

CHARACTER EDUCATION THROUGH LITERATURE LEARNING IN WOMEN'S MORRORS OF NH WORKS. EARLY

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Abstract: One of the most important parts in adequate literary learning is character education. Language is a literary characteristic as a work of art. This is one reason why character education needs to be taught in literary learning. In teaching literary works, there are 3 (three) methods of teaching literature that can be applied, namely (a) comparative method is the method used in learning that provides opportunities for students to compare two or more literary works that have the same topic, (b) the method of fostering creativity is to train students' imagination by as if sending a letter to an author whose content responds to or appreciates literary works written by the author, and (c) an Impressive method is a method that is done by listening to poetry and drama performances.

Keywords: *Literary Learning, Character Education, Literary Works, Teaching Methods.*

Indonesian and Literature teachers have a very important role in the formation of character for students. This happens not because just because language skills are a prerequisite for successful learning, but because through the problems an individual is able to understand in the form of consistent / permanent behavior, because the role of Indonesian and Literature teachers is so important, the teachers understand and reflect on how they teach students so they can learn literature effectively and meaningfully.

Character learning can be applied in learning in each subject. No exception to literary subjects, learning material related to norms or values in each subject that is developed, is related to the context of everyday life. Through children's literary works from an early age, it can be through intense sense, physical processing and thought so that appreciation and creation through literature. Character values need to be called a number of teaching methods that can help educators in developing the character values of students.

Learning Method Theory, According to Sutikno (2009: 88), "learning methods are ways of presenting learning material conducted by educators so that learning processes occur in the students' self-efforts in achieving the goals.

Understanding Literature

Literature is a term that has different activities (Rahmanto, 1988: 99). Literature in wholeness touches the lives of educated people who can certainly color the intricacies of life. Literature is the disclosure of life, philosophy and and emotional problems, as well as creative work that is used as intellectual, and emotional consumption. Referring to the above literary understanding, it is only natural that the aim of teaching literature is also to instill human values in students. Literature can affect the emotional power, imagination, creativity, and intellectual of students so that they develop optimally. There are six benefits of teaching taken in the teaching process namely (1) supporting language skills, (2) improving cultural knowledge, (3) developing a sense of intention, and (4) forming character. Learning goals for education in the region have a big role in achieving various aspects of moral education, social, feelings, assessment, and religious attitudes.

Strictly speaking, literary appreciation is an activity to solicit literary creativity earnestly to grow understanding, appreciation, critical mind sensitivity, and good feeling sensitivity towards

Understanding Literature Teaching

Literature is not just beautiful writing like that found in poetry, prose, and drama, but also all forms of expression that use language as the medium. Whereas in literary teaching it is more stressful in poetry, prose and drama.

Literary appreciation is an activity to earnestly engage in literary creativity to grow understanding, appreciation, critical mind sensitivity and good feeling sensitivity to literary creativity. The process of teaching literature in schools should be presented in the form of appreciation, in the sense of prioritizing or prioritizing appreciation from literary knowledge.

Purpose of Literature Teaching

Literary teaching is part of the educational objectives in general, namely to bring students to understand the physical world and the social world, and to appreciate the values and their relationship with the position of being creatures of God. So, in the perspective of education aims more directed at the ability of students to appreciate the noble values contained in literary works.

The same thing was expressed by Semi (1990: 152-153) who said that teaching literature in schools basically aims to make students have a sense of sensitivity to valuable literary works so that they feel compelled and interested in reading them. By reading literary works, students are expected to get a good understanding of humanity, know values, and get new bright ideas. In this way, it is concluded that the main purpose of teaching literature is to achieve creative appreciation. Semi (1990: 153) says that creative appreciation is in the form of literary references concerning psychiatric aspects, especially those concerning feelings, imagination, and critical power.

Literature and Character Education

Literacy is all beautiful forms of writing. The beauty here is not just outward beauty but also inner beauty. Beauty embodies the literary forms themselves, while the inner beauty includes the message, the messages, and the values contained in them both expressly and implicitly expressed.

Character education can be instilled in the teaching of literature, through literature the reader can study the beauty and absorb the values of goodness that is in it. Likewise the teaching of appreciation for literature. In relation to character education, literature as a medium for forming students' moral character, with literature can influence students.

Literature Teaching Methods

Achieving the goal of literature can be selected teaching methods effectively and efficiently. The compilation team of the dictionary (2002: 200) said that the method is a regular way that is used to carry out a job in order to achieve the desired goal. Semi (2001: 156-164) says there are several methods that can be used in literary works, namely as follows.

a. Comparative method

Comparative method is a method used in learning that gives students the opportunity to compare two or more literary works that have the same topic.

b. Creativity Coaching Method

This method directs more literary and literary creation. This method can be done by: (1) solving problems, (2) training students' imagination by as if sending a letter to an author whose contents respond to or appreciate literary works written by the author, (3) extensive reading, namely students read literature as much as possible outside the classroom or library and then report in writing the results they make in the form of a short synopsis, (4) organizing panel discussions, and (5) conducting sociodrama activities and drama performances. With this method provides opportunities for students to be actively and productively involved in enjoying and studying literature.

c. Impressive Method

This method is done by playing a poetry reading or watching a drama show. Students are given the opportunity to absorb and impress poetry or staging the drama and then submit their respective interpretations in the classroom.

Of the three methods, I will study the Creativity method, namely the short story "Siamese Woman" by Nh. Early

I count all the tools that are my responsibility. Fly with Ana, we both always share work honestly without complaining. That's why I let it go down before me.

Once again I checked the number of trays, cups and plates of his partner, spoon, fork and knife. Then I took my little suitcase along with the red cross box. Then down the stairs. I saw they were waiting for me under the wing. Ana overheats the fan's handkerchief to her neck. He always does. In any weather conditions, you always sweat. Apparently they just waited for me. Yun, our radio expert, sweetly wanted to take the suitcase from my hand. But I refuse. Walking in the middle of the field just carrying a small box made me feel awkward.

We headed for the airport station. Two levels. This time the plane stopped very close to the exit. We walked through the edge of a row of cargo and customs buildings to avoid the heat of the sun. When I reached the waiting room and the immigration department, I started walking carefully. The air station floor was sparkling and slippery. With high service shoes I was too ordinary to walk on the ground and floor of an air station in a somber faded homeland.

From the immigration department, we are in charge of customs. just fulfill the routine work, two officers checked the passport and glanced into our luggage.

Our convoy stopped by the exit when a land flight attendant rushed towards us. In his arms was a flower wrapped in glass paper.

There is a message for you ... "He admonished me and immediately gave the flower he held.

"For me?" I asked stupidly.

"Yes," he said, all calling my name to confirm it.

Stunned I received the flower file. At first glance I read the name that was tucked suddenly I felt like I was somewhere that was wide and deserted. My heart is light, I don't feel anything. Slowly my body received a stinging stab, I didn't know where it came from.

"Thank you," I heard, Ana said to the flight attendant.

The car moved from the front of the air station to the flight section. Captain and ahl radio go down to report. At first glance, I answered Ana's question, that the flower came from a friend who had not heard the news for a long time. Then I paused. On the way to the hotel I did not interfere in the conversations of my colleagues. My heart is suddenly so moody. I looked at the road we passed. Sweet pagoda city. Actually he is no more beautiful than other cities that I have known. Four times I came to that country. Every time I corroborate the opinion, that the women are the sweetest in all of Asia. Their bodies are slender properly wrapped by matching gloves and matching clothes. The way they walk is like drifting, smooth full of excitement and glitter. On the edge of the city, in open public places, I see they are always sweet and proper. Except in parts of the city inhabited by Chinese or other migrants, what is commonly seen on the streets is a mixture of elegance among various ethnic groups. The thing that the same can not be found if people inhabit the Philippines. If there is between sweet or beautiful grieving, people can actually see the influence of European blood, mostly Spa nyol. Often only women and men from the upper level are modest and capable. In Thailand it's very different. If a sweet woman is found, it cannot be determined from where the sweetness affects it. Everything crushes into a sweet shape. Round or oval face.

Peanut-like eyes are pointed sharply with narrow slits and wrinkles. Lips, always thick, both stretched and collected. The nose is always sweet even though it spreads slightly apart. That can't all be determined by the influence of China, India or Campa.

Since I knew the city, I felt as if its beauty came directly from the breath of the women.

I reached the flower in my lap. Only consists of three stalks. But orchids like that aren't cheap. The composition of flower leaves is rich in various colors and shapes. All three are really very beautiful. Once again I see the name card. Behind it is written with Thai letters. I repeated for a number of Latin letters. I fear for a moment about how much I mean. I realize how important it is. I know that name. Or have known him. Is this the same person?

Arriving at the hotel, we took the keys to each room. As usual in both times, Ana and I got a shared room. The clerk at the Ba-Tahung hotel smiled behind the guest desk. His nose suddenly disappeared by the broadness of his smile. That means he recognizes me.

"Good news, miss?"

"Always good," I said. "And you? Is there something new since our last yana stopover? "

"There is nothing about me," he said. "Miss Koban from UBA stopped here a few days ago. He asks for your deposit. "

Doris Koban from my friend Rangoon since these two years. His fondness for silver objects I recognize is true. We both exchanged shipments of handicrafts from each country. That time, I brought two pairs of Balinese earrings and Yogya. I mean I will send it by mail in the city.

"Where did he fly?"

"To Manila. Then went up to Japan, Hong Kong. The day after returning to Rangoon through Bangkok! "

"UBA to Manila?"

"Yes, starting this month."

"If so, can I leave a small package for him here?"

"Of course!"

This means saving time for me. The post office is not located next to the hotel. Besides having to pay the shipping fee, I had to rent a taxi. If Ba-Tahung is able to deliver a deposit to Doris, I really appreciate it. In exchange for hard work, I can leave a little wage at the same time as I hand over the room key before leaving for Jakarta. We headed to the elevator. At the level of my room, I said to the captain, "After drinking tea, I didn't come out later, Captain."

"Tired?" He asked, I looked at my face.

"No. I need to meet a friend. "

He keeps watching me. I need to explain.

"The friend who sent flowers."

"Can I entrust you to him?" His voice interrupted.

"Old friend," that's the only answer I can find

"Don't sleep too late. Tomorrow morning leave. "

After a warm shower, I stared at the street below the room window. A little drizzle like smoke has an afternoon air. Ana had left for the city with Yun. He did not stop making calculations of gold prices in the country. Ana is a friend of mine who is very frugal. He never flew through the city without going home with one or two jewelry. The money is always stored on other flights in hopes of being able to spend gold jewelry in the city. That is his savings. Not as great as other female colleagues, Ana was not careless in buying beauty equipment or clothing. That afternoon, he almost managed to drag me to the Golden Tobias. Luckily Yun wants to deliver it.

Actually I don't know exactly what to do. Some time alone may give me a more calm mind. Once again my view floated on the purple flower sent by people. I have removed the business card. I opened the wrapping paper at the top. The flower stalk is dipped in a watery glass. The next morning we left the city for Jakarta again. Maybe I will have the chance to stop again in the future. But what will the sender of the flower think if it is known that I have received the shipment and did not come to the address as requested? Or maybe I will only be able to write a few sentences, thank you via post?

Mahadi. More than one name can be found in Indonesia. Maybe the names of workers, domestic helpers or government employees. But in that city there must be only one. My heart was anxiously mixed up trying to show all kinds of good things. But that in my life until that time only knowing one name Mahadi made my subconscious torment the whole spirit.

Finally I went down.

Shortly stood looking at the map of the city hanging on the wall near the reception. Not far away. I don't even need to take a taxi, because the road that arrives there is closed to vehicles if coming from the direction of the hotel.

I talked about one thing or another, then refused the offer from Ba-Tahung to call a taxi. I said good night, because the assignment would be replaced by the other guests who would be staying

overnight. I arrived at the door of my robbery, and I opened my umbrella. Immediately I got out of the hotel.

The wind carrying the drizzle slapped the face.

After taking a long road, I turned left. Chinese cinemas and opera lined up with low-class hotels. Then the colorful roofed temple looks looming. I started counting the small paved roads on the right. According to Ba-Tahung, the address I was looking for was not far from there. Then I enter the village. The road seemed to have not been repaired for a long time. Here and there the asphalt is almost gone. Bowing down to avoid the waterlogged holes, I examined the house numbers. Far from the mouth of the village, I finally found the number I was looking for.

I stopped. The house is light green, leaf color but soft. Looks cleaner and different from the surroundings. Again I doubt. Will i enter? I did not realize which decision I had taken, my feet had reached the verge of the terrace. At the same time an old woman emerged from the door, asking me in her language. I was stunned for a moment, but all answered using English.

"Mahadi is there?"

The woman looked at me for a moment. Then disappeared into the room behind the door.

I researched my surroundings. a small, terraced pavilion decorated with plants is worth it. In the corner there were simple and sweet rattan chairs, as if inviting people to joke there. Right in the range was a soft leafy water plant, a type of fern that I had never seen in the homeland. The leaves are dense with a supple style.

"Finally you come," I heard a bright voice speak English.

I turned.

A young woman reached out to me. I glanced at his face and body, then served his greeting. My hands are held for a while. Then he let me sit down. The chair that I admire for its simplicity, now I also feel exactly how to sit.

Not knowing how to open a conversation, I stiffly continued watching the woman in front of me. He corrected the sarong. Then looked up against my view.

"We look forward impatiently. Two months ago we sent flowers to the airport every time there was a flight from your country. But it's always back to the store, because you didn't come. "

"I have received it before. Thank you."

"Usually I know the next day until the shipment arrives, I go to the shop, or the shop tells me."

We are silent. Suddenly our eyes collided. The light from his eyes is beautiful and black. Make me nervous.

"Mr. Mahadi?" I didn't know my sentence without knowing.

The woman in front of me took time to answer me.

"Your brother passed away a week ago."

The sentence is spoken slowly and clearly. But I was surprised. A whisper from the subconscious that I had heard since I received the flowers on the airfield and swallowed and squeezed, now suddenly erupted. My older brother! So it's true as I feared from the start. With useless shame, I admit to being a coward. The name Mahadi on the name card was the only Mahadi who until that time I knew. My eldest brother, who for eighteen years was a puzzle about his life and death. He went to Purwodadi, to BIora, to Madiun, to Malang and then where else with other young men who were formed into a line of defenders of the homeland by Japanese invaders. Until one time he left and never returned from the battlefield of the World War, until the war of independence in the homeland, even to the recognition of government sovereignty.

"He really wants to see you again," said the woman.

"Why doesn't he go home? We are all waiting for him. After the revolution ended, every time there was an army truck, we expected it to reappear. Then came the news that he had died. But you never believed it. "

"Your father didn't expect him to go home, right?"

That question is like lightning grabbing my head.

So he knows it. I examined his face, long round full of tenderness. My cat fell to his chest. My eyes caught on a black ribbon pinned between the buttons of my shirt.

My brother's wife?

Black is a sign of mourning. Only the closest family who waiib wears the color for a certain time. If this is my brother-in-law, surely my sister will not avoid her from personal secrets and events in our family.

At home there has never been harmony. Between mother and father there was never an agreement. We are treated to various quarrels from day to day. then I even knew that my birth was a presence that neither Father nor Mother wanted. Seven children! Now that I am an adult, I still often wonder how it can happen in families that have never had peace. The more I became big, the more I felt how divided we were. Each of them obeys Father's will or Mother's will.

Inside my head was recorded the incident that took place one night. I don't remember how old I was, but at that time I hadn't finished the People's School, and the country was in the grip of Japanese colonialism. Twice Mother woke us up at night to get out in the garden away from the house. Each must carry a package containing clothes and supplies that might be needed if required to evacuate. That night, one of my brothers and I cleaned the table after eating. Some of the other brothers did the lesson exercises. Suddenly from the middle of the room a loud voice was heard. Then my brother Mahadi ran outside with my father. They struggled, rolling on the ground. Hitting each other, pushing up to the porch. The neighbors who saw the incident rushed to break up. I never forgot about it, settled like a picture stuck in my head. I don't know the reasons for the fight. I also never asked anyone. Only I realized that since then my father and brother Mahadi did not reprimand or speak to each other

I never liked my father. The occurrence of the events that night naturally made me side with Mahadi. According to my childhood awareness,

Mahadi is our head of household. When kampug held meetings, meetings or other meetings, it was always my brother who came to attend. When the atmosphere of the Japanese occupation continued to squeeze, my brother carefully selected Mother's possessions that were still there, then hid them in certain places. My father is rarely seen at home. At that time I thought he must be busy working for food for all of us. But the bigger, I watched more and more that Mahadilah extended my shopping money to my mother. Losing small objects to jewelry that is always accused of help or children then I know that it is the father who stole and sold it for gambling. Mahadi worked as a clerk, then tried to trade for additional income. Mother received stitches from the neighbors. And we continue to go to school and continue to eat their results. Often we see from one quarrel to another strife between Mother and Father. That's because you have never lived long in one place of work. His attitude likes to refute his head. For him in this world he is only the right one. He can never submit despite dealing with his superiors. Finally I saw Father being unemployed at home. Even though they often go away, go home empty-handed. And Mother was desperate to ask for money from her. If there is a special need in the household, to Mahadilah, Mother dares to say it. Because he is the one who will make money. Until the last departure, he proved to us that he was responsible for the goodness and welfare of the family. He sent a sack of rice from the village he had just passed.

"Your sister has a lung disease inherited from her wanderings in marshes during forced labor in Burma and the forests of peninsular Malaysia," the woman began her story. "How did he get there?" I asked without being able to hold my astonishment. "The Japanese army carried it by ship from one of the ports on the south coast of Java. He said they numbered six or seven thousand. Many of his friends died of malaria and lack of food. There is no health care. They just found out that the war was over after several young men managed to escape and reach the villages. " The invading army is all the same. Those from Japan are also not an exception. "We married fourteen years ago. Our children are three people. Two men, a woman. " I barely hear my comrades. How strange I feel. Years passed, we at home never considered Mahadi alive, except my mother. The sentences are "Later when your sister Mahadi returns" or "Your sister Mahadi must be happy to see you succeed in being a useful human being," showing how truthful she feels as a mother. Now I realize, indeed my mother is right. "Why doesn't he send news? Letter or telegram. Or through the embassy for example, "once again I say my regret. "For four years your brother has almost always stayed in the hospital. He worked at my father's printing press. Both are good friends. During my

stay at the resting house, all costs came from my father. After we marry, your brother decides to stay in this country and become a citizen. According to him later, it was a way of repaying the kindness of the people who had been around him with hospitality. He said his past life had passed. He never mentioned anything about his family in another country. Until one day he thought he saw you at the hotel. ""How did he know me? That I am his sister? "

"You are very similar to your mother. He said that only you in the world faced like his mother."

"Why doesn't he reprimand me?"

"He is still hesitant. After going back and forth repeatedly, finally at my suggestion, he ventured to go to the hotel. Ask the reception desk. But it's too late. Your plane has departed. But he sempai received information on the names of the flight crew. Since then he began to tell a little about his family. Many times I suggested that he ask for help from my father to pay for the trip back and forth to Jakarta to see you. But he refused. He even banned me from talking to my father. "

"How has he lived all this time? I'm sorry, of course there is your father. But my brother is a man who cannot depend on others. What is the job? "

"You are right. It is by its proud and great nature that my father and our family love him. Your brother becomes the head of the advertisement picture and book planner. And at leisure time painting theater decor. "

My sister became an artist, became a painter. What a shock this news is for families.

That afternoon I saw no reason to return to the hotel. Besides intending to meet my nephews who are still in school, I also want to know a lot more about everything, what happened in the last years and about my family-in-law. I have to equip myself with the brightest answers if my mother hoards me with various questions and I can imagine. But really I will be able to answer all the questions? An old man like him would not understand why Mahadi closed himself, refused to send word to home, denied his family in the country. Will my mother be able to describe how the love and attention of a family that has just been discovered in a foreign country, especially at a time of misery, can or can erase memories from past lives?

Advanced examples of short stories

In the end, when I returned to the inn, my heart hesitated. Maybe it would be better if I didn't tell my meeting with Mahadi's wife to anyone. Also not to my mother.

But am I entitled to do so? If I said too, what would my mother feel when she received the news? I myself cannot ascertain what feelings I keep. Disappointed because my brother who for eighteen years has been alive but has not sent word? Yes. Especially disappointed that is what controls my heart. And I understand this disappointment cannot be supported by my mother's tired heart.

A week ago he died. Ah, like people can pull back time, shift life into the past they want!

I didn't sleep all night.

My eyes flicker and are afraid to move, worried about disturbing Ana. As I got closer to the morning, I became increasingly restless. What should I do? For me, Mahadi's wife was the face of the family who raised my brother to a decent and loving life. I will not forget the hospitality of the little house I just found, the acceptance of each of my direct nephews, and the sincerity of the woman who intends to know her husband's family.

Suddenly the new wealth I felt slipped in my heart.

I feel rich by the knowledge that 5VGLV

Cover

Literature teaching can be used as an entry point in the cultivation of moral values such as honesty, discipline, love, sacrifice, democracy, courtesy and so on. Literature management can be observed in the world of education

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