i>	✓			
12.	<i>Knight Steel</i>	✓			
13.	<i>Happy times</i>	✓			
14.	<i>Rushing water</i>	✓			

15.	<i>Stepping Stones</i>	✓			
16.	<i>Young warlock</i>	✓			
17.	<i>Young parents .</i>	✓			
18.	<i>The deepest dungeon</i>	✓			
19.	<i>The young woman</i>	✓			
20.	<i>Silken skin</i>	✓			
21.	<i>White arms</i>	✓			
22.	<i>Gold hair</i>	✓			
23.	<i>Hairy heart</i>	✓			
24.	<i>Silver dagger</i>	✓			
25.	<i>Witch hunters</i>	✓			
26.	<i>Simple tricks</i>	✓			
27.	<i>Silver chalice</i>	✓			
28.	<i>Old man</i>	✓			
29.	<i>Palace grounds</i>	✓			
30.	<i>Wooden tub.</i>	✓			
31.	<i>Hooded figure</i>	✓			
32.	Chrums and <i>antidotes</i> sprang ready made from the little cauldron he called his lucky cooking pot		✓		

33.	“My <i>granddaughter</i> is afflicted by a crop of warts, sir “		✓		
34.	Making a ferful noise upon the <i>flagtones</i> .		✓		
35.	An old man stood on the <i>doorstep</i>		✓		
36.	<i>Vilagers</i>		✓		
37.	A single <i>unfortunate</i> was given the chance to right their way to the fountain.		✓		
38.	<i>Fountain.</i>		✓		
39.	<i>Tears</i>		✓		
40.	<i>Creepers</i>		✓		
41.	<i>Halfway.</i>		✓		
42.	<i>Never</i>		✓		
43.	<i>Unaware</i>		✓		
44.	<i>Untouched</i>		✓		
45.	<i>Youth.</i>		✓		
46.	<i>Inwardly</i>		✓		
47.	<i>Untroubled</i>		✓		

48.	<i>Unable</i>		✓		
49.	<i>Lineage</i>		✓		
50.	<i>Household</i>		✓		
51.	<i>prodigious.</i>		✓		
52.	<i>Unlocked</i>		✓		
53.	<i>Untroubled</i>		✓		
54.	<i>cunning charlatan.</i>		✓		
55.	I <i>grow weary</i> of practice!		✓		
56.	<i>Impossible</i>		✓		
57.	<i>Crone!</i>		✓		
58.	So the oldest brother, who was a <i>combative</i> man, asked for a wand more powerful than any in existence		✓		
59.	The youngest brother was the <i>humblest</i> and also the <i>wisest</i> of the brothers and he did not trust death.		✓		
60.	So he asked for something that would enable him to go forth from that place without being followed by death.		✓		
61.	Went with him <i>glady</i> , and equals, they departed this life		✓		
62.	There were <i>once</i> three brothers who were travelling along a lonely, winding road at twilight		✓		
63.	And told him that the stone would have the power to bring back the dead .		✓		
64.	And of how it made him <i>invincible</i>		✓		
65.	Gave it to his <i>son</i> .		✓		

66.	So the <i>oldest brother</i> , who was a combative man.		✓		
67.	Then the <i>second brother</i> , who was an arrogant man		✓		
68.	And then death asked the third and <i>youngest brother</i> what he would like		✓		
69.	In due course, the brothers separated, <i>each for his own destination</i> .		✓		
70.	<i>Swim across</i>		✓		
71.	<i>Arrogant man</i>		✓		
72.	<i>Wand</i>		✓		
73.	<i>Days</i>			✓	
74.	<i>Friends</i>			✓	
75.	<i>Poets</i>			✓	
76.	<i>Victims</i>			✓	
77.	Where rare <i>herbs</i> , fruit and flowers grew in abundance on either side of the sunlit paths.			✓	
78.	Echoing from the <i>depths</i> of the pot			✓	
79.	<i>White arms</i> .				✓
TOTAL		31	41	6	1

Keywords:

SS : Structure Shift

US : Unit Shift

INS : Intra-System Shift

CS : Class Shift

Appendix. 5.

CURRICULUM VITAE OF THE WRITER



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 - c. SMP Negeri 3 Gumelar : 2013-2015
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Bumiayu,

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