

## APPENDICES

### Appendix A

#### Transliteration

Transliteration	English translation	Indonesian Translation
Qul huwal lazee ansha akum wa ja'ala lakumus sam'a wal absara wal af'idata qaleelam maa tashkuroon.	<i>"Say, "it is He who has produced you and made you hearing and vision and hearth; little are you grateful."</i>	Katakanlah: "Dialah Yang menciptakan kamu dan menjadikan bagi kamu pendengaran, penglihatan dan hati" (Tetapi) amat sedikit kamu bersyukur.

## Appendix B

### Audio Transcript

#### Easy Stories in English

#### Audio 1 Beginner

##### *The Perfect Pet*

*Rory had always been an animal lover. But he grew up with two very mean parents. His mother said she had allergies, but every time he asked her what the allergies were, they changed. If he wanted a cat, she was allergic to cats. If he wanted a fish, she was allergic to fishes. If he wanted to go to the zoo, she was allergic to crowds.*

*Rory's dad didn't have any allergies, but he hated animals. However, he loved eating meat, so when Rory said he wanted a cat, his dad said, 'Mmm, cat! I haven't eaten cat before. We can get it nice and fat and then eat it.' Then Rory cried and stopped asking for a pet.*

*When Rory finished university, he moved to a small town, so he could have lots of space. The town had lots of dog parks, and it also had a cat park. Cat parks weren't normal, so he was very excited to go there. Rory thought a lot about what pet to get. Every day, he went to the dog park and the cat park. He talked to people and played with their animals. People told him that cats and dogs were hard to look after, but he didn't want to get a small pet. So, one day, he got a big dog called Buck.*

*Buck was an Alaskan Malamute, a big grey dog with lots of energy. Rory had always loved these dogs, because they were social and loved to play. Rory and Buck had a lot of fun. They went for walks twice a day, and they played lots of games. Buck never bit Rory, and he never peed on the floor.*

*However, Buck had a lot of hair. Soon, the house was covered in hair. When Rory tried to clean it up, he sneezed a lot. Rory went to the doctor, who told him he was allergic to dog hair. Rory couldn't believe it. He was allergic, just like his mum!*

*He thought maybe it would get better, but it just got worse. Soon, Rory was sneezing all day, and he couldn't play with Buck. So, he decided to give Buck to a family on his street. They didn't have allergies, and they had lots of time to play with him. Rory cried all night after saying goodbye to Buck, but he didn't sneeze again after that.*

*Next, he tried a cat. He made sure to get an allergy test first, and he wasn't allergic to cats. But he wanted to be safe, so he chose a Sphynx cat – a type of cat that had no hair. He also knew that Sphynx cats were very social and were a bit like dogs. He called his cat Aslan. In the beginning, he had lots of fun with Aslan. They played together and went to the cat park, and*

*he had no problems with allergies. Sometimes, Aslan peed on the floor, but Rory taught him where to go, and this wasn't a problem.*

*However, Aslan was a very social cat. When Rory was cooking, Aslan jumped up and tried to take the food. When Rory read, Aslan scratched the book, and sometimes he scratched the book so much that Rory couldn't read it. When Rory had a bath, Aslan jumped in the water and then got angry, because he didn't like water. If Rory didn't play with Aslan, then Aslan was mean to him. He scratched his legs and hissed.*

*One day, Rory woke up and the bed was covered in dead birds. There were probably thirty of them. Aslan had killed all the birds and put them on the bed, as a present to Rory. 'Enough,' said Rory.*

*He found a sad old woman who lived alone and gave Aslan to her. She loved the cat, and when Aslan scratched her, she just said, 'Oh, be careful, my dear!'*

*Finally, Rory decided he wasn't ready for a big pet. So, he decided to get guinea pigs. Guinea pigs were very pretty, and they were easy to look after. Some of his friends at school had had guinea pigs, and he always wanted to play with them, but his mum said he couldn't because she was allergic.*

*He got two guinea pigs, because they were very social animals. One was black, so he called her Black Beauty, and the other was pink like a pig, so he called her Babe. Black Beauty and Babe were sisters, so he thought they would be friends. But Babe was a very mean guinea pig. Babe was worse than both Buck and Aslan.*

*When Rory gave the guinea pigs food, Babe ate all the food before Black Beauty could get to it. If he tried to give food to Black Beauty, Babe squeaked and bit him. If Rory played with Black Beauty, Babe started eating their little wooden house. And when Rory played with Babe, she always peed on him. It was like she waited until he was holding her to pee...*

*But they were easier to look after than Buck and Aslan. If he wore gloves when he was near them, then it didn't hurt when Babe scratched and bit him. And he did really love Black Beauty.*

*'One day Babe will die,' he said to Black Beauty, 'and then I'll get you a real sister.' That day did not come. One morning, Rory put on his gloves to feed the guinea pigs.*

*The gloves were wet – Babe had peed in them. He didn't know how she had done it, because they slept in their little wooden house, which was locked. But Rory had stopped trying to understand Babe. He washed the gloves and then went to see them.*

*The little wooden house was red. Rory couldn't understand. It looked like... paint? Then he saw it. Babe's mouth was red, covered in blood. Next to her was Black Beauty's body. But it wasn't all there. Babe had eaten most of it. There was blood everywhere. The door of their house was covered in blood. Their food bowl was full of blood. Rory felt sick.*

*The door to their house was open. Babe had unlocked it. How could a guinea pig break a lock? But that wasn't the worst part. Babe could have run away. She could have run into the woods,*

*but she chose to stay here. She wanted Rory to see this. She wanted him to see what she could do. She wanted him to be afraid of her. Rory took a deep breath and went to get his phone. He called the police.*

### **Five Years Later**

*Rory loved his job, and he knew he was good at it. His little shop won a prize almost every year. If you looked at the shop, you would think it was just a normal butcher's. Rory the Butcher, said the sign. Next to the sign was a happy picture of Rory holding a big knife. Under the knife there was a pig who did not look so happy.*

*But this was no normal small-town butcher's. If you stayed in town long enough, you might hear the stories. Rory was wonderful with animals, they said. If you visited once or twice, you might think that he was an animal lover. People brought their pets into the shop and talked to him about them. But it was always pets with problems. People brought in angry dogs and mean cats. Rory never went near the animals, and he always held his big knife.*

*When Rory knew a customer well, he waited until they were alone in the shop. Then he said, 'I'm selling a new kind of meat, you know. Just come with me into the other room. Oh, and bring your pet...'*

*Strange things happened in that small town. Mr. and Mrs. Foster had a dog that peed in their beds. The children loved the dog, but the parents hated it. Then, one day, while the children were at school, the dog ran away. Nobody could find it. The children cried and cried. 'Don't worry, children,' said Mrs. Foster, 'I'm sure we'll see Spot again soon. I went to the butcher's today and got some lovely steaks for us all. That will make you feel better.'*

*Sometimes, Rory's mother rang him and asked how the business was going. 'You've changed, you know,' she said. 'I haven't changed, Mum,' said Rory, and laughed. 'I still love animals. But I love them more when they're dead.'*

### **Audio 2 Intermediate**

#### **Strange Friends**

*Once upon a time, there was a cat and a mouse who lived together in a little house. Unlike others of her kind, the cat did not chase and eat the mouse, which meant that they could be friends, and friends they were. Everyone called them the 'strange friends', and they lived a peaceful life in the city.*

*One day, the cat came and spoke to the mouse. 'We must think of winter. It is bright and sunny now, but in a few months' time it will be dark and cold, and there will hardly be any food to eat. We should save something for winter. After all, if you go out looking for food in the winter, a cat might eat you!'*

*'You're quite right,' said the mouse. 'I know just the right food to keep. Let's buy a pot of fat.'*

*So, they bought a pot, and were about to store it in the kitchen, when the mouse said, 'Wait! We cannot keep it here. If we see it, we will want to eat it. Let us put it somewhere where we will forget about it until we need it: in the church, under the altar.'*

*So they went into the church, hid the pot of fat under the altar, and then went home and promptly forgot about it. Or at least, the mouse forgot about it, but the cat thought about the pot of fat very often. At first, she thought, 'Ah, what a wonderful idea it was to get that pot of fat! We will be very grateful for it in winter.'*

*But as the weeks passed, she thought more and more about the fat, and her thoughts began to turn selfish. She fantasized about going and eating the fat. It would taste so good!*

*So, the cat came up with a plan. She came to the mouse and said, 'Dear mouse, I have to ask you a favor. You see, my cousin has given birth to a beautiful little kitten with white and brown fur. He really is very special, and my cousin has asked me to come to the christening and be his godmother. As I'm sure you can understand, this is an honor. Would it be alright if I left you to look after the house alone, just this one day?'*

*'Of course, of course!' said the mouse. 'Family comes above all. Go and enjoy the christening, and if there is some nice food or drink, bring a bit back to me. In fact, I would love just a few drops of the wine—christening wine is always sweet and delicious.' The cat smiled and said, 'I'll do my best.'*

*Naturally, the cat was lying. She had no cousin and nobody had asked her to be godmother. She happily walked out of the house and went straight to the church, pulled out the pot of fat, and opened it up. Oh, it looked so good! The cat licked at it, enjoying the delicious taste, and she ate the top layer of the fat, until she was quite full up.*

*Then she went for a walk on the roofs of the city. She hoped to spot some dessert there, but finding none, she lay down in the sun and fell asleep. She fantasized about the pot of fat again, licking her lips in anticipation of the next time she could eat from it.*

*When she returned home that evening, the mouse said, 'Well, you look like you've had a wonderful time! I suppose it was a good christening, then?'*

*'Oh yes, the best I've ever been to.'*

*'And what did they name the child?'*

*The cat thought for a moment and then said, 'Top-Off.'*

*'Top-Off!' said the mouse. 'I must say, I have never heard such a peculiar name in my life. Are there others in your family with that name?'*

*'It is a perfectly normal name, thank you very much. You have a godchild, don't you? He's called Big Nose, if I recall. That's just as strange a name as Top-Off.'*

*And with that, the conversation was over.*

*But the cat did not stop thinking about the pot of fat, and a week later, she was filled with the desire to eat more of it.*

*So once more, she went to the mouse and said, 'My dear mouse, I'm afraid I must ask for your assistance again. My cousin has quite an active personality, and has already given birth to another child. This one has a white ring around her neck, which is quite a rare thing. They want me to be godmother again, and I am afraid I cannot say no. Would you look after the house one more time?'*

*'No problem, friend! Go and enjoy yourself, and if you could possibly spare a few drops of that christening wine...'*

*'Oh, we drank it up so quickly last time! But I will try.'*

*Of course, the cat did not go to any christening, but to the altar in the church. This time, she ate half the pot of fat, filling her stomach up completely.*

*'Food tastes much better when you don't have to share it with anyone else,' she thought to herself.*

*Upon arriving home, the mouse of course asked her, 'What did they name the child this time?'*

*'Half-Done,' said the cat. 'Half-Done! Are you telling the truth? I have never heard of that name. I don't think you would find it in a single name dictionary in the country!'*

*'Then perhaps the dictionaries should be rewritten,' grumbled the cat.*

*A few days later, the greedy cat got hungry again, and once more fantasized about the fat. Well, if she had already gone this far, why not go further?*

*'Good things come in threes,' announced the cat to the mouse. 'I have been asked to be godmother again. This child is black with white hands, which makes it really quite a special kitten. I must attend the christening. Will you take care of the house while I'm gone?'*

*'Top-Off! Half-Done! Those names really do make me think. I wonder what name it will be today?'*

*'Well, you just sit at home and wonder while I go and take part in the christening.'*

*So, the cat headed off to the church. In the meantime, the mouse cleaned the house from top to bottom, while the cat ate the rest of the pot of fat.*

*'It is so good to finish a meal,' said the cat. She was so full that she had a long sleep on the roof and did not return home until the late hours of the night. The mouse eagerly asked what they had named the third child.*

*'You're not going to like this,' said the cat. 'He is called All-Gone.'*

*'All-Gone!' cried the mouse. 'Why, that is the strangest name of all! I have never heard such a name in my entire life. What could it mean?'*

*Considering these questions, the mouse went off to bed.*

*After that day, the cat's 'cousin' did not have any more children, and she was called to no more christenings. Winter finally came, and they ran out of food, but the mouse was not deterred by this.*

*'It is a good thing we have that pot of fat!' she said. 'Let's go to the church and enjoy our food.'*

*'Yes,' said the cat to herself, 'although you could just stick your tongue out of the window and lick the air. It will have the same result.'*

*'Hmm, what was that?'*

*'Oh, nothing! I am simply anxious with anticipation.'*

*But when they arrived at the church, they found the pot empty.*

*'Oh no!' said the mouse. 'I see what has happened. I thought we were friends, but in fact you have betrayed me! While you were "going to christenings", you were really off eating the fat. First Top-Off, then Half-Done, then—'*

*'Do not finish,' said the cat gravely. Just the sound of the names evoked memories of the delicious fat, and she was getting very hungry. 'If you say another word, I'll—'*

*'All-Gone!' cried the mouse. And with that, the cat jumped on her and ate her up. Because that is the way of the world. Cats eat mice, and cats get fat.*

### **Audio 3 Advanced**

#### ***The End***

*The waves jumped and crashed, cymbals without drums. She stared out to the horizon, wishing that an answer would rise over it, but nothing broke the thin blue line which melted into the muddy white clouds like sugar.*

*Every day had been like this. At first, she had searched desperately for life, climbing through former fields and forests. The trees were still there, but their souls had departed. The leaves were beginning to die, but in a way like no autumn had ever passed in the planet's many millennia. They did not redden and fall, but went stiff and broke off at the slightest touch. The roots curled up, hiding in the sharp shells of their former trunks.*

*Now she sought the sea, the one solace remaining. But though it crashed and boiled, it was no more than a dirty glass of water. Simply knowing that no mysteries lay beneath its surface, that no ancient masters swam its depths, was enough to turn its beautiful roar into a harsh tinnitus.*

*It had come so suddenly, like a stone to the chest. Those who had dedicated years of their life to mourning the natural world continued to cry the loudest. There were a stubborn few, naïve children of the universe, who did not care about the loss. They forgot that plastic was squashed*

*up dinosaur bones, a transformed postcard from ages past, that electricity was lightning, that societies more diverse than any human moved and thrived behind tree cover. They didn't know that every living thing, from oak to robin to humpback whale, had a soul and a meaning, that humanity, for all its clever inventions, had never cut the first umbilical cord.*

*Most mourned quietly. This was the End of History. It did not come with a slow, agonizing hellfire. It did not end with a nuclear storm, nor failed fleeing to Mars. It ended with the hand of God, descending like a child into a doll house, sweeping away everything that had given existence meaning.*

*All other life on Earth was gone, which meant humans were no longer alive. She came to the sea, day after day. The waves boiled and crashed like dancing flames. Had Leviathan risen from the depths to swallow the Earth? Was another cycle of existence about to begin?*

*At first, the hunger had been unbearable. Men, women and children who had never known more than temporary pain were dipped into agony, smashed into suffering like the plants and animals whose habitats they had destroyed. Weeks of fighting, chase and cannibalism broke out; base instincts conquered society. But the energy gradually ran out, and they collapsed, either lying down to wait for the end, or desperately seeking the remains of life.*

*She was not the only one on the beach. She stood right at the water's edge, but far enough away to avoid the lick of the waves. Another stood a hundred meters to her right, and a few others gathered on a cliff nearby. They did not speak to each other. Words had become as precious as rare blooming flowers, and companionship had lost its warmth.*

*Aside from those murdered, nobody died. The hunger grew until one day you woke up different. You felt not hungry, not tired, and pains melted from your body. Yet there was no joy in life, no way of understanding the death around you when you would live forever. Nobody knew what was happening, and nobody wanted to find out. Explanation would make it real.*

*She came to the sea, day after day. Most didn't bother. They lay on the ground, piling up by roadsides, in the broken-glass tapestries of former forests, or curled up in beds. Human walls and furniture, despite their natural origin, stayed as they were. You could wrap yourself up in a reproduction of life, with palm-tree bed sheets and teddy bear bestiaries. There was no solace in this. The fabrics formed a thick layer, like dirt thrown on a grave.*

*She came to the sea, alone that day. The other visitors had gradually gone. How much time had passed? Moonlight dulled like an old coin, and sunlight shone on emptiness. Clocks and watches were absurd, like cars built out of potatoes. Time lived in everything, yet humans insisted on capturing it in glass bottles.*

*She walked. The sea did not hug her as it had in her childhood. It brushed against her like an unfriendly dog. But soon, she felt nothing. Not even when the water reached her neck, covered her chin, her mouth, and finally her eyes.*

*She came into the sea, the final day. The weight of millennia pressed her to the ocean floor. She passed no fish, no coral, no sharks. Seaweed floated like knives. A few pieces brushed her cheeks, slicing them open.*

*She came to the bottom of the sea. But she was no angler fish. She had reached a place that humanity had dreamed of seeing, and saw nothing. Pressure roared in her ears, and she almost felt it. The idea was too much, and she shut her eyes. And God said, let there be darkness: and there was darkness.*

## **Lovely English Stories**

### **Audio 4 Beginner**

#### ***What is Your Job***

*There are lots of different jobs you could do or careers you could have in your life. Maybe you are a student. if you are a student then you go to school, college or university. you could also be a part-time student meaning you work during the day and study in the evenings. If you are a student, you study something.*

*most people in England are students until they are 18 years of age then they might do an apprenticeship, go to university or get a job. there are lots of jobs to choose from! let's go through some of them. if you are a nurse, then you work in a hospital or maybe a nursing home and you help to look after people. you can be a specialist nurse or a general nurse. if you want to be a doctor, then you will have to go to university for a long time. then you could become a GP which is a general practitioner, or as some countries call them, a family doctor. if Health Care is not for you, you could be a teacher. you could teach any age! maybe you'd like to work with little children or adults! you could teach anything from English to art or even music. what is your favorite subject? maybe you want a practical job. you could be a builder or a plumber. they can earn a lot of money and you can be your own boss!*

*A lot of people like to work in the Civil Service. this means working for the government. you can be a civil servant in an office or work in public jobs too. perhaps you'd like to be a police officer or a firefighter? if you work in one of these jobs, then you will work a shift pattern. this means you work six days on and then four days off which can be quite good! if shift work isn't for you, you could work in a shop or perhaps open your own Café.*

*would you like to Be Your Own Boss or do you want to work for someone? If you are self-employed then you work for yourself. whereas if you work for a company, you will get a pension and sick pay. there are pros and cons to both ways of working. which do you prefer? if you could do any job in the world, what would you do? maybe you'd like to be a singer, a writer, or an artist. whatever it is, do something you enjoy*

## Audio 5 Intermediate

### *Restless*

*I feel the need for change again. I don't like to stay in one place for too long and yet, at the same time, I am a home bird. when I'm away I miss my family and friends, the food, the people, and the sense of belonging. but when I stay at home for too long, I begin to feel trapped and bored. I long for more. I crave excitement and adventure. it's not that I think the grass is greener on the other side because I don't necessarily think it is. it's more of a feeling of trying to see and do as much as I can, while I can.*

*Today, I spent the afternoon perusing various holiday and travel websites, but I can't decide where to go. if I want Sunshine, then I'll need to fly at least five hours away. part of me wants to hop on a plane and go to New Zealand, Thailand or Australia, but then I feel guilty that I should be saving money. I seem to be full of contradictions at the moment.*

*I wish I weren't so restless. at times, I think it is a good thing, as it pushes me to travel and try new things, but then I always have this feeling of incompleteness, or that there's something else I could be doing or exploring. I wish I could be a plodder at times - happy to just live from day to day and do the same things. but then if we were all the same, life would be pretty boring, wouldn't it? I've decided to make some resolutions for the next few months to try and focus my Restless mind.*

*I'm going to book a cheap weekend break somewhere in Europe where I can try new foods, visit museums, and explore galleries. I want to cycle through small Alleyways and discover hidden cafes and delicatessens. I love learning about other cultures.*

*In the summer, I'm going to sign up for a two-week language learning course somewhere. I have yet to decide were exactly yet. maybe I could pick up French again in Paris, start learning Dutch in Amsterdam or perhaps have a go at Portuguese in Porto. we'll see!*

*Then, later in the year, I want to sign up to do a 10km race somewhere other than where I live. by doing this, I'm going to get fit and also see somewhere amazing! I'll have to start researching into 10km soon and get signed up, so I don't lose out on a place. if I try to complete these three things then I'll be happy, and I think they will help to scratch the traveling and exploration itch that rears its head from time to time.*

*I know I'm not the only person like it, many people out there are the same. if I had loads of money, I could go off to faraway lands and explore until my heart's content. but unfortunately, back in the real world and reality, I have a job and a house to run! not to mention two cats to look after!*

*I've been thinking about how I could make my day-to-day life a little more interesting. I don't want to be one of those people who lives for the weekend and doesn't enjoy the majority of their weeks.*

*I have been like that in the past. especially when I've been particularly restless in certain jobs. if a job doesn't challenge me, I get bored and I can feel myself starting to switch off. over the next year, I will keep pushing myself with my work. I've already signed up for several training courses and I volunteered to help the new apprentices get settled into the team. I know I do a lot of wishing and thinking but the truth is that I am actually quite happy and content with my life now.*

*I have been lucky enough to do lots of different things and I feel grateful to be healthy and have the things I have. We can always crave more, and that's good to do so we don't get stuck in a rut, but it's important to recognize the wonderful things around us too. that's why, every night, I always say, aloud, before I sleep, three things that I am grateful for or that have made me happy that day. it helps me to focus on the good and put my restless thoughts to one side, at least for another day.*

### **Audio 6 advanced**

#### ***The Wintry Walk***

*As Dawn broke a freezing chill filled the air. through the condensation on the windows, I could see a blanket of white snow, inviting in its twinkly softness as far as the eye could see. All was quiet, calm and still on this beautiful, tranquil morning. The breathtaking view was compelling. I needed to be part of it!*

*over the frozen fields, the beautiful, celestial panorama before me was truly unparalleled. it was a snowy paradise. Powdery slopes and rolling hills of crystal trees, white and lifeless where the migratory birds of summer had long gone. At the foot of an incline, a pool of glassy water shining like crystals, tantalizing but bitterly cold, is shrouded in a veil of mist.*

*I soon reached the nearby forest, an enchanting scene of snow-covered trees shivering in the bitter air, their bare branches clothed in a decadent jewel-like some lit glitter. Snowflakes, playfully swirling around danced to the polar-white ground below. in the glow reflecting sunlight, I walked through the fresh airy cold, tiny crystals brushing my face.*

*At first appearing empty and lifeless, in the stillness of the glacial chill, I saw animal tracks undisturbed on the fresh snow. Squirrels and mice, perhaps, out sniffing for food. A stream flows nearby under the thinnest blanket of ice.*

*In the frozen air, the sky washed with gray and white, within the forest stood a multitude of the most beautiful of forest trees, the majestic silver birch. their barks were like armor which gleamed in the morning light, supporting barren wind-blasted branches, resembling white outstretched arms.*

*They were covered in an either down of snow and glittered in the morning dew. they stood in a garden of ice, pristine and pure, reflecting their simplicity. It was as if I was being invited to walk into a scene so marvelous, it was like dancing on ice with your soul.*

*As the frozen ground crunched underfoot, the wintery chill made me shiver. Snowflakes caught the light, like silver stars falling to create a feathered cushion over the earth. I turned around to retrace my steps, now covered afresh as if I had never been here. the snow was deep, like a gift wrap of satin on a gleaming world.*

*Reflecting the light and brightness of the early morning, the soon thickening snow, which was earlier powdery, became deep and treacherous. Loaded with ice, like splinters of broken glass, hitting my face, biting in its coldness, the oncoming storm was ruthless. An onslaught of white, blinding and freezing fog built up, surrounding me.*

*Thankfully, I saw my house, now wrapped in its crystalline-clad coat, on the horizon. I was comforted that I would soon reach home, able to view the wondrous winter white through the windows. it was magical.*

### **Practicing English**

#### **Audio 7 Intermediate**

#### ***Winter in Marbella***

*(a story with 'too' and 'enough')*

*Fred Jones was spending his first summer holiday in Marbella in the south of Spain. He was really enjoying himself. He especially loved the weather. The days were always warm. The skies were always blue. The sea was always warm too. He never felt too cold when he went for a swim.*

*The food was really good too. In the evenings, he would put on his best clothes and go out to his favorite restaurant. He loved Spanish cooking. It was delicious! There was always a wide variety of meat, fish and fresh fruit. He always had enough to eat. The food was quite cheap too.*

*But all good things come to an end, as we say in English. It was now the end of August, and Fred's stay in Marbella was over. It was time to pay his hotel bill and leave. Fred thought about what the weather would be like back in England. It would be raining probably. He thought England was too cold for him now. It was too wet and there wasn't enough good weather. Not only that, English food wasn't good enough for him - it was too plain and boring.*

*Nevertheless, on the morning of his departure, Fred went to the reception to check out and pay his hotel bill. The hotel manager was behind the counter waiting for him.*

*'Good morning, sir!' said the manager. 'I hope you had a good stay. We'll be sorry to see you go. I hope your room was comfortable enough for you.'*

*'Yes, certainly,' answered Fred. 'I had a lovely time. And the room was very comfortable. Thank you.'*

*'Well, here's your bill,' said the hotel manager and he gave Fred a very long piece of paper.*

*When Fred saw the bill, he was shocked to see the amount. 'But this is too expensive. I can't pay this,' said Fred.*

*'We accept credit cards,' said the hotel manager.*

*'But I don't have enough money in my bank account. I'm sorry. I didn't expect the bill to be so much.'*

*The hotel manager was now beginning to get angry. 'Look, sir. You must pay this bill. In fact, I'll tell you something right now; you're not leaving this hotel until you pay!'*

*Fred thought for a moment. Then he said, 'What a good idea! What's the weather like in Marbella in winter?'*

## Appendix C

### Tittle Change Letter



**KEMENTERIAN AGAMA  
UNIVERSITAS ISLAM NEGERI ANTASARI  
FAKULTAS TARBIYAH DAN KEGURUAN  
PRODI TADRIS BAHASA INGGRIS**

Jalan Jenderal Ahmad Yani KM. 4,5 Banjarmasin Telepon (0511) 3253939 Faksimile (0511) 3274492  
Web: [www.flk.iain-antasari.ac.id](http://www.flk.iain-antasari.ac.id)

Nomor : B-277/Un.14/III.1.f/PP.00.9/03/2023  
Lamp : -  
Hal : **Perubahan Judul Skripsi**

Kepada Yth.  
Sdr (i) Abdul Hair  
NIM. 1601241808  
Mahasiswa Jurusan TBI  
di Banjarmasin

Assalamu'alaikum. Wr. Wb.

Berdasarkan usulan dari Dosen Pembimbing Skripsi tentang perubahan Judul Skripsi, demikian pula setelah kami mengadakan penelitian dan peninjauan seperlunya terhadap Proposal Skripsi Sdr (i), dengan ini kami menyatakan dapat menyetujui judul skripsi Sdr (i) yang semula berbunyi:

**THE VOICE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT ALUMNI ON ENGLISH CURRICULUM AT UIN ANTASARI**

Berubah menjadi:

**AN ANALYSIS OF AUDIO STORYTELLING ON SPOTIFY OF IT'S POTENTIAL FOR ENHANCING LISTENING ABILITY**

Menunjuk :

1. Hidayah Nor, M.Pd sebagai Dosen Pembimbing Skripsi.

Demikian agar Sdr (i) segera menghubungi pembimbing untuk konsultasi selanjutnya.

Wassalamu'alaikum. Wr. Wb.

Banjarmasin, 28 Maret 2023  
Ketua Prodi  
Tadris Bahasa Inggris


  
Afifah Linda Sari

## Appendix D

### Certificate of Seminar Proposal



**KEMENTERIAN AGAMA  
UNIVERSITAS ISLAM NEGERI ANTASARI  
FAKULTAS TARBIYAH DAN KEGURUAN  
PRODI TADRIS BAHASA INGGRIS**

Jalan Jenderal Ahmad Yani KM. 4,5 Banjarmasin Telepon (0511) 3253939 Faksimile (0511) 3274492  
Web: [www.ftk.iain-antasari.ac.id](http://www.ftk.iain-antasari.ac.id)

### SURAT KETERANGAN

Nomor: B-276/Un.14/III.1.f/PP.00.9/03/2023

Yang bertanda tangan di bawah ini, menerangkan bahwa:

Nama : Abdul Hair  
N I M : 1601241808  
Jurusan/Prodi : Tadris Bahasa Inggris  
Alamat : Jl. Sultan Adam, Komplek. Taekwondo Permai, jalur 4,  
Kelurahan Surgi Mufti No. 21.

adalah benar telah melaksanakan Seminar Desain Operasional Skripsi yang berjudul:

**“THE VOICE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT ALUMNI ON ENGLISH  
CURRICULUM AT UIN ANTASARI”**

Pada Hari/Tanggal : Kamis, 15 September 2022  
Tempat : Ruang 1.28

Demikian surat keterangan ini dibuat, untuk dipergunakan sebagaimana mestinya.

Banjarmasin, 28 Maret 2023



Ketua,







Afifah Linda Sari

## Appendix E

### Consultation Note

Date	Note	SIGNATURE
January 13 <sup>th</sup> 2023	Perbaikan background of study; penambahan surah yang berhubungan dengan penelitian, menghubungkan penelitian dengan English Education, penambahan beberapa bagian yang perlu.	
	Penggantian teknik pengumpulan data menjadi documentation.	
January 27 <sup>th</sup> 2023	Menambahkan teori tentang Listening dan storytelling	
	Menambahkan Photo di bagian subject penelitian.	
	Perbaikan teknik penelitian tentang content analysis	
February 2 <sup>th</sup> 2023	Perbaikan bagian discussion hasilnya dikaitkan dengan teori di bagian chapter 2	

	Perbaikan bagian conclusion agar lebih merangkum semua hasil penelitian	
	Penambahan bagian suggestion yang terkait dengan penelitian.	
February 9 <sup>th</sup> 2023	Penomoran Halaman	
	Perbaikan format penulisan citation	
	Perbaikan format penulisan menjadi justify	
February 13 <sup>th</sup> 2023	Perbaikan grammar pada chapter III; menjadi past tenses.	
	Perbaikan format penulisan hasil temuan dan analisis pada chapter IV	
	Perbaikan format penomoran sub judul.	
November 14 <sup>th</sup> 2023	Perbaikan penulisan Significant of Study menjadi Significance of Study	

	Perbaikan penulisan nomor sub judul	
February 20 <sup>th</sup> 2023	Menambahkan suggestion untuk future researcher pada bagian suggestion.	
	Menambahkan kesimpulan terkait pembagian jenis pertanyaan pada tiap tiap sumber	

## **CURRICULUM VITAE**

### **I. Personal Details**

Name : Abdul Hair

Place and Date of Birth : Kuala Kapuas, December 14<sup>th</sup> 1997

Gender : Male

Marital Status : Single

Religion : Islam

Nationality : Indonesia

Parents : Ruba'i and Ernawati

### **II. Formal Educational Background**

2016 – 2023 : English Education Department of Antasari  
State of Islamic University Banjarmasin

2013 – 2016 : SMKN 1 Kuala Kapuas Jurusan Multimedia

2010 – 2013 : MTsN Selat Kuala Kapuas

2004 – 2010 : SDN 2 Selat Tengah Kuala Kapuas

### **III. Organization Experiences**

2014 – 2016 : PMR (Palang Merah Remaja)

2014 – 2022 : PSHT (Persaudaraan Setia Hati Terate)

2017 – 2018 : AFATAR (Anak Fakultas Tarbiyah)

2017 – 2019 : LiDs Educia (Linguistic and Debating Society)

2017 – 2023 : Sanggar Bahana Antasari