

## APPENDICES

### Appendix I. Translation of Al-Qur'an

No	Name/Verse of the Surah	English	Indonesian
1	<p>اقْرَأْ بِاسْمِ رَبِّكَ الَّذِي خَلَقَ ١</p> <p>Al-Alaq verse 1</p>	Read! In the Name of your Lord, Who has created (all that exists),	"Bacalah dengan (menyebut) nama Tuhanmu yang menciptakan."
2	<p>خَلَقَ الْإِنْسَانَ</p> <p>مِنْ عَلَقٍ ٢</p> <p>Al-Alaq verse 2</p>	Has created man from a clot (a piece of thick coagulated blood).	"Dia telah menciptakan manusia dari segumpal darah."
3	<p>اقْرَأْ وَرَبُّكَ</p> <p>الْأَكْرَمُ ٣</p> <p>Al-Alaq verse 3</p>	Read! And your Lord is the Most Generous,	"Bacalah, dan Tuhanmulah yang Maha pemurah."
4	<p>الَّذِي عَلَّمَ بِالْقَلَمِ</p> <p>Al-Alaq verse 4</p>	Who has taught (the writing) by the pen [the first person to write was Prophet Idrees (Enoch)],	"yang mengajar (manusia) dengan perantaran kalam."
5	<p>عَلَّمَ الْإِنْسَانَ مَا لَمْ</p> <p>يَعْلَمْ ٥</p> <p>Al-Alaq verse 5</p>	Has taught man that which he knew not.	"Dia mengajar kepada manusia apa yang tidak diketahuinya."

## Appendix II. Research Instruments

### Research Instruments for Story Elements:

Aspects	Observation Statement
<b>Plot Development</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- How coherent is the overall plot or storyline presented by the chatbot?</li> <li>- What are the key events or plot twists that stand out in the interactions?</li> <li>- How effectively does the plot progress throughout the interaction?</li> </ul>
<b>Characterization</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- How well-developed are the characters portrayed in the chatbot interactions?</li> <li>- Do the characters exhibit consistent personalities and behaviors?</li> <li>- How do the characters contribute to the narrative dynamics?</li> </ul>
<b>Setting Description</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- How vividly are the settings or environments described within the narrative?</li> <li>- To what extent are readers able to visualize the locations or scenes depicted by the chatbot?</li> <li>- How does the setting contribute to the narrative atmosphere or mood?</li> </ul>
<b>Dialogue Quality</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- How natural and engaging is the dialogue between characters in the chatbot interactions?</li> <li>- Does the dialogue effectively convey character emotions and motivations?</li> <li>- How does the dialogue contribute to plot development and character interaction?</li> </ul>
<b>Theme Exploration</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- What recurring themes or motifs emerge from the chatbot interactions?</li> <li>- How deeply are these themes explored within the narrative?</li> <li>- How effectively do the themes align with the objectives of English reading enrichment?</li> </ul>
<b>Narrative Flow</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- How smoothly does the narrative flow from one scene or event to the next?</li> <li>- Are there any instances of abrupt transitions or inconsistencies in the storytelling?</li> <li>- Does the pacing of the narrative maintain reader engagement throughout the interaction?</li> </ul>
<b>Emotional Impact</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- To what extent does the narrative evoke emotional responses from readers?</li> <li>- Are there specific moments or scenes that elicit strong emotional reactions?</li> <li>- How effectively does the emotional content contribute to the overall narrative experience?</li> </ul>

<b>Conflict Resolution</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- How are conflicts or challenges resolved within the narrative?</li><li>- Are resolutions satisfying and consistent with the established narrative?</li><li>- Does the resolution of conflicts contribute to character development or thematic exploration?</li></ul>
<b>Narrative Depth</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- How rich and multi-layered is the narrative presented by the chatbot?</li><li>- Are there underlying subplots or complexities that add depth to the storytelling?</li><li>- How effectively does the narrative engage readers on multiple levels of interpretation?</li></ul>

### Appendix III. Coding Categories and Descriptions

#### Coding Categories and Description:

Code	Story Element	Description
A	Plot	Main storyline of overarching narrative thread.
B	Characterization	Traits, personality, motivations, and development of main character of the bots.
C	Setting	Time, place, context where the story takes place.
D	Dialogue Quality	Language style, tone, and delivery of character speech.
E	Theme	Underlying topics, motifs, or central ideas explored in the story.
F	Narrative Flow	The structure and pacing of the of the story telling
G	Emotional Impact	Feelings evoked in the story (tension, curiosity, empathy, etc.).
H	Conflict Resolution	How narrative conflicts are addressed or resolved.
I	Narrative Depth	Complexity of relationships, backstories, and hidden layers within the story.

## **Appendix IV. Chatbots First Initial Messages**

### **Chatbot First Initial Messages: Tom Bot**

You stand a few feet behind Tom, watching his every move. The darkened countryside is eerily silent with the exception of Tom's deliberate footsteps as he approaches the small house ahead.

Your heart pounds as the situation settles over you. "I am not going to stand by and watch as you kill a man," you say, your voice trembling but firm. Tom pauses, turning his head slightly, just enough for you to catch the sharpness in his profile. "Well, you're welcome to sit if you like," he snaps, his voice cutting and emotionless. "But you are going to watch."

Your breath hitches, the callousness of his words hitting you. "You're insane," you whisper. He doesn't even glance back as he approaches the door of the house, his movements deliberate and unhurried. "That's beside the point," he says coldly.

You can't bring yourself to move as Tom raises a hand and knocks on the door. Each knock echoes in the still night. A moment later, the door creaks open, revealing a middle-aged man with a guarded expression. "Yes?" the man asks, his eyes narrowing as they flick between you and Tom.

Tom straightens, his dark eyes gleaming with something dangerous. "Thomas Riddle, Sr., I presume," he says smoothly. The man's gaze shifts again, confusion flashing across his face. "Yes. And you are?"

Tom's jaw tightens, his lips curling into a thin, humorless smile. "An acquaintance of an old flame."

The man's confusion grows, and you want to scream, to pull Tom away, to do something—but your feet feel like lead, and your voice betrays you.

"Wh-who is the old flame?" the elder Riddle asks. Tom takes a single step forward, his hand slipping into his robes as his cold, calculating gaze locks onto the man before him. "Merope Gaunt.

## **Appendix V. Chatbots First Initial Messages**

### **Chatbot First Initial Messages: Lorenzo Berkshire Bot**

The night of the Yule Ball hums with music and laughter, but your heart feels heavier than you'd like. You glide into the hall with Enzo on your arm, his presence steady and warm beside you, but your thoughts wander and your eyes can't help but drift toward Matteo, standing in the corner, his expression unreadable. He didn't even answer you when you asked him to be here with you. And yet, he constantly stayed on your mind.

Enzo notices immediately. He tucks his fingers beneath your chin, tilting your head back toward him with a soft but playful grin. "Don't look at Matteo," he murmurs.

You blink, pulling your focus back to him. "Sorry," you whisper, though the apology feels half-hearted, your gaze flickering once again toward where Matteo stands at the edge of the room, shadowed but watching.

Enzo's brows lift as he gives you a teasing smile. "You're not gonna stare at him all night, are you?"

Your expression softens, guilt brushing over your features. "I don't know," you admit quietly, unsure whether you can stop yourself from checking to see if Matteo is still there.

Enzo chuckles. "Come on. I look fine as hell for you tonight," he quips, spinning you lightly to keep the dance going. You can't help but giggle at his boldness.

But even then, Enzo catches the way your eyes slip back toward Matteo—again. His hands slide to your waist, pulling you closer as the music swells, and he leans down, voice low and soft. "Eyes on me, sabina."

You softly sigh as you realize you've been caught yet again. "Why's that so important?"

He draws you in, his voice soft but laced with sincerity as he whispers, "Because I want you to see me."

## Appendix VI. Chatbots First Initial Messages

### Chatbot First Initial Messages: Benjamin Wadsworth Bot

You are seated across from Ellen, and the audience is buzzing with excitement. The conversation is light and fun when Ellen leans in with a mischievous grin. “So, name someone you’d like to do a love scene with,” she asks, her tone playful. The audience leans in, anticipating your answer.

You smirk, letting the suspense build for a moment before you say, “Benjamin Wadsworth.”

The audience erupts into cheers and hoots at your response. Ellen raises her eyebrows, her curiosity piqued. “Any particular reason why?” she asks, laughing along with you.

You shrug and chuckle. “He was fancasted as my favorite Slytherin boy, Mattheo Riddle, and I think it’d be really amazing to work with him.”

Ellen grins, picking up on the playful vibe. “Oh, so you like the bad boys?”

You laugh again, nodding. “I mean, who doesn’t?”

A few days later, Benjamin Wadsworth is at a press conference. One of the interviewers, a bit cheeky, asks, “Did you see sabina’s interview on Ellen?”

Benjamin chuckles, clearly amused. “Uh, yeah, I did.”

“Would you be interested too?” the interviewer presses, and Benjamin tries to hide a smile.

“Maybe.”

The interviewer grins, sensing something more. “Really?”

Benjamin nods, still smiling. “Yeah, I’m down. And if needed, ready to practice should sabina like to do so as well.”

The crowd laughs, and Benjamin’s smirk only deepens, leaving everyone speculating about this on-screen (and possibly off-screen) chemistry.

## **Appendix VII. Chatbots First Initial Messages**

### **Chatbot First Initial Messages: Matteo Thomas Riddle Bot**

On a hot summer night in mid-July, Matteo married his sabina. Against all odds, their relationship survived the years in the castle and the return of Matteo's father. Their dreams of building a future together came true. And not long after, Matteo became the father he never had.

The manor's living room exuded cozy elegance, with high-beamed ceilings and plush rugs softening the sound of your son toddling around, clutching a stuffed dragon and a wand.

Matteo lounged on the chaise by the fireplace, his dark curls messier than usual, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He had a mischievous grin as he watched his son stumble over to the low table, determinedly pointing the wand at a toy train.

“Wingardium Levi-ohhh-suh!” the toddler exclaimed.

Matteo chuckled, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. “Almost, champ. Keep at it—you’ll be making that thing fly before you know it,” he teased, his eyes shining with pride.

You sat nearby, curled up on the sofa. “Careful, sweetheart,” you said gently as your son reached for the edge of the table. He turned to look at you, his wide eyes twinkling with triumph. “Did you see that?” Matteo exclaimed dramatically. “Absolute brilliance. He’ll learn early, just watch, love.”

You rolled your eyes, but the smile tugging at your lips was unstoppable. “Let’s get him walking without tripping over his own feet first, Matteo,” you said. Your son wobbled over to Matteo, holding up the stuffed dragon with both hands. “Dada, fight!” he demanded.

Matteo grinned, sweeping the boy up into his arms effortlessly. “Alright, little dragon tamer. Let’s show this beast who’s boss.”

The toddler’s laughter rang out again as Matteo made dramatic growling sounds, pretending to wrestle the stuffed dragon. Watching them, your heart



swelled with love for the man who had once been so unsure of his ability to love and nurture.

This was your life now—peaceful, filled with joy and love, the kind of happiness you’d fought so hard to create together.

## **Appendix VIII. Chatbots First Initial Messages**

### **Chatbot First Initial Messages: Theodore Nott Bot**

The library is mostly empty. Theodore sits across from you at a study table, surrounded by open books. His posture is perfect, his sweater is unwrinkled, his pen uncapped with surgical precision. But his eyes are tired, rimmed with a quiet kind of sadness that he doesn't name.

"You sure you're okay?" you ask, not for the first time.

"I'm fine," Theodore says.

You know he isn't. He knows you know he isn't. But that's the game. He gives the line, and you nod like it's enough.

"Okay," you say, because what else can you say?

Then, without a word, he reaches into his bag and pulls out a small napkin. He slides it across the table like it's nothing. On top of it is a square of dark chocolate—the brand you like when the days are bad.

"You didn't have to," you say quietly.

"You didn't have to ask," Theodore says.

You smile a little and unwrap the chocolate, letting the silence grow soft instead of heavy. That's when you notice that date again in the corner of your planner. His birthday. You glance up at him.

"You really weren't going to tell anyone?" you ask.

"Nothing to tell," Theodore says. "I don't make a big deal of it."

"But it is a big deal."

"It's just a day," he says. "Everyone's busy. I don't expect anything."

"You mean you don't want to expect anything," you say.

He finally looks up. "Maybe," Theodore says. "Doesn't matter either way."

You stand, peel off your jacket, and walk around the table. You drape it around his shoulders, even though you're already cold yourself.

"What are you—?" Theodore says.

"You looked like you needed it," you say. He goes still. You don't move away.

"You're going to freeze," Theodore says.

"So are you," you say.

You feel the tension in him ease slightly. His fingers play absently with the edge of the jacket fabric, as if he's holding on to something without realising it.

"You didn't have to remember," Theodore says after a long pause.

"But I did, and I'm not the only one who should have. And... I made a cake," you say. "It's lopsided. You're going to hate it."

"I'm going to pretend I don't," Theodore chuckles.

"Good," you say. "We'll match."

He gives a small smile then, a real one. Quiet. Grateful. The kind that says he doesn't quite know how to say thank you, so he'll just let the moment say it for him.

"Happy birthday, Theo," you whisper.

"Thanks," Theodore says, voice low. "I didn't think anyone would say that today."

## Appendix IX. Chatbots First Initial Messages

### Chatbot First Initial Messages: Knights of Walpurgis Bot

the sixth year slytherin boys of '44, notoriously coined the knights of walpurgis, weren't perpetually horror inciting. they had moments of behaving like immature teenagers—and you bore witness.

“i dropped potions this year, because who the fuck likes that?” abraxas mavros mentioned, sprawled lazily on the black leather sofa, which was situated before the fireplace in the slytherin common room. the flames licked up the stone mantelpiece hungrily. “i don't know why, but apparently, it's a mandatory course for dragonkeepers,” the platinum-blond adolescent bemoaned.

“ugh,” avery audibly groaned at the reminder of what profession abraxas intended to pursue. he was slouched against the wall, using the fire picker to turn the coals in the furnace.

mansplained on an armchair was arcturus black. unwilling to tolerate idiocy, arcturus continued regarding his silver pocket watch somewhat absentmindedly as he murmured, “potions is necessary because dragons can get ill, brax.” disapproval bled into the scion of house black's tone. his mercury eyes lifted to shoot malfoy an affronted look, as though abraxas' lack of logic had offended him.

tom riddle remained disengaged, his mouth occupied by sipping on the chamomile tea he'd bullied avery into brewing.

“moral of the story,” abraxas began theatrically, backtracking on his decision almost instantly.

“—oh, i love that song,” lestrange chimed as he swaggered into the common room.

arcturus' expression was bewildered at the interruption, brows furrowed as he regarded their other friend.

abraxas continued, unperturbed, “i'm taking potions again.”

## Appendix X. Chatbots First Initial Messages

### Chatbot First Initial Messages: Serpentine Boys Bot

Draco stands near the hearth in the common room, arms crossed tightly across his chest. "It is official... this castle isn't a school anymore—it's a madhouse." He says, rolling his eyes.

"Relax, Draco. Maybe he's just here to catch up on his math." Theodore says from his armchair, not even looking up from his book.

"I heard he hexed a teacher in his previous school." Tom chuckles.

"It could be worse... he didn't take anyone's fingers this time." Mattheo says with a grin, stretching out like he's enjoying this far too much.

"Are you talking about the new student?" Pansy asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Wait—who is the new student?" You say, glancing between them.

"Basically Mattheo with less self-control and worse timing." Theodore says, a chuckle slipping out.

"Okay, seriously... who is that?" You say, now actually concerned.

"Mattheo's cousin. Darian." Lorenzo says, his voice low.

"One hundred percent dark energy, zero percent small talk." Mattheo says, smirking. "But hey, at least he's got that 'I cursed someone at twelve' vibe."

The common room door creaks open just as the words leave Mattheo's mouth. Darian steps in—lean, intense, with that permanent look like he's two steps ahead of everyone and already bored of it.

"Eleven, actually... but thanks for the credit, Mattheo. Nice to see you're still talking sh/t before I even walk in." Darian says, casually strolling into the room.

"And you're still the same arrogant person who thinks k/Iing people is sexy." Mattheo says, smirking like it's a compliment.

"Here I thought Mattheo was the problem..." You say, eyebrows raised.

"Sweetheart, Mattheo is the problem... he's just not the only one." Pansy

says with a smirk, tossing her hair.

Darian shoots you a wink as he walks past, knowing exactly the effect he has on girls. That half-smirk of his lingers just a second too long before he turns his back, leaving the air charged with something you're not sure is danger or charm.

Yep. This was going to be fun. Or a disaster. Possibly both.

## Appendix XI. Chatbots First Initial Messages

### Chatbot First Initial Messages: Draco Demien Malroy Bot

The grand hall buzzes with tension. Chandeliers enchanted with glowing crystals illuminate the room, casting a shimmering light over the sea of nobles, politicians, and curious onlookers. This is no ordinary royal wedding—it's a spectacle born of scandal, controversy, and political necessity.

Standing at the altar is Prince Draco Demien Malroy, resplendent in a black suit lined with threads of silver that glimmer faintly under the enchanted light. His expression is as cold and unreadable as ever, gray eyes fixed straight ahead, betraying no emotion. He looks like a man fulfilling a duty, not embarking on a life of love.

And then there's you—Sabina Dunheer Wang, draped in an exquisite gown that feels more like armor than a dress. The whispers in the crowd sting like sharp daggers.

"A washed-up child star. A gold digger."

"She's ruining the royal family's image."

"How could Prince Draco marry her of all people?"

Despite the rumors swirling around you, you hold your head high, determined not to let their judgment break you. You didn't choose this life, this marriage, but now you're here, standing beside the kingdom's most polarizing figure.

Draco finally turns to you, his voice low and steady as he speaks the words that will bind you together:

"Do you, Sabina Dunheer Wang, vow to stand beside me through all that lies ahead?"

His eyes meet yours, colder than ice yet flickering with something you can't quite place—resentment, resolve, or perhaps... curiosity? This isn't a love story, not yet. This is a marriage of survival, of convenience, of strategy.

## Appendix XII. Chatbots First Initial Messages

### Chatbot First Initial Messages: Ethan Youssef Qalam Bot

The moonlights peeking through the woods as both their legs run as fast as they can from the unknown—there's nothing that chased them, but it feels more heavier to know that they're finally alone in this dark forest away from the hustle and atmosphere of their Academy.

They run away from Merkin Academy of Power with nowhere to go that night, entering the dark forest to reach the outcast of Academy's area. Cursing under their breath on how big their private boarding school actually are.

Isa almost lost her balance and breath as they ran, she was never good at physical labour like this—especially when she had to run with her number one hater and solemn enemy, Ethan Qalam. Who are now stopped in his track to wait for her while taking his own breath as well.

"Really, Diamond, that's all you got? We're not even reach the outcast lake yet." He said in mocking tone, but patted Isa's back silently to help her stabilize.

"I don't know why I even trust you!" Isa smack his tight breathlessly.

"I mean, i didn't plan to get bond to you on purpose either and being chased by the Silent Army of the country to be sacrificed with you because they thought we're *the cursed lovers* incarnates that will gone mad and kill everyone on random Tuesday." Ethan said sarcastically, which Isa hates to her core, because he's annoying but stating the fact that she can't ignore.

Few people from their school noticed the golden ties mark around their left and right hands, which was a legend in their country that said it was only given to the reincarnation of the damned lovers that once ruled their land to madness and destruction. Some of them report it to the highest rulers, and now they're being chased by the unknown armies of the country that only handled a serious most fatale case.

"Seriously, I think I would die from exhaustion even before I could kill anyone like that ridiculous legend." Isa said, fixing her black cardigan.



### **Appendix XIII. Chatbots First Initial Messages**

#### **Chatbot First Initial Messages: Theoren Walsen Noir Bot**

It was crowded in the great hall, not because it's lunch hour—it's different time of crowd since many students of every house; Werren, Cealus, Oddisian, and Qweno are shouting and pointing at one direction. The boys in between Werren and Oddisian's students' table who are now fist fighting each other. And of course it was between the Werren's rugby team with Cealus's rugby team—which contain Theo and his best friends as well as members.

They shout in foul language while continuing trying to put as many injuries as they can on each other. Asa trying to find her boyfriend on that crowd but failed miserably, as other students keep pushing and tugging her because they also trying to see the big fight.

Soon as the loud voice of Mrs McCain—their vice principal, roaming the great hall, Asa finally can breathe. The crowd soon die down as Mrs McCain told the boys to met her in her office after the last classes today.

Asa accidentally got hit by a fist of an eager students on her head when she tried to walk between the crowd, but she didn't mind the pain and probably bruise for now, and more focusing on finding Theo.

She can see Theo approach the Cealus table, looking broody with a few bruise and cuts, she quickly claim a spot beside him. "Theo! Care to explain what just happen?!"





Theo hissed at the cuts on the side of his lips before speaking, "Those assholes really thought they're above everything and started saying nonsense just because they can't accept they the Cealus are better than them."

"Okay, but that doesn't seems like the cause that lead to a literal mass fist fight!" Asa said in horror, "And you're bleeding!"

## Appendix XIV. Consultation Notes

### CONSULTATION NOTES

Name of Advisor: Hj. Nani Hizriani, S.Pd, MA.

No.	Day/Date	Notes	Signature
1.	Monday, 25 November 2024	Revise chapter two and add more theories, start adding for chapter 4 finding and discussion	
2.	Friday, 23 May 2025	Checking the revision for chapter 4 findings and discussion, elaborate and link the findings with research questions. Adding more general theories about story elements	
3.	Wednesday, 28 May 2025	Revise the research questions, add more for finding to align with the research questions	
4.	Wednesday, 4 June 2025	Consult the finding and discussion, revise the discussion and link it with the theories in chapter two	

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Banjarmasin, 15 June 2025



Sa'idah