

**CELESTA: THE TRUE FRIENDSHIP**

**NOVEL**



**UIN SUNAN AMPEL  
S U R A B A Y A**

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## SYNOPSIS

"CELESTA: The True Friendship" is the first novel in the "Celesta" series, which tells the story of a wealthy main character (Qori Fujiati) who meets two brothers from a poor family (Erik Pratama and Tirtayasa Januar) after their father, an entrepreneur, was forced to close his store due to government conflict at the time. Erik, Tirta's brother, was obsessed with luxury. Erik revealed his true bad manners during a night at Fuji's house, and Fuji rebuked him. Erik continued to ignore Fuji, and Fuji "cursed" Erik's greed and stubbornness, which had an effect on his future. Finally, Erik realized what Fuji had told him.



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**PART 1**  
**Throwback**

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## **How to sleep well**

Restless sleep is something that everyone hates, even if it becomes a nightmare. However, almost everyone does not know how to get the restful night's sleep that everyone desires. Here I will give you tips for sleeping well.

### **1. Pray and relax your mind.**

First and foremost, as religious beings, we must indeed pray to God for peace of mind so we can sleep comfortably and avoid unpleasant dreams. Get rid of the burden of thoughts that keep you awake at night and can make you stressed, frustrated, or depressed.

### **2. Play relaxation music.**

Rahmawati (2020) on the SehatQ website explains that music for relaxation is generally music with a slow tempo and melodic instruments, such as the piano. Relaxation music has four types: contemporary classical music, relaxing music (blues, jazz, or folk), acoustic music, meditation music, and nature sounds.

Relaxation music also has benefits, namely as follows:

- Reduces breathing rate
- Reduces heart rate
- Reduces blood pressure
- Relaxes the nervous system
- Helps to relieve muscle tension

- Promotes the release of sleep hormones like serotonin and oxytocin
- Reduces sleep-inhibiting hormones such as cortisol
- Reduce anxiety and stress

### **3. Watch ASMR videos that can assist you in falling asleep.**

According to Halodoc (2020), ASMR stands for autonomous sensory meridian response, a tingling sensation that some people experience in response to certain sounds. Most people experience these sensations on their scalp, behind their neck, and over their spine. That is why ASMR is also called "head tingles."

The ASMR experience is both physical and emotional. The physical experience is usually felt as a tingling sensation in the scalp that spreads over the head and neck and often radiates to the arms and legs. These physical sensations can then cause emotional effects, such as intense feelings of pleasure (non-sexual pleasure), encouragement of relaxation and calm, and a deep sense of comfort and well-being (Halodoc, 2020).

What ASMR triggers in each person can vary. Some of the most common ASMR triggers involve watching and listening to people doing simple activities, such as folding laundry, massaging, or chewing something crunchy. Sounds involving the flow of water can also be potent ASMR triggers. ASMR has been shown to

improve sleep by reducing stress, improving mood, and relieving pain (Halodoc, 2020).

#### **4. Sleeping on your right side is recommended.**

As reported from the Tempo website (2021), sleeping on your right side is also beneficial for protecting heart health, so this sleeping position is recommended for those who are elderly, especially those who have health problems with the heart. However, sleeping on your right side is not suitable for those who have issues with stomach acid. For this reason, people with stomach acid are advised to sleep on their left side to minimize the risk of GERD or heartburn.

In short, there are four tips so that we can sleep well, namely: pray and relax your mind; play relaxation music; watch ASMR videos that can assist you in falling asleep; and sleep on your right side. If we sleep well, we can feel the positive aura in our bodies. However, the most important thing is that you do not sleep a lot because you sleep well. As a result, we can get headaches, and, of course, the activities we have scheduled are not well planned. Therefore, get enough sleep so that we keep the spirit of carrying out daily activities.

After she reads an article on a site on her smartphone, it seems she is trying to follow those tips.

*She's shy, please come say hi.* Her name is Qori Fujiati. She's 32 years old now and comes from an affluent family.

She's half-Celestian; her father is Celestian, and her mother is Kosmikós. Her father is a well-known journalist in the Celesta country, while her mother is a critical writer from the Kosmikós country, where her mission was to fight for the injustice of the government there for the sake of her country during the monetary crisis at the time. The news spread quickly around the world, prompting Fuji's father to travel to her homeland. What a coincidence! An English local news source reported that there was a massive demonstration in front of the presidential palace.

He rushed to the location with his journalist equipment. There were many demonstrators in front of the presidential gate with emotional expressions. When he was reporting, Fuji's mother was also at the event. She happened to see an albino journalist with short albino hair, brown eyes, a powerful body, and a confident face expressing himself through the drone he brought. His futuristic armored black outfit and equipment convinced Fuji's mother that he was from the middle of nowhere and instantly made her fall in love with him.

He had reported and packed all his equipment to return to his country in his private high-speed helicopter, which had a speed of approximately 450 km/h, beating the high-speed rail, which had a speed of between 250 and 360 km/h. Fuji's mother quickly followed the albino man and stared at him as he made his way to the solar-powered helicopter parked at the helipad.

Bravely, she slowly came closer to that man, who was putting his journalistic equipment into his helicopter. Feeling followed by someone, he turned around, and she was startled. He looked at that woman with a blank stare—whether confused or angry—a long-sleeved white T-shirt with jumpsuits, a hijab covering her hair, tan skin, brown eyes with thick curls, and black sneakers. Though her clothes were completely covered, except for her face and palms, he was still dazzled by her beautiful face and smile. Soon, he asked why she was following him.

"Who are you?" he asked confusedly in English. "Why were you spying on me like that?"

A deep voice and a British-like accent made her want to know more about him.

"I wasn't spying on you," she replied in English. "But I wanted to know where you came from, Sir," she continued confidently.

"O...kay, I'm from Celesta. "Have you ever heard about the country?" he asked casually.

"Celesta? Celesta. "I've never heard about it," she answered confusedly. "Where is it?" she asked.

"Okay, I'll tell you briefly about my country, Celesta, located at the Earth's core with a population of about 250 million people. To get there, you must use high-speed transportation made of fire-resistant materials, as well as comfortable clothing. But don't be afraid if you think that your body is burning and the atmosphere there is like hell, because our country has advanced tools to protect us. You must be speechless when we get there and everything seems miraculous *Celesta!* On each island, we will encounter many beautiful plants, thousands of seas and islands, and a unique variety of food and beverages. Also, we have various religions, but most of the population is Muslim. The people are so friendly, even with foreigners. Just like your country, but the difference is, our lives are full of technology... and, you know, your life, for us, is pretty old-fashioned," he explained straightforwardly.

"Oh, got it!" she replied amazedly. "Well, is it prosperous there?" she asked.

"Uh...not really. Not really," he replied hesitantly.

"Uh... sir, may I say something to you?" She said this nervously.

"Of course, madam, what can you say to me?" he replied.

"I... really like you," she said nervously as she held out her hands to the albino man. "I'm chasing you because I'm not a spy, but... I really like you, and I want to be with you for the rest of my life, won't you?" she added.

"Oh...alright. Have you told your parents? Meet them if you haven't already. Also, if you want me to introduce myself to them, I'll be there. Tomorrow, I'll return to this place to wait for your news," he said with certainty.

"No, but I'm going to. Thanks," she answered.

The albino man was back in his country, and she seemed excited that he was going to marry her.

The next day, he fulfilled his promise to come to her country. When he arrived, she had arrived earlier than him on a Honda motorcycle.

She came with a smile on her face—a sign she must have good news, he thought. *Natch*, she said that her parents wanted to see him. They instantly went to her house using her motorcycle, and she introduced him to her parents. Finally, her parents allowed them to get married, and vice versa. When they went to the albino man's house using his helicopter, she was amazed when she entered the Celesta country.

"It's true what he said. The country is beautiful and pleasing to the eye. It feels like I'm in heaven," she mumbled.

Later, he introduced her to his parents, and they also agreed to marry her.



A week later, they were happily married in the Celesta country with many guests, including their parents. They followed the customs of the Celestianian, like cyberpunk-style heat-resistant clothing, and married according to Islamic law because they were Muslims. After the wedding procession, she and her family decided to move to Celesta forever because they assumed that life in Celesta was more modern than their homeland, and they brought their Kosmikós culture to Celesta as nostalgia. Also, they—Fuji’s father and mother—have their own house, where they live in Anastasia City on Anastasios Road.

***Okay, back to Fuji now.***

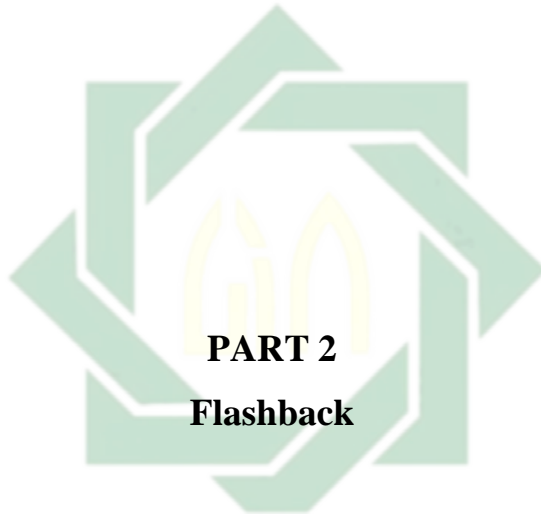
She started making hot tea, which she then placed on a square wooden table beside her bed, accompanied by a small chandelier above her minimalist room, making the atmosphere quiet and cold, like she was staying in a five-star hotel or apartment. Making the bed, grabbing her gadget off the table, and surfing some relaxing music, she seemed sure she was going to sleep well. She put her gadget back on the table, sipped the tea in her cup, dimmed the lamp, and prepared to sleep by praying, tilting her body to the right, and closing her eyes.

Time passed, and until 11 p.m., she was so consumed with anxiety that she had to get up to calm her mind. Either office tasks or unfinished household tasks make her unable to sleep well. However, as long as she calmed

her mind, there was one memory that flashed back and made an impression in her mind: "How is he doing now?" "Is he still miserable, or is he successful?"



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**PART 2**

**Flashback**

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When she was eight, in 1998, Fuji lived with her parents in a luxurious house and had a luxurious lifestyle. There was a medium-sized statue posing like the Jalesveva Jayamahe Monument placed between two circular staircases and behind the living room, and the vintage Javanese style was evident throughout. Her father wore a long hooded punk rock trench coat with a T-shirt and shorts sweatpants, and her mother wore a cream hijab with an oversized plain black T-shirt with maroon long sleeves and light gray loose jeans, as if Fuji wished to relive her youth, such as living in the Istana Merdeka.

Fuji listened to the birds singing and the flowers smiling with their own distinctive scents in the garden. Her mother calmly recited the holy Quran in the kitchen while mixing various spices for their breakfast, making her body and soul relax on her terrace every morning like she was a queen. Whatever she wanted, it was all there because two maids were willingly ready to serve her.

Her father was helping her mother. He bought the ingredients, washed the dishes, prepared the cutlery, and served the food in the dining room. After all was set, Fuji's family called two maids to have breakfast together, with Fuji's father leading the prayer. How harmonious they were.

Breakfast time had passed, and Fuji's father wanted to take Fuji around the environment on his classic bicycle. Along the way, she smiled to see children happily playing kites, soccer, jumping rope, and hide and seek. Apparently, the traditional games on Anastasios Road were still maintained and were similar to Fuji's mother's homeland, the Kosmikós country.

They arrived at the gate, where the security gave them a big smile and a friendly greeting, and vice versa. A one-way busy highway, the super vehicles that fly like drones, a city plan surrounded by trees that were neatly arranged and beautiful, with butterflies and birds flying here and there, no garbage scattered about because of the availability of trash cans, and many skyscrapers adorning the sky with neon light, look convinced that the government and citizens of Anastasia City have high self-awareness, are intellectually great, and are kind-hearted.

They turned right and went around the city until they came to the roundabout, which became the centerpiece of a beautiful city park. In the center stands a colorful, neon H-shaped statue made of laminated glass, which means that various worldly knowledge must be balanced with religious knowledge so that a truly superior society can be realized. The laminated glass also means that they are like parents, which, if one-sided, create cracks that even cause destruction.

They visited there until noon to see how well-maintained some of the most expensive types of plants were placed in several huge clay vases carved with a dragon and *Mega Mendung* patterns underneath, planted with cherry blossoms that spoiled the eyes like living in ancient East Asia, looks like multiculturalism.

Not long after, the call to Dhuhur prayer resounded where the Anastasia Great Mosque was located, right across from the city park. The combination of futuristic and ancient design architecture, air conditioning, and non-cash *infaq* makes Anastasia City seem rich in culture. They did ablution as well as congregational prayer. After they did pray, they continued having lunch at a street vendor in front of the mosque. Cheap but adequate.

Around lunchtime, they decided to continue the rest of the way, and at a certain place, the feel was so different. Located 500 meters across from Fuji's residence, she saw there was no security and only a gate made of used iron without patterns, unlike the gate where Fuji lived, which had many patterns with golden colors and shone brightly at night.

They were passing along an alley. On the left, there was a large and deep river with mossy water that scared Fuji extremely, although there was a concrete wall along the way. Her father seemed to pass through it casually, as if the obstacle were easy for him.

They seemed to see a dead end from a distance, but there was a street to the right when they closed to. Fuji's face expressed her dissatisfaction with the shabby and plain houses she passed through.

"Dad, why are we here? The place is not as beautiful as ours," Fuji said.

"I'm gonna clue you later, my chica," her father replied.

Fuji was silent. A few minutes later, they stopped at a house made of bamboo.

"We're here, my chica," her father said.

"Whose house is this, dad? So simple, like a hut—a shanty town," Fuji responded.

"My chica, this was dad's best friend's house when we were in high school. Just so you know, he was a rich and humble merchant, but now he's poor because of a conflict in dad's era. He has black straight hair, fair skin, slightly slanted eyes, and is tall. He had a splendid shophouse on the roadside, and as you can see now, he lives in that hut. Also, someone said that this wasn't a shanty town but a slum, an area that may have buildings that were once good but are now deteriorating. Uhm, it appears that we must return home right now to pray for Asr, and I wanna visit him tomorrow. You'll join, won't you?" her father said.

"Yep, got it, dad, I want to," Fuji answered.

They returned home before twilight arrived. Hastening to take a shower, wearing neat clothes, and

using perfume were necessary habits before the Fuji family did Maghrib and Isha prayer at the mosque.

The next day, after they bathed and did the Fajr prayer, they were getting ready to go to the father's friend's house.

The father knocked on the door, and the father's friend came out with his wife and two youngsters after a while. Dressed in some kind of hoodies and sweatpants, they welcomed them kindly.

"Yo, my main man! Haven't seen you for a long time, how have you been? Please come in. You li'l girl, come on in," he said cheerfully.

"K, my bud. Go on, chica, you first," said her father, patting her lightly on the shoulder.

Fuji was taken aback by the interior! A large family gathered and slept in a house that was roughly the size of half a football field, with a bamboo mat because the floor was made of cement, rudimentary furniture, and minimum electricity. The kitchen was behind the main room, and the bathroom was next to the main room, which was insulated with woven bamboo.

Unkempt clothes, pimples, and greasy faces, as well as body odor and sweating, that is what Fuji smelt. Yet they did not show faces that were so sad and hopeless, but smiled warmly, happily, and kindly to greet them.



"I'm flabbergasted by them. They have little wealth, but their manners are a real truth," muttered Fuji in astonishment.

Later, they sat on a bamboo mat and started a conversation.

"You guys are best friends?" said his father's friend's wife excitedly.

"Ya, we've been best friends since high school. Right, my buddy?" said Fuji's father, patting his friend's shoulder.

"Absolutely, my friend," the friend's father answered.

"While you guys chat, I'm going to the kitchen to get some dishes. I hope you guys like it and don't hesitate if you want to eat it," said his father's friend's wife.

She went to the kitchen and brought some dishes for them.

"Here it is. Dishes fit for a five-star hotel, but this is the street vendor edition. Please take and eat. You must be familiar with this dish, right?" she said.

"Whoa, that's a lot of dishes! Don't bother yourself, lady! But wait a sec, aren't these your mother's homeland dishes, Fuji? Kosmikós country-style cuisine. The spice smells get dominant. How could you know these dishes?" Fuji's father was taken aback.

"I knew that from your wife when you two got married, right? We chatted about her homeland, especially the various dishes, and maybe you were busy at the time, so

I'd understand if you're in shock right now. C'mon eat, take it easy, that's special for you," she said.

"That's right, dad. This is a traditional dish from my mother's homeland. She longs for it. Thank you for bringing back her nostalgia today, ma'am. I hope she likes it. Can I take it home as a souvenir?" Fuji said.

"Anytime, little girl, anytime. Sure, you can. Wait, I'll bring you an eco-friendly bag. Here, take as much as you want," she said.

They were engrossed in chatting for hours, and Fuji was bored. Tirtayasa Januar, the son of Fuji's father's friend, with a stature like his parents but wavy hair, started chatting with him as a boredom reliever.

"Hey, what's your name? I'm Tirta," said Tirta, introducing himself.

"Uh, hello too, Tirta. I'm Qori, you can call me Fuji. It's up to you whether you call me Qori or Fuji," answered Fuji, introducing herself.

"O...kay. I'll call you Fuji, agreed?" asked Tirta.

"Sure. Who's that beside your mother, with straight hair?" Fuji inquired a little curiously.

"Uh, that's... my brother, Erik, Erik Pratama," Tirta said, fully smiling.

"Oh, your brother... by the way, how old are you and your brother too?" said Fuji.

"Uhm... I'm seven, and my brother is six years after me, and you?" Tirta answered and asked again.

"I'm eight, Tirta," replied Fuji.

"I see. Hey, by the way, do you come from a wealthy family? Where do you live, then?" said Tirta.

"Uh...ya. I live across the street, in a residential area. It's a bit far, though, from here. My dad and I just rode the bike here. Maybe my father can take your family to my house someday," said Fuji.

"Ay, that's great! Thank you so much, Fuji," Tirta replied enthusiastically.

Tirta and Fuji were also engrossed in chatting, like their fathers, who had not seen each other for a long time.

In one moment, Fuji accidentally eavesdropped on her father and his friend's conversation about his friend's economy.

"Well, my man, you're still like this. Don't you work or look for a business, eh?" Fuji's father asked curiously.

"Well, actually... I was almost as successful as you, my friend. My father once took me to his shophouse, and it was as big as a... you know, Chinese shophouses sold herbs on the roadside, but my father just sold any kind of furniture, mostly from local products or homemade. However, his sales have begun to decline since the conflict with the government in his area, and you are aware of this, right? The government then issued a warning to all shopkeepers to close their businesses immediately—including my father's. So, he ran away

with my mother here and left all his goods. After several years, they built this house with their hard work and makeshift materials. They were satisfied when the house was finished. But one year later, my father was ordered by the government to fight against the enemy, and until now...I...I have not received any news from him and believe he has disappeared somewhere. May the Almighty always protect him... and yeah, now that I'm a day laborer, hopefully I or my children will get a better job. So will you, dude," his friend said sadly and longingly when he told him about his father and placed great hope in his family's future career.

"Aamiin. So... how about your mother now? I haven't seen her," said Fuji's father.

"Thank God she's well and resting in her bedroom now, coz she always goes shopping to the market to buy ingredients every single morning. She's an early bird," replied his friend.

"I see. My bro, I'm giving my deepest condolences for what has happened to your family so far, and I also grant your prayer that the Almighty will give you fortitude and the best way out. Aamiin," said Fuji's father, patting his friend's shoulder as a sign of deep sympathy.

"Amen," his friend also answered the prayer.

"Uh, it seems... let's move on to another topic, okay, so you feel better," said Fuji's father, trying to cheer him up.

They continued chatting. Fuji realized for a moment that his father's friend was the offspring of a successful and wealthy entrepreneur at the time.

The sky was reddening. Fuji and his father said goodbye, and Tirta's family accompanied them to the terrace.

"Ay, dude, thanks for coming by my house. Feel free to come every time you want; my door's always open, even if the dishes are not "classy" for you. Please invite your family too, so our friendship will become closer," said his father's friend.

"Yes, my bud. If there's a time, we'll visit your house. Take it easy, my man," said Fuji's father.

Fuji and his father immediately got on the bicycle and went home because it was late afternoon and they hadn't prayed yet.

When they moved a few meters from his house, his whole family went inside, and he was still thinking about the memories with his father and his economic condition.

Then, Tirta asked his father, who still had nostalgic memories.

"Pops, when will we be rich like the Fuji family again?" asked Tirta.

"Wait and be patient, my son. One day, we'll be like them again by praying often. May the Almighty help us get out of our current problems, and most importantly,

we're looking for legal businesses so that our lives are more useful and dignified," said Tirta's father.

"Pops, what happens if we look for illegal businesses?" asked Tirta curiously.

"Our businesses and our lives become un blessings, son. Most of them become deadbeats for the rest of their lives. You know a deadbeat, my son? Someone who tries to avoid paying their debts, even if they owe more," said Tirta's father to his son.

"Wow, so terrible, isn't it?" Tirta said.

"Yes, my son. That's why we don't want to be like that. It has the potential to tarnish our family's reputation. Our neighbors, relatives, and friends stay away from us because we are caught doing illegal businesses, so they see us as a family with less dignity. Well, it's better for us to be patient than disgraced, my son," he added.

"Okay, pops. So let's just take a look for a legal business, shall we?" Tirta asked.

"Sure thing, my son. Fighting and staying strong, my team. Our family can really do it," Tirta's father replied, full of confidence.

A week later, the Fuji family planned to go on a beach holiday by inviting the Tirta family. Before that day, the Fuji family had already sent a letter using a drone. The Tirta family was shocked when they read it, and Tirta's father responded immediately, saying that his family was willing to go on holiday with them, and a drone came

back to Fuji's house. Shortly thereafter, the Tirta family packed their stuff into the worn and torn black travel bag that night.

Around eight in the morning, the Fuji family picked them up in the shiny cream Volkswagen Combi in front of their house.

"We're sorry to have waited for you for so long," Fuji's father said.

"Ah, forget it. By the way, your car looks classic and very bright in color, but it's still elegant, durable, and cozy to drive. Is that your car?" said Tirta's father, commenting on Fuji's father's car.

"No, that's my car, imported from my homeland, which seems to be trending there. Thank you for appraising my car, sir," Fuji's mother said.

Tirta's father nodded. While they were talking, Tirta's mother came to see Fuji, who wanted to do something special for her by bringing her a woven bamboo basket.

"Fuji, I give this to you. Please don't tell this to your mother during the trip. You can say it while we're at the seashore, okay?" Tirta's mother spoke in hushed tones.

"Yeah, ma'am. But what is this?" Fuji looked perplexed.

"Have you remembered when we were talking about your mother's homeland cuisine? Those dishes are on the inside," Tirta's mother said quietly, chuckling and smiling.

"Oh, great! Take it easy. It's on me. Thank you for bringing it, ma'am. She will definitely want to eat it later," said Fuji confidently.

"You're welcome, Fuji. Take care to put it in the car," Tirta's mother said.

"Wow, it looks like we're having a great time talking. It's getting to be noon, and it's not even time for the ride yet. All right, all aboard!" said Tirta's father happily.

Everyone was excited and started to leave for the beach.

Well, even though the sun was scorching all around the car during the trip, at least they were joyfully enjoying the trip to the beach they wanted.

When they arrived at the beach, they saw several people having fun, and they didn't miss out either. They brought their holiday supplies from the car, opened them, and sat down on the wide mats that the Fuji family had brought to the seashore. They unwound by listening to soothing music on the radio. Eating lunch together, chatting closely, and getting wet on the beach were what they loved.

"Fuji, this is the time for you to open the woven bamboo basket that I gave you this morning and tell your mother," said Tirta's mother in a low voice.

"As you wish, ma'am. Uh... mom, sorry to interrupt, but I have a surprise for you," said Fuji.



"Yes, what surprise is that, my dear?" asked Fuji's mother.

"Here it is, mom. Please open it," said Fuji while giving her the surprise.

"Okay, let's see... hold on, this is my homeland cuisine. Where did you get this?" Fuji's mother was taken aback.

"I got this from Tirta's mother, mom. She cooked this for you," replied Fuji.

"Oh God, I miss this cuisine so much. Thank you, Mrs. Tirta. It tastes so good, and the spices are even better. I didn't expect you to love this cuisine as much as my homeland did. Thank you, ma'am," Fuji's mother said, her eyes welling up with tears.

"Don't mention it, ma'am. I'm glad you like it. I also thank you for telling me your homeland recipe. Please eat until it's finished to relieve your hunger and longing. Come on, everyone. You have to eat it. This is delicious. Fuji's mother has proven it," said Tirta's mother happily.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot that I ever told you the recipe. My pleasure, ma'am," replied Fuji's mother, wiping her tears.

The temperature was comfortable, with a moderate wind blowing and a slight cloudiness. The birds showed off their voices, and the trees showed off their beauty with various scents, which they enjoyed until the sky indicated midafternoon.

After having fun, they returned to the car, and on the way, the Fuji family advised the Tirta family to stay the

night at their house. They also promised to take Tirta's family home by car. Without thinking much, the Tirta family agreed.

Evening came. They finally arrived at the Fuji family home. The two maids opened the gate and let them in. So extensive was the Fuji family's house that orange neon lights shone brightly on the terrace. All-white walls and ceramics made the Tirta family feel like this house was their hope that one day they would have a luxurious home again. Several of the most classic and advanced vehicles were parked beside their house, except for Fuji's father's advanced helicopter, which was parked on the helipad in front of their house. Furthermore, the Tirta family noticed how well-kept and spacious the garden was, with its plants and mini solar lights shining around it.

"Ahem, it looks like you all enjoyed the view, didn't you?" said Fuji's father, commenting on them.

"Eh? yeah...right. That's right," said Tirta's father, smiling confusedly.

"Okay, come into my house to take a shower, have dinner together, and sleep. Get your things out of the trunk. Don't linger here. You must be tired. Come on, everyone, come on in. You too, bro. Come on," Fuji's father reminded them.

When they just entered, the Tirta family was really impressed by the interior beauty of the Fuji family's house, which showed that they were really hard workers. "Get dazzled again, my friend?" Fuji's father joked, surprising the Tirta family.

"Eh? Yeah," said Tirta's father, smiling confusedly.

"I also thank you for your prayers when we were in high school. You remember that, buddy? Soon, you will probably be rich like me again, whether from your efforts or your children's intention to find work. Keep praying for your luck, dude. God will surely listen and will grant it one day," Fuji's father advised him.

"Amen. Thank you, my best bud," replied Tirta's father, smiling.

"You told your family that your rooms are over there, first and second on the left. The first room is for you and your wife, and the second room is for your children. Please call them into the room to bathe. I will call all of you to dinner together after you all finish bathing," said Fuji's father.

"*Roger*, commander!" Tirta's father replied jokingly.

They have bathed. Fuji's father called the Tirta family to have dinner in the dining room, and Fuji's father accompanied the Tirta family to the dining table. Everything was ready. Some extraordinary dishes from Fuji's mother's homeland cooking had been prepared by two maids. Fuji's mother, who had just come from the

kitchen, asked them to sit down, and then the Fuji family and their two maids came and sat down.

Erik was amazed and stunned to see the luxury of a long dining table, like having dinner together in the royal era. Erik started to feel tempted by the luxury of the Fuji family's property and wanted to do something bad.

"Hmm... it looks like they're gonna pray. I'll go to the kitchen later to ask for a drink and do my action," said Erik in his heart.

Dinner together began with Fuji's father leading the prayer.

"Okay, before we eat, it would be nice for us to pray first. I will lead the prayer. Please pray according to your individual beliefs. Praying begins," said Fuji's father, leading the prayer solemnly.

"Praying's over. Please enjoy the meals. Don't be shy. Take what you like," said Fuji's father enthusiastically.

"Wow, the meals must be too pricey. Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Fuji," said Tirta's mother, commenting on the meals.

"Oh, of course not, ma'am. There are no pricey words for our meals, because I'm the one who cooks them. All of these meals are entirely homemade by me," Fuji's mother responded enthusiastically and jokingly.

"Oh, yeah, yeah," said Tirta's father in response to their conversation. "Now, two maids, I'd like to ask you some questions. How long have you been working here? And

how did you meet him?" asked Tirta's father, lowering his voice.

"Actually, we're sisters who used to live in a slum, around the 1980s. I'm the elder in lavender clothing, and this is my sister in cream clothing..." the first maid answered, lowering her voice.

"We're both orphans, and we're required to cover our entire bodies. We're Muslims," said the second maid, interrupting and lowering her voice.

"...that day, Mr. Fuji came to our house to offer us work as maids in this house. He felt pity for us because we were orphans, which he said he got from the government. He intended to sell our house, and we're required to live in this house instead," said the first maid, lowering her voice.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Has Mr. Fuji treated you well all this time?" said Tirta's father curiously, lowering his voice.

"Well, he fairly divides our salary equally. Not only that, but he intends to make it easier for us to go to school, teach household procedures, eat, drink, and use the bathroom and bedroom. Everything. Isn't that right, my li'l bugs?" answered the first maid, lowering her voice.

"That's true, my soul sister. We're shy and don't have the heart to do bad things, not even once. He's humble, generous, helpful, and hardworking," replied the second maid, lowering her voice.

"Oh, alright. Keep fighting for studying, ladies. When you grow up and achieve success, never forget Mr. Fuji's struggle. I wish you all success too," said Tirta's father, who was supporting them.

"Aamiin, sir. We'll always pray for our prosperity, Mr. Fuji, and for you, Mr. Tirta," replied the first maid, lowering her voice.

Tirta's father nodded. They ate enjoyably. Suddenly, Erik's drinking water ran out—a sign that Erik started to act.

"Oops, my drinking water ran out. May I refill it?" Erik said to Fuji's father.

"Oh, that's okay, son. Go in front of you and then turn left. A gallon of mineral water is on the table, and you just press the electric drinking water pump. The tool automatically sucks up the water in the gallon," replied Fuji's father, giving instructions.

Casually, Erik went to the kitchen behind the dining room to get drinking water and saw that there were many of the most advanced and newest kitchen sets that he doesn't have in his family. With alacrity, Erik took some of them and put them in his sweatshirt, then got a drink of water. However, when he turned around, Fuji greeted him, and suddenly Erik was shocked.

"Hey, there's Erik. Have you taken any drinking water, bro?" Fuji greeted and asked.

"Eya...a...done, Fuji," replied Erik in a panic.

"Oh," Fuji said as she noticed Erik clutching his stomach. "You're sick, bro? Why're you clutching your stomach?" Fuji asked curiously.

"Ey...y...ya. Hehe," Erik replied, still flustered.

When Fuji checked, it didn't seem like Erik was breaking a sweat. Then she noticed the kitchen set had left a mark on his sweatshirt. That's where Fuji felt suspicious. When Erik was going to the dining room with a glass of drinking water, the set fell in front of him, and Fuji saw it too.

"Hey! What's that, bro? I knew you would want to steal our property," said Fuji.

"Hush! What're you saying, my friend? I'm just going to return these things to their spot, for real. I don't intend to steal it," said Erik with a fake smile.

"It's a lie! It's crystal clear that I saw it fall from your sweatshirt. It must be cracking obvious you want to steal our property," Fuji explained.

"Yeah...yeah! This is your dang house! Eat your holy money from your father!" said Erik.

"Holy cow! Why're you cracking up about our wealth, eh? I'm talking about your manners, bro! Whether it's legal or not, let Him decide. Lemme make it clear if your manners are completely bad for you in the future. You took our property without our permission, which is cracking illegal! You see, the things you steal are small

but sky-high, and you steal some of them!" Fuji articulated her outrage.

"It's up to me, girl! Who're you? Stop trying to control me, you slimeball! You're not my family either! So you must be following my command. I'm a boy, and you're a girl. I have the right to do whatever I want instead of you!" Erik spoke in a loud voice.

"My God, what a cracking creep you are!" Fuji spoke in a loud voice.

They kept making noise in the kitchen, which made Tirta's father and Fuji's father come to them. Tirta's father asked Fuji why they were quarreling, and Fuji told him. Fuji's father was stunned, and Tirta's father was enraged as he tugged at Erik's ear and brought him to the dining table to tell about his elder son's trouble.

"Oh, this is how you behave, Erik? You're such a loser!" said Tirta's father, annoyed.

"Haven't you been aware of his behavior all this time in your house, my best bud?" said Fuji's father with confusion and shock.

"No, my friend. He's quiet and kind at home. And I just found out that his behavior is playing fast and loose here, my friend. He seems a bit avaricious," Tirta's father grumbled.

"What happened, dear?" said Tirta's mother, confused.

"Yeah, sir. What happened to him to have his ear tugged like that?" Fuji's mother was also confused.



"He stole some advanced kitchen sets, in a nutshell," said Tirta's father, explaining to his wife and Fuji's mother.

"Oh, God..." said Tirta's mother and Fuji's mother.

"Okay, we must go to our room, my friend. I'll advise him. Forgive us for Erik's behavior. Come on, my dear and Tirta," said Tirta's father.

"Yeah, my best bud. Advise him carefully," said Fuji's father.

"You two, please go to your own rooms. This is the Tirta family's problem. Please don't stick your nose in," said Fuji's father, motioning for the two maids to enter their rooms.

The two maids bowed and went to their rooms. When the Tirta family went to the room, Fuji's father wanted to talk to his friend's youngest child, Tirta.

"My chica, who's that little boy? You seem to have been good friends with him all day," Fuji's father said curiously to Fuji.

"He's Tirta, Erik's younger brother, my dad," Fuji replied.

"Can you try to call him here, my chica? I'll talk to him in a bit," Fuji's father told Fuji.

"Yes, my dad," replied Fuji. "Tirta... Tirta, come here!" Fuji said, coming to Tirta.

"Yes, Fuji? Why're you calling me?" Tirta wondered.

"My dad wants you to talk for a bit. Come with me," said Fuji.

"Okay, just a moment. I'll ask my pops first," said Tirta.

Fuji nodded. Tirta asked permission from his father to chat with Fuji's father when Tirta's father kept tugging Erik's ear until he entered the parents' room. Tirta's father allowed it, and Tirta went to them.

"Come here, kid. I'm just talking to you in a bit. Fuji, come here. Please sit on the couch," said Fuji's father.

"What's the matter that brought us here, sir?" Tirta said.

"It seems like you kids got along well with each other throughout the day. I'm just asking for help. Please...please...be good friends until you two grow up. Tirta, I believe you're a rough diamond. Please guide your elder brother when he has a hard time in the future. And Fuji, please help them too when they have a hard time in the future. I'm sure you kids will be the toughest team someday. I assure you of that. Now, go back to your room to sleep. Tomorrow we will take you all home," Fuji's father advised hopefully.

Fuji and her father returned to their own rooms. When Tirta returned to the room, he heard a little noise where Tirta's father had quarreled with Erik. Thus, Tirta accidentally eavesdropped on their conversation at her parents' bedroom door.

"You're a freaking freak! How dare you steal things in my friend's house! Don't you ever ruin our friendship,

you monster! I won't bless you if you commit crimes for the rest of your life! Never, never! Go away from us while you're doing bad things, unless you want to realize your mistake!" said Tirta's father, scolding Erik.

"I will not regret what I did, pops. Just try it while you can keep your word someday," said Erik, challenging his father.

"BLOODY MARY! YOU'RE A FREAKING MONSTER!" exclaimed Tirta's father angrily, slapping Erik on both cheeks.

"Enough! ENOUGH! Let's sleep! Stop this fighting!" said Tirta's mother angrily, pulling Erik away from Tirta's father's attack.

Amidst their noise, Tirta knocked on the door and entered the room.

"Oh, hi, Tirta. Please sleep with your brother. Have a nice day tomorrow. Good night," said Tirta's father, smiling and annoyed as he pushed Erik roughly, and then the door was closed and locked.

"My bro, are you okay?" Tirta said, pitying his brother by looking at his bruised cheeks.

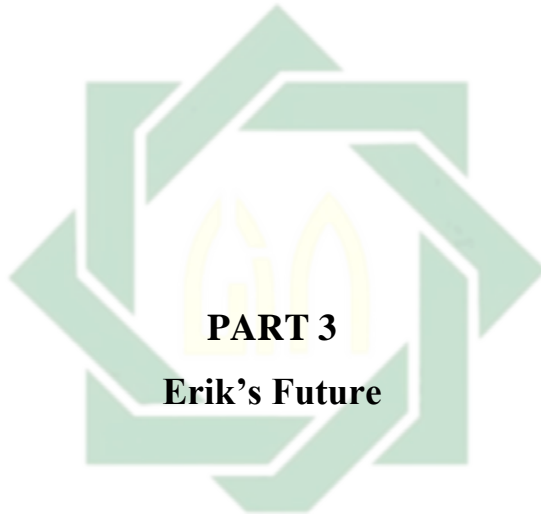
"It's okay, bro. Let's go to sleep. It's already night, 9 p.m.," replied Erik casually when they returned to the room.

The next day, Fuji's father took Tirta's family home. Arriving at the front of the house, Tirta's family apologized for bothering them and also for Erik's bad

behavior. Fuji's father nodded, indicating that he had forgiven them and had left because he must have gone for work.



UIN SUNAN AMPEL  
S U R A B A Y A



**PART 3**

**Erik's Future**

UIN SUNAN AMPEL  
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In 2009, when Erik was 24 years old, he hadn't worked yet and was waiting for someone to offer him a job after two years of his undergraduate degree. Tirta, who was 18 at the time, had finished high school and had started attending university.

Later, someone came knocking at Tirta's door in the morning, and Tirta's father—whose hair had turned gray, whose body was slimmer, whose skin wrinkled, and who walked with a quad cane due to aging—opened the door. How surprised and happy he was to meet Fuji's father again; the last time they were together was in 1998.

"Hey...hey! My main man again! We haven't met again, again, and again. Let's sit down. You're getting old, aren't you? You're gonna get fat and start to get wrinkled," said Tirta's father happily, and he hugged his friend as a sign of nostalgia.

"That's right, my bud. We'll definitely grow old, bro. Ah, you are... moony. And... we last met in 1998, if I'm not mistaken, right? By the way, where are your mother and wife now? Are they safe and sound?" asked Fuji's father, who also let go of longing.

"Yes, my friend. Sorry, haha... Yeah, my mother passed away in 2004 due to a stroke, which then affected the heart, and... my wife also died two years ago after she accidentally slipped in the bathroom and passed out. While on the way to the hospital, my wife's breathing started to disappear. I told the paramedics to quickly take

her to see a doctor using a stretcher. And, yeah, the doctor diagnosed her with a cerebral hemorrhage, a brain bleed, and she died on the spot. I... I... I have also helped and cared for them carefully and wholeheartedly. And... yeah... God has other plans and loves them more. Ah...uhm, then, what news brought you here, my friend?" said Tirta's father, crying while having a cold and wiping it on a handkerchief.

"I was heartbroken by this sad news. I... sincerely apologize. Uh... well, my best bud, my mate, has job openings for your two children. May I meet them?" Fuji's father spoke in a low voice, expressing his mourning.

"Oh, yes...yes, you can. I'll call them first, okay? But you only offer the job to Erik because Tirta wants to prioritize his studies at the university," said Tirta's father, still wiping away his tears and happy to hear the news.

"Yeah, sure. You called them here first, anyway," responded Fuji's father.

"Erik! Tirta! Come to the living room, my boys! Fuji's father wants to tell you guys some important news," said Tirta's father, coming to their bedroom as they relaxed in bed.

"Please sit in front of him while I make hot tea and your favorite meals, my best friend. You too, my boys! Don't say no," said Tirta's father enthusiastically.

"Eh? Since when are you crack at cooking, my bud? Thanks, by the way. Don't bother yourself again, my bud," said Fuji's father curiously.

"My wife taught me how to cook long ago, precisely around 2000, and especially your favorite meals, Kosmikós country-style cuisine. Feel free to enjoy that meal later, my friend. You must eat that later, you must!" answered Tirta's father jokingly.

"Sure thing, I'll eat it later, my goodness. Okay, you guys are here, and I'll ask you a few questions about your future career. I heard that the government has financed your education so far. Is that right, you guys?" Fuji's father confirmed the news.

"Yeah, sir. The government has helped us so far by financing our education. So, do we have a problem with the government, sir?" said Erik, confused.

"No, kid. So, my mate opens a job for you, Erik. And, by the way, he's a boss. If you wanna work with him, I'll take you to his office tomorrow. And for Tirta, I, as your father's best friend, wanna pay for your entire studies, as long as you graduate on time. You guys are also given two new, advanced motorbikes with solar power from my mate. Please take care of it. How? You guys interested?" Fuji's father said to help them financially.

"Sure! Sure! I'm in it, but..." answered Tirta, crying happily; then Tirta's father eavesdropped and interrupted Tirta's conversation.



"Hey! No kidding, right? If so, I... I'm delighted for you, my friend. May God... may God reward your kindness with infinite fortune. Once again, thank you, my friend..." said Tirta's father, who was really surprised when he brought the dishes for them in a hurry and placed them on a bamboo mat, then cried happily while kneeling down and kissing his friend's hand.

"Aamiin. Ya, this is absolutely real, my bud... Erik, if you're confused about your decision, we'll meet my mate tomorrow to make your agreement with him. Trust me, he's down-to-earth, and you'll go easy working there because everything's high-tech. K, my bro?" Fuji's father said.

"Sky in, bro. This is your chance to make your pops proud. Remember, do it now, and don't ever put it off because the chance may not come twice," said Tirta, placing great hopes in his older brother.

"That's right, Tirta. Trust him, Erik. Surely, you'll feel comfy working with his partner," said Tirta's father, who also supported Erik.

"Okay, maybe Erik is still confused about making his decision now. It's time for me to say goodbye to you, especially you, my best bud. I have to keep working right now," said Fuji's father, shaking hands and hugging Tirta's father.

"Of course, my friend. Please look after my son once he has been accepted and begins working there. Here, take your favorite meals for your breakfast," said Tirta's father, who continued to cry happily while hugging Fuji's father and handing him the meals.

"Oh, thank you, my bud. Thank you," said Fuji's father.

"Take care. Thank you too," replied Tirta's father.

The day changed, and it was time for Fuji's father to pick up Erik in his all-black casual techwear to meet his partner located around the Anastasia downtown, right next to the governor's office, using his fastest flying car. With lightning-quick speed, they finally arrived in front of a skyscraper office with colorful mosaics and neon lights that looked prettier, grander, and flashier than any other building.

"Wow, the building's towering, sir. This is my first time in my life, I was driven all the way to the Anastasia downtown. This city is also colorful, sparkly, and not monotonous. So eye-catching. Uhm... anyway, thanks for taking me to your partner's office, sir. And aren't you worried about being late for work now, sir?" said Erik with a stunned expression, and asked.

"You're welcome, my boy. I'm not worried about being late for work because this is my day off, boy. Now, let's get out of the car. Let this car find its own parking space with this remote car. Come on, let's go into the office," replied Fuji's father.

"Ow...woah... uh, okay, sir. I... see, I see, sir. Let's go!" said Erik, fascinated again by Fuji's father's flying car.

They entered the office. At the reception area, the partner and two receptionists greeted each other and introduced themselves. The partner—who was younger than Fuji's father with a stocky build and fair skin, dressed in black and gray formal attire—gladly showed them around his office.

They entered the main room, which housed a high-tech manufacturing facility. Erik was astounded for the third time when the automatic door opened, and he noticed the employees were mostly robots. According to the partner, the majority of the workers in his office are robots, with humans only supervising and repairing the robots when they malfunction. Furthermore, the spacecraft interior design, complete with jumbo air conditioning like in a mall, made Erik want to work here indefinitely.

They were directed to the CCTV room if there was damage to the robot or someone was committing a crime, and to the shipping room too, so that the goods were safe and not fragile while on the move.

They also talked about it while walking around the office, so Erik could be hired. Erik had to decide whether or not he wanted to work in the partner's private room when they arrived.

"How, Mr. Erik? Do you want to work here in my office? As I said earlier when we went around the office, if you really want to work here, you must comply with all SOPs, such as wearing a company bomber jacket with a nametag and behaving properly. You may be late as long as your target has to work approximately 7-8 hours. And I am obligated to fire you if you behave badly, such as by stealing goods, including money, or manipulating the amount of goods available. How? Your job is just checking the number of items, repairing malfunctioning or damaged robots, and watching someone commit a crime in the CCTV room, like that of a security guard, but here we don't have one; only staffs are paid double. And don't worry; when you first start working here, my staff and I will guide you on how to repair a robot and on the procedures to follow when there is a crime or fire incident, etc. We will teach you everything. Just think of us as your close friends who support you all the time. How? Are you interested?" Fuji's father's partner said as he held out his hand to Erik as a sign of agreement.

"Okay, fair enough. With due respect, I, Mr. Erik Pratama, am very interested in working here dedicatedly," Erik said reassuringly, holding out his hand and shaking hands, that he would work in his office.

"Great! Welcome to work here! Here's your official uniform and your nametag for work. You can fill it out and start working tomorrow at 9 a.m. Before you work,

we'll brief you first, okay? Good afternoon, have a great day, and I wish you luck, Mr. Erik. Don't forget, two motorbikes are ready in front of the office. You can take it," said Fuji's father's partner, still smiling, shaking hands, and then patting him.

"Thank you very much, sir. Thank you very much," said Erik, crying happily as he bent down to him.

"You're welcome, son. Uh, Mr. Fuji, can you please tell this kid the route he will take to my office tomorrow?" said Fuji's father's partner.

"Surely, my mate. And... please keep an eye on Erik while working in your office, okay? This is a suggestion from his father. They used to be rich people, but now they're poor because of external problems. So, give him a helping hand, okay?" Fuji's father said, lowering his voice.

"Aha, lean on me, my mate. I guarantee that he will behave well when working tomorrow. If he commits a crime, I do fire him with the intention that he will realize his mistake and correct his own manners afterwards. Really, I can't bear to see him jobless, especially since they were a formerly wealthy family. Mr. Erik can still apply for a job here again. Yeah... seriously," replied Fuji's father's partner, lowering his voice and compassionately wanting to help Erik get out of poverty.

They said their goodbyes, and Fuji's father took Erik home at 2 p.m. with two new and advanced solar-

powered motorcycles from the partner, which he placed in the large trunk that can open automatically. Erik went to his father right away to give him the good news.

"Pops! Pops! Please come here, pops! I have good news for you!" Erik appeared to be in a good mood.

"Lemme guess, you got the job, my son?" said Tirta's father curiously.

"As you mentioned, pops. And you know what? He also gave me two advanced motorbikes. Wow, isn't it? Tomorrow, at 9 a.m., I'll be given instructions on how to work there. This is the first time I'm excited to go to work, pops. Haha!" said Erik excitedly.

"You... you're serious? You're freaking serious? Woah, well... thank you..." said Tirta's father, grateful and fainting.

"Praise God Almighty," said Tirta, getting up from his bedroom and coming out, shocked.

"Holy smokes, my father blacked out, sir. What should we do?" said Erik worriedly.

"Uhm... hang on, I'll call the paramedics and the doctor. You guys stay calm, and they'll come quickly and at no cost to help, for sure. I'm sorry to leave you guys now, and I'll be back here tonight," said Fuji's father to calm them down.

Erik and Tirta nodded, and Fuji's father left them. About a few minutes later, the ambulance came and

checked the health condition of Tirta's father. In the evening, Fuji's father returned to visit the Tirta family.

Erik and Tirta said that their father was fine and was now resting in his bedroom. Fuji's father was relieved to hear the news and asked to be led to his bedroom.

"Hello, my best bud. I'm glad you'll be okay," Fuji's father said worriedly, lowering his voice.

"Oh... hello too, my friend. Yes, I'm fine. Thank God I can still breathe after fainting a few hours ago. Oh, yeah, by the way, thanks to you and your partner because Erik has been hired and he's getting ready for work tomorrow. I really don't expect him to be working tomorrow because he hasn't worked for so long. Sorry if I haven't returned your kindness, my friend," said Tirta's father, holding his friend's hand.

"Alhamdulillah, you're welcome, my bud. You don't need to repay my kindness. Erik has been accepted to work at my partner's, and I'm already happy to hear that. So, forget it. It's my duty to help your family be more prosperous in the future, my bud," replied Fuji's father happily, holding Tirta's father's hand.

"Oh...yeah...you're right. Thank you, my friend," said Tirta's father, smiling.

"Yep. It appears that I must return home. You, Erik, and I will go tomorrow together because our offices are in the same direction. Please remember the route if we don't meet later on, okay? Now take a rest and don't stay up

late," Fuji's father said goodbye, and he reminded Erik to work tomorrow.

"Affirmative, Mr. Fuji. Your command has been received. And thanks for the trip, that was *supercalifragi-docious*," Erik joked.

"*Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious*, bro. *Su-per-cal-i-fra-gi-lis-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious*. Eh? Your language gets better, don't you? You also know the longest word. Alright, bye bye, everyone," said Fuji's father, amazed, and he went home.

The following day, Erik wore his official uniform and nametag with full prestige, and he heard Fuji's father come and call him shortly after.

"Hey, lad! You look neat and dashing in your company jacket. Are you ready to go to the office together, bro?" Fuji's father said he was praising Erik when he picked him up with his flying car.

"Ah, don't mention it, sir. Back at you. Dressed in all black with armor, you look like a soldier. Uh, hold on, I'm going to check my stuff one more time. Hmm... okay... all clear. Everything's clear, Mr. Fuji. But there's one more thing I haven't done: say goodbye to my father first. Just wait a moment, sir," said Erik to Fuji's father.

"Okay, please come to your father first for his blessing on your luck. I'm not forcing you to leave in a hurry. Meet your father first, lad," said Fuji's father.



"Pops, pops! I'm leaving for work. Please give me your blessing so that I can support this family in a prosperous and honest way in doing my job," said Erik, coming to his father in his bedroom, full of hope for their family's success one day.

"Okay, my son. My prayers are with you, and may God give you blessings when you're working all the time, son. Amen," answered Tirta's father, full of hope.

"Amen. Goodbye, pops," Erik said goodbye to his father after answering his father's prayer. "Okay, Mr. Fuji, I'm confident that everything's in order. It's time for us to leave," Erik said this as he walked out of his house and onto his new solar-powered motorcycle, a gift from his boss.

"Uh, wait! You, bro, know how to operate that bike?" Fuji's father was confused.

"Ah, no worries, Mr. Fuji. I have read this bike's instructions and tried it step by step yesterday while you were back, sir. It's possible that I can drive it even if it's slow, and I don't dare to go full speed yet," said Erik confidently.

"Okay, then. How do we drive it at normal speed, lad?" Fuji's father said.

"So-so, Mr. Fuji. I'm ready," said Erik enthusiastically.

"Roger that, let's...go!" said Fuji's father enthusiastically.

On the go, they talked about anything like close friends, especially Fuji's father's experience working and

how he has many partners. Also, he should tell Erik his office's route and tell him to memorize it. Arriving at Erik's office, they said goodbye.

"Okay, we've arrived at your work, Erik. My office is over there—well, about 250 meters from here. Goodbye and take care. See you this late afternoon, bro. We'll meet again and go home together," Fuji's father said as he went away from Erik.

"Well, catch ya later, Mr. Fuji," answered Erik.

Erik walked into the office. The partner and some of his employees greeted him. This is what office workers usually do. And they took Erik to the practice room so he could hone his skills and obey all the instructions.

Erik then finished work for the first time around five p.m. Tirta's father had just arrived to accompany him home when he walked out of his office and onto his motorcycle.

"Hey, hey, hey! You've done your work early, haven't you, bro?" Fuji's father said this jokingly.

"No, sir. At five o'clock, I was obliged to go home. As long as I work at least 7–8 hours," said Erik seriously.

"O...kay, just kidding, lad. Ha ha. Have you packed your stuff yet? If so, let's *roll!*" said Fuji's father jokingly, and he told Erik to check his work equipment again.

"That seems clear, sir. Yeah... okay, let's *rock and roll!*" said Erik while checking his equipment and getting on his motorcycle.

They talked about Erik's first day at work along the way. And now, finally, they arrived at Erik's alley.

"Well, that was a great discussion, though. Please say my greetings to your father, okay? And... tomorrow and forever, I'll be waiting for you in front of this alley, okay? Normally. *Adios*," said Fuji's father, then left Erik. "Yeah, sure. Thanks. *Adios* to you too," replied Erik, ending the conversation.

Erik came, and his father sat on the porch. His father directly asked Erik the first time he worked there.

"How's your first day working there, my son?" asked Tirta's father.

"Awesome, pops! They taught me to be social with them, like they were my close friends, pops. And... where's Tirta?" said Erik.

"Tirta was going to a friend's house and discussing his studies because he wanted to study at the same university. Yeah, even though his friend entered a year ago, he was still over the moon and decided to study there," said Tirta's father ambitiously.

"Alright, then. I wanna take a bath first and get ready for dinner," said Erik.

The day went on and on. Erik and Fuji's father went to work together, and Tirta continued his study. But one day, the Tirta family had a bad day.

"What you did at your office yesterday really surprised your boss and me. What on earth had you done, son?"

You've freaking annoyed me now. You've been given a proper job, so what do you want now? Giving a bad reputation to the family, eh? You really freaking did that? Now, leave us and this house. Begone! Don't ever come back after!" Tirta's father rebuked Erik in the living room.

"Okay, ight imma head out. I can find my own life without you, scumbag!" said Erik, defying his father.

"Oh, how dare you insult me, you brat! You may live your own life, but I'll never bless you for the rest of your life until you admit your mistakes and return to the right path. Mark my words! Now, please come out! The door's always open for you," Tirta's father cursed Erik.

"Alright, alright. Goodbye, you scumbag!" Erik, annoyed, said goodbye and put on his company jacket.

"Hey, you're back! You haven't yet shaken my hand, you little brat! You still haven't finished with me, eh? Come back, you!" Tirta's father yelled angrily as Erik fled his parents' house on the motorcycle that his boss had given him.

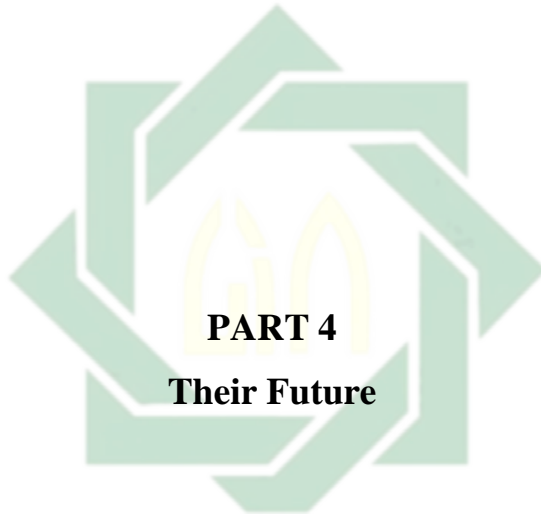
"What's going on with him, pops? said Tirta with a confused expression when he left his bedroom and went to his father, who was angry on the porch.

"Your brother, Erik, is a truly truly scumbag. He's a bonehead, a freaking bonehead brat! Such a creeper," said Tirta's father, cursing Erik's manner when they entered the house.

There was no more news about Erik for several years. Either he is looking for a new job or doing something even worse, but the story is not over yet.



UIN SUNAN AMPEL  
S U R A B A Y A



**PART 4**

**Their Future**

UIN SUNAN AMPEL  
S U R A B A Y A

Now, exactly in 2022, Celesta's technology is rapidly advancing, and international relations are tightening. Scientists and experts unite to make things go faster. Superabstract vehicles, the 9G network, work from home, and AI or robots are also starting to interact in a flexible and friendly way like humans, which are designed to improve citizens' welfare while reducing their workload. People say that teleportation is now being worked on again with the latest technology, which has become a trending topic on social media.

The Celesta country is steeped in acculturation. It is because Fuji's mother used her literary works to constantly implement Kosmikós culture in Anastasia City. Fuji's father also spread the movement about her works by broadcasting them on Celesta international news, so that you can see the magnificent combination of Kosmikós and Celesta cultures with a utopia that is beginning to regenerate in every corner of the city. Despite the fact that Fuji's parents are getting older, their efforts to make Celesta a truly superior society should be recognized, with the Celestians portraying them as "Re-enlightenment Era" or "Post-Cyberpunk" figures.

Fuji, who is now 32, had a family and her own home. She grew to become a Muslim entrepreneur with a successful and well-known brand. She also owns a European-style boutique called "Qori Boutique," which she operates with her husband. Also, she teaches tips and

tricks on how to dress elegantly like her. Muslimah dresses, wearing the hijab that covers the shoulders, and sometimes blends the fashion with a futuristic style.

Fuji, who at that time could not sleep in her room due to overthinking about her past homies, Erik and Tirta, began to fall asleep at around 1 a.m.

The next day, after Fuji and her husband had done their Fajr and Duha prayers, they opened their boutique at 8:30 a.m. Fuji, who now looks different in front of her husband—dressed futuristic but covering her whole body and wearing a hijab with her lovely albino face—is holding her son and entering the boutique to rearrange things that are a bit messy. Fuji's husband—who was personified like Fuji's father but with olive skin, wavy hair, brown eyes, and a beard, dressed in a turtleneck shirt and techwear pants—also helped her by cleaning the floor. After everything is ready, Fuji goes to her husband, who is at the cashier.

"My dear, I wanna meet my old friend. Will you allow me?" said Fuji.

"Oh, of course you can, sweetheart, but not late at night," replied Fuji's husband.

"Are you sure you don't mind if I leave you and him here?" pitied Fuji.

"C'mon, my sweetheart. Have you forgotten that today it's my turn to look after this boutique? Don't worry, he



and I'll be safe and fine with me, my sweetheart," answered Fuji's husband confidently.

"Oh, yeah, you're right. Sorry, I forgot about that. All right, goodbye, my dear. Assalaamu'alaikum. I'll be here before nighttime," said Fuji while kissing her husband's hand as a farewell sign and leaving him.

"Ah...nevermind, my sweetheart. Wa'alaikumussalaam Warahmatullahi Wabarakatuh. Yeah, take care," replied Fuji's husband when Fuji was kissing his hand and leaving him.

Fuji went to her minimalist home while trying to call her father with her smartphone, which finally worked. Fuji's father answered the phone and asked for her current condition.

"Wa'alaikumussalaam. Oh, hey, Fuji, my chica. How's it going? You well? I haven't seen you for a long time, my chica. Why're you calling me? Miss me? Haha..." said Fuji's father, letting go of his beloved daughter's longing on the phone.

"Yeah, dad. Alhamdulillah, not so bad. Yeah... I really miss you from long ago, and... do you have your best friend's address or phone number when I was a kid, dad?" she asked.

"You bet, but I only have his address, my chica. And... come to my house as well, my chica. We miss you too. My house remains the same as when you were a kid. I'll

give you my home address, just in case you forget," Fuji's father said.

"Okay, great then. I'll go to your house first before I go to your best friend's house, dad," said Fuji.

"Alright, we're waiting for your arrival, okay? Assalaamu'alaikum," replied Fuji's father, ending the conversation.

"Wa'alaikumussalaam," Fuji answered his father's greeting.

Fuji's father then shared the location of his house, which Fuji had probably forgotten about her parents' house. Fuji arrived at her house, took out the flying motorcycle, and went to her parents' house using a GPS helmet that connected to her smartphone.

After about seven minutes of looking for a route to her father's house, Fuji finally arrived in front of her parents' house. Fuji knocked on the gate. Two maids—relatives who are now married and elderly but are still living at Fuji's parents' house—open the gate and greet her. They also suggested that Fuji stop her motorcycle in the park and enter the living room first.

They immediately met Fuji's parents to let them know that their daughter had arrived. Fuji's father—who is getting older but whose body is still healthy and a little thinner than in his youth—is jubilant and misses meeting Fuji soon, as does her mother, whose body has started to slouch and who is wearing a hijab. They were walking

down the stairs slowly and casually, remembering Fuji's father, who has to lead Fuji's mother, who is starting to have difficulty walking.

Fuji, who was already sitting in the living room immediately facing them—who was dressed entirely in sweatshirts and sweatpants, but her father added a denim vest—was coming down the stairs, immediately stood up to greet them. Fuji's parents turned to look at her, as if they saw their daughter as an angel fallen from heaven. They stared at each other for a few moments and hugged each other afterwards.

"Hey, hey, hey! My angelic chica! Time goes so fast, eh? We almost didn't really know you when you were sitting in the living room and turned to us," said Fuji's father, letting go of his longing while praising Fuji's appearance.

"Yeah, dear. You're really chic, like I used to be," Fuji's mother said, praising Fuji's appearance.

"Ah, you two, don't use your metaphoric terms. Haha..." said Fuji bashfully.

"What're you saying, my chica? We're talking about your appearance literally, yeah, literally. Is that right, my love?" Fuji's father confirmed his words.

"That's correct, Fuji. You now take a seat," Fuji's mother confirmed his words, told Fuji to sit back, and went into the kitchen.

"My chica, how's your family? Have you still got a great romance with your guy, who's three years older than you?" said Fuji's father, discussing the Fuji family relationship.

"Alhamdulillah, we still get along well, and we've been blessed with a son," replied Fuji gratefully regarding her family relationship.

"Alhamdulillah," replied Fuji's parents gratefully.

"Then, why do you wanna meet my old friend, my chica?" said Fuji's father curiously.

"Well, because I also miss them, so I wanna visit them, dad, especially their two children, Erik and Tirta," Fuji replied, also missing the Tirta family.

"Oh, I see. Wait, I'll share the address with you, and...done. Please open your phone. And... are you really gonna rush over there? If so, wait a moment. Your mother brought the meals for you," said Fuji's father.

"Yeah, dad, I wanna meet them pronto. I..." Fuji said she hoped to see the Tirta family again.

"O-kay, your meals are ready. Please take it with you on your trip," said Fuji's mother, who came from the kitchen carrying meals for Fuji and interrupted Fuji's conversation.

"Thanks mom. And thanks for your hospitality, too, Mom and Dad. Maybe tomorrow I'll visit you all. Alright, assalaamu'alaikum," Fuji said as she kissed her parents' hands and said goodbye.

"Wa'alaikumussalaam," Fuji's parents answered Fuji's greeting. "Hopefully you arrive safely to your destination, my chica," said Fuji's father, praying for her.

Fuji nodded, walked to the gate, and activated the GPS on her motorcycle. Fuji's father closed the gate then.

After a few moments, Fuji arrived and knocked on Tirta's door. He briefly opened the door. Tirta's stature was similar to his father's, leading Fuji to believe he was Tirta's father.

"Good day, Fuji. I remember you even after we hadn't seen each other in a long time," Tirta extinguished his longing.

"Good day too, sir. Wait, you're Tirta's father, right?" Fuji expressed her confusion.

"No, Fuji. It's me, Tirta. And my father died about four or five years ago. My mother too, but I've forgotten the year she died," Tirta answered casually.

"Oh, you're Tirta. Woah! I... really didn't know you earlier, really. And...my condolences on the passing of your parents, Tirta. Sorry. And where's your brother?" Fuji expressed her condolences and inquired about Erik's status.

"Okay, I appreciate it. Since the conflict with my father in 2009, my brother has gone to the middle of nowhere and hasn't returned. Yeah... I hope he's all right there," Tirta lamented.

"Oh God. What was the problem before Erik left you and your parents, by the way?" Fuji inquired, perplexed.

"I'm not familiar with, Fuji. I only heard them arguing about Erik's job at the time, and Erik abruptly left us," Tirta responded, perplexed.

"Perhaps because of work issues, huh? Do you still have his coworker's phone number, Tirta?" she inquired.

"I don't have any of his coworkers' phone numbers, none at all. Do you miss him as well?" Tirta stated.

"Yes, I miss him as well. Hmm, how about we go to the police station and find out where he's now? You just mentioned your brother's full name, your parents' names, and your date of birth," Fuji stated that they intended to go to the police station.

"Fuji, that's a fantastic idea. Let's go, shall we?" Tirta was ecstatic.

Tirta locked the door, and they rushed to the police station at 10:30 a.m. to find Erik using their super motorcycles.

When they arrived at the police station, they approached a police officer and inquired about searching for someone's address. He stated that he could track someone's address using information, which was similar to what Fuji had stated to Tirta.

He found Erik's address in a matter of seconds, as quick as lightning, shared it with Fuji, and stated that it

was free of charge. They thanked the officer and left the police station right away.

Fuji uses GPS once more to locate Erik's home. Does not care that the GPS says it will take two hours to get there. When they arrived at the slum, they came to a halt in front of a house made of plywood, similar to that of a day laborer, which they suspected was Erik's house based on the GPS.

They convincingly parked and dismounted their motorcycles. They took turns knocking on the door, but no one appeared to be inside. When they got back on their motorcycles, they noticed someone open the door. They paused for a moment before asking if he was Erik, who had gone missing without saying anything.

"Excuse me, sir. Is this Erik Pratama's house?" Fuji enquired.

"That's right, this is Erik Pratama's residence, with myself. Who are you? And why did you want to see me?" Erik wondered.

"Erik, do you remember us? We're old friends of yours. I'm Fuji, and next to me is your younger brother, Tirta," Fuji reminded him once more.

"Fuji...Tirta, my little brother? I... wait. Holy God! Why're you here? I... I really miss you, and... I really need your help from a long time ago, my homies. How did you find my house?" Erik tried to remember them again, crying in front of them as a sign of longing and

needing their help, and Erik asked them how they could find his house.

"Yeah, bro, we were your friends back then. The police assisted us in locating your home. And... why're you living in this plywood shack? What on earth happened to you? I heard from Tirta that you're having problems at work. Is that true? You're such a punkster, bro. Wearing a sleeveless T-shirt with a leather vest and jeans. Your straight hair's also a mess, dude," Fuji inquired, puzzled.

"My little brother was correct, Fuji. That was a long story. Please, Tirta and Fuji, come into my living room. And I'm sorry for abandoning you for so long, Tirta. I... failed to be your good brother," Erik admitted.

"Hush! Don't say things like that, my brother. I understand how you felt at the time. Fuji and I still care about you," Tirta said confidently.

"Oh, okay. Please come in. I'll get you a drink and some snacks. I'm really sorry, guys," Erik apologized as he went to the kitchen to fetch meals for them.

"Don't worry, my brother. We don't mind and are happy to accept your dishes, don't you think, Fuji?" Tirta exclaimed.

"Exactly, Tirta. We're delighted to receive your dishes, Erik," Fuji exclaimed.

Erik nodded and kept going to the kitchen to get some dishes. Erik then arrived and placed a plastic tray in front of them.



"This is it. So, how's it going for our pops? Is he doing well?" Erik inquired about their father from Tirta.

"He passed away about four or five years ago, bro. You should pay a visit to his grave in the corner of our old house," Tirta expressed his condolences.

"Oh God... Maybe I'll visit his grave someday. Thank you for the information, my bro," Erik said, lowering his voice.

"Erik, why're you such a hobo? Was the job offered by my father's partner unsuitable for you?" Fuji inquired.

"Well, Fuji, it's all about the money. Seriously, I was avaricious. Yeah, money maniac. At the time, the job your father's partner offered made my life very fulfilling. But, because of my greed for money, I've really screwed up until now, Fuji. Yeah, my bad, my freaking bad past," Erik admitted, regretting his past behavior.

"Oh God. Can you tell us more about how you got fired from him, my friend?" Fuji inquired.

"Okay. I was in the CCTV room at the time. Because I was bored there, I walked around the office, checking to see if the robot was broken in every corner. I ignore the robots, who appear to be walking as usual. When I walked into the boss' private room, he wasn't there, and I felt compelled to steal the boss' money. When it appeared that the situation was safe, I focused on repeatedly hacking the door and eventually succeeding. I looked around to see if there was a hidden place or room

where the money was kept, and I found it in the bottom left corner, next to the servers. I tried to open the bunker door with my hand as hard as I could and also hacked the electric padlock, but it didn't work. I exited the room, looked around the office, and noticed a construction tools room. I went over there with the sledgehammer. I hit the padlock as hard as I could until it broke. I stepped in and saw a large amount of money neatly lined up on the iron shelf. Without hesitation, I took some of the money and placed it in my jacket and pants pockets, along with my gloves, to hide the evidence. I notice my pocket filling up, so I try to carefully restore the mess I'd made. I tried to put the money in order, welding and retrying the padlock until it worked, and repairing the door I'd hacked. Then I rushed to my room to put the money in my bag," Erik described how he stole his boss' money.

"Okay, so how did your boss know you were the suspect?" Fuji enquired.

"My boss found out from the CCTV above the entrance and hid around the servers. Small size. So I didn't think the room lacked CCTV at the time. Okay, the next day, my coworker and I were directed to the lobby, where the boss was already waiting to inform us that his money was rapidly dwindling. The boss immediately directed us to the reception area behind us and attempted to view yesterday's CCTV footage on the computer. Finally, I

was caught stealing his money, with my nametag clearly visible on my jacket. The boss expressed regret and apologized for firing me. I returned to my house, my face filled with regret for what I had just done, and met my father, who was sitting in the living room, reading a newspaper. Not long after, a drone delivered my dismissal letter, and my father was so mad about what I had done at work the day before. My father evicted me from his home, and I moved as far away from Anastasia City as I could, and now I live in a slum with a plywood shack because I'm now a day laborer, just like you said, Fuji. Meanwhile, in the afternoon, while I was still working on this house, I was visited by several mysterious flying cars, who firmly locked my hands with electric iron handcuffs. The handcuffs were so strong that even with all my strength, I couldn't get them off. And... yeah, I pleaded guilty in court and received 11 years in prison. I was released from prison at the beginning of the year, and the cops brought me back here and offered me a job as a day laborer. Well, friends, that's me, unmarried and behaving recklessly. I now regret it, yeah. Everything. I've given up hope of ever becoming successful. So, Fuji, can I still work there? I hope I can still be accepted for work," Erik added, his eyes welling up with tears, continuing the story of how he stole his boss' money and then hoped to work there again.

"Oh, c'mon, dude. I knew you were still a money maniac at his office, bro. Smooth and effective criminal. Well, maybe there's still a chance, but I'll tell my father tomorrow. And... how about your job as a day laborer?" Fuji inquired.

"Many thanks, Fuji. Maybe I'll tell one of the cops that I'm quitting my job as a day laborer and looking for another one," Erik asserted himself confidently.

"You're absolutely certain of your decision to stop working as a day laborer, and it's not because of the pay that tempts you?" Fuji reassured him.

"Yeah, I really believe I quit working there because the working hours forced me not to sleep all day long, and money really became secondary to me, Fuji, really," Erik replied confidently.

"Alright, then. We'll be back at your house tomorrow. I have to return to work. Have a nice day, bro," Fuji said.

"Okay, Fuji, thanks for your assistance. You're a lifesaver for me. Tirta, I appreciate your stopping by as well. You're my wonderful little brother," Erik sobbed.

Erik sobbed on Tirta's shoulders, and Tirta tried to comfort his brother. They then split up and went about their business.

The next day, Fuji did not forget to ask her husband for permission to visit her parents, and her husband still allowed her to do so as long as she did not arrive too late at night. Fuji then went back to her parents' house to

briefly inform them of the latest Tirta family news. Their reactions would be a mix of joy, sadness, and sympathy.

Fuji's father, dressed in the same clothes as the day before, planned to pay a visit to his best friend's house out of sympathy, especially for Erik's condition, which he had helped with. Despite his age, he has a youthful spirit and believes he can still drive a car. Fuji and her father arrived at Tirta's house using her father's flying car. They agreed to travel in a flying car with Fuji's GPS reactivated.

They eventually arrived in front of Erik's house. Erik opened the door after they knocked. Erik, who appeared dull at first, was taken aback when he met Fuji's father while sobbing.

"Oh, Jesus, my God!" Are you Fuji's father, sir? Please forgive me. I apologize for my mistakes in the past, sir," Erik sobbed.

"Yeah, bro. It's me, Fuji's elderly father. Nevermind, bro. My daughter, Fuji, told me about your family. You're still tempted by money while working, huh? So, what's the whole story, especially since my buddy was aware that you were stealing his money?" Fuji's father apologized and inquired as to how Erik committed a crime until he was released from prison.

Erik then recounted his dark past, beginning with his dismissal from his boss' office and ending with his current suffering in his living room.

"Ah, I see. So you wanna get your job back? If so, I intend to take you to his office today. Let's go there now with me, my daughter, and your little brother. It all depends on how much free time you have right now. I hope he's still in his office and giving you work," Fuji's father said, wanting to help Erik get his job back.

"Correct, sir. I really wanna work there again with complete honesty and without regard for money. Really, I'm tired of being imprisoned for so long, as well as my current job as a day laborer. I also hope to make a genuine contribution to our beloved country, Celesta, with the assistance of Fuji and Tirta as well. And... I have time until noon, sir. I'm hoping it won't be too long," Erik expressed his optimism.

"Alright. Wash your face and put your company jacket on now. There's no need to change. You still have it, don't you?" Fuji's father inquired.

"I still have it, and it's hanging in my room. Wait a sec, I'll wash my face and put that jacket on," Erik cheerfully replied.

Erik went to the bathroom to wash his face before returning to his bedroom to put on his company jacket again in the hopes of regaining his job. In the living room, he met Fuji's father and his two best friends. When he was certain that everything was in order, they prepared to leave in Fuji's father's flying car, with Erik locking his house door.

When they arrived there, Fuji and Tirta were astounded by its magnificence. They entered the office, and Fuji's father asked one of the receptionists. He called her on his smartphone, said the partner was in his private room, and suggested they meet in person.

Fuji's father thanked him and led them to his partner's private room. Erik tried to calm down as he walked there, still embarrassed about his previous mistake with his boss.

When they arrived at his partner's private door, Fuji's father knocked. Soon after, his partner, dressed in black formal attire, appeared at the door and opened it to greet them. He smiled at Erik, who was standing to the left of Fuji's father, motioned for them to enter, and offered them four chairs to sit on.

The partner inquired as to why they wished to meet him. Fuji's father explains to him whether Erik can work in his office again. Erik was looking down in shame, and the partner knew Erik was regretting what he had done at the time, so he abruptly called his name.

"Erik, could you please fix your gaze on me? I really want to make a deal with you," said Fuji's father's partner.

"Y...yes, sir? Wha...what's the deal?" Erik trembled in fear of being scolded by him.

"Erik, I'm not angry or hateful with you because you admitted your mistake. I just hope you can continue to

work here with full responsibility. So, my buddy, do you really want to come back to work here?" said Fuji's father's partner in order to assist Erik in regaining his job.

"Of...of course, sir, I'd like to return to work here with my full dedication. I'm not concerned with money anymore because it makes me sick about my future, which will completely ruin my life. Yeah, I hope so, I hope so," Erik spoke softly.

"Yeah, okay. Great then. Welcome back, Erik. Welcome back to my office," Fuji's father's partner smiled.

"Oh, God, thank you, sir. Many, many thanks to you. Please forgive me for my previous mistakes, sir," Erik cried happily, having found his job again in his boss' office and bowing to him as a sign of thanks and forgiveness.

"Well, anytime, my buddy. Nevermind. So, who are these two people, my mate? Do you both have jobs?" asked Fuji's father's partner.

"My mate, beside me, is my daughter, Fuji. She has opened her own boutique, which she runs with her husband. Erik and Tirta, the brothers of my best friends, are sitting to my left. I'm not sure if Tirta has a job. And... try asking him, my mate," Fuji's father said as he introduced them.

"Oh, so you guys were I giving you two super motorcycles at that time, huh? Okay. Uhm, Tirta, you



guy sitting in the corner on the left, do you have a job?" inquired Fuji's father's partner.

"That's correct, sir. Actually, sir, I was a temporary worker, and my contract ended about a month ago. So, I don't have a regular job yet," Tirta explained.

"Okay. So you want to work here with Erik, Tirta? You interested? With conditions, you must work with all your heart, be responsible, and be willing to follow the SOPs that you can read on your right side, which are posted on the wall," said Fuji's father's partner, who offered Tirta a regular job.

"Yes, I want to work here. Without regard for pay, I, Tirtayasa Januar, sincerely and responsibly offer to work here, sir," Tirta expressed his desire to work with his brother.

"Sir, you can put your trust in him. He can be relied on. I've become good friends with him. It's impossible for him to betray me, let alone you, sir," Fuji put her trust in him.

"Hmm, I understand, Ms. Fuji. Mr. Tirta, you are welcome to work here as well. Congrats! Here's your company jacket. Please fill out your name on the nametag. You can begin working tomorrow at 9 a.m., and we'll brief you, like Erik, before you start working, okay?" Fuji's father's partner smiled.

"Thank you, Lord. Thank you, sir. Thank you so much!" Tirta exclaimed joyfully as he stood and bowed to him.

"Bro, it appears you must first go to my house before we work because I don't know the route," Tirta said to Erik.

"Yes, you appear to be correct. Keep your cool, my li'l bro. I'd saved the route to my phone the other day. So, rely on me," Erik assured him.

"Okay, it appears that our business is now complete. Thank you for your time, mate. We have to get back to work," Fuji's father said.

"Certainly, my mate. Take care, everyone. Good luck and have a wonderful day. Erik and Tirta, please come here for a moment before you leave. Let's brofist," Fuji's father's partner said as they parted ways.

Erik and Tirta came to him briefly for a goodbye and to express their hope for their solidarity while working there.

They returned to the car, and Fuji's father drove Erik home first because he would go to work, then Tirta, while Fuji stopped by her parents' house until it was dark.

Erik arrived at Tirta's house the next day to accompany him to the office. Tirta carried out instructions from the partner and some of his employees. Some employees hugged Erik upon their arrival at the office, as a sign of his return or their longing for him.

Day by day, Fuji, Erik, and Tirta grew into a triumvirate that made significant contributions to Celesta, carrying on the struggle for what Fuji's parents

had done through their works. Fuji made significant contributions to the development of combination fashion, which became popular in the Celesta country and began to spread on the global forum, while Erik and Tirta became a well-known iconic duo as the trailblazers of cutting-edge technology. As a result, the Celestians continue to project themselves as figures after Fuji's parents onto the "Re-enlightenment Era" or "Post-Cyberpunk."

They also visit each other when they have free time. A close friendship strengthens them, just as their parents did.

When Erik and Tirta finished work and Fuji saw them packing their equipment on their motorcycles, she approached them and invited them to ride back to their house together. Tirta informed her that their house was close to her parents' and that their parents' house had recently been sold. Erik also informed her that his plywood shack had been sold. At that moment, Erik called Tirta to come pick up his belongings and deliver them to Tirta's house, where Tirta had already assembled a car with cutting-edge technology and purchased a luxurious home near her parents'.

Erik is also said to have been married to a coworker after he was rehired and got engaged two months later. He explained that his wife has the same physical characteristics as their deceased mother. Meanwhile,

Tirta is about to get engaged to a girl who has recently moved into their residence, which is directly across the street from their house. Her stature is comparable to that of Fuji's mother, the Kosmikós. Fuji was taken aback when they told her that their prosperous future had arrived in the present.

Fuji, Erik, and Tirta begin their ride home after double-checking their work equipment. However, when they were almost at Erik and Tirta's house, Erik turned his motorcycle to the left, despite the fact that their house was directly across the street.

Fuji, who had accidentally noticed Erik turning left at the time, immediately informed Tirta. They took the initiative to follow Erik until they arrived at what appeared to be a cemetery, suspecting Erik was paying a visit to the person he was looking for.

Erik had indeed visited his father's tomb, as they had suspected. Erik got off his motorcycle and walked slowly to his father's tomb to express his remorse for what he had done to him during his life because he had disappointed and even hurt him, and his cheeks began to well up with tears as he prayed to God and his father for forgiveness. He became increasingly solemn there, until he couldn't help but cry hysterically and hug his father's tombstone. Tirta then moved closer to him, but Fuji stopped him.

"Allow your brother to rue what he had done to your father while he was still alive. Please don't bother him, Tirta. Let him be content with regret," Fuji suggested to Tirta that Erik let him pray at their father's tomb, whom he had offended with his manners.



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