



APPENDICES

No.	Narrations	Haunting Legacies		Bhabha's Postcolonial Concepts			Said's Orientalism Theory
		1 st Generation	2 nd Generation	Mimicry	Ambivalence	Hybridity	
1.	<p>I feel a presence behind me and hear mumbling. My right earbud gets pulled out.</p> <p>"Hey!"</p> <p>"What's this?" Mom says. She points to the picture of Max and Natasha. "What kind of pictures are you taking?"</p> <p>"Mom, relax."</p> <p>"Don't say relax. These are inappropriate."</p> <p>"What? Come on, Mom. They're just kissing." I close the computer, not wanting her to see the others that she'd probably freak out about even more, especially the ones with Natasha in only a bra. Not because I think they're indecent, but because I don't need more drama.</p> <p>"Why would you photograph that?"</p> <p>"It's not a big deal."</p> <p>"I don't think God would approve" (Arcos, 2018, p.4)</p>				√		√
2.	<p>Mom only pulls the God card out when she's trying to make me feel guilty, playing Him like He's some grump-faced old man (Arcos, 2018, p.4)</p>				√		
3.	<p>But Mom sends him one of her looks, and he simply raises his eyebrows, takes a taste of his soup. I swear, Mom has him so whipped, it's ridiculous. I know what'll happen later. Later, he and I will talk, and he'll tell me I have to try to understand where Mom is coming from.</p>						√

	That she grew up in a different culture. That she's more traditional and has been through a lot, blah, blah, blah (Arcos, 2018, p.5).						
3.	Dad gets it. He's the one who supports my photography. He bought me my first camera two years ago, while Mom just complained about the cost (Arcos, 2018, p.5)						√
4.	Mom and her rules. You can't approach art with a bunch of rules, like how she says I need to fold the laundry by folding shirts into thirds with the sleeves tucked in, right over left. How I need to clean the bathroom with specific wipes for the counter and different ones for the tub. Or brush my teeth for a full minute (Arcos, 2018, p.6).				√		√
5.	...That she would make an effort to try to understand that I'm not just taking pictures. I'm creating art. I wish she would try to understand where I'm coming from (Arcos, 2018, p.6).				√		√
6.	.I know how sensitive Mom is about her English. On the surface, Mom seems American enough, but it's the small things that betray her. Like how she drops her articles. Or how she still hasn't mastered the hard g sound of English. Sometimes she fudges idioms, like "it's raining cats and dogs" becomes "it's raining the dogs and cats" (Arcos, 2018, p.6)			√	√		
7.	<u>When I was little, she used to speak to me in Bosnian. There's this song I have a hazy recollection of, like the lingering scent of someone's perfume after she's left the room. But at some point, Mom stopped speaking it altogether, refused to do it when I asked. She</u>	√	√				

	<p>would give some excuse, like she was tired or that she couldn't remember the words. <u>But it was her primary language for the first nineteen years of her life. How could she forget it?</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.6-7)</p>						
8.	<p>Dad is Catholic, and Mom is Muslim, but they're not exactly devout; both my parents only attend their respective places of worship on religious holidays. We'll go to midnight mass on Christmas and sometimes to mosque for prayers during Ramadan. Still, we do have a Quran in the house, tucked away on the third shelf of a bookcase, directly next to the Bible. I've read pieces of both, trying to understand God in the pages. But it's all pretty dense My parents have a healthy respect for each other's beliefs, but religion isn't something we talk about. It's like my parents think it's too private a thing... At least they've never tried to force either religion on me (Arcos, 2018, p.9).</p>				✓		
9.	<p>.I've only seen Mom pray a couple of times, and always through a crack in her bedroom door. On her knees, alone, like she's keeping a secret (Arcos, 2018, p.9)</p>				✓		
10.	<p>It's a good thing, too, because the two religions are difficult to integrate. There's no middle ground between them, other than simply believing that God exists. Both are a maze of dogma and practices that I don't completely understand. Throw in the thousands of years of both sides trying to kill the other, and, well, let's just say neither one has done a great job of winning me over. But it doesn't mean that I'm not a spiritual</p>				✓		

	<p>person. I believe in God, but it's not like I pray or have this intimate relationship with Him or anything. I just know that I feel close to something when I create. Like there's this godly force I'm interacting with that's bigger than just me (Arcos, 2018, p.9-10)</p>					
11.	<p><u>I'm always amazed by the ease of Audrey's relationship with her mom. Their conversations trail and loop along without any tension or hidden subtext you might wander into like an invisible minefield.</u> They shop together, get pedicures and seem to genuinely like each other. It's completely different from me and my mom. If I had to categorize our relationship, it's complicated wouldn't even suffice. More like it's nonexistent. Rebecca talks to me like I'm a normal person. She doesn't make me feel like I'm constantly disappointing her. Or that I can't be myself. That I'm not organized enough or sweet enough or just not enough, period. A couple weeks ago, I told my mom that I wished she could be more like Rebecca. I wanted to hurt her, but Mom only stared at me and walked away. Sometimes her indifference is worse than the anger (Arcos, 2018, p.11)</p>		✓			✓
12.	<p>She brings the cigarette to her mouth, takes a drag and exhales a long plume into the air. After, she sips from a wineglass. Cigarettes and wine. Mom only smokes when she's really upset (Arcos, 2018, p.14).</p>				✓	
	<p><u>Mom's making coffee the Bosnian way. She measures three spoonfuls of ground coffee into the small copper-plated pot with a long neck,</u></p>					

13.	<p><u>called a džezva...</u>Drinking coffee together is the one ritual Mom and I have. Dad can't stand coffee, and Benny is too little. When I was young, I remember watching her prepare it and begging her to let me have some. She finally let me at twelve, and even though the taste was more bitter than I thought it would be, I pretended that I loved it. It was something we shared, something special. Over time I grew to like the taste, and of course, sugar made it better. But mostly I liked that it was ours (Arcos, 2018, p.16)</p>			√	√		
14.	<p>When I was little, I used to follow Mom around, a little duckling, just to be near her. Part of it was instinctive; she was my mom and I wanted to be close to her. Just like any kid. <u>But the other part was bigger—I wanted to know her so I could understand where I came from.</u> With Dad, it was easy. I could tell that I got my love of trying different foods from him, my eye for clean lines, my insistence on doing something over and over again until I got it right. <u>But with Mom, I could never find an opening. She only gave so much of herself; most of it she kept somewhere else. Somewhere boxed up, out of my reach</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.25).</p>	√	√				
15.	<p>...But for Mom, it was like her life was divided—before the war, and after. For her, there was no looking back. <u>She never even called herself Bosnian. She was American</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.26)</p>			√			√
	<p>.In seventh grade, I was assigned a project where I had to do a profile on my parents. <u>Dad was more than happy to answer all of my questions</u></p>						

16.	<p><u>about growing up in Fall River, Massachusetts, his family, how hard he worked in medical school. But Mom, she didn't want to do it, and the more I pressed her, the angrier she became.</u> Dad told me it was painful for Mom to talk about her past because she lost her whole family in the war in Bosnia.</p> <p>I hadn't even known she'd been in a war... I've researched the Bosnian War on my own... I was shocked to read about the killings, the rapes, the death camps... And I couldn't believe my mom had been a part of it (Arcos, 2018, p.26).</p>		✓				✓
17.	<p>Serb leaders in Bosnia feared a Muslim-controlled Bosnian state, so the Bosnian Serbs began a campaign to eliminate every non-Serb in Bosnia, focusing mainly on driving out and killing Bosnian Muslims (Arcos, 2018, p.26)</p>						✓
18.	<p>I know she's Muslim in name, but aside from observing Ramadan and Bajram (which is like a small Christmas), she's barely religious. Dad refers to Mom as Muslim-lite. She believes in God but doesn't follow a prayer calendar or observe Islamic laws and traditions. I can't say I mind. I don't think I'd like having to wear a hijab all the time. Even though I do think some of them are pretty (Arcos, 2018, p.27)</p>			✓			
19.	<p>A few years ago the silence crept in between us and never left. Now it's always there. A quiet, deafening protest forged and nurtured by each of us for different reasons. And when Dad bought me my camera, things between us grew worse. Something about the sound of the shutter bothered my mom. Or the lens</p>	✓	✓		✓		

	<p>pointing in her direction. Maybe both, I don't know. She never liked having her picture taken, even though she was always camera ready. Her perfect face painted on first thing every morning. But whenever I tried to take her picture, she'd turn. Or make an excuse. Or just walk away.</p> <p>I don't ask to take her picture anymore I've tried to find old photos of Mom, but there are no pictures of her before age twenty—when she first came to the United States. It's like she didn't exist before arriving here. Those early photos I took were my attempt to will her into being. Into a person, and a past, I could access. I'd study her face, try to dissect my own from the prints (Arcos, 2018, p.28)</p>						
20.	<p>Growing up, Nadja's family observed the end of Ramadan by going house to house wishing their neighbors well. Her mother made baklava like every other mother. They exchanged gifts. Restaurants were packed with everyone eating and dancing, breaking the end of the fast (Arcos, 2018, p.28)</p>						√
21.	<p><u>I used to catch Mom staring off sometimes, and I'd ask her about her past and the war. She'd wave my questions away like they were nasty swallows, stay silent or leave the room. Or, if she was in a good mood, she'd change the subject, switch focus, ask about my day at school instead. But it always came across like she was trying to keep things from me</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.28)</p>	√	√				
	<p>Mom picks up a peach that is bruised and caved in on one side. I turn and shake my head, both disapproving of her choice and as an attempt to</p>						

22.	<p>relieve the nausea I feel from the smell and the heat combined. It's so hot out already. Mom asks the vendor how much. They are a dollar each.</p> <p>Mom says she'll take five. Five dollars for rotting flesh. I don't get her at all. She gives one to Benny, who immediately takes a bite. The juices run down the corners of his mouth like melting butter. I hold up my hand to stop her from offering me one (Arcos, 2018, p.29-30).</p>				√		√
23.	<p>One day last year, I was sitting on a concrete slab out front when she picked me up from school. "Hi, Mom," I said once I was in the car. "Don't sit on concrete like that again," she said. "It'll make your ovaries freeze." <u>I stared at her openmouthed and then put in my earbuds.</u> The sick thing is I don't sit on concrete anymore. I don't even want to use my ovaries yet, and I'm already worried about freezing them (Arcos, 2018, p.31)</p>				√		√
24.	<p>At the strawberry stand, the vendor holds out a toothpick with a piece of fruit attached. I take a bite and nod to my mom. "These are amazing." "Yes, but expensive." I look at her like she's got to be kidding because she just paid five dollars for the worst peaches ever and now she's balking at three dollars for a pound of strawberries. For probably the thousandth time, I think about how I don't understand my mother (Arcos, 2018, p.32)</p>				√		√
	They walked over to a café to get coffee and						

25.	some breakfast...They argued about Nirvana. He was a fan. She not so much. She said she preferred New Kids on the Block, but only to get an eye roll from him. U2 was a safe choice. They both liked the band (Arcos, 2018, p.37).						√
26.	It was Mr. Radić. She was about to smile in greeting, but he glared at her. She quickly dropped her eyes. His look made her feel like she was some rotten thing he had just eaten and needed to spit out. Nadja thought that he probably had a rough night of drinking and was here sobering up. Her family knew he was a widower and a drunk because he was their neighbor. Four years ago they had helped him with the funeral arrangements for his wife because he didn't have the money. Sometimes her mom brought him baked bread. They had always been good neighbors. Mom said that's what you do in the hard times. You help each other (Arcos, 2018, p.38).						√
27.	In front of her house, Marko kissed her quickly, just in case her parents were watching through a window (Arcos, 2018, p.39).				√		
28.	“What do they think? We are part of a secret plan? We are jihadists? We don't even go to mosque! We eat pork. We are terrible Muslims ” (Arcos, 2018, p.40-41)				√		
29.	Nadja grabbed some tweezers from the top of her dresser, where she kept a bunch of necklaces and bracelets. She plucked some stray hairs underneath her brow while she sang along to the song. Her English wasn't the best, even after studying it for years in school. But she			√			√

	<p>knew most of the words to the American pop songs. “Rush, rush . . . Hurry, hurry, lover, come to me . . .” <u>One day she planned to go to America. Maybe study music there.</u> She hoped Marko would go with her. <u>They would travel to New York and walk all around the city. She imagined the photos he’d take of her there. How she would take the subway and live in an apartment and have an exciting life compared to the one in Višegrad</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.41-42).</p>						
30.	<p>Through her open window, she saw her neighbor Mr. Radić walking down the street...And she didn’t fail to notice as he stopped in front of her house, spat and continued walking past (Arcos, 2018, p.42).</p>						√
31.	<p>Fear because sitting next to her now doesn’t feel that different from being in the presence of her silence. She’s probably taking so long to wake up to punish me. But then it hits me— She could really not wake up. She could be gone forever. Even though I have wished her horrible fates both under my breath and in my own head, suddenly, the reality of my mom dying chokes me. <u>I would never have the chance to know her. I’d never know where I came from.</u> <u>And she wouldn’t know me.</u> <u>She doesn’t know me</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.48-49)</p>	√		√			
32.	<p>Benjamin, the only one not smoking, drew superhero characters from his comics in his notebook. Nadja recognized one as Wolverine...And not even superheroes could</p>						√

	help them now (Arcos, 2018, p.50).						
33.	Nadja's dad tried another channel. This one spewed propaganda about how Muslims were organizing. How they couldn't be trusted. The voice warned about Muslim neighbors hiding guns and planning to kill everyone. Serbs needed to band together against a possible jihad. The voice called for a holy war to protect Greater Serbia. Nadja's dad turned the radio off (Arcos, 2018, p.50-51).						√
34.	"You think Karadžić and his animals will stop?" Nadja's dad said. "They call us <i>balije</i>." He waved his arm. "No one would say such a derogatory remark to me before. You will see. Only Serbs will be allowed to remain. It is fascism all over again. No more Tito. No more Yugoslavia. Nothing to stand in the way of old hate " (Arcos,2018,p.53)						√
35.	I turn over on my stomach and click on the TV. Every channel is focused on the bombings. The headline ISIS CLAIMING RESPONSIBILITY IN JULY 3 ATTACKS ACROSS U.S. crawls across the bottom of the screen (Arcos, 2018, p.60)						√
36.	I don't know what I'm looking for exactly. Maybe something beyond the cleanliness and order. Something that might tell me who she is (Arcos, 2018, p.64-65).		√				
37.	I want to ask Mom about them, about where she grew up, about her life before the war. <u>But now . . . what if I don't get the chance?</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.67).		√		√		
	Even so, Dad knows more about Mom than anyone. I know the basics from when I did that						

38.	school project, but this feels more urgent. I need to know more. And if there's anyone who can tell me what I need to know, it's him (Arcos, 2018, p.71).		√				
39.	"...Zara Machado would make you Portuguese, a Catholic..." (Arcos, 2018, p.72)						√
40.	THAT MORNING, NADJA was up before her parents. She hadn't slept well, worrying about whether she should tell her dad about what Marko had said. But she would be punished for having a boy alone in her room (Arcos, 2018, p.76)				√		
41.	The one who had found Nadja and her family, the one with blond hair, read from a small notebook he held in his hand. "Who is Musanović?" "Me. I am," her father said. He turned and asked the man who suddenly hovered in the broken doorway of the house, "Is that true?" Mr. Radić. Their neighbor. He nodded, his eyes large and bulging. "Yes, he is the Muslim pig." "Anyone else here in this house?" the soldier asked. "No, no, only my family." "Out," the soldier said, motioning Nadja's father toward the door with his gun. "What is wrong? What did I do?" Another soldier exited her parents' room holding a gun. "Found this." "Illegally housing weapons." "That's not mine," her father said. The soldier standing next to him hit Nadja's						√

	father with the butt of his gun. He fell to the floor (Arcos, 2018, p.80-81)						
42.	I look up the latest news on my phone to find out if there's any new information about the bombings. Nothing yet on who the individual suspects are, but there are new details about ISIS claiming responsibility (Arcos, 2018, p.96)						√
43.	Dalila laughed and then Nadja laughed and then they were laughing so hard, Nadja's side hurt. Even though her stomach was constantly hurting from hunger, this hurt felt good. It triggered a memory of her and Uma laughing and running. They were ten and had just pulled a prank on Ivan, a boy in their class. They hid behind the school, huddled together in the grass, trying not to laugh, but laughing all the more because Ivan's face was so mad when he opened the bag and saw nothing was inside of it. Nadja almost smiled at the memory. Uma. The last time Nadja had seen her best friend was that night in her house. What had happened to Uma? Did she get out of Višegrad? Nadja buried the image, the thoughts, like she did all the others that came to her. The names. The faces. The questions and worries. Easier to stuff them all into a tiny space deep within her than to let them out to consume her (Arcos, 2018, p.107)	√					
	"How is your mother doing?" Mona asks. I shift in my seat. "She's still in critical condition." "Has anyone from her mosque come to visit?"						

44.	<p>Her imam, maybe?"</p> <p>"What? She doesn't have a mosque," I say, confused.</p> <p>"Oh, I thought she went to . . ." Mona checks her notes and says the name of a mosque in our area.</p> <p>"Maybe once or twice a year," I say. "During Ramadan. But she doesn't, like, go on a regular basis or anything." How do they know the name of Mom's mosque?</p> <p>"Have any of her Muslim friends come to visit the house before? Anyone recently?"</p> <p>"Her Muslim friends?"</p> <p>"Yeah."</p> <p>I stare hard at Mona. "Are you trying to imply that my mom had something to do with this?"</p> <p>"No, of course not. We're simply trying to get as much information as possible." She leans forward, invading my space, but I don't back away from her. "People died. Good people. Innocent people. Many others were wounded. Some will never walk again. It's our job to get to the truth of how this happened, who orchestrated it."</p> <p>"My mom isn't even religious. But the last I heard, America is a free country and we're all free to practice any religion."</p> <p>"Zara, I think you might have misunderst—"</p> <p>"No!" I don't let her finish. "You're suggesting that because my mom is Muslim, she might have ties to terrorists? That she could be one herself? Do you think I'm a terrorist too?" (Arcos, 2018, p.116-117)</p>						√
	There's so much we don't know about other						

45.	people, even those we're related to by blood. <u>It's even crazier to realize how people of the same family can be so completely different.</u> And not for the first time, I think, Who are you really, Mom? (Arcos, 2018, p.118).		✓				
46.	Nadja shook her head free of such thoughts. She looked at her green eyes in the mirror. She was not dead. No, she was not dead. But the dead clung to her. They lived inside of her (Arcos, 2018, p.127).	✓					
47.	Thinking of school made her think of her old teachers and friends, which made her think of home and her family and . . . She gripped the sides of the sink. The wave of emotion came on suddenly, like a mortar attack. The memory itself like bombs dropping from the sky. But there was nowhere for her to run and hide. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply, pushing away the feelings. Driving them back with the numbness she wore like a potkošulja underneath her clothes. It didn't last long, maybe a minute, but she was afraid if she indulged the feelings any longer, she would go mad from them (Arcos, 2018, p.127)	✓					
48.	The airport was also controlled by the United Nations (United Nothing), and if the UN caught you, they would arrest you. Or they would return you to Sarajevo, thinking that you were trying to escape (Arcos, 2018, p.135).						✓
49.	Nadja watched the family like she watched most things now—with reserve. It was in moments like these, the four of them all together, sharing family stories and intimacies, that she knew she wasn't really a part of their family.				✓		

	<p>She had been added on like an appendage, but she could be easily severed. She sat on her mattress and pulled her legs up to her chest, making herself as small as she could (Arcos, 2018, p.136)</p>						
50.	<p>Two men surround a third. Even though our car windows are up, I can hear the raised voices. I roll down the window. I can't make out everything they're saying, but I catch enough to know it's something about protecting our country and how Muslims hate us and are trying to kill us. The second guy says how do they know he's not one of them, one of the people who tried to blow us up? The man they think is Muslim backs away from the other two, but they don't let him pass. The bigger one strikes him in the face. Then there's another hit, and he's pushed. He falls to the ground. It all happens so quickly. The man on the ground covers his head and gets into a fetal position as they kick and beat him (Arcos, 2018, p.139)</p>						√
51.	<p>Later I sit with Mom's box. I feel guilty, like I'm doing something she wouldn't approve... But things have changed... Now isn't the time to care about her privacy or rules. This might be the only way I have of ever really getting to know her (Arcos, 2018, p.145).</p>		√				
52.	<p>Inside the church basement, it was standing room only, shoulder to shoulder, warmer than outside. Every time someone moved, shadows crept up the candlelit walls. It was a secret midnight mass that somehow many people knew about. An unofficial act of resistance. They were all</p>						√

	there as Sarajevans first and Muslim, Croat, Serb, Jew second (Arcos, 2018, p.152)						
53.	After the music, the priest led the people through the rituals of mass. Nadja was familiar with the rhythm of the service because she'd gone to midnight mass a couple of times with her family and their neighbors. One of her dad's coworkers had been Catholic, and they had spent many Christmases with his family. <u>Though they were not Catholic, it was common to celebrate other religions' festivals.</u> She had always loved Christmas, with all the lights and the presents and the baby Jesus (Arcos, 2018, p.153)				√		√
54.	People milled about, hugging and kissing and wishing one another a merry Christmas. She even heard a few say, "Essalamu alejkum." Peace be upon you (Arcos, 2018, p.155)						√
55.	...how the journalists are like addicts, their drugs being war and misery. He might have said, <i>What good has all of their reporting done other than reveal to the Bosnian people that they have no value in the eyes of the world?</i> ...(Arcos, 2018, p.159).						√
56.	Vovo watches the news in the living room. I wish he would turn it off. The continuous footage and interviews and speculation make my head hurt even more. The world has gone mad. There have been more and more incidents like the one Dad and I witnessed at the gas station happening all over. It's like the bombings have given people the justification they needed to act on fear and prejudice (Arcos, 2018, p.162)						√
	"It's like 9/11 all over again," Vovo says.						

57.	<p>Older people use 9/11 as a reference all the time, as if before 9/11, the world was a different place that has since been divided into before and after. I've only known a post-9/11 one. Which means I've known a world where the words acts of terror, Muslim extremists, becoming radicalized, ISIS, genocide, insurgents are all part of my vocabulary (Arcos, 2018, p.162-163)</p>						√
58.	<p>"Your mom is going to be okay," she says. "Soon you'll be complaining about her like usual and we'll be walking into our first day of senior year" (Arcos, 2018, p.168)</p>			√			
59.	<p>There's music coming from inside the house. And I'm cold, so I snuggle into Mom's side. I can tell she's crying, and this makes me feel scared, like I've upset her somehow. I want to comfort her, but I don't know how. I try to get as close to her as I possibly can. I tell her, "Mom, I love you as big as the sky." I point to the stars. This is something a teacher has read to us, I think—a story about a mother and daughter, and it stayed with me because that's how I wanted to be with her. But even then, I kind of knew that something was wrong; there was this distance between us. We weren't like the mothers and daughters I saw in picture books. There was a part of herself she kept from me (Arcos, 2018, p.177-178)</p>	√					
60.	<p>It's still hard for me to put what happened into words. It's hard to tell the story. Because it's not like I'm just telling it; I'm reliving it. But there's something about Flora that makes it easy to open up, and as I tell her about the</p>			√	√	√	√

	<p>morning at the farmers market, she takes my hand in both of hers. I'm uncomfortable at first, but her hands are lined and soothing and steady, as if they have carried a great deal in them. So I give her some more to carry. I tell her what I remember.</p> <p>"Mwen regret sa, Zara." She rubs my hand.</p> <p><u>"People do such terrible things to one another. It's a wonder how we survive any of it. I'll tell you, none of us come out of it unscarred. When I was a little girl, I saw incredible suffering in my country at the hands of our own government. Not just poverty, but corruption and murder. We were terrified that we'd be killed in our beds. This terrorism is just proof of the sickness of the world"</u></p> <p>I don't know what to say, so I just let her massage my hand. It feels good, even if her words don't, and soon my body is a bit more relaxed.</p> <p>"But you know what I have learned?"</p> <p>"What's that?" I ask.</p> <p><u>"Love is the most powerful force in the universe. Love will guide you on the course of your life. Love has freed me from letting them win. I don't know why this happened to you and your family. There is no why. But I know this to be true."</u> She leans in and places her hand on my chest. "There's more inside here than you realize. (Arcos, 2018, p.186-187)</p>						
61.	<p>"I'm going to America," Nadja said. She hadn't told anyone this except for Marko, back in another time and another place. Until this moment, Nadja had forgotten that had been the</p>						√

	<p>plan. It took everything she had not to think about the past, just to focus on surviving. But now she decided. She would go too. She would get out of here, never look back. “With my friend.” Dalila wanted out too.</p> <p>“McDonald’s and Madonna,” Jela said. Nadja nodded. “I’ll become an American and forget this place” (Arcos, 2018, p.195)</p>						
62.	<p>Talking with Christine, taking her picture, has actually made me feel a little better. I didn’t have to try and explain. She’s dealing with something so much worse than my own physical pain, but we understand each other in ways that Audrey will never get (Arcos, 2018, p.206)</p>				√		
63.	<p>“I’m being serious. I don’t want you to feel like you’re going through this alone.”</p> <p>I shrug. “I have my grandparents and Benny.” Dad practically lives at the hospital, but I know he’s going through a lot too, and he’s trying. If I really needed him, I know he would be there for me.</p> <p>“That’s not the same thing. And you tend to isolate yourself when you’re going through something.”</p> <p>“I do not.”</p> <p>“Yeah, you do. Remember when you and Mike broke up? You didn’t talk to me for a whole week.”</p> <p>“You’re exaggerating.” But I know she’s not.</p> <p>“Or when you didn’t get into that photography program last year? I think that was even longer.”</p> <p>Audrey may have a point. “Sometimes I just need time to process, that’s all.”</p> <p>“Okay, but just . . . please don’t shut me out, all</p>		√	√			

	<p>right?" she asks, and then takes a bite of her ice cream</p> <p><u>I'm about to object again, but I can't. She's right. I do shut her out when things get hard. It's not personal. I shut everyone out. I don't know why. Survival mechanism, I guess. It's easier to avoid than deal; don't get too close. Now that I think about it, Mom is the same way. I wonder if I learned it from her.</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.206-207)</p>						
64.	<p>"Hey, you're wearing the prayer beads." My hand flies up to them. "Oh, yeah." Since I put them on the day I had that terrible migraine, I've just kept wearing them. They're comforting somehow. And they remind me to pray for Mom. It feels right to pray for her.</p> <p>"That's good. Have you found Marko yet?"</p> <p>"No. I haven't done any looking since you were over." <u>I kind of regret showing Audrey the box. Mom doesn't even know I've seen it yet. How would she feel if she knew I'd shared her private things with someone else? Suddenly, it doesn't even feel right to be talking about it</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.207-208)</p>		✓		✓		
65.	<p>"THE WORLD IS shit," Dalila said while expelling a plume of smoke into the already hazy air. "No one in the West cares. Big American nothing. They are busy watching TV and getting fat eating while we are dying like animals in the street. They can all go shit on themselves." The words were Amir's, stolen from one of his typical rants. Dalila selected only the leanest and most provocative for the room (Arcos, 2018, p.211)</p>						✓
	<p>Mom's doctor does his best to answer; he tells us</p>						

66.	<p>she suffered extreme head trauma and the only thing to do now is wait. As if we haven't been waiting long enough already... <u>It's like she doesn't even know we're here. She seems alien. Not herself. It's more disturbing than her being in a coma...I make no move to document this moment. I don't want to remember her like this. I stare at "the patient."... I want to cry. This isn't what's supposed to happen. Mom is supposed to wake up from her coma and get better. We're supposed to get better together... I shake my head and back away until I'm pressed against the wall. Pain shoots through my whole body. I want to cry out from it and from the deeper hurt that Mom's lost to us forever. That this shell of herself is all there is. All there will ever be. This broken body and brain. Her stare terrifies me. This emptiness is all that's left</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.217, 219).</p>	✓	✓	✓			
67.	<p>"He is a teacher," she said. "Math." "I was terrible in math," the man said. "Me too." Her father used to help her at the kitchen table with word problems. He never minded how long it took, never reacted to her tears. He kept a steady hand on her back as he glanced over her shoulder at the page. <i>Nadja. Nadja. You will get it. You are smart. It will come</i> (Arcos, 2018, p.223).</p>	✓	✓	✓			
68.	<p>She reached up to brush the hair from Marko's eyes. <u>And then they were kissing. She couldn't stop touching him. He pressed her hard against the stone wall, kissing her like he was starving and she was the only food in days. They slid to the ground. And then it was</u></p>	✓	✓	✓			

	<p>all earth and flesh. Her legs wrapped around his. She was consumed, and so was he. They burned so bright that when the voices came, they were almost upon them, they jumped up, running away from the river, all the way through the dark, knowing streets, laughing and falling all over themselves because they were in love and alive (Arcos, 2018, p.226)</p>						
69.	<p>My whole body is sore, as if it's just been steamrolled. I lean forward. Audrey holds my hand. She was the one who found me curled up, hands over my ears, hiding against the side of some building. I was crying, and then she was too. Natasha and Sibyl stood there frozen and worried, not knowing how to help.....I start to cry. Again. "It's okay, Zara," Audrey says next to me. She makes me lay my head on her shoulder. She holds me. But it isn't. I'm not a person who cries. At least, I didn't used to be. Now it feels like tears are always hovering at the top of my throat, and I have to force them down or let them out (Arcos, 2018, p.240-241)</p>				✓		
70.	<p>"Don't get me wrong," he said. "You're awesome. <u>And I've really liked getting to know you, but I don't think it should be this hard. People either click or they don't. And you've kind of got a lot of walls.</u>"</p> <p>"I don't have walls," I said.</p> <p>He gave me a sideways look that, in the past, I had found charming and cute. But in that moment it made me want to reach across the table, grab him by the neck and slam his face down.</p> <p>"Everyone has walls," I tried again. Don't they?</p>		✓	✓			

	<p>“Let me put it this way,” he said. <u>“I feel like I’m always playing offense and you’re playing defense.”</u>...The worst part of all of it was that <u>Mike was kind of right. I do have problems letting people in.</u> But it’s not my fault. Mom is the one who taught me to be like this. Hard to get to know. Walled up. Too difficult for a boyfriend to want to scale. She’s the one with the silence. The one who has kept parts of herself locked away for years (Arcos, 2018, p.241-242)</p>						
71.	<p>I think of Mom. Lying in her hospital bed. Twitching. Her eyes betraying her state of mind. What if I never get the chance to know her? Never get the chance to let her know me? (Arcos, 2018, p.244).</p>		√		√		
72.	<p>“... And now Grann wants to go back.”“Does she still have family there?” “Yeah, but that’s not the reason. She wants to die in her country. I try to tell her that she is an American now, but she says she will always be Haitian first” (Arcos, 2018, p.253)</p>					√	
73.	<p>“Look at a nation like Haiti. There is great poverty there, nothing like here in the States. Something like eighty thousand people still live in tents in the dirt with no plumbing or water since Hurricane Katrina, years ago, not to mention the other hurricanes they’ve had to endure since then. But that isn’t even as bad as when my grann grew up under Papa Doc and then his son Baby Doc.” He says the names like I should recognize them, like they are notorious gangsters. I suddenly feel like I’m ignorant about most things that have</p>						√

	<p>happened in other countries. The only time I've even remotely heard of Haiti is when bad things happen with the weather.</p> <p>"I'm sorry, I don't know much about Haiti," I say.</p> <p>"Yeah, you and most people. Papa Doc and Baby Doc were terrible dictators. Murdered people for nothing. Stole husbands and sons away in the middle of the night. Kept the people in poverty and suffering. Did you know Haiti is the only state ever founded through a successful slave revolution? They rose up against the French."</p> <p>I shake my head. I didn't.</p> <p>"That's pretty significant, don't you think? The American history books give it two sentences. It was close to the same time of the US revolution, but the US went here." He raises his hand upward. "And Haiti went here." He lowers his hand (Arcos, 2018, p.252-253)</p>						
74.	<p><u>"But Grann, she knew suffering firsthand. She lost children. She went hungry. She and my grandfather came here to better their lives. And yeah, my father worked really hard to become the man he is, but he didn't know the suffering that Grann did.</u> He never went to bed hungry. Same thing for my mom. She's got a whole other history, being Irish and growing up in Ireland. I have a nice home, a mother and father, clothes, sports, everything . . . But if Grann had stayed in Haiti, I could be living in one of those tents right now. Sometimes I think, why me? I'm no different than them. Why</p>		√				√

	was I spared?” (Arcos, 2018, p.253-254)						
75.	.He laughs. “Talking does help, though.” “I get that, in theory. But I don’t know. It’s just . . . I’ve never . . .” My hand touches the side of my face. <u>“It’s like I’m damaged now. I don’t know how to move forward with anyone or anything. And I feel like . . . I feel like I’m drowning because . . . or maybe it’s just that I’m lost . . . it’s like a part of me is gone and I don’t know how to get back to myself. And I just keep thinking that if my mom never recovers, for the rest of my life, I’ll always be missing something, no matter how much time goes by.”</u> The words flop around in my brain and don’t even make sense anymore. Like there are spaces now, gaps that are too large—to terrible—to cross...Even when the tears come and fall on his hands, he stays there, steady, like he’s sat and grieved with me a thousand times (Arcos, 2018, p.258)	✓		✓			
76.	Nadja said the word, but the man had already disappeared inside the cavity of the white truck. <u>Kids were beginning to gather around, calling out to him, asking for treats, cigarettes, some Coca-Cola.</u> Some spoke in Bosnian, most in broken English. Nadja held the Bosnian-English dictionary close to her chest, worried some kid might try to steal it. It was the most valuable book the family owned. <u>Most of the UN officers spoke English, so that was the language of currency. Nadja had studied it in school for years,</u> but speaking it was tiring. <u>Her tongue flopped around like a beached whale when she tried to make the sounds</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.259)			✓	✓		✓

77.	<p>“Oh, and you don’t want to go to America? You want to live here?” There was nothing in Sarajevo for Nadja. “No.” America would get them both. “You will see.” Dalila stared off in the distance. “This can’t last forever” (Arcos, 2018, p.263).</p>						√
78.	<p>...She doesn’t respond, but I keep talking to her, like the nurse said I should...(Arcos, 2018, p.266).</p>		√			√	
79.	<p><u>It’s difficult seeing her try to talk. Her words are slurred, almost as if she’s had a stroke. And what little she’s speaking is more Bosnian than English—the accent she’s tried to hide for years now out in the open...I’m so relieved Mom is awake, but I feel nervous around her too. A little uncertain of how to act, because this is completely new ground.</u> I stand at the edge of her bed, smiling when she looks at me. Her eyes seem to go in and out of focus. Does she notice I’m wearing her prayer beads? (Arcos, 2018, p.266-267)</p>		√			√	
80.	<p>“So,” Dalila pressed. “Do you like him?” <u>“He . . .” Nadja wanted to say that he was nice to her, that he made her feel like it was all going to be okay. That she felt . . . safe with him.</u> <u>“He bought me batteries.”</u> “Yeah. But I see the way he watches you. I think he likes you. I’m just saying if you like him back, don’t think it’s weird or anything. You can get married and then we would really be sisters.” Nadja hummed as she worked; there was something else bursting from one of the boxes she had stuffed inside herself. The one close to her heart, just behind it, pressing against her</p>	√			√		

	<p>back. "I have someone," she whispered (Arcos, 2018, p.283)</p>						
81.	<p>"I . . . he . . . he is waiting for me," Nadja lied, and bent over, glad she wasn't standing. The force of the memory of him almost made her cry out. She felt the box opening, no matter how hard she tried to press the lid back down. She imagined herself standing on it, using all her strength and weight, but she was only a feather. She was all pale, fragile bone, no marrow, no flesh. The box had no more patience for her struggle. It needed to open. And then Marko was there. He was sitting beside her. He was touching her hair. Her hair that had grown out and was now down to her shoulders, and so thin. Darker too. He whispered her name. He brought his hands down upon hers in the dirt. His were so clean and strong. She tried to take hers away. But his hands were there now, and they pulled her to him. She allowed herself to lean against him. To let him hold her as she cried. She gave in to his smell and touch. "Marko," she whispered. "It's okay. I'm here," he said. Nadja saw his eyes. The fear. The love. The worry. All just before the darkness. The deep, deep darkness that took her away from him. That took her away from everything. That didn't kill her but made her survive. She cried because she hated him for it. She cried because she loved him for it.</p>	✓					

	<p>“Marko,” she said again, his name a wound tearing and mending over and over. (Arcos, 2018, p.282-284)</p>						
82.	<p>She wondered what type of weapon it was that killed Faris...Nadja slipped his name through the crack of the box inside of her, the one that had opened in the garden, and sealed it shut once again (Arcos, 2018, p.285).</p>	√					
83.	<p>...I just have to start. Like Joseph said, maybe the point is to push through. To do the things that scare us most (Arcos, 2018, p.289)</p>		√			√	
84.	<p>I feel the sting of rejection instantly, and I fight the tears that well up. But Mom doesn’t fight hers. She lets out a sob of frustration. I sit down next to her, take a tissue from the box on the bedside table and wipe her tears for her (Arcos, 2018, p.294).</p>					√	
85.	<p>“I know all I talk about is leaving, but now that it’s really here . . .” Dalila stared ahead. “Where will we go? Sarajevo is home.” Nadja had left home years ago. Her real family long gone. Now as she stood on the precipice of another departure, she felt like this would be how her life always was. That she would always leave and never find. The wound of her displacement so deep, home was now unknowable to her. “Sarajevo has never been home,” she said (Arcos, 2018, p.318-319)</p>				√		
86.	<p>AS I READ the last lines, my heart breaks. I sit in stunned silence, the light slowly fading from my room. I get up and turn on a lamp and note how the darkness cannot occupy the same space as the light.</p>		√				

	<p>I've always known my mother survived a war, but her words give me a glimpse into her heart and the suffering she's had to endure. I see now that because of what she went through, she is broken and scarred in ways that I am not. But I also know that I carry my own scars, my own brokenness. And if we continue to live and act from this place of hurt, there will never be healing.</p> <p>I read her words again. Absorb all their pain and longing.</p> <p>How would I feel if I'd been through what she has? Would I be able to come back from such things? (Arcos, 2018, p.329)</p>						
87.	<p>"Zao mi je, Zara," she says. "Didn't protect you." "Mom. There's no way you could have. It was an attack." <u>She stares at me and then through me to some place in the past.</u> <u>"Like before. All over again." Her fingers squeeze the beads.</u> I wait for her to say more, but she doesn't. I take a pile of photos out of my bag. "Hey, I brought some pictures for you." It's difficult for her to hold all of them, so I sit next to her on the bed and pass them to her one at a time. Many are of Benny and me as kids. She has trouble remembering who people are and what we were doing. I walk her through each picture, helping to restore the memory, the story of us (Arcos, 2018, p.330-331)</p>		√			√	
	"What were you doing?"						

88.	<p>“Posing for Marko. As usual. He was like you. Good photographer.”</p> <p>I sit up a little straighter on the seat next to her bed. It’s the first time Mom has acknowledged me being a photographer, let alone a good one.</p> <p>“Always clicking, clicking the camera. He wanted to be professional, like you. You remind me so much of him. The way you are with your camera. How you see the world.”</p> <p>My breath catches as though the wind has been knocked out of me, and suddenly, something else comes into focus. All this time, I thought Mom didn’t support my photography, my dreams of becoming a photographer. I had no reason to think there was more to the story. I realize now that maybe in some way, she still connects it to Marko. Like it’s a trigger for sadness that she only knows how to express in anger. It doesn’t make her behavior right, but it gives me an understanding and something more, deeper, instead of just hurt (Arcos, 2018, p.335-336)</p>		✓			✓	
89.	<p>I continue to ask Mom questions, prodding her along. She doesn’t need much. It’s like a dam has been broken... (Arcos, 2018, p.338).</p>		✓			✓	
90.	<p>Lying there awake, Nadja wondered why her ghosts had all chosen now to revisit her. Maybe it was because she was about to begin another life, and they wanted to be sure she’d take them with her. So they sat with her all night, feeding her the memories she had tried so hard to forget (Arcos, 2018, p.340)</p>	✓					

91.	<p>“Name?”</p> <p>“Nadja,” she said. Her voice cracked like the old forest floor underfoot as she realized her mistake too late. She’d shaved her head for nothing. She’d given her real name by accident.</p> <p>“A girl?” He pulled tighter. “Surname.”</p> <p>She gave him a fake name, hoping that hearing a Croat one would appease him.</p> <p>“Croats, Muslims, you all smell the same.” He kned her in the gut. She doubled over in pain. He punched her in the face, and she fell to the ground. Her body contracted into a fetal position without her even telling it to. He kicked her. The taste of blood came into her mouth. This time it was her own (Arcos, 2018, p.346-347)</p>	√					
92.	<p>“I used to see Nadja looking at photos late at night when she thought I was sleeping. She’d hold them and sometimes cry.” Dalila’s eyes water...(Arcos, 2018, p.352).</p>	√					
93.	<p>I lean forward, her words feeding a hunger inside. “Mom never talks about it—the war. Until a few days ago, I didn’t even know anything about her time in Višegrad before the war either” (Arcos, 2018, p.353)</p>		√				
94.	<p>“Almost twenty years ago. Just after she left Chicago. I wanted to stay in touch, and your mother knew how to reach me, but I never heard from her again after that” (Arcos, 2018, p.354).</p>	√					
95.	<p>“But something she says confuses me. “Did you come to the States with my mom?”</p> <p>“I did, yes.”</p> <p>“So then why hasn’t Mom ever mentioned you</p>	√					√

	<p>and your family before?”</p> <p>Dalila leans back, turns her head to the left and lets out a long plume of smoke. She turns and looks at me.</p> <p>“I think for Nadja, being around my family was what saved her in Sarajevo, but in the States, she needed to start completely over. At first I was very hurt. I didn’t understand why she wanted to leave us. We resettled in Chicago because my father had a cousin already there who could vouch for us. <u>Nadja came with us, but then she wanted to go to school in Boston. She had read about the city and became obsessed with going.</u> It was difficult for my parents to let her. For me too. But now I am not angry. I have my own kids and husband. It is a good life. I am happy.”</p> <p>Dalila says she’s happy, but it seems like a sad happy. Maybe it’s because I’m asking her to talk about the past (Arcos, 2018, p.354)</p>						
96.	<p>.Mom’s eyes open wide in recognition and then surprise as her past walks in.</p> <p>At first she can’t speak. Then, finally, “Dalila?”</p> <p>Dalila moves toward Mom and sits on her bed.</p> <p>“Yes, Nadja. I’m here.”</p> <p>Mom smiles and begins to cry as Dalila leans in and kisses her on both cheeks.</p> <p>“Dalila.” Mom says her name again. They speak softly in Bosnian, words meeting and overlapping and becoming laughter (Arcos, 2018, p.355-356)</p>					✓	
97.	<p>She nodded to others as they passed, as was the custom here.</p> <p>“Hello,” she said to a girl close to her age.</p>			✓	✓		

	<p>“Hey,” she said back. “Hey,” Nadja repeated softly when the girl was out of earshot. She practiced the short breathy clip of the word. Trying to match the accent. Her time in night classes had already given her much of what she needed with English. Thankfully, she knew the base of the language, the conjugation and syntax, having studied it for years at school. <u>But she hadn’t come to know the rhythm, the idiosyncrasies that every language possesses and that you only really get to know when living, immersed, in the culture</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.364)</p>						
98.	<p><u>Nadja studied all the time. Watching how people said hello. How they said good-bye. How they stood and waited for a train. How they ate their meals. How they hugged without giving kisses. She wanted to assimilate as fast as she could. She didn’t want to leave any trace of her being from Višegrad.</u> As far as she was concerned, she was a girl without a country no longer. <u>She would be American. Embrace all of it. It was too painful to look back, so she kept her gaze on the horizon</u> (Arcos, 2018, p.364-365)</p>	✓		✓			
99.	<p>When she got to the middle of the bridge, she leaned over to watch the water. It rushed much like it did during certain times of the day. But it wasn’t the beautiful Drina. A memory came to her as she stood there. It had been a day just like this one. She had walked with her family across another bridge. A bridge they must have walked across hundreds of times, almost every day of her life. But this particular memory she had forgotten.</p>	✓					

	<p>It had lodged itself somewhere between never forget and never remember. And now it assaulted her like memory often does. Without consent. Without regard for feelings. But today, maybe because her guard was down, because she was happy, or because she was on the cusp of another change, she allowed herself to indulge in it (Arcos, 2018, p.365)</p>						
100.	<p>Wonder and fear filled her. This was not what her mother would have wanted. Getting pregnant before marriage. Her mother would have been ashamed (Arcos, 2018, p.367)</p>				√		
101.	<p>I think about my lineage. I don't know much about my greatgrandparents on either side. Vovo's parents are from Fall River, Massachusetts, his grandparents from Portugal. My grandma's family came from England, Canada and maybe France? My mom's parents and grandparents came from eastern Bosnia. Before that? I'm not sure. But I've absorbed all of them. For better or for worse (Arcos, 2018, p.374)</p>					√	

Profil



TTL

Jakarta, 07 Mei 1997



Agama

Islam



Rumah

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PENGALAMAN ORGANISASI

PENGALAMAN BEKERJA

PENGALAMAN ORGANISASI		PENGALAMAN BEKERJA	
2016 - 2017	HPD THEATRE OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT (TED) UNJ	2016-2017	TUTOR BAHASA INGGRIS SD-SMP-SMA NASIONAL DI BIMBEL BEST UTAN KAYU
2016 - 2017	BENDAHARA DEWAN PERWAKILAN MAHASISWA (DPM) PRODI SASTRA INGGRIS UNJ	2017-2018	TUTOR BAHASA INGGRIS SD INTERNASIONAL-NASIONAL PLUS DI FUNDY PRIVATE
2017 - 2018	KEPALA DIVISI PEMBINAAN THEATRE OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT (TED) UNJ	2018-2019	TUTOR BAHASA INGGRIS SMP NASIONAL PLUS DI WISSENCHAFT PRIVAT
2018 - 2019	KETUA THEATRE OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT (TED) UNJ	2018-2019	TUTOR BAHASA INGGRIS SD NASIONAL PLUS-SMP-SMA NASIONAL DI LATIS PRIVAT
		2018	TUTOR BAHASA INGGRIS CONVERSATION DAN TRANSLATOR DI WIYATA TOUR & TRAVEL
		2016- 2019	FREELANCE TRANSLATOR

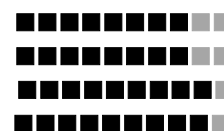
Kemampuan

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Kecakapan

Komunikatif
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Minat

