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## Dari Kita untuk Kita

Ditulis oleh mrjj - 2009/04/12 21:55

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Mari kita tetap berpijak pada motto sekolah kita, DISIPLIN, PROFESIONAL, DAN BERKUALITAS.  
Ayo kita berbagi di forum ini. Feed back-nya ditunggu ya. thanks:)

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## Re:Dari Kita untuk Kita

Ditulis oleh Ramya - 2009/12/07 13:27

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### The Wallet

As I walked home one freezing day, I stumbled on a wallet someone had lost in the street. I picked it up and looked inside to find some identification so I could call the owner. But the wallet contained only three dollars and a crumpled letter that looked as if it had been in there for years. The envelope was worn and the only thing that was legible on it was the return address. (world of warcraft gold)

I started to open the letter, hoping to find some clue. Then I saw the dateline -- 1924. The letter had been written almost sixty years earlier. It was written in a beautiful feminine handwriting, on powder blue stationery with a little flower in the left hand corner. It was a "Dear John" letter that told the recipient, whose name appeared to be Michael, that the writer could not see him any more because her mother forbade it. Even so, she wrote that she would always love him. It was signed Hannah.

It was a beautiful letter, but there was no way, except for the name Michael, to identify the owner. Maybe if I called information, the operator could find a phone listing for the address on the envelope. The operator suggested I speak with her supervisor, who hesitated for a moment, then said, "Well, there is a phone listing at that address, but I can't give you the number." She said as a courtesy, she would call that number, explain my story and ask whoever answered if the person wanted her to connect me.

maple story mesos, I waited a few minutes and then the supervisor was back on the line. "I have a party who will speak with you." I asked the woman on the other end of the line if she knew anyone by the name of Hannah. She gasped. "Oh! We bought this house from a family who had a daughter named Hannah. But that was thirty years ago!" "Would you know where that family could be located now?" I asked. "I remember that Hannah had to place her mother in a nursing home some years ago," the woman said. "Maybe if you got in touch with them, they might be able to track down the daughter." She gave me the name of the nursing home, and I called the number. The woman on the phone told me the old lady had passed away some years ago, but the nursing home did have a phone number for where the daughter might be living. I thanked the person at the nursing home and phoned the number she gave me. The woman who answered explained that Hannah herself was now living in a nursing home. This whole thing is stupid, I thought to myself. Why am I making such a big deal over finding the owner of a wallet that has only three dollars and a letter that is almost sixty years old

Nevertheless, I called the nursing home in which Hannah was supposed to be living, and the man who answered the phone told me, "Yes, Hannah is staying with us." Even though it was already 10 P. M., I asked if I could come by to see her. "Well," he said hesitatingly, "if you want to take a chance, she might be in the day room watching television."

I thanked him and drove over to the nursing home. The night nurse and a guard greeted me at the door. We went up to the third floor of the large building. In the day room, the nurse introduced me to Hannah. She was a sweet, silver-haired old timer with a warm smile and a twinkle in her eyes. I told her about finding the wallet and showed her the letter. The second she saw the powder blue envelope with that little flower on the left, she took a deep breath and said, "Young man, this letter was the last contact I ever had with Michael." She looked away for a moment, deep in thought, and then said softly, "I loved him very much. But I was only sixteen at the time and my mother felt I was too young. Oh, he was so handsome. He looked like Sean Connery, the actor." wow gold

"Yes," she continued, "Michael Goldstein was a wonderful person. If you should find him, tell him I think of him often. And," she hesitated for a moment, almost biting her lip, tears welled up in her eyes, "I never did marry. I guess no one ever matched up to Michael. . . " I thanked Hannah and said good bye. I took the elevator to the first floor and as I stood by the door, the guard there asked, "Was the old lady able to help you?" I told him she had given me a lead. "At least I have a last name. But I think I'll let it go for a while. I spent almost the whole day trying to find the owner of this wallet. "I had taken out the wallet, which was a simple brown leather case with red lacing on the side. When the guard saw it, he said, "Hey, wait a minute! That's Mr. Goldstein's wallet. I'd know it anywhere with that bright red lacing. He's always losing that wallet. I must have found it in the halls at least three times. "

"Who's Mr. Goldstein?" I asked, as my hand began to shake. "He's one of the old timers on the eighth floor. That's Mike Goldstein's wallet for sure. He must have lost it on one of his walks." I thanked the guard and quickly ran back to the

nurse's office. I told her what the guard had said. We went back to the elevator and got on. I prayed that Mr. Goldstein would be up. wow gold

On the eighth floor, the floor nurse said, "I think he's still in the day room. He likes to read at night. He 's a darling old man. "We went to the only room that had any lights on, and there was a man reading a book. The nurse went over to him and asked if he had lost his wallet. Mr. Goldstein looked up with surprise, put his hand in his back pocket and said, "Oh, it is missing. ""This kind gentleman found a wallet and we wondered if it could be yours. "I handed Mr. Goldstein the wallet, and the second he saw it, he smiled with relief and said, "Yes, that's it It must have dropped out of my pocket this afternoon. I want to give you a reward. "

"No, thank you, "I said. "But I have to tell you something. I read the letter in the hope of finding out who owned the wallet. "The smile on his face suddenly disappeared. "You read that letter ""Not only did I read it, I think I know where Hannah is. "

He suddenly grew pale. "Hannah You know where she is How is she Is she still as pretty as she was Please, please tell me, " he begged. "She's fine. . . just as pretty as when you knew her, " I said softly.

The old man smiled with anticipation and asked, "Could you tell me where she is I want to call her tomorrow. "He grabbed my hand and said, "You know something, mister I was so in love with that girl that when that letter came, my life literally ended. I never married. I guess I've always loved her. " ffxi gil

"Michael, " I said, "come with me. "We took the elevator down to the third floor. The hallways were darkened and only one or two little night lights lit our way to the day room, where Hannah was sitting alone, watching the television.

The nurse walked over to her. "Hannah, "she said softly, pointing to Michael, who was waiting with me in the doorway. "Do you know this man "She adjusted her glasses, looked for a moment, but didn't say a word.

Michael said softly, almost in a whisper, "Hannah, it's Michael. Do you remember me "She gasped. "Michael! I don't believe it! Michael! It's you! My Michael!"He walked slowly toward her, and they embraced. The nurse and I left with tears streaming down our faces. "See, "I said. "See how the good Lord works! If it's meant to be, it will be. "

About three weeks later, I got a call at my office from the nursing home. "Can you break away on Sunday to attend a wedding Michael and Hannah are going to tie the knot!"

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## Re:Dari Kita untuk Kita

Ditulis oleh eagle1r - 2010/02/03 09:09

### Too Late

For a moment or two I could neither breathe nor move.

Then I felt my fear and unhappiness disappear,as I knew that I was no longer alone in my responsibility for Sir Henry.The dangers all around me did not seem so frightening.The cool voice could belong to only one man in the world.'Holmes!'I cried.'Holmes!'

I went outside the hut,and there was Holmes.He was sit ting on a stone,and his grey eyes were dancing with amuse ment.He was thin and worn,but bright and wideawake.His skin was brown from the wind and the sun.But his chin was smooth,and his shirt was white.He did not look like a man who had been living in the middle of the moor.

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'I have never been so glad to see anyone in my life,'I said,'nor so surprised.'

'I am surprised,too,'Holmes said,as he shook me warmly by the hand.'How did you find me?'

I told him about Frankland,and how I had seen the boy with the food.

Holmes went into the hut,and looked at the food,and at the note with it.' I guess that you have been to see Mrs Laura Lyons,' he said,and when I told him that he was right,he went on:' When we put together everything that each of us has discovered,I expect we shall know almost everything about this case.'

'But how did you get here?'I asked him.'And what have you been doing? I thought you had to finish your case in Lon don.'

'That is what I wanted you to think,'he said.

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'Then you have tricked me, and have no confidence in me,' I said. I was upset and angry because he had not told me his plans.

'I am sorry if it seems I have tricked you, my dear Watson. I did not want our enemy to know I was here, but I wanted to be near enough to make sure that you and Sir Henry were safe. You are a kind person—too kind to leave me alone out here in bad weather. Our enemy would guess I was here if he saw you coming out with food, or with important news. You have been a very real help to me. Your letters with all their valuable information have been brought to me. You have done excellent work, and without you I would not have all the important details I needed.'

Holmes' warm words of thanks made me feel much happier, and I saw that he was right. wedding dresses,

'That's better,' he said, as he saw the shadow lift from my face. 'Now tell me about your visit to Mrs Laura Lyons.'

I told Holmes everything Mrs Lyons had said.

This is all very important,' Holmes said. 'It answers questions I have been unable to answer. Did you know that Mrs Lyons and Stapleton are very close friends? They often meet, and they write to each other. Perhaps I can use this information to turn Stapleton's wife against him...'

'His wife?' I asked. 'Who and where is she?'

'The lady called Miss Stapleton, who pretends to be his sister, is really his wife,' said Holmes.

'Good heavens, Holmes! Are you sure? If she is his wife, why did Stapleton allow Sir Henry to fall in love with her?' 'Sir Henry hurt nobody except himself when he fell in love with her. Stapleton took care that Sir Henry did not make love to her. I repeat that the lady is his wife, and not his sister. They came here only two years ago, and before that he had owned a school in the north of England. He told you that, and you told me in your letter. I checked on the school, and found that the man who had owned it went away with his wife when the school closed. They changed their name, but the couple who were described to me were without doubt the Stapletons.' 'But why do they pretend to be brother and sister?' I asked. 'Because Stapleton thought that she would be very much more useful to him if she appeared to be a free woman.'

Suddenly I saw behind Stapleton's smiling face a heart with murder in it. 'So he is our enemy! He is the man who followed us in London! And the warning note to Sir Henry came from Miss Stapleton.'

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'Exactly,' said Holmes.

'But if Miss Stapleton is really his wife, why is he a close friend of Mrs Laura Lyons?'

'Your excellent work has given us the answer to that question, Watson. When you told me that Mrs Lyons was getting a divorce, I realized that she hoped to marry Stapleton. He told her that he was unmarried, and that he wanted to make her his wife. When she learns the truth, she may decide to help us. We must go and see her tomorrow.'

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Too Late

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## Re: Dari Kita untuk Kita

Ditulis oleh ailij168 - 2010/05/27 16:27

### 1. Wealth Led to Disaster

In all American history, there is no story stranger than that of John A. Sutter. We have read about the early history of San Francisco. When the independence of California was declared in 1846, San Francisco was a small town of some 800 inhabitants. Then, in 1848, gold was discovered on land not far away. This land was owned by John A. Sutter.

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Sutter was never able to recover from these last and final blows. He went back east and, in the courts of Washington, again brought a suit to recover what he claimed had been stolen from him. He spent the last fifteen years of his life in this sad manner. Tirelessly, he went from senator to congressman, from one government office to another.

### 2. What Did Qi Gong Do with His Money?

Everyone knows how important money is in the world today. But what did Qi Gong do with his hard-earned one and a

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half million yuan?

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Years of hard work made Qi Gong an excellent teacher and outstanding calligrapher and painter.wow power level

### 3. Pop Stars Live Like the Royalty

Pop stars today enjoy a style of living which was once the prerogative only of Royalty. Wherever they go, people turn out in their thousands to greet them. The crowds go wild trying to catch a brief glimpse of,their smiling, colourfully-dressed idols. The stars are transported in their chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royces, private helicopters or executive aeroplanes. They are surrounded by a permanent entourage of managers, press-agents and bodyguards.

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And why not? ffxi gil Society has always rewarded its top entertainers lavishly. The great days of Hollywood have become legendary: famous stars enjoyed fame, wealth and adulation on an unprecedented scale.

### 4. "Pop Stars Certainly Earn Their Money"

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It's all very well for people in humdrum jobs to moan about the successes and rewards of others. wow power leveling People who make envious remarks should remember that the most famous stars represent only the tip of the iceberg. For every famous star, there are hundreds of others struggling to earn. a living. A man working in a steady job and looking forward to a pension at the end of it has no right to expect very high rewards.

### 5. Decent Beggars in Shanghai

It was getting dark when the plane landed at Hongqiao Airport in Shanghai. A woman stepped out into a driving rain.

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Then they began to flatter the children, wedding dresses saying they were so beautiful and would be promising in the future. They predicated that the parents would enjoy a very happy life with wealthy and devoted sons and daughters.

### 6. Nobel Prizes

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Once a year, wow power leveling designers at a special ceremony a few distinguished people are awarded Nobel Prizes. The founder of these prizes was Alfred Bernhard Nobel (1833-1896), a Swedish scientist.

Is Money the Most Important Thing in Life?

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