**APPENDIX A**

**LESSON PLAN**

**EXPERIMENTAL CLASS**

School : SMA Negeri 1 Galang

Lesson/Meeting : English/ 1 & 2

Class/Semester : X/II

Time Allocation : 1 × 45 minute

Material : Vocabulary

**Spiritual competence**

Live social attitude competencies namely, "Living and practicing honest, disciplined, polite, caring behavior (mutual cooperation, cooperation, tolerance, peace), responsible, responsive, and pro-active in interacting effectively in accordance with the development of children in the environment, family, schools, communities and the surrounding natural environment, nation, state, regional region and international area. "

1. **Standard Competence**

KI 3: Understand, apply, and analyze factual, conceptual, procedural, and metacognitive knowledge based on curiosity about science, technology, art, culture, and humanities with human, national, state, and civilization insights related to the causes of phenomena and events, and apply procedural knowledge in a specific field of study in accordance with their talents and interests in solving problems.

KI 4: Processing , reason, and serve in the realm of concrete and abstract domains related to the development of what they learn in school independently, act effectively and creatively, and be able to use methods according to scientific principles

1. **Basic Competence**
2. Analyzing kind vocabulary word with accurately and fluently.
3. Comprehending the meaning about vocabulary content word: noun, verb, and adjective.
4. Establishing opinion and expression in interaction with environment.
5. **Indicators Competence**
6. Explain stating facts and opinions about vocabulary in story “ I was Born an Raised in Jail”.
7. Able to difference kind vocabulary between noun, verb, and adjective
8. Expressions about new words vocabulary
9. **Teaching Learning Objective**
10. Students’ can identify vocabulary content word: noun, verb, and adjective.
11. Students can understanding vocabulary content word : noun, verb, and adjective.
12. Expression about new words vocabulary.
13. **Learning Material**
14. Show in text book about vocabulary that kind noun, verb and adjective.
15. Definition noun, verb and adjective

* Noun is a word or set of words for a person, place, thing, or idea.
* Verb is a word or set of words that show action.
* Adhective used to modify a noun or pronoun, that is, to describe the noun or pronoun”.

1. **Learning Methods** : Story telling
2. **Media, tool and learning source**

Media : Airing material video “ I was Born and Raised in Jail”.

Tool : LCD Proyektor, leptop, and speaker.

Source : Curriculum book supporting 2013 English subjects Class XII, Ministry of Education and Culture.

1. **Steps Learning Activities**
2. **Preminilary Activities ( 5 Minutes)**
3. Greeting.
4. Praying.
5. Absenting the students.
6. Introducing herself.
7. Motivating Students.
8. Expressing purpose to be achieved.
9. **Core Activities**
10. Exploration (35 minutes)
11. The teacher gave pre-test.
12. The teacher explained the material about vocabulary (especially vocabulary noun, verb and adjective.
13. The teacher explained about movie “I was Born and Raised in Jail”
14. Elaboration
15. The teacher gave treatment to students such as story telling.
16. The teacher asked student to note vocabulary when they watching story
17. The teacher re-explained the definition kind of vocabulary.
18. The teacher explained the task.
19. The teacher gave post-test.
20. **Closing** ( 5minutes**)**
21. The teacher gave conclusion about the lesson which has studied.
22. The teacher closes the lesson and gave greeting.
23. **Evaluation**

Multiple choice

1. **The Scoring**

Where, S: the score

R : the number of the correct answer.

n : the number of the test item.

**APPENDIX B**

**LESSON PLAN**

**CONTROL CLASS**

School : SMA Negeri 1 Galang

Lesson/Meeting : English/ 1 & 2

Class/Semester : X/II

Time Allocation : 1 × 45 minute

Material : Vocabulary

**Spiritual competence**

Live and practice the teachings of the religion they hold social attitude competencies namely, "Living and practicing honest, disciplined, polite, caring behavior (mutual cooperation, cooperation, tolerance, peace), responsible, responsive, and pro-active in interacting effectively in accordance with the development of children in the environment, family, schools, communities and the surrounding natural environment, nation, state, regional region and international area. "

1. **Standard Competence**

KI 3: Understand, apply, and analyze factual, conceptual, procedural, and metacognitive knowledge based on curiosity about science, technology, art, culture, and humanities with human, national, state, and civilization insights related to the causes of phenomena and events, and apply procedural knowledge in a specific field of study in accordance with their talents and interests in solving problems.

KI 4: Processing , reason, and serve in the realm of concrete and abstract domains related to the development of what they learn in school independently, act effectively and creatively, and be able to use methods according to scientific principles

1. **Basic Competence**
2. Analyzing kind vocabulary word with accurately and fluently.
3. Comprehending the meaning about vocabulary content word: noun, verb, and adjective.
4. Establishing opinion and expression in interaction with environment.
5. **Indicators Competence**
6. Explain stating facts and opinions about vocabulary in story “ I was Born an Raised in Jail”.
7. Able to difference kind vocabulary between noun, verb, and adjective
8. Expressions about new words vocabulary
9. **Teaching Learning Objective**
10. Students’ can identifying vocabulary content word: noun, verb, and adjective.
11. Students can understanding vocabulary content word : noun, verb, and adjective.
12. Students’ can find new words of vocabulary.
13. **Learning Material**
14. Show in text book about vocabulary that kind noun, verb and adjective.
15. Definition noun, verb and adjective

* Noun is a word or set of words for a person, place, thing, or idea.
* Verb is a word or set of words that show action.
* Adhective used to modify a noun or pronoun, that is, to describe the noun or pronoun”.

1. **Learning Methods** : Conventional Method
2. **Media, tool and learning source**

Media : Text Book

Tool : White board and maker

Source : Curriculum book supporting 2013 English subjects Class XII, Ministry of Education and Culture.

1. **Steps Learning Activities**
2. **Preminilary Activities**
3. Greeting.
4. Praying.
5. Absenting the students.
6. Introducing herself.
7. Motivating Students.
8. Expressing purpose to be achieved.
9. **Core Activities**
10. Exploration
11. The teacher gave pre-test.
12. The teacher explained the material about vocabulary (especially vocabulary noun, verb and adjective).
13. Elaboration
14. The teacher ask student to note vocabulary in text book
15. The teacher re-explain the definition kind of vocabulary.
16. The teacher explained the task.
17. The teacher gave post-test.
18. **Closing**
19. The teacher gave conclusion about the lesson which has studied.
20. The teacher closes the lesson and gave greeting.
21. **Evaluation**

Multiple choice

1. **The Scoring**

Where, S: the score

R : the number of the correct answer.

n : the number of the test item.

**APENDIX C**

Name : Class :

My mom started treating me differently. She was moody all the time and I could (1)... her crying all night. She no longer like(2) … to me or sitting next to me while we ate. Can you imagine what it's like. To be (3)…by the only person you have in the whole world. I endured weeks and months of neglect. I didn't know what to do*.( The Story I was Born and Raised in the Jail)*

Completed the sentence to answer question number 1-5

1. a. Found c. Feel e. Hear

b. Know d. See

1. a. Talking c. Studying e. Reading

b. Walking d. Running

1. a. Humble c. Avoided e. Received

b. Friendly d. Welcome

1. I **endured** weeks and months of neglect

The word of bold same of meaning with ...

* 1. Survive c. Make sure e. Lose
  2. Pathetic d. Pleasured

1. She was moody all the time

The word of underline has opposite, it is ...

* 1. Selfish c. Shy e. Sad
  2. Cheerful d. Smart

One day I couldn't take it anymore. I was so mad about the way. My relationship with my mom had changed. A woman who was a few years younger, than my mom approached me and asked me to move away from the corner in which I was sitting because she wanted to sit in it. I refused so she pushed me. I fell on the floor and cut my hand. I(8)… in prison that everyone wants to be the tough guys. So, they will fall victim to someone else(9)… is stronger. *.( The Story I was Born and Raised in the Jail)*

1. A woman who was a few years younger, than my mom *approached*  me and asked me to move away from the corner in which I was sitting because she wanted to sit in it

The word of italic close the meaning with …

* 1. Reachable c. Near e. Beside
  2. Distance d. Far

1. I **refused** so she pushed me.

The word of bold has opposite, it is ...

* 1. Receiver c. Receive e. Accept
  2. Acceptance d. Accepted

Completed the sentence to answer question number 8-9

1. a. Got c. Understand e. Learned

b. Take d. Know

1. a. Who c. Where e. Why

b. What d. When

1. I waited by the cell gate holding on to the chair waiting for Zoya to …

a. Go c. Come e. Stand

b. Back d. Sit

1. Life outside isn't that … from life in here

a. Independent c .Easy e. Different

b. Freedom d. Change

1. I came back from those visiting **attempts** every time with 1000 questions in my mind.

The word of bold has meaning …

* 1. Failure c. Effort e. Try
  2. Rejected d. Experiment

1. I … some of them for my classes and there were so many in the library but despite how happy I was about all these books that I could read.

a. Borrow c .Buy e. Sell

b. Bought d. Bring

1. The love I had in my heart for my… in the story.

a. Boyfriend c .Sister e. Mother

b. Girlfriend d. Father

1. How happy I was about all these books that I could …

a. Reviewing c .Listening e. Writing

b. Reading d. Speaking

1. I was sitting at a … reading a book

a. Field c . Restaurant e. Swimming Pool

b. Street d. Library

1. I left prison … she was always saying I did it for her own good If she'd wanted me to leave prison for my own good.

a. Which c . To e. Also

b. While d. But

1. I feel homesick for … in any way

a. Outside c . House e. Prison

b. Foodcourt d. School

1. I decided I would do everything in my **power** to see her…

The word of bold has meaning …

a. Grumpy c . Weakness e. Sloppy

b. Hard d. Strength

1. It's seriously terrified me.

The word of underline has opposite…

a. Silly c . Care e. Brave

b. Polite d. Femous

**APENDIX D**

Animation Story Telling about: I was Born and Raised in Jail

**Part 1**

The story begin from a young girl tell her live stories born and raised in jail.

Some prisoners die dreaming about the moment. Their feet will touch free ground but not me. I was the only prisoner who didn't want to get out of prison. I know that you might be curious to know. What the charge was that landed me up in prison. But I don't even have an answer for that as I was put in prison without one.Even though I spent most of my life in prison. I didn't stay in there forever.

My family and friends are all in prison but that did not necessarily mean that. I had to stay there as well.It took a lot of guts for me to get out of prison. But going back in without a doubt even harder to do.My mom was only 16 when she went to prison A mere single moment that turned her life upside down.All her dreams vanished into thin air.When she pointed a gun at a burglar.That broke into our house to scare him off.It was her first time to ever hold a gun and she didn't know how to use it.

All she knew was that her mom had put the gun in her hands. She was terrified and trembling as the burglar took her money.And attempted to escape through the window right in front of her.The money that the burglar tried to steal was. All she had and she was keeping it for the baby.That was growing inside her which was the reason for her mom's rage in the first place on the one hand there was a voice that spoke to her in the last moment before she pulled the trigger.

That told her don't do it it's wrong and then there was my grandmother's voice say do it and the voice of the burglar on the other end of the barrel begging her don't do it. It was then that my grandmother screamed at her. Telling her that she was a useless coward. She no longer heard anything neither.The voice of the burglar or the voice of her mom. Not even the voice coming from within her.All that she heard was the sound of the gun shots.That still rings loud in her ears even to this day.Nobody in the police station believed her.When she told them that she didn't mean to do it

And all that she remembers was hearing all those voices and then the image of the burglar lying in a pool of his own blood.The last words that my mom heard from her mom were “You will always be a bad girl” and that was it. She was charged with murder and she was sentenced to 35 years in prison if she was lucky she would get out of prison by the time she turned 40 years. But my mom isn't very lucky.You might be thinking how could a 16 year old girl be imprisoned while she was still a minor

So let me explain, There are 2 states that allow the imprisonment of those.Who are between 16 and 17 years of age as they consider them to be adults and as if that wasn't already bad enough. She also had to deal with having a mean mom and at the same time being 4 months pregnant.She had lived her whole life in a hostile environment and now it looks like she would die in one too.Even if the place she was in was different.It wouldn't matter there are bad people everywhere.Whether inside or outside of prison and as for me well my luck wasn't much better than my moms was. I was in her womb throughout all of this on her first day in prison.

She screamed all day and night as she desperately needed some vitamins for her baby.She was extremely exhausted and afraid.That her baby would die.Her baby was the only thing that was left for her. She had to scream at the top of her lungs over and over again.Until she no longer could for them to finally ask her what she wanted.She screamed because she was alone.Screams because she was miserable.Scream because her dark thoughts had taken over her.Screams because of hunger exhaustion and pain. She screamed and screamed nonstop and because she spent the last 5 months of her pregnancy screaming. No one knew that while it was just her fifth month in prison.

It was actually her ninth month of pregnancy and she was screaming because the time had come. Nobody knew that the time had home for her to give birth.Until I joined her in her screams. When I was finally born.It didn't matter so much though.The only difference was that.The supervisor up-sized your meals. So, that would be enough for the two of us. And that the other prisoners looked out for mom a bit more.After she given birth.Although I don't have any memory of those tough days.

I can honestly say that my mom's face was.The only thing that kept me alive in the absence of the proper health care that a newborn like me needed prison was originally designed to break a person mentally emotionally and physically. My mom was pushed to the verge of madness.

While she was still a kid. But the only thing that kept whatever was left of her sanity intact was me.When I started to learn to talk.I learned the word grandmother from my mom. She used to tell me stories about my grandmother.Who never visited us.My mom knew that I was the only family she had left but I couldn't help thinking that somewhere. Behind the walls of the prison. I had a grandmother

It's fair to say that even though. There was no blood relationship between me and the women and girls who were imprisoned with my mom.They were still like family to me. None of the guards cared about me except one. Her name was Zoya.She had Russian roots and she used to bring me clothes and diapers.She was the one who gave me my name Vera which means hope in Russian.She even taught me how to read and write when I turned 6.Wanting to prepare me for the day on which

I get out of prison to see a world I had no clue about it. One day after she'd spent almost a whole day trying to convince me to sit and learn.I asked her why would I learned to read and write if there's nothing for me to read or write about around here. She answered who said that there's nothing to read. There are millions of books out there. That are full of stories and information about everything in the world. Then I was curious so I asked, "And how can I get these books?" I am said.

She said, "Tomorrow I will bring you some comic books". The next day I waited by the cell gate holding on to the bars waiting for Zoya to come but she never came. I sat day after day in the same spot waiting for her to show up but she never did. Finally I asked one of the guards who taken her place and she told me that Zoya wasn't coming back. Eventually the hope I'd had about getting the books started to fade but that was far from the worst thing that was about to happen to me.

My mom started treating me differently.She was moody all the time and I could hear her crying all night. She no longer like talking to me or sitting next to me while we ate. Can you imagine what it's like.To be avoided by the only person you have in the whole world. I endured weeks and months of neglect. I didn't know what to do.

One day I couldn't take it anymore.I was so mad about the way. My relationship with my mom had changed.A woman who was a few years younger, than my mom approached me and asked me to move away from the corner in which I was sitting because she wanted to sit in it. I refused so she pushed me. I fell on the floor and cut my hand. I learned in prison that everyone wants to be the tough guys. So, they will fall victim to someone else who is stronger.

Everyone starts around to show how tough they are but I didn't need to prove how tough I was to anyone. Everyone treated me like a child but suddenly they had all stopped doing that and I didn't understand why. I couldn't just sit back and not do anything about what that woman to me so I stood up dusted myself off and pushed her back but she was so big the rest of the prisoner surrounded us and started to chant "fight fight fight!” the fight was over before it even began,

Some prison guards approached us to break up the fight.One of them grabbed me by the hand and took me to the office of the chief prison warden while we were on our way and without any warning.She punched me in the chest. She treated me exactly like one of those prisoners.That punch somehow took my breath away but I didn't fight back as prisoner's card always loses to the guards card. I only looked at her with great anger and frustration I looked around everywhere trying to find my mom but I couldn't find her

Suddenly my anger turned into gut wrenching sobs.That guard saw the anger in misery burning in my eyes.So, she looked at me and said

"Your eyes will get you in a lot of trouble" .

"You have to understand that there's no place for you here”

"But if you ever want to have a chance of surviving outside these walls”

"You have to first survive inside"

Life outside isn't that different from life in here.She extended her hand to shake mine which in the prison world meant that she respected me. I went into the office of the chief prison warden. I saw a pile of papers in front of him. Photos of me and my mom were on top of it. I wasn't sad in front of him because of the fight. Instead he was about to tell me the news. That would change my entire life for the worse. You are getting out of jail.He told me in a cold voice.

He then said

“there's a family that is going to adopt you”

“You will go to school and your life here will be a thing of the past

My life in that place would not only be a thing of the past. It would be over forever.

The procedures were faster than I expected them to be within 2 hours I had my stuff packed and I was waiting in front of the cell. For the family that was adopting me. I sat there waiting for the unknown who was this family and where were they taking me also as for my mom well she didn't even show up to say goodbye “Why though?”

A tall man wearing a suit and a short fat woman who was wearing a colorful dress arrived. The way they looked was strange to me "Why is the lady wearing gloves?" I asked myself. "The weather wasn't cold" Let's just say that our first meeting was okay but not exactly comforting I didn't want to go with them but I had no other choice.

First I'd been abandoned by Zoya and then by my own mom. Prisons are supposed to rehabilitate the prisoners to help them give up on the emotions of anger and help them to start over with a new life. However prison only taught me how to state a corner. That was full of rage desperation and frustration as a 7 year old girl who had never had the chance to explore other sides of my personality. It was hard at first for me to get along with Mr and Mrs Thompson who adopted me. They were suspiciously calm.

I felt like they were plotting something but to my surprise it turned out that being calm was the normal state of a human being and not the other way around. That I was the one who is constantly in an abnormal state. After awhile I began to like them but absolutely nothing was going to replace.The love I had in my heart for my mom. We tried over and over again to visit my mom in prison. but she refused to see us every time we went to visit her

I came back from those visiting attempts every time with 1000 questions in my mind.The only answer that Mrs Thompson had for me was when you grow up you will understand. I soon went to school and guess what there were a lot of books. I bought some of them for my classes and there were so many in the library.

**Part 2**

How happy I was about all these books that I could read. I felt sad for Zoya and my mom.I managed to make friends with some kids my own age and I was very diligent at school everyone liked me and I started to enjoy life outside the walls of prison. I started to spend most of my time at the library but I always wish that my mom could be there too.

I felt that I needed to teach her everything. That would make her life after prison better but the only way I could do that would be by going back to prison but I never in any way shape or form wanted to go back to such a place. Every day I wish that I could rid the world of all the rage and evil.So, that there would be no need for use for prisons but it seems that my wishes weren't enough to make that happen.

Everything that happened to me afterwards. Led me to prison over and over again. It was like some kind of family curse as if we had to live out our lives in prison and all of this went on to happen because of a weird meeting with the stranger who claimed to be my dad. Years went by one after another and I turned 16. The picture of my mom's face started to fade away from my memory. I hadn't seen her for ages.So,my memories over were vanishing quickly. Even though life turned out to be pretty exciting and full of different experiences and adventures. I constantly missed my birthplace prison

One day I was sitting at a coffee shop reading a book.When the same prison guard that punched me. In the chest years ago walked in. I didn't recognize her at first glance. People tend to change as the years go by and she wasn't wearing her uniform but when I heard her ordering a cup of coffee.I turned around and looked at her. I knew her by her voice. I still remember what she told me on my last day in prison. Iife you want to survive outside these walls. You have to first survive in here. Life outside isn't that different from life in here.

Believe me when I say “that a Prisoner and a prison guard are two faces of the same coin” You might say officers as the good guys and prisoners as the bad guys.But let me tell you this as a girl who was born and raised in prison. Guards are normal people who live in the same neighborhood that prisoners come from.The only difference is they have better luck. I got up from where I was sitting and went to sit next to her at the bar.

I started a conversation with her. She was my only hope left for getting answers to all the unanswered questions that I'd lived with for years Hi I said in a faint voice. She stared at me for a few moments like she was trying to figure out where to place me

"Vera? Is that you?" she asked in a surprised tone

I was so happy that she remembered me.I was very excited and felt that. I wanted to shower her with questions.I could have talked to her for hours and hours but the first question that I asked her. Turned her surprised face into a frown one. I asked her how my mom was. Her answer shattered my heart into pieces.

I wasn't expecting the answer that I got from her Especially as I thought all these years. That my mom didn't want me and that she had had enough of me but the reality was that my mom was living her days out. Like some kind of nightmare missing me so much. The guard told me that she had been mourning our parting every single day.

Since the day I left prison but she was always saying I did it for her own good If she'd wanted me to leave prison for my own good. Then why had she refused to see me every time. I went to visit her it didn't make sense to me at all but the guard answers cleared up some stuff for me. The day Zoya left wasn't just her last day in prison. It was also her last day outside. She died that day.

My mom couldn't bear the sight of me waiting by the cell gate. For Zoya to return every single day. I was too young to understand life and death and my mom didn't want our parting to be that hard as well. She always knew that when I would turn 7 old . The prison management would look for a family. That would take care of me. That was why she wanted me to be tough to be able to make it outside alone and she wanted me to make sure that.

I didn't feel homesick for prison in any way. I went back home that day feeling indescribable sadness for my mom. I decided I would do everything in my power to see her again but I never imagined that seeing her again would cost me my freedom. That same day I rushed back home to tell Mr and Mrs Thompson about what had happened but I was surprised to find a strange man sitting with them. When Mr Thompson saw me he asked me to join them

"Vera, come and say hi to your dad" He said after all these years

“My dad?! what was he doing there what had they been speaking about

I understood that he come to get me. He kept on asking Mr and Mrs Thompson about the money that they received to take care of me how they got paid and how much money they gave me as a monthly allowance. He didn't ask a single question about me. It was so weird that I suspected for a second time. That he might be a fraud and when he finally finished his speech Saying that he will return the next week to get me. I yelled in the face of everyone present.

"He's a fraud! I don't have a dad!" "And if I had one, he would have come to see me a long time ago"

Then Mrs Thompson took me to my room and told me that I really was his daughter and that he had my birth certificate which proved his claim. There was no way I could refuse to live with him but the thought of moving in with him really frightened me. Imagine living with a stranger alone. It's seriously terrified me. I said my goodbyes to Mr and Mrs Thompson a week later and promised to keep in touch with them for the second time I'd been forced to leave my family against my will.

Well that man knew absolutely nothing about gentleness. He has foul mouth and never stop swearing. He yelled senselessly and one time he was getting out of his car to go into his house I watched him through the window while he yelled and stomped steam coming out of his ears.

I was wondering what all the fuss was about until I went out to discover that he was fighting with the tiny mouse. That had jumped up in front of him but it did not stop at that. In addition to all of this. My own dad was using me. Yes that's right he was taking advantage of me. The only reason he had come looking for me was because of money. He didn't even think that what he was getting because of me was enough

He forced me to leave school to look for a job at a bar. So that he could take whatever money I made. Well he stayed home watching TV. Little by little he started to become aggressive towards me. He never gave me anything to eat or drink and started to yell in my face for no particular reason

One time I told him that I wanted to see my mom. He refused and that was the breaking point for me. He shut the windows and locked me in the house for more than a week I could no longer stand living like that any longer. First he forced me to leave the school. That I love more than anything in the world and then that sweet woman like my mom was rotting in jail.While an evil despicable person like my dad was free to do anything he pleased with no one to answer to. It was so unfair.

It's sad to say that when I was in prison. I heard women speaking about the crimes. That they were willing to commit.When they got out of jail. I now understood that what they were speaking about was their own little plan to get back in. Maybe they understood that the world.Outside prison was far more dangerous than the one within. Never before could I have imagined that the day would come. When I would be making a plan to commit a crime but there I was stuck in the house with that monster of a person. I had to do anything I could to get out of this house.

I grabbed a chair and started to bash the windows of the house. Then I called the cops to turn myself in.The cops came and arrested me for vandalizing the house might be the weirdest case you've ever heard of but at least it was enough to teach my dad a lesson. That he'd never forget and put me back in prison in the process. After I went back to prison.The officer in charge wanted to make me go back home but I begged him with all my heart not to send me back to the monster I'd been living with it.

I even cried hysterically so that. He would let me stay in prison but my tears weren't enough to convince him to let me stay. So I stood up and told him all right but I hope you never forget that you were the one who sent me back there. I grabbed the chair and I bashed the window of his office with it. Now will that make me stay? I thought to myself. However instead of being dragged back to my cell by the guards

The officer in charge asked me to sit down once again and asked me,

"Why do you want to stay here so much Vera?"

I told them that my life outside of prison. Was horrible because of my dad and that I didn't want anything in this world. Except to come back and live here in prison with my family whom I'd known since I was born. He stood up and said alright then fine. You might be thinking was it really that simple?

Would someone who wants to stay in prison be allowed to do . The answer is definitely no. That officer only knew how much it meant to me to be able to go back and live with my mom. Plus it was the only way my dad would lose legal custody over me. The moment when they were escorting me to my cell was even better. Than when I discovered the school library.I probably sound like a bit of a freak right?

When my mom saw me, she barely recognized me. I had grown a lot since the last time she'd seen me but she was the same as before as if the years that she lived without me. By her had stopped the clock for her. When she saw me she looked away. I called her mom her body suddenly trembled and she lay down on the floor and broke into tears. I ran towards her and hugged her and we stayed like that for 10 minutes.

I broke the silence by saying "I've come back to live with you"

"But how?" She asked me

So, I told her the whole story and that's how I went back to living in prison. I wouldn't say that it was better than my life outside but at least it was easier than living with that monster that claim to be my dad. My mom was both happy and worried at the same time. During the period that I stayed in prison. I talked to women in there what I have read and learn from books I wanted to get the message across to them. That life was not confined to good and evil. And that no one can tell you which side you belong to. Only you can decide for yourself to either be good or evil.

I turned 18 in prison which meant that. I was free to live under no legal custody but why would I go back to living outside. When my life in prison was better than ever. I decided not to get out unless my mom was with me but that was not what ended up happening. One day I was wondering around the prison yard. When I came across a dignified old woman that I knew very well. She was standing in the middle of the yard alone. She was looking at the sky. That woman was put in prison before I was even born.

I approached her and asked, "Are you okay?"

She nodded without even looking at me

I asked her, "Why is the sky so amusing to you ?" "What's so exciting about it?"

She held my hand in hers and asked me to tell her. What I was seeing when I looked at the sky "Clouds", I answered laughing.She hit me on the back of my head and asked me the same question again. That time I answered with more seriousness.I see an eagle and the plane.

She asked me, "What is on the plane?"

So I answered, "People”

She said, "That's right"

"Now tell me where is this plane taking the people on board?"

I answered "I don't know, doesn't matter"

It was only then that she stopped looking at the sky and looked at me and said in a very deep and pained voice

"You don't understand the true significance of life outside prison, do you?"

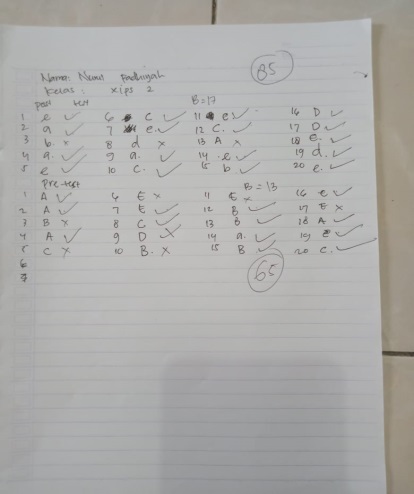
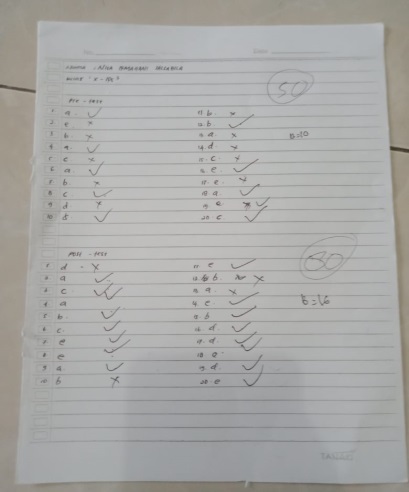
"That plane is taking those people somewhere, Life outside of these walls, goes by" "It moves it continues and all of us in here "We remain stuck, we remain still "All it takes for your life to turn upside down is to look at the sky"

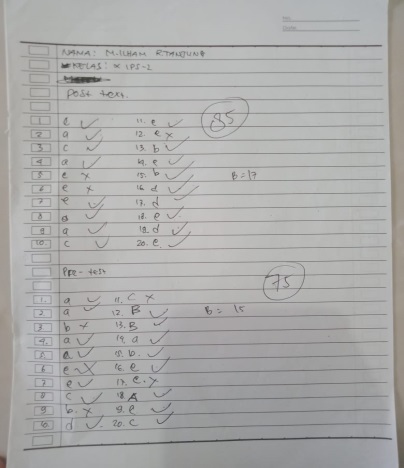
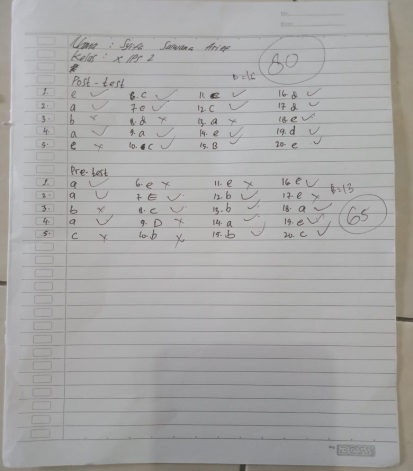
Within a few minutes looking at the sky made me changed. All that I had ever desired in life.Suddenly the prison that I'd struggle to get back into was no longer at the right place for me I decided to resume my education and to go back to prison only to teach women about what would make their life outside the walls better and that was exactly what I did That time I got out of prison once and for all. And I only return to it to finish what I started. I can now say with great confidence that prison made my life better.

Even when I wasn't a prisoner and that I made the lives of many of those who were imprisoned better too because I believe in the good that was in their hearts. Now I visit my mom and present every week. I work and I continue my education to improve the situation. My mom will find when she gets out of prison. She has been through a lot already and I refuse to let her get out only to then experience horrible atrocities again.

**APPENDIX E**

**The Example of Students’Answer sheet in Experimental Class**

**APPENDIX F**

**The Example of Students’Answer sheet in Control Class**

