



Buku antologi cerita anak Indonesia ini terdiri atas 10 cerita anak dari 10 provinsi di Indonesia. Buku ini kami buat dengan tujuan untuk meningkatkan pengenalan dunia atas budaya dan bahasa Indonesia.

An Anthology of Indonesian Children's Stories consists of 10 children's stories from 10 provinces in Indonesia. This book is intended to promote Indonesian culture and language to the world.



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Antologi Cerita Anak Indonesia
An Anthology of Indonesian Children's Stories



The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation
The Ministry of Education, Culture, Research and Technology



Antologi Cerita Anak Indonesia

An Anthology of Indonesian Children's Stories



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The King of Stilts

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INDIAN OCEAN

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Antologi Cerita Anak Indonesia

An Anthology of Indonesian Children's Stories



The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation
The Ministry of Education, Culture, Research and Technology
2022

An Anthology of Indonesian Children's Stories

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Menteri Pendidikan, Kebudayaan,
Riset, dan Teknologi
Republik Indonesia

KATA PENGANTAR

FOREWORD

BUKU ANTOLOGI CERITA ANAK INDONESIA

AN ANTHOLOGY OF INDONESIA CHILDREN'S STORY

Melalui Presidensi G-20 oleh Indonesia pada tahun 2022, Kementerian Pendidikan, Kebudayaan, Riset, dan Teknologi (Kemendikbudristek) memimpin pertemuan di bidang pendidikan dan kebudayaan untuk menggalang gotong royong di antara negara-negara G-20 dalam upaya memulihkan dunia dari dampak pandemi Covid-19, sebagaimana tercermin dalam tema Presidensi G-20 Tahun 2022, "Recover Together, Recover Stronger."

Dalam hal ini, diplomasi budaya berperan penting untuk menguatkan kolaborasi global dan menyatukan langkah bersama menuju masa depan yang lebih resilien dan berkelanjutan. Melalui Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa, kami merealisasikan penguatan diplomasi budaya dengan melakukan diplomasi kebahasaan yang terwujud dalam kerja-kerja penerjemahan bahasa asing ke bahasa Indonesia serta bahasa Indonesia ke bahasa asing. Penerjemahan tersebut mendukung upaya penginternasionalan bahasa Indonesia sekaligus penyebaran nilai-nilai budaya bangsa Indonesia ke masyarakat global.

Sebagai bagian dari kepemimpinan Kemendikbudristek pada Presidensi G-20 oleh Indonesia, kami menyusun buku antologi terjemahan cerita anak untuk jenjang pembaca madya yang terdiri atas 10 cerita anak dari 10 provinsi di Indonesia. Kesepuluh cerita ini diterjemahkan ke dalam 10 bahasa daerah, ditransliterasikan ke dalam 6 aksara daerah di Indonesia, serta diterjemahkan ke dalam 6 bahasa resmi PBB, yaitu Inggris, Rusia, Mandarin, Prancis, Spanyol, dan Arab. Cerita-cerita dalam buku ini menarasikan kisah anak-anak Indonesia, para Pelajar Pancasila yang cerdas, ceria, dan cinta damai, serta senantiasa memegang nilai-nilai kearifan budayanya.

Kami mempersembahkan buku ini sebagai buah tangan bagi para pemimpin negara dan delegasi negara G-20 untuk memperkenalkan budaya dan bahasa Indonesia ke dunia global. Melalui penguatan diplomasi budaya yang kami dorong melalui buku ini, gotong royong antarbangsa untuk memulihkan dunia akan semakin erat, membawa kita semua melompat ke masa depan sehingga semua anak di seluruh dunia belajar dengan merdeka.

In keeping with Indonesia's Presidency of the G20 in 2022, the Ministry of Education, Culture, Research, and Technology is taking a leading role in the discussions on issues relating to education and culture with the objective of enhancing mutual cooperation among the G20 member countries in the post-pandemic global recovery efforts, as reflected in this year's G20 theme of "Recover Together, Recover Stronger".

We believe that cultural diplomacy is pivotal in strengthening global collaboration and in uniting our shared efforts to create a more resilient and sustainable future. Our efforts in realizing cultural diplomacy are conducted by the Agency for Language Development and Cultivation through language diplomacy that includes translating foreign literary works into the Indonesian language, as well as Indonesian literary works into various foreign languages. The purpose of this massive undertaking is to introduce the Indonesian language and the cultural values of Indonesia to the global community.

Therefore, as one of the fundamental elements of Indonesia's G20 Presidency, the Ministry of Education, Culture, Research, and Technology has compiled various children's stories from across Indonesia into a book titled, "An Anthology of Indonesian Children's Stories" for young readers in the middle school age range. The book is made up of ten children's stories from ten provinces in Indonesia. The stories are also translated into ten local languages and transliterated into six Indonesian local language scripts. The stories are also translated into six official languages of the United Nations: English, Russian, Mandarin, French, Spanish, and Arabic. The stories published in this book are stories told by Indonesian children, Indonesian students who uphold the Pancasila, or five principles of the nation. They are also intelligent, fun, peace-loving children who believe in keeping the local wisdom alive.

This book is presented to the heads of state and delegates of the G20 member countries as a memento and as part of our mission to promote the Indonesian language and culture to the world. We hope this book could strengthen cultural diplomacy and promote international collaboration to achieve global recovery, which, in turn, would propel us to a future where every child across the globe can learn independently through emancipated learning.

Jakarta, Agustus 2022

Jakarta, August 2022

Menteri Pendidikan, Kebudayaan, Riset, dan Teknologi
Ministry of Education, Culture, Research, and Technology



Nadiem Anwar Makarim



Menteri Pendidikan, Kebudayaan,
Riset, dan Teknologi
Republik Indonesia

KATA SAMBUTAN

PREFACE

BUKU ANTOLOGI CERITA ANAK INDONESIA

AN ANTHOLOGY OF INDONESIA CHILDREN'S STORY

Indonesia merupakan negara multikultural yang memiliki kekayaan dan keragaman budaya berupa tradisi, kesenian, ritual agama dan kepercayaan, serta bahasa. Seluruh keragaman budaya dan kekayaan bahasa itu menjadi salah satu modal utama dalam pelaksanaan diplomasi untuk memperluas hubungan regional dan bilateral dengan negara-negara lain. Upaya memperkenalkan budaya Indonesia kepada masyarakat internasional dilakukan untuk memberikan pemahaman tentang keragaman budaya Indonesia kepada negara lain dalam rangka memperkuat citra positif bangsa.

Upaya diplomasi budaya telah dilaksanakan dalam berbagai bentuk kegiatan dan produk sejak sebelum kemerdekaan Indonesia. Tentunya kemajuan diplomasi budaya yang dicapai Indonesia hingga saat ini merupakan sinergi dari berbagai pihak. Untuk itu, kami memberikan apresiasi yang setinggi-tingginya kepada Kementerian Pendidikan, Kebudayaan, Riset, dan Teknologi yang telah mendukung upaya diplomasi budaya melalui kegiatan penyediaan buku antologi terjemahan cerita anak untuk jenjang pembaca madya yang diterjemahkan ke dalam 6 bahasa resmi PBB, yaitu Inggris, Rusia, Mandarin, Prancis, Spanyol, dan Arab. Buku ini tentunya akan menjadi sarana diplomasi kebahasaan yang sangat efektif untuk menumbuhkan pemahaman negara lain terhadap kekayaan bahasa dan budaya Indonesia.

Sejalan dengan tema Presidensi G-20 Indonesia tahun ini “Recover Together, Recover Stronger”, yang terinspirasi dari salah satu nilai dasar budaya bangsa Indonesia yaitu gotong royong, tentunya buku ini dapat menjadi buah tangan yang akan menjadi jembatan bagi para pemimpin dan para delegasi negara anggota G-20 untuk memahami bagaimana gotong royong diterapkan di masyarakat Indonesia.

Indonesia is a multicultural nation steep in cultural diversity, including traditions, arts, religious rituals and faiths, as well as languages. Indonesia's cultural diversity and the plethora of languages are our primary assets in diplomacy to expand our regional and bilateral ties with other nations. Efforts have also been made to introduce the diverse Indonesian cultures to the international communities as part of our endeavor to provide greater recognition of Indonesia's cultural diversity and strengthen the positive image of the nation.

Cultural diplomacy has been carried out through various activities and the introduction of our products even before Indonesia gained its independence. It can, therefore, be said that Indonesia's success in cultural diplomacy has been achieved through the many synergies that we have established with various parties. Therefore, we would like to extend our highest appreciation to the Ministry of Education, Culture, Research, and Technology for its continuous support of our cultural diplomacy efforts through the publication of the book titled The Anthology of Children's Stories for children within the middle school age range that has been translated into six official languages of the UN, English, Russian, Mandarin, French, Spanish, and Arabic. The book will serve as an effective language diplomacy tool to boost international awareness of Indonesia's language and cultural diversity.

In line with the theme of Indonesia's G20 Presidency, “Recover Together, Recover Stronger”, which is inspired by the foundation of our nation's culture of gotong royong, or common effort, the book will certainly be the perfect memento for the leaders and delegates of the G20 member countries and bridge their understanding of how gotong royong is applied in the daily lives of all Indonesians.

Jakarta, Agustus 2022

Jakarta, August 2022

Menteri Luar Negeri Republik Indonesia
Minister of Foreign Affairs, Republic of Indonesia

Retno Marsudi



Hutan Kemenuyan



Frankincense Forest

Writer:
Muram Batu

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Manguji Nababan

“Tiba waktunya untukmu, Saut. Sudah berguguran bunganya.”

Kupandangi beberapa helai bunga berwarna putih yang dibawa Kakek dan kini berserak di tikar.

“Sudah siap, Saut? Hari Senin nanti kita berangkat.”

Aku mengangguk. Terbayang jalanan kecil membelah hutan, melewati barisan pohon dan semak yang rapat. Kemudian menginap di soposopo, pondok kecil yang sempit untuk melawan rasa dingin di tengah hutan yang lebat.

“It’s time, Saut. The trees have shed their flowers.”

I look at the white flowers that my grandfather had brought and which are now strewn across the mat.

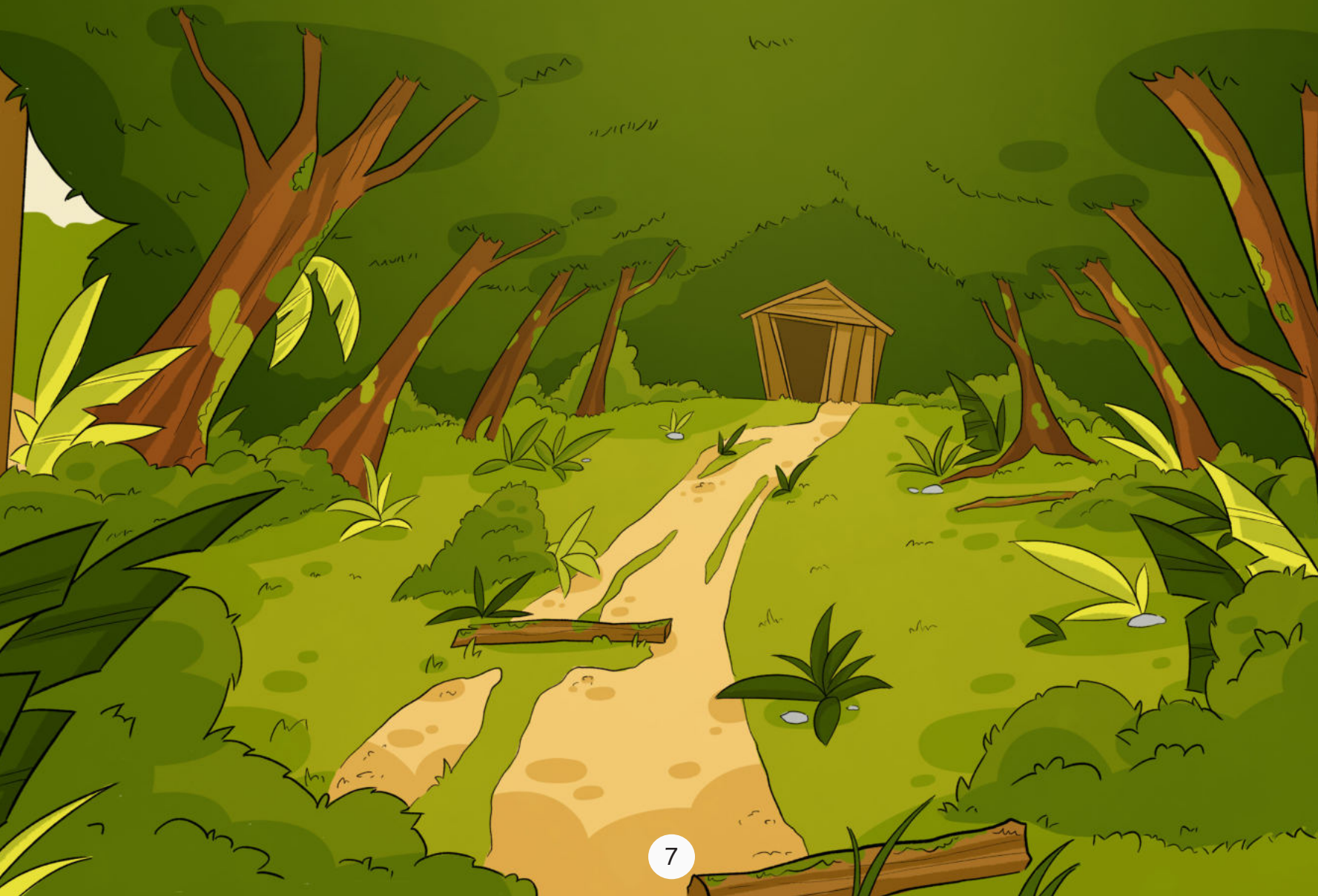
“Are you ready, Saut? We’ll leave on Monday.”

I nod my head. I can already picture the small path that cuts across the forest, walking past the lines of trees and thick brush, and spending the night in a sopo, a tiny hut that protects us from the cold winds of the dense forest.



“Nunga mangarade ho, dang i Saut? Ari Sinen na ro on ma hita borhat.”

Huundukhon. Manigor hira boi huranap dalan na metmet mamoltak tombak i, mamolus sian lambung ni angka hau na marjojo dohot sian ramba na potpot i. Dungkon ni i, marborngin ma di saposopo, lopolopo na menek jala sompit, pangondian sian panihit ni alogo na borgo di tombak longolongo i.

[illegible]

● Kabar dari Kakek itu melegakan. Aku sudah menunggu dua tahun. Dalam masa itu aku selalu menanti Kakek pulang dari hutan kemenyan atau tombak haminjon miliknya dan menyatakan bahwa pohon milikku itu sudah siap untuk disadap. Manige atau menyadap pohon yang belum menggugurkan bunga putihnya adalah sebuah kesia-siaan. Pohon ini memang baru bisa disadap setelah bunganya berguguran, tepatnya setelah berusia sepuluh tahun lebih. Kini ia telah berusia 12 tahun, sama denganku.



Aku memang sudah akrab dengan suasana di hutan kemenyan yang berjarak tiga jam dengan berjalan kaki dari kampung kami. Namun, aku hanya sebagai penggembira saja. Tugasku hanya mengurus *bahul*, keranjang anyaman persegi empat terbuat dari bambu. Pada masa itulah Kakek selalu bercerita tentang lima pohon kemenyan yang disiapkannya untukku. Bukan pohon sembarangan karena benihnya berasal dari *haminjon jalangan*, kemenyan yang tumbuh alami, bukan hasil budi daya.

● What my grandfather had said sounded like music to my ears. I have waited two years for this. Two years of patiently waiting for him to return from the frankincense forest, or the tombak haminjon as it is known here, and telling me that my trees are ready to be tapped, as it would be useless to tap, or to manige, the trees that have not shed their flowers. The trees could only be tapped once they shed their flowers, or a little over a decade after they were planted. My trees are now as old as I am, twelve years old.

I am familiar with the frankincense forest, which is a three-hour walk from our village. But I had never really done much there. All I did was carry the square baskets made of woven bamboo strips, which are called the *bahul*. It was during one of these trips that my grandfather talked about the five frankincense trees that he had planted for me. He said that they are not just any regular frankincense trees, but of the *haminjon jalangan* variety that grow in the wild.

-

- Mansai las rohangku umbege boaboa ni Ompung Doli i. Nunga dua taon na bagas ahu na sai tarpaima. Saleleng i, sai tarpaima do ahu di hamumulak ni ompung mijur sian tombak haminjonna laos boi nian pabotohonna naung bolas haminjon parbagiananhi sigeon. Molo so marurus dope bunga ni hau haminjon i, ndang boi dope i sigeon. Dung pe marurus bungana i asa bolas sigeon, dungkon lobi sian sampulu taon umurna. Nuaeng, nunga marumur 12 taon be hau haminjon i, saumur tu ahu.

Nian, nunga peam be di ahu songon dia partinaonan di tonga ni tombak haminjon na pola jalahen lelang ni tolu jom mardalan pat sian hutanami.

Alai na sai laonna i, holan pangihutihut dope ahu. So ganda holan mangarade hirang manang bahu dope na boi huulahon. Uju na mardalan i hami, dipabotohon Ompung Doli do taringot si lima kambona hau haminjon na sinuanna i na gabe parbagiananhu. Na umpolinna i do hau haminjon parbagiananhi, sian lata ni haminjon jalangan do dipillit.

- [illegible]

“Tapi, Kek, aku ajak Sahat dan Panda, ya?”

“Panda?”

“Pandapotan.”

“Ah, kenapa namanya bisa Panda? Sebelumnya Dapot, kan?”

Aku hanya tertawa. Teman yang kusebut bernama Panda ini memang lucu. Selain mengganti nama panggilan agar tampak keren, dia berambut keriting dan bertubuh gempal. Sementara aku dan Sahat berambut lurus dan berbadan cenderung kurus.

Kelucuan lainnya, Panda tidak begitu tahu soal kemenyan. Dia hanya tahu kemenyan itu untuk dukun saja, padahal mata pencaharian utama orang tua kami di Kecamatan Pollung, Kabupaten Humbang Hasundutan adalah sebagai petani kemenyan Toba yang sudah terkenal sejak dulu kala. Kemenyan itu, menurut cerita guruku, bukan untuk dukun, melainkan untuk industri farmasi dan kosmetik. Oleh karena itu, harganya mahal.

“Ompung, can I bring Sahat dan Panda along?”

“Panda?”

“Pandapotan.”

“Why do you call him Panda? Isn’t his name Dapot?”

I just laughed at his question. This friend that I call Panda is a bit of an oddity. Not only did he change his name to sound cool, but he has curly hair and is a little chubby. Unlike Panda, Sahat and I have straight hair and we’re quite lean, with not even an ounce of fat on our bodies. Another of Panda’s perks is that he is not that familiar with frankincense. His knowledge of frankincense only goes so far as being “the stuff” used by shamans in their rituals. In reality, frankincense has been the main source of income for our family.

My parents have been taking care of and harvesting the Toba Frankincense in their own plantation, which is located in the Pollung Sub-district, Humbang Hasudutan Regency.



A stylized illustration of a green plant with large, pointed leaves and a yellow flower, growing on a sandy bank next to a body of water. The background is a solid light green color.

“Panda?”

“Ah, boasa gabe si Panda goarna? Na binoto, si Dapot do, dang i?”

Na gumeok dope, tung so adong do na ni antusan ni si Panda tarsingot haminjon. Na niantusanna, holan datu do na manghaporluhon haminjon. Hape margogohon sian I do pandaraman ni angka natua-tuanami na mian di kecamatan Pollung-Humbang Hasundutan, martombak Haminjon Toba naung tarbarita sian najolo.

Mangihuthon pandok ni guruku, ia haminjon i ndada laho tu datu, alai haporluan ni paberik ubat do i dohot mambahen badak. Siala ni i do umbahen mansai arga tuhorna.

$\tau x \leq x$ 且 $\omega x \leq \tau x$ 且 $\tau x \cap \omega x = \emptyset$ 且 $\tau x \cup \omega x = x$
 $\tau x \cap \tau x = \tau x$ 且 $\tau x \cap \omega x = \emptyset$ 且 $\tau x \cup \omega x = x$
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一〇、 $\leq$ — $\times$ 又〇、

॥ ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
 ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

[illegible]

$\forall x \exists y$

$\gamma_{\text{max}} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - \beta^2}}$
 $\gamma_{\text{max}} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - 0.9^2}}$



● “Setelah kupikir-pikir, Ompung kau itu pelit kali. Kau kan cucunya yang laki-laki, satu-satunya lagi, dikasih cuma lima pohon! Harusnya satu ladang, ‘kan?” bisik Panda saat kami menyusuri jalan menuju hutan kemenyan. Aku tertawa saja. Aku mempercepat langkah sambil membawa keranjang berisikan tikar. Kami tertinggal oleh Kakek yang membawa perlengkapan ritual. Ada pula orang kepercayaan Kakek, Bang Bonar, yang membawa keranjang berisi bahan makanan selama lima hari.

● “If you ask me, I think your Ompung is very stingy. You are his first-born grandson, and the only grandson at that, and he’s only giving you five trees? It should be one whole acre!” whispers Panda as we walk along the path leading to the frankincense forest.

I just laughed. I quicken my steps while carrying the basket containing the mats. My grandfather, who is lugging the objects for the ritual, and Bang Bonar, my grandfather’s trusted helper, who is carrying a basket full of food for the next five days, are already way ahead of us.







● “Omak, kayalah kau. Anggaplah satu pohon bisa hasilkan satu kilo getah haminjon kelas satu, berarti...,” cetus Panda.

Begitulah Panda, dia tidak tahu banyak soal kemenyan. Padahal telah kuceritakan kalau panen kemenyan tidak seperti dulu lagi. Jika sebelumnya satu pohon bisa menghasilkan satu sampai dua kilogram getah kelas satu atau yang biasa disebut *sidukabi*, sekarang satu pohon bisa menghasilkan setengah kilogram saja sudah hebat. Sahat paham akan hal itu, makanya dia diam saja. Bahkan Sahat paham faktor penyebabnya, yaitu usia pohon yang makin tua dan pohon pelindung yang makin berkurang.

● “Oh man! You are going to be filthy rich! Let’s say one tree can produce a kilogram of the haminjon sap, the first-grade sap... That means...” exclaims Panda excitedly.

That’s Panda. A person whose knowledge of frankincense is close to zero. I have told him about how the frankincense sap harvest is different now than it was several years ago. Before, it was possible for one tree to produce one to two kilograms of the best quality sap, known as *sidukabi*. Today, it would be considered a great harvest if we could get half a kilogram of sap. Sahat understands this, and that’s why he stays quiet. He also knows that as the trees get older and receive less protection from the receding canopies, the less sap they will produce.







“Jadi, kemenyan itu bukan untuk dukun saja, Panda! Itu bahan untuk obat, juga buat parfum. Masih banyak manfaatnya, ngerti kau?” ketus Sahat.

“Jadi, wajarlah kalau bisa sekolahkan anak sampai tamat kuliah,” kata Panda sambil menerawang, memandangi awan yang tidak mendung.

“Listen, it’s not only the shamans that use frankincense. It’s also used for medicine and perfume. It is used for a lot of things. Do you get it now, Panda?” Sahat says, curtly.

“I see. So that’s why they can send their kids to college,” Panda says, as he dreamily looks at the cloudless sky.

“Jei, ndada holan tu datu sambing haporluan ni haminjon i, Panda, alai na rumingkot do i bahen haporluan patupa ubat dohot mambahen siangurangur. Na godangan nari haporluan ni i dope.

“Jei, patut do hape natorasmuna tolak pasingkolahon hamu satimbo ni timbona, ate” ninna si Panda huhut mangaranap dompak langit, nata pe so marhobot.

“Jadi, kemenyan itu bukan untuk dukun saja, Panda! Itu bahan untuk obat, juga buat parfum. Masih banyak manfaatnya, ngerti kau?” ketus Sahat.

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Selesai. Persembahan itu pun telah habis mereka makan. Panda tampak sumringah campur bingung. “Ini keren! Tapi, tadi itu maksudnya apa?”

“Itu adalah doa supaya kita dikasih hasil panen yang banyak,” balasku.

“Pohon kemenyan itu adalah jelmaan seorang putri, makanya dirayu-rayu. Dikasih makanan dan nyanyian,” timpal Sahat.

“Tapi, nggak pakai bakar kemenyan?”

Sahat terbahak. “Inikan untuk pohon kemenyan!”

Aku ikut terbahak, Panda mendadak menjadi hiburan yang menyenangkan.

Done! Everyone then devours the remaining offering.

Panda has a big grin on his face but we can tell he is confused. “That was awesome! But what was that for?”

“That was a prayer to ask for a great harvest,” I explain.

“The people here believe that a frankincense tree is the incarnation of a princess. That’s why we have to enchant her with the song and the food,” Sahat says.

“But we don’t have to burn any frankincense?”

Sahat lets out another roaring laugh. “Hey, they’re frankincense trees. They don’t need frankincense!”



● Dunghon simpul didaisi bona ni hau i, hupangan hami ma tebateba ni ulian i maradu suda. Hupasuda hami ma sude ulian i. Tarhatotong do ianggo si Panda jala marseto dihilala rohana. “Jebu nai! Alai, aha do lapatan ni tonggo sinangkaning?”

“Tangiang pangidoan do i anggiat parohon gota na godang angka hau haminjon on” alushu.

“Hau haminjon i pangiluluan ni si boru nauli do i dihaporseai, asa i do ingkon disebut rohana. Dipasahat sipanganon na tabo jala dielek marhite ende na momo” diangkupi si Sahat.

“Alai, ndada pola mardaupa, dang i?”

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[illegible][illegible]



[illegible]

● As darkness descends upon the forest, all three of us enter the hut that we had built. It isn't that sturdy but it is enough to ward off the cold wind. We could hear the sounds of the forest dwellers around us, but we were not afraid. We believe that if we come with good intentions, nothing will harm us.

[illegible]

“Ini, kan hutan kemenyan, tapi tak ada bau kemenyannya?” tanya Panda sambil membalut badannya dengan sarung.

“Ada, tapi bau getah, kalau dia kering baru harum. Kalau dibakar baru baunya seperti di dukun-dukun itu,” balasku.

“Kau bayangkan saja pohon karet. Bedanya, kalau getah karet harus ditampung setelah disadap sedangkan kemenyan tidak, getahnya menempel di batang,” sambung Sahat.

"Iya, tahu aku, tadi kan aku sudah lihat pohonnya yang berlubang itu!"

● “This is a frankincense forest but I can’t smell the frankincense. That’s strange,” says Panda, while pulling up the sarong to blanket his whole body.

Silai tries to explain, “Well, you can smell the sap. You can only smell the fragrance once they’re dry. And if you burn them, that’s when it’s going to smell like the ones the shaman uses.”

"It's not that different from the rubber trees. The difference is that for rubber trees, the sap is collected after it is tapped, but it's not like that with the frankincense tree. The sap is left on the trunk of the tree," Sahat joins in.

“I know, I know. I saw the holes in the trees!”

- “On, kan tombak haminjon do, alai boasa ma ate indang adong muap haminjonna i?” marpanungkun si Panda huhut disuruk mandarna.

“Adong do, alai uap ni gota na maniris do, dung pe marhimpal gota i asa gabe hunsus. Molo ditutung pe asa taranggo uapna songon datu nidokmi,” alushu.

“Ingot ma jo hau hapea. Imbarna, ianggo gota ni hapea ingkon ditarei do i dungkon diguris, alai ianggo haminjon, ndang pola ditarei, lohот do gotana i di bonana,” diuduti si Sahat patoranghon.

“Olo, huboto ma i, ai nangkin kan nunga huida bonana na marlubang i!”

[illegible]

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Beruntung, Kakek memperbolehkan aku memanjat pohon lain, yang lebih tua, yang tidak lagi licin, dan telah memiliki banyak bekas sadap dan lubang. Maka, aku mengikis kulit kayu dengan alat semacam pisau, mencungkil, atau membuat lubang hingga mengetok atau memukul sekeliling kulit kayu yang telah dilukai supaya getah merembes ke luar.

Luckily, my grandfather lets me climb some of the older trees that are no longer smooth or slippery, trees that are already marred by lots of tapping scars and holes. With a knife-like tool, I begin to scrape the bark, making some holes, and lightly pounding the bark that has been scraped to release the sap.

[illegible]

- “Nanti saat panen, baru kalian tahu hasil kerja kalian.” kata Kakek dalam perjalanan pulang.

Ya, kini kami hanya menunggu tiga bulan lagi, bulan Desember. Saat itu haminjon yang kami sadap telah mengeluarkan getah, putih, meleleh bak lilin, dan mengeras di batang-batangnya. Saat itulah panen raya.

- “You’ll get to see the result of your work once it’s time for harvest,” my grandfather says as we make our way back home.

We now need to wait another three months, until December. That's when the haminjon that we tapped has released its sap. The white and waxy sap that will harden in the tree trunks. That is when we get to harvest them.

- “Haduan pe dungkon manggotil, asa botoonmuna parbue ni na niulamuna i” ninna Ompung Doli hatiha di pardalanan laho mulak tu huta.

I do, saonari holan paimahon bulan Desember nama, tolu bulan nari. Di si, nunga haruar be gota ni haminjon na husige hami i, saksak, maderder suman tu lilin na matutung, dung i, malhot marpir di angka bona ni hau haminjon i. Di ombas i ma hami manggotil na niulanami.

[illegible]



The Batak Toba language is spoken in the North Tapanuli Regency, Samosir Regency, Toba Regency, Humbang Hasundutan Regency, some areas of the Dairi Regency, Tapanuli Tengah Regency, Simalungun Regency, and the Pematang Siantar Municipality. There are about two million speakers of the language. The status of the language is safe. The Batak Toba script is no longer used. (Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)

Kisah Andin di Candi Muarajambi

Andin's Journey at Muarajambi



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“Kita mau kemana, Ma?”

“Mau ke Candi Muarajambi, Andin.”

Mobil mereka masuk ke gerbang untuk mencari tempat parkir. Andin menuju loket pembelian tiket. Dia kagum melihat candi yang tersebar di berbagai sudut. Penataannya rapi dan pepohonannya tumbuh subur mengelilingi kawasan terluas di Asia Tenggara sekaligus pusat aktivitas agama Buddha Mahayana yang cukup ramai pada masanya tersebut.

Hari itu wisatawan sangat ramai. Banyak yang liburan bersama keluarga. Warga sekitar diberikan lapak untuk berjualan. Andin berjalan menuju ke tempat penyewaan sepeda. Dia bertemu dengan Anjani, gadis kecil yang membantu orang tuanya menyewakan sepeda.

“Where are we going Mom?”

“We’re going to the Muarajambi Temple.”

Their car passes through the entrance gate. They find a parking spot and park their car. Andin goes to the ticket counter. She is amazed by the many temples there. The entire ground where the temples sit is clean and neatly arranged, with big trees lining the perimeter of the area. This is the largest temple complex in Southeast Asia and was once the center of activities for the Buddha Mahayana religion.

There are many tourists visiting the temple today, and many of them are there with their families. The people who live in the surrounding areas of the temple are provided with stalls where they can sell their goods or offer their services. Andin walks over to the bicycle rental stall. She meets Anjani, a little girl who is helping her parents rent out bicycles.

“Kito ndok kamano, Mak?”

“Ndok gi Candi Muaro Jambi, Andin.”

Uto uhang itoh masuk gi pintu lawang, nalak tempek parkir. Andin pegi ka loket mli karcis, nyo kagum ngimak candi ngan tasebar di babagai suduk. Tasusun iluk, umpun kayu tumbuh subu ngaliling kawasan paling gdang di Asia Tenggara serto pusat agamo Budha Mahayana ngan ramai samasonyo.

Ahi itoh wisatawan ramai niang, banyak dinga lalau usik samo kaluargonyo. Uhang pahak kat situ dibagih tempik bajaga. Andin bajalan ke tempek karito angin yang disio. Nyo basuo dingan Anjani. Gadih nek dinga nulong uhang tuonyo nyiwo karito angin.

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- “Mau naik sepeda, Kak? Pilih saja yang Kakak suka.” ujar Anjani.

Andin mengambil sepeda yang berwarna merah jambu. Setelah memberikan uang, dia mulai mengelilingi Candi Muarajambi. Dia tiba di Candi Gumpung.

- “Do you want to ride on one of these bicycles? You can choose the one you like,” Anjani says as she offers one of her rental bikes to Andin.

Andin chooses a bright pink bicycle. She hands over the money to Anjani and begins to ride through the Muarajambi Temple complex. Then, she arrives at the Gumpung Temple.

- “Ndok naik karito angin, Kak? Pilih kayo ndok dinga mano.” kato Anjani.

Andin ngambik karito angin warno abang jambu ayi. Sudah magih sen, nyo mulai ngaliling Candi

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● “Siapa di sana?”

Terdengar suara dari dalam candi. Andin memasukinya. Dari dalam tampak cahaya yang membentuk pintu di bebatuan. Ketika dia menyentuhnya, mendadak candi itu runtuh. Andin berusaha keluar, tetapi bebatuan itu malah menguburnya.

● “Who’s there?”

A voice calls out from within the temple. Andin enters the temple. Inside, she sees a bright light shining on one of the stone walls. The light slowly turns into a door-like shape. She puts her hand on it and suddenly the temple crumbles. Andin tries to escape, but the stones topple over, burying her.

● “Sapo situ?”

Tadenga suaro dahi dalam candi, Andin masok ka dalam. Nampak cahayo spumang pintu. Katiko nyo pegang candi itoh untoh. Andin bausaho kalua, tapi nyo takubu oleh batu-batu itoh.

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- Gemercik air membasahi tubuhnya. Andin terbangun di atas biduk yang mengapung di kanal yang terhubung dengan Sungai Batanghari. Dia bangkit dan melihat sekitar. Tampak air jernih memenuhi kanal. Dia melihat di sebelah kiri dan kanannya. Ada tinggalan kebudayaan klasik masa Sriwijaya dan Melayu Kuno awal abad ke-7 hingga ke-13. Candi-candi itu muncul dari bawah menapo, seperti Candi Koto Mahligai, Candi Gumpung, Candi Tinggi, Candi Kembar Batu, dan Candi Astano. Hutan-hutan juga masih sangat lebat dan hewan-hewan masih tampak di pinggir kanal. Biduk terus berjalan mengikuti arus air hingga berhenti di ujung kanal.
- Andin feels a light splash of water on her. She awakens and finds herself on a small boat floating on a canal that connects to the Batanghari River. She sits up and begins to look around. The water in the canal is so clear. She looks to her left and then to her right and sees the remnants of the classic Sriwijaya and Old Malay cultures from the early 7th to 13th centuries. The temples seem to rise from the dirt mounds, or the *menapo*. There is the Koto Mahligai Temple, Gumpung Temple, Tinggi Temple, Kembar Batu Temple, and the Astano Temple. The temples are surrounded by dense forests, and she could see animals grazing on the riverbank. The boat continues to float, pushed by the current, and suddenly stops at the end of the canal.
- Titik ayi masuh tubuhnyo. Andin tajago ateh biduk dingan ngapok di benda dinga ngale ka sungai Batanghari. Nyo bangkit ngimak sakaliling. Nampak ayi bening menuh benda. Nyo ngimak di kida dingan kanannyo tinggalan dahin maso Sriwijaya dan Malayu Kuno awal abad katujuh sampe tigo beleh. Candi-candi ituh nyumbo dahi bawuh menapo, spumang Candi Koto Mahligai, Candi Gumpung, Candi Tinggi, Candi Kembar Batu dan Candi Astano. Imbo-imbo agi imbuah. Binatang-binatang agi nampak tepi benda. Biduk bajalan teruh nuhut ayi ngale, sampe benti di muaro benda.

[illegible]



Andin mendengar suara lonceng. Dia mengikutinya dan berhenti di gerbang bebatuan. Gerbang itu sangat indah. Terdapat pula makara, keramik dari dinasti Cina, arca, dan stupa serta relief-relief kambing, ikan, gajah, dan ular di sana. Andin menaiki anak tangga, menuju puncak, dan memasuki Candi Kedaton yang di kelilingi pagar bebatuan dan semak belukar. Candi itu memiliki luas sekitar 4,6 hektare dan merupakan yang terbesar di antara bangunan lainnya. Seorang biksu dari Tiongkok telah menunggunya di atas tangga. Dia tersenyum ke arah Andin. Dari sana tampak seluruh kegiatan yang dilakukan oleh biksu dari berbagai negara. Biksu dari Nalanda, India, mengajak Andin turun dan mengelilingi setiap ruangan. Ada sembilan ruangan di Candi Kedaton.

Suddenly, Andin hears the sounds of bells chiming. She gets off the boat, follows the sound, and stops at a beautifully carved gateway. It is adorned with the *makara*, or the mythological sea creatures considered guardians of the gateway, as well as ceramics from China, statues, and stupas decorated with reliefs depicting goats, fish, elephants, and snakes. Andin climbs up the steps to the top of the temple and enters the Kedaton Temple, which is surrounded by stone walls and wild shrubs. The temple is 4.6 hectares wide, making it the largest temple among all the other temples there.

A Chinese monk is waiting for her at the top of the stairs. He smiles at her. From where she is standing, she can see the many activities being performed by monks from all corners of the world. A monk from Nalanda, India, beckons Andin to come down the steps and then escorts her to visit every room in the temple. There are nine rooms at the Kedaton Temple.

Andin nenga suaro ketuk, nyo nuhut suaro itu dan benti di lawang babatu. Lawang itu iluk niang. Di situ ado pulo makara, keramik dahi dinasti Cino, arca, stupa dan ukiran kambek, lauk, gajah dan ula. Andin naki anak tanggo, ka puncak, masok Candi Kedaton yang dikaliling paga babatu dan baluka. Luweh candi itu sekitar mpak koma nam hektar sahingga jadi candi paling gedang di antaro dinga lainnyo.

Biksu dahi Cino lah nantiknyo ateh tanggo, sido gelak ngadap ka Andin. Situ nampak galo-galo gawe biksu dahi banyak negara. Biksu dahi Nalanda India ngimbo Andin tuhun ngaliling galo-galo bilik. Ado sembilan bilik di Candi Kedaton.

Andin nenga suaro ketuk, nyo nuhut suaro itu dan benti di lawang babatu. Lawang itu iluk niang. Di situ ado pulo makara, keramik dahi dinasti Cino, arca, stupa dan ukiran kambek, lauk, gajah dan ula. Andin naki anak tanggo, ka puncak, masok Candi Kedaton yang dikaliling paga babatu dan baluka. Luweh candi itu sekitar mpak koma nam hektar sahingga jadi candi paling gedang di antaro dinga lainnyo. Biksu dahi Cino lah nantiknyo ateh tanggo, sido gelak ngadap ka Andin. Situ nampak galo-galo gawe biksu dahi banyak negara. Biksu dahi Nalanda India ngimbo Andin tuhun ngaliling galo-galo bilik. Ado sembilan bilik di Candi Kedaton.



- “Tempat apa ini?” tanya Andin bingung.
“Selamat datang di abad tujuh Masehi, Andin. Kamu telah sampai di tempat pendidikan terbesar di Asia pada abad ini.”
“Abad ketujuh?”
“Ya, keingintahuanmu yang membawamu ke sini.”
“Aku tidak ingin mengetahui apa pun.”
“Kau tidak perlu berbohong. Aku melihatmu sejak kau turun dari mobil hingga berhenti di sebuah candi. Aku akan menjelaskan padamu sedikit pengetahuan yang belum kamu tahu.”

- “What is this place?” Andin asks in confusion.
“Welcome to the seventh century, Andin. You are now at the largest education center in Asia of this century.”
“Seventh century?”
“Yes. Your curiosity has brought you here.”
“What curiosity? I wasn’t curious about anything.”
“You don’t need to be untruthful. I have been watching you from the moment you got out of the car until you stopped at one of the temples. I am going to share with you some knowledge that you may not have known about.”





- Mereka duduk di dalam salah satu ruangan yang paling besar. Andin mengambil posisi ternyaman untuk mendengar Biku bercerita.

“Sejak lama kami telah menjalin hubungan baik dengan bangsa-bangsa lain seperti Nalanda, India, hingga Tiongkok. Hubungan itu disebut sebagai toleransi, seperti yang terjadi di zamanmu ini. Apakah kau juga menjalin hubungan baik dengan orang lain, Andin?”

Andin diam sejenak. Dia coba mengingat sesuatu. Kemudian, sambil tersenyum, Andin membalas pertanyaan itu.

“Iya, saya sering menyapa tetangga, membantu orang tua, bergotong royong, dan masih banyak lagi yang saya lakukan untuk orang lain.”

Melihat tingkah lucunya, Biku juga ikut tersenyum. Dia melihat Andin sebagai seorang gadis kecil yang baik dan mempunyai rasa ingin tahu.

“Bagus, kita memang harus menjalin hubungan baik dengan orang lain, Andin. Kami juga telah menjalin hubungan dengan berbagai suku bangsa di bidang perdagangan, keagamaan, budaya, dan politik.”

- They enter one of the largest rooms and sit down. Andin tries to find a comfortable position, ready to hear what the monk has to say.

“We have maintained good relations with people from many countries for centuries, like the people from Nalanda in India and the people from China. This relationship is called tolerance, just like what you have today in your century. Do you have good relations with others, Andin?”

Andin remains quiet. She is trying to remember something. Then she smiles and answers the question.

“Yes. I often say hello to my neighbors, help my parents, take part in community activities, and lots of other things, just to help others.”

The monk smiles at the way she answers the question. He sees Andin as a good little girl who is full of curiosity.

“Good. We need to maintain good relations with other people, Andin. We, too, have maintained good relations with people from other countries for trade, religion, culture, and politics.



● “Apa yang kalian jual?”

“Banyak, termasuk beberapa hasil bumi. Kami menjual keramik dan rempah-rempah, seperti kayu manis dan kemenyan. Kami juga menyebarkan agama Buddha yang mengajarkan untuk tidak melakukan kekerasan. Kami juga mempelajari kosmologi dan ilmu pengetahuan lainnya.”

Andin mengangguk. Dia teringat bahwa candi itu seperti sekolahnya yang banyak digunakan untuk aktivitas belajar dan mengajar. Dia teringat pula penjelasan gurunya mengenai rempah dan kekerasan yang sering terjadi akhir-akhir ini.

● “What do you sell?”

“A lot of things. We sell crops. We also sell ceramics and spices like cinnamon, including frankincense. We also spread the teachings of Buddha, about non-violence. We also study cosmology and other sciences.”

Andin nods. She pictures the temple as her school, a place where everyone comes to learn. She also remembers what her teacher said about spices and the violence that has been happening lately.



- “Apo dingan kayo-kayo jaga?”

“Banyak, termasuk beberapa hasil bumi. Kamai bajaga kramik, rempah-rempah sendo kulik manih dan kemenyan. Kamai nyebar agamo Budha ugo, ngaja untuk idak babuat kekerasan. Kamai balaja kosmologi dan ilmu pengetahuan lainnyo ugo.”

Andin nganggok, nyo taingat manan Candi ituh spumang sekolahnyo ngan sibuk dangan aktivitas balaja mangaja. Nyo taingat pulo ngan diterang gurunyo tentang rempah dan kekerasan dangan kuak tajadi akhir-akhir inih.

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- “Apa benar banyak bangsa lain berlayar ke sini untuk mencari rempah? Guru sejarahku menjelaskan seperti itu.”

“Kau benar, Andin. Rempah di sini melimpah dan memikat bangsa-bangsa lain. Zaman ini belum ada kendaraan yang canggih seperti zamanmu. Kami memanfaatkan kapal untuk berlayar ke berbagai wilayah hingga memasuki Sungai Batanghari di sini. Kau tahu apa yang terjadi ketika beberapa bangsa bertemu, Andin?”

“Aku tahu. Mereka punya banyak teman baru,” jawab Andin sembari tersenyum.

- “Is it true that people from other countries sail here to find spices? That’s what my history teacher told us.”

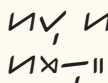
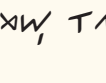
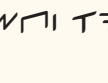
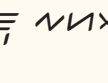
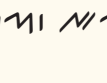
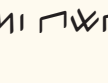
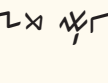
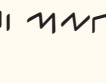
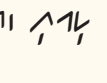
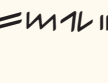
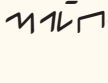
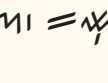
“You are correct, Andin. There is an abundance of spices here, and that has attracted the attention of many people from other countries. We don’t have sophisticated machines like in your time, so we use boats to sail to many regions, even up and down the Batanghari River. Do you know what happens when people from other countries meet, Andin?”

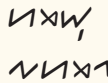
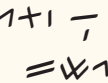
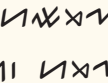
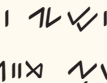
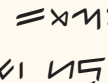
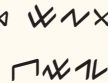
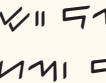
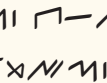
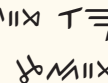
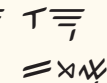
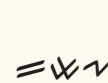
“I know, they have many new friends.” Andin said, smiling.

- “Apo iyo banyak bangso lain dingan kamahi ndok nalak rempah? Guru Sejarah akau nerangkan sendo ituh.”

“Iyo kato kaau tu, Andin. Rempah sini malimpah dan katagih bangso-bangso lain ndok. Zaman inih lum ado kendaraan dingan canggih sendo zaman iko mini. Kamai make kepa ndok balaya kamano-mano hinggo sampe ka Sunge Batanghari. Kaau taau apo ngan tajadi katiko beberapa bangso basuo, Andin?”

“Akau taau, uhang sado ituh nahuh banyak kanti bahu.” Je Andin sme senyum.

-              





- Mereka pergi mengelilingi setiap sudut Candi Kedaton. Andin seperti berwisata ke masa lampau meskipun dia tidak tahu kenapa bisa sampai di sana. Dia melihat semangat siswa yang berbeda dalam menuntut ilmu dibandingkan siswa di sekolahnya. Semangat membara itu membuat Andin semakin haus untuk belajar.

“Dari mana orang-orang ini berasal?” tanya Andin kepada Biksu.

“Mereka berasal dari Tibet, Tiongkok, hingga India. Mereka datang ke sini untuk menuntut ilmu sebelum akhirnya menuju Nalanda India dan negaranya masing-masing untuk menyebarkan pengetahuan yang mereka dapat.”

- They go to every corner of the Kedaton Temple. Andin feels like she is taking part in a heritage tour, but she still cannot figure out how she got here. She sees the enthusiasm of the students and begins to compare that with the students in her school. The students' enthusiasm further ignites her hunger for knowledge.

“Where are they from?” Andin asks the monk.

“They are from Tibet, China, and India. They come here to study, to learn, before they head over to Nalanda, India, or return to their own countries to spread the knowledge they have gained here.”

- Uhang duo ituh ngaliling sudut Candi Kedaton, Andin sendo berwisata ka maso dahin, meskipun nyo dakdo taau piyo sampe situ. Nyo ngimak babido samangat uhang sini nuntut ilmu daripada siswa di umah sakulanyo. Samangat dingan gedang ituh muat Andin auh nak balaja.

“Dahi mano asal uhang-uhang ineh?” Andin nuwik ka Biksu.

“Asal uhang ituh dahi Tibet, Tiongkok hinggo India. Tibo kamahi nak nuntut ilmu, ntok nak ka Nalanda India dingan neghi masain-masain untuk nyebar ka pengetahuan ngan uhang ituh bulih.”

- [illegible]

- “Kenapa ilmu pengetahuan perlu disebar? ‘Kan kita sudah capek mencarinya, kok malah disebar secara gratis.”

Biksu berhenti. Dia menatap Andin sembari tersenyum. Dia menunjuk ke arah sekumpulan siswa yang sedang mendengar materi pelajaran.

“Kaulihat orang-orang itu, Andin.”

“Iya, aku melihatnya.”

“Mereka sedang belajar banyak hal, seperti teologi, kedokteran, obat-obatan, filsafat, arsitektur, hingga seni. Kelak merekalah yang akan mencerdaskan masyarakat di tempat mereka masing-masing. Itulah yang dinamakan pengabdian. Kita tidak boleh egois.”

Sejenak Andin tersipu malu. Dia seperti pernah mendengar beberapa kata yang diucapkan oleh Biksu.

“Aku pernah mendengar kalimat itu. Mencerdaskan kehidupan bangsa tertuang di pembukaan UUD 1945. Kelak setelah tamat sekolah, aku juga mau mengabdikan diriku dengan ilmu pengetahuan yang kupunya,”

- “Why do you have to spread the knowledge? It takes a lot of effort and time to learn them, and then you just spread this knowledge for free?”

The monk stops and looks at Andin with a big smile. He points to a group of students who are listening intently to what is being taught.

“You see those people, Andin?”

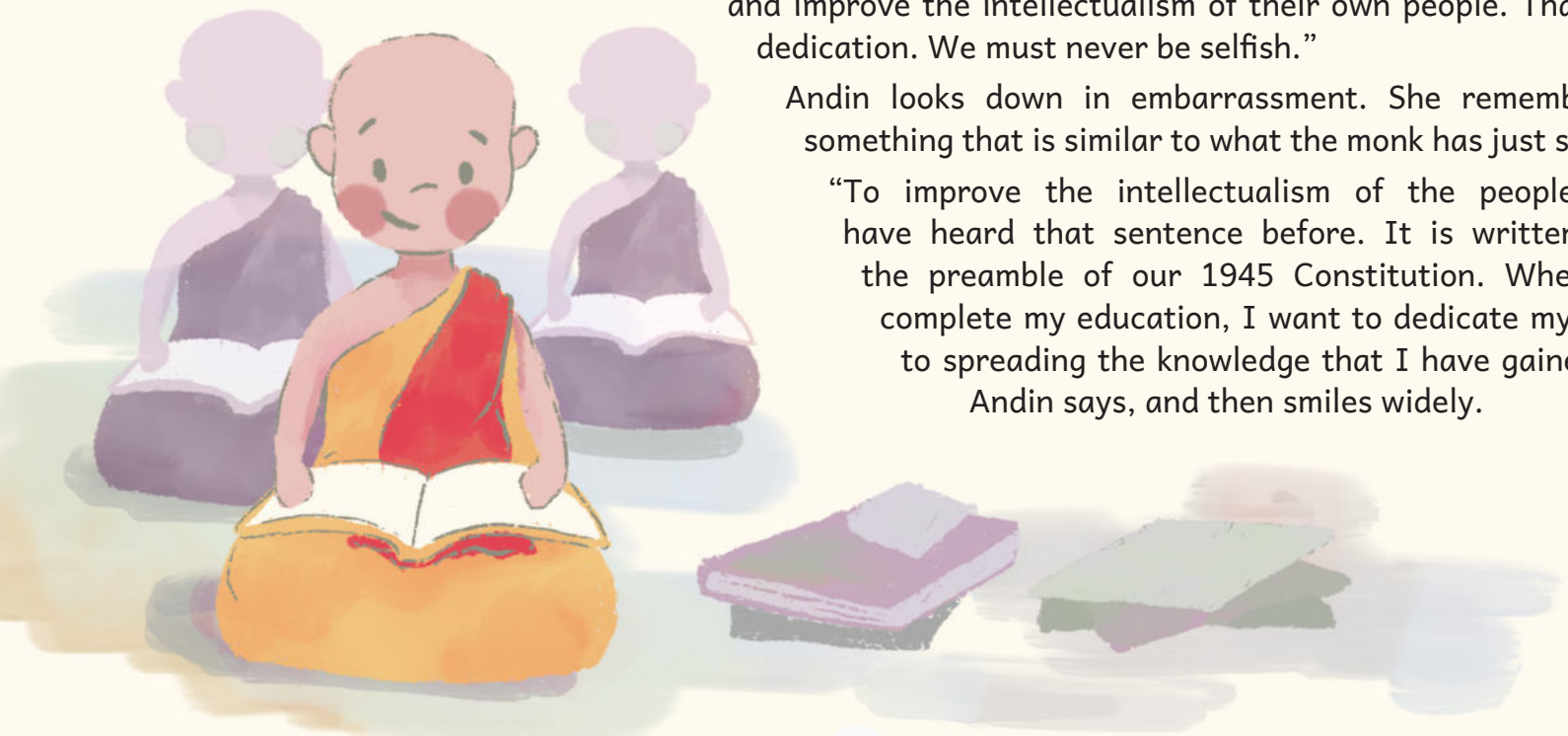
“Yes, I see them.”

“They are learning about many things, such as theology, medicine, remedies, philosophy, architecture, and even the arts. They are the ones who will spread this knowledge and improve the intellectualism of their own people. That is dedication. We must never be selfish.”

Andin looks down in embarrassment. She remembers something that is similar to what the monk has just said.

“To improve the intellectualism of the people, I have heard that sentence before. It is written in the preamble of our 1945 Constitution. When I complete my education, I want to dedicate myself to spreading the knowledge that I have gained.”

Andin says, and then smiles widely.





- Mereka tiba di dekat pagar. Andin merasa aneh karena pagar itu tidak dilapisi semen. Padahal, dia sering melihat ayahnya membangun rumah dengan campuran semen. Andin menanyakan keanehan itu kepada Biksu. “Itulah ilmu pengetahuan, Andin. Batu-batu ini disusun dengan teknik tertentu agar tidak runtuh. Inilah teknologi mutakhir di abad ini, Andin.”

Andin hanya mengangguk dan matanya tidak berhenti untuk melihat setiap sudut Candi Kedaton. Dia memandangi siswa-siswa yang menuntut ilmu. Tampak kebahagiaan dan kekeluargaan di antara mereka.

- They reach one side of the walls that surround the temple. A sense of curiosity overcomes her. The stone wall is not plastered with cement. She had seen her father build a house using cement. Andin thinks that is very odd and asks the monk why they are not plastered.

“That is one of the wonders of science, Andin. These stones are stacked in such a way to prevent them from collapsing. This is the latest technology of this century.”

Andin nods. Her eyes probe every corner of the Kedaton Temple. She looks at the students who are focusing on their

- Uhang itoh tibo kat kanda. Andin ngaso ado ngan ganjie karno kanda itoh idak pakai lapih semen. Padohal nyo ajin ngimak apoknyo mena umah dingan basemen. Andin nuwik ngan ganjie ituh ka biksu.

“Ituhlah ilmu pengetahuan, Andin. Batu-batu ini disusun dengan cara tertentu supaya idak nyo untuh. Inilah teknologi dengan tinggai di maso ini, Andin.”

Andin ngangguk, idak benti matonyo ngimak tiap suduk Candi Kedaton.

Nyo ngimak siswa-siswa ngan nuntut ilmu. Nampak kebahagiaan dan basanak di antaro uhang itu.

- [illegible]

7. $\frac{1}{x^2} = x^{-2}$ $\frac{d}{dx} x^{-2} = -2x^{-3} = -\frac{2}{x^3}$

[illegible]



- “Mengapa candi ini bisa punah?” tanya Andin.
Sontak Biksu terdiam. Dari matanya terlihat bahwa dia begitu sedih. Namun, Biksu tetap menjawabnya. Dia mengajak Andin mendekat ke sebuah sumur. Biksu mengambil sedikit air dan memberikannya kepada Andin.
“Pejamkan matamu. Aku akan membasuh wajahmu dengan air ini, Andin.”
Andin memejamkan mata. Air yang begitu segar menyapu wajahnya yang penuh dengan keringat. Berkali-kali Biksu membasuh wajahnya dengan air itu hingga sesuatu yang menyeramkan terjadi.
- “What happened to the temples? Why are they in ruins?” Andin asks.
The monk is suddenly quiet. There’s sadness in his eyes. But he answers Andin’s question. He takes Andin to a well, takes a scoop of water from it, and gives it to Andin.
“Close your eyes, Andin. I am going to wash your face with this water.”
Andin closes her eyes. The water is so fresh, and it cleanses the sweat off her face. The monk smears her face with the water several times and then something horrific happens.
- “Candi inih piyo pande punah?” tuwik Andin.
Tibo-tibo biksu tasenyak, sedih niang nampak dahi matonyo. Tapi biksu tetap nyawabnyo. Nyo ngajak Andin ngampe ka sumu. Biksu ngambik ayi dikit, dibagihnyo nguse Andin.
“Pijam ka mato kaau, akau ndok masuh muko kaau dingan ayi inih, Andin.”
Andin mijam ka mato. Ayi ngan sejuk nyapu mukonyo ngan bapuluh. Balik-balik Biksu masuh mukonyo dingan ayi ituh, sampe hal ngan seram tajadi.

[illegible]



- Terdengar suara teriakan di sekitarnya, seperti suara minta tolong hingga suara reruntuhan. Andin lekas membuka mata. Dia terkejut melihat candi-candi runtuh diterjang banjir bandang. Bahkan, Andin hampir terbawa air. Beruntung, Biku menggendongnya dan membawanya ke tempat yang lebih tinggi.

“Apa yang terjadi?” tanya Andin sangat cemas.

“Kita berada di abad tiga belas Masehi. Di sinilah awal mula candi-candi ini runtuh dan tertimbun tanah.”

- Suddenly, she hears people screaming around her, a voice screaming for help, and the sounds of collapsing walls. Andin opens her eyes and is horrified to see the temples crumbling as they are hit by a flash flood. The water almost sweeps her away. Fortunately, the monk is able to pick her up and carry her to higher grounds.

“What happened?” Andien asks, while still shuddering in fear.

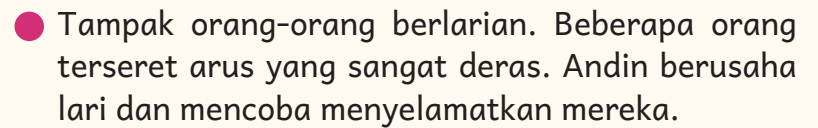
“We are now in the thirteenth century. This is when the temples began to crumble and became buried under the soil.”



- Tadenga suaro uhang mekik di sekitarnyo, suaro uhang minto tolong, tadenga pulo ado ngan untoh.
- Andin lekeh mukak mato. Nyo tapeso ngimak candi-candi untuh diampuh banjir gedang. Sampe-sampe Andin ampe tabuo banjir. Untung didukung biksu dan muonyo ka tempek ngan lebih tinggai.
- “Apo ngan tajadi?” tuwik Andin sangat cemeh.
- “Kito mugu di abad katigo beleh Masehi. Sini neh awal mulo candi-candi inih untuh dan tatambok tanah.”

[illegible]





- Andin sees the people running in fear. The strong surge of the flood washes some of them away. Andin tries to run after them so she can save them.

- Nampak uhang-uhang balahi-lahi. Beberapa uhang ado ngan diampuh ayi ngan dereh niang. Andin bausaho lahi dan nyubo nyalamat ka uhang itu.

“Mok lah, Andin. Kaaau idak pande ndok ngubah sajarah, uha ituh dakdo ngimak kaaau. Apo ngan kaaau kelih inih maso dahin dinga lah tajadi.

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- “Jika Tuhan telah berkehendak, kita tidak bisa melawannya. Musibah ini juga sering terjadi di zamanmu. Namun, perkembangan teknologi bisa meminimalkan dampaknya. Selain banjir bandang, wabah kolera juga menyerang kami. Obat-obatan belum sebanyak di zamanmu hingga akhirnya kami punah dan candi-candi ini tertimbun tanah.”

- “We cannot fight God’s will. Similar disasters often happen in your century as well, but your technology could minimize the damage. Besides the flood, we were also struck by cholera. Our medicine is not as advanced as yours. So, we perished, and the temples became buried under the soil.”

- “Jiko Tuha lah bakahendak, kito dok pande ndok malawan. Musibah ineh kuwak ugo tajadi di zaman kaau. Dengan adonyo perkembangan teknologi pande ngura ka dampaknya. Salain banjir gedang, taon nyerang kamai ugo. Ubat-ubatan idak nyo sabanyak di zaman kaau, sampe akhirnyo kamai punah dan candi-candi inih tatambok tanah.”

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- Setelah percakapan itu, tiba-tiba Biku menghilang. Andin terjebak di sana sendirian, di atas bagian candi terakhir yang belum terendam air. Gemuruh terdengar di belakangnya. Ketika Andin membalik badan, arus air yang deras menyapu tubuhnya. Andin berteriak minta tolong, tetapi sia-sia saja. Andin hanya bisa pasrah, dia memejamkan mata.
- After that last sentence, the monk suddenly disappears. Andin is stuck there. alone, on the top of the last temple that had not been submerged by the flood water. She hears a roaring sound behind her and turns around. A surge of water washes her away. Andin screams for help but it is no use. She succumbs to her fate and closes her eyes.
- Lah salese parago, tibo-tibo Biku ngilang. Andin tajebak suhang situ, dateh candi terakhir ngan lum tarendam ayi. Tadenga guhu kalakangnyo. Katiko Andin mbalik katubohnyo, ayi dereh ngampuh tubohnyo. Andin mekik mintok tulong, tapi sio-sio bae. Andin cuma pande pasrah lah, nyo nutup mato.





The Kerinci language is spoken in the Kerinci Regency and the Sungaipenuh Municipality. There are about one million speakers of the language. The status of the language is safe. The script is known as the Incung script and is rarely used today. (Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)

Pangeran Egrang

The King of Stilts



Writer:
Darpan

Illustrator:
Darpan

Local Language Translator and Philologist:
Dadan Sutisna



- Rakean. Ia menjuarai lomba balap egrang di alun-alun Wastukancana. Anak kelas 5 SD Lebakwangi itu sangat bangga ketika menerima piala langsung dari bupati. Ia tak menyangka bisa lolos mewakili kabupaten ke tingkat provinsi.

Jika Rakean menjadi juara, itu adalah buah kerja kerasnya. Rakean telah lama belajar dan berlatih egrang. Dengan postur tubuh agak kurus, Rakean berhasil menguasai teknik naik egrang nyaris sempurna.

- This is a story about Rakean. Rakean had won first place in the stilt racing competition held at the Wastukencana Square. The fifth-grader at Lebakwangi elementary school was bursting with pride when the Regent himself presented the trophy to him. He never thought that he would win and represent his regency at the provincial level.

Rakean won because he had worked hard to be the best in stilt racing. He learned to grasp the technique of walking on stilts and practiced relentlessly for years. His small and lean posture was perfect for stilts, and he had mastered the art of stilting to perfection.

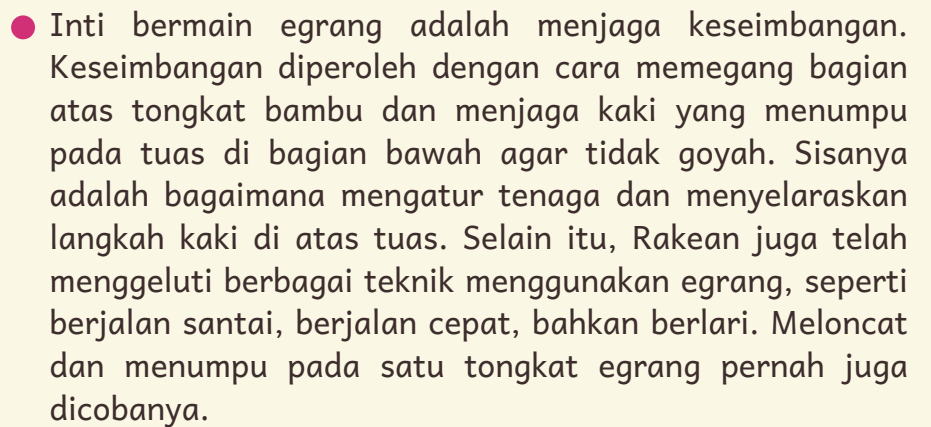
- Rakéan. Manéhna jadi juara balap égrang di alun-alun Wastukancana. Bupati nu langsung nyérénkeun pialana gé. Reueuseun pisan éta budak kelas V SD Lebakwangi téh. Manéhna teu nyangka bisa lolos ngawakilan kabupatén ka provinsi.

Mun téa mah Rakéan jadi juara, éta ladang gawé beurat. Rakéan geus lila diajar jeung latihan égrang. Da puguh dedeganana rada begang, Rakéan geus tapis metakeun prakprakanana égrang atawa jajangkungan.

- [illegible]







- The key is to maintain one's balance. This could be achieved by holding on to the upper part of the bamboo poles and making sure that the feet are firmly positioned on the foothold. Then it is all about regulating the force and harmonizing the steps. Rakean has also worked on a variety of techniques, from walking, brisk walking, to running. He has even tried jumping while using only one stilt as support.

- Inti tina kaulinan égrang téh nyaéta ngajaga kasaimbangan. Ngarah awak saimbang, tungtung awi beulah luhur kudu dicekelan, ari suku nu napak kana titincakan ulah nepi ka ngarampéol. Sésana mah ukur ngatur tanaga jeung merenahkeun suku dina titincakan ngarah genah ngaléngkah. Salian ti éta, Rakéan gé geus ngulik rupaning téhnik maké égrang, saperti ngaléngkah sabiasana, leumpang gancang, nepi ka lumpat. Kungsi deuih nyobaan luncat jeung ukur neueul kana hiji jajangkungan.

- [illegible]





● Namun, ia belum puas. Rakean ingin menjuarai lomba di provinsi. Masih ada waktu. Ia akan membuat hari-harinya sibuk untuk berlatih kembali. Bahkan, tak tanggung-tanggung, ia ingin mendaki Bukit Putri dengan egrang sebagai bagian dari latihannya.

“Kamu harus merekamnya. Ini peristiwa penting,” ajak Rakean pada Asep, teman karibnya. “Kamu harus mengabadikan perjalanan kita. Biar dunia tahu!”

“Untuk kamu, aku siap!” jawab Asep.

Rakean dan Asep merancang rencana: menentukan rute, memastikan spot foto, serta menyiapkan pakaian dan aksesoris yang juga penting. “Biar foto kamu bagus, euy!” kata Asep.

● But he is still not satisfied with his performance. He wants to win the competition at the provincial level. There is still time. He would immerse himself in rigorous daily training. And not only that, as part of the training, he decides to go and climb the Bukit Putri hill on stilts!

“I want you to make a video recording of it. It’s going to be a momentous achievement,” Rakean tells Asep, his best friend. “You have to record the entire trek. I want the whole world to see us!”

“Sure. Anything for you!” Asep replies.

Rakean and Asep begin to devise a plan: setting the route, finding a great photo spot, and, most importantly, what to wear and what accessories to put on. “We need to make sure your photos look great!” Asep exclaims.

● Ngan manéhna can sugema. Rakéan hayang jadi juara lomba di provinsi. Aya kénéh waktu. Manéhna rék suhud latihan deui unggal poé. Malah teu kapalang, manéhna rék nanjak ka Pasir Putri maké égrang. Éta gé bagian tina latihan.

“Ku manéh kudu direkam. Ieu téh kajadian penting,” cék Rakéan ngajak Asép, sobat dalitna.

“Manéh kudu motrét lalampahan urang. Dunya sina nyahoeun!”

“Demi manéh mah, uing siap!” walon Asép.

Rakéan jeung Asép nyieun rencana: engké téh rék ngaliwat ka mana waé, di mana kudu difoto, baju katut unak-anik séjénna gé penting. “Ngarah fotona alus, euy!” cék Asép.

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- Rakean kemudian menemui kakeknya, Aki Ule. “Bisakah Aki membuatkan aku egrang yang baru?”

“Yang kemarin rusak?” tanya Aki Ule.

“Tidak. Tapi aku akan ke provinsi, Aki. Aku juga akan berlatih naik egrang dengan mendaki Bukit Putri. Aku butuh egrang yang lebih keren, yang lebih kuat!” jawab Rakean.

“Baiklah kalau begitu. Aku akan membuatkan egrang yang baru!” jawab Aki Ule sambil tersenyum.

Aki Ule dan Rakean pergi ke kebun bambu. Kemudian, Aki Ule memilih dan memotong batang bambu tali. Dipilih bambu yang diameternya tiga sentimeter dan makin melebar ke bawah.

- Rakean then takes off to see his grandfather, Aki Ule. “Aki, can you make me a new pair of stilts?”

“What’s wrong with the one you have now? Is it broken?” Aki Ule asks.

“No, they’re fine. But I am going to compete at the provincial level. I am also going to go and climb Bukit Putri hill on stilts as part of my training. So, I need a better and stronger pair of stilts!” Rakean explains.

“All right, then. I’ll make you a brand new pair of stilts!” says Aki Sule with a big smile on his face.

So, Aki Ule and Rakean walk over to the bamboo field to fetch some bamboos. Aki Ule chooses and cuts down two string bamboos that are three centimeters in diameter and have a wider stem base.



- Rakéan tuluy nepungan akina, Aki Ulé. “Ki, tiasa mangdamelkeun deui égrang?”

“Nu kamari geus ruksak?” Aki Ulé nanya.

“Sanés. Nanging abdi badé ka provinsi, Ki. Abdi gé badé latihan égrang bari nyorang tanjakan Pasir Putri. Janten abdi peryogi égrang nu saé sareng weweg!” jawab Rakéan.

“Enya atuh ari kitu mah. Aki rék nyieun égrang anyar,” walon Aki Ulé bari nyéréngéh.

Aki Ulé jeung Rakéan indit ka kebon awi. Aki Ulé tuluy milih jeung neukteuk leunjeuran awi tali. Nu dipilihna téh awi nu rubak bunderanana tilu senti, beuki handap beuki rubak.

[illegible]

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၎င်းတို့သည် နေရာတိုင်း၌ နေထိုင်ကြသည်။





- Pertama-tama Aki Ule memotong dua batang bambu tali. Ukuran panjangnya 2,5 meter. Aki Ule menyesuaikan dengan tinggi badan Rakean. Kemudian, dua batang bambu itu dibersihkan dan dihaluskan permukaannya.

Setelah itu, Aki Ule membuat pijakan egrang. Dipilih ruas bambu yang diameternya agak lebar. Pijakan itu panjangnya 25 sentimeter. Pada ujungnya diberi lubang yang cukup untuk dimasukkan ke batang tongkat. Jarak pijakan dari bawah tongkat kira-kira setinggi 30 sentimeter.

Untuk memperkuat bambu pada bagian pijakan, Aki Ule mengikatnya dengan tali rotan. Tali itu dililitkan menyilang sehingga terlihat seperti anyaman. Demikian pula ujung-ujung bambu egrang. Oleh Aki Ule, ujung-ujung bambu tersebut dihiasi lilitan tali rotan kecuali pada bagian bawahnya. Itulah keahlian Aki Ule. Di kampung ia memang dikenal sebagai pengrajin bambu.

- First, Aki Ule cuts the two string bamboos into 2.5-meter-long poles. He adjusts the height of the poles to fit Rakean's height. He then cleans and sands down the surfaces of the two poles.

Next, he makes the footholds for the stilts. He chooses the bamboos that have longer segments and cuts them into 25-centimeter lengths. He then makes a hole at the ends of each segment and inserts them into each pole, securing them about 30 centimeters from the bottom of the pole.

Aki Ule secures the footholds by tying the inserted segments with ropes made of rattan. The ropes are bound using the crisscross method, creating a woven pattern. He also decorates the top ends of the poles by tying rattan ropes around them. He leaves the bottom ends of the poles bare without any decorations. Aki Ule is a skilled bamboo craftsman and is well known around the village.







● “Nah, sudah beres. Sekarang cobalah!” kata Aki Ule.

Rakean gembira sekali. Egrang barunya terlihat lebih keren karena berhias tali rotan. Kemudian, Rakean mencobanya. Egrang itu terasa lebih ringan digunakan.

“Terima kasih, Aki!” kata Rakean. Aki Ule kembali tersenyum.

● “That’s it. Done! Now, why don’t you give it a try!” exclaims Aki Ule.

Rakean is ecstatic. His new pair of stilts look much better, especially because they are adorned with rattan. He climbs up on the stilts and tries it out. It is so much lighter.

“Thank you, Aki!” says Rakean excitedly. His grandfather smiles.

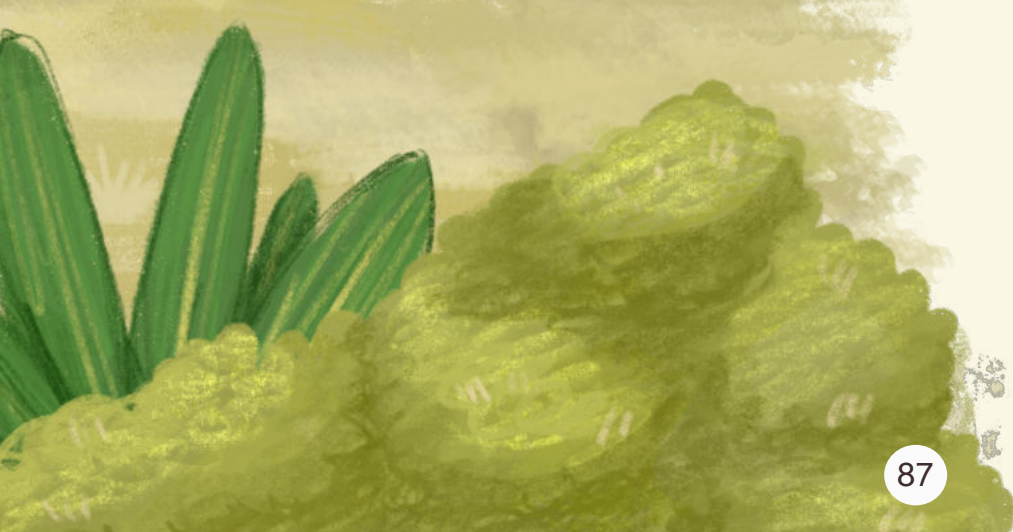
● “Tah, geus réngsé. Sok ayeuna cobaan!” cék Aki Ulé.

Rakéan atoheun pisan. Égrang nu anyar téh katémbong leuwih ginding, da dihias ku hoé ongkoh. Tuluy ku Rakéan dipecakan. Égrang nu ieu mah leuwih hampang dipakéna.

“Hatur nuhun, Aki!” cék Rakéan. Aki Ulé nyéréngéh deui.

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- Bukit Putri adalah bukit indah di selatan Kampung Lebakwangi. Rakean bukan sekadar ingin berlatih egrang. Bahkan, ia ingin membuat rekor di Lebakwangi. Rakean ingin menjadi orang pertama yang mendaki bukit itu dengan egrang.

Jarak dari kampung ke Bukit Putri sekitar lima kilometer. Jika berjalan normal dengan egrang di tempat datar, Rakean bisa menempuh jarak empat kilometer dalam waktu satu jam. Namun, ini bukan balapan. Ini mendaki. Setelah menyeberang Sungai Citamiang bahkan jalan menanjak terjal.

“Berapa waktu yang diperlukan sampai kita di atas bukit?” tanya Rakean.

“Memang aku yang akan pergi?” jawab Asep sambil sedikit mengangkat bahu. “Namun, aku sarankan jangan sampai lebih dari satu jam. Bukankah kita akan membuat rekor?”

- Bukit Putri is a beautiful hill located to the south of Lebakwangi Village. Rakean is not just going to climb the hill to train, but he is aiming for something much bigger. He is determined to set a new record in Lebakwangi by becoming the first person to go and climb the hill on stilts!

Bukit Putri is about five kilometers away from the village. On stilts, at a normal pace, and on a flat surface, the four-kilometer trek would take about an hour. But this is not a race. Rakean is attempting to go uphill. And, once he crosses the Tamiang River, he will be faced with a much steeper climb.

“How long do you think it would take us to reach the top of the hill?” Rakean asks.

“How should I know? I’m not the one going up that hill.” Asep replies while shrugging his shoulders. “Just make sure it isn’t over an hour. We are trying to set a record here,” he continues.



- Pasir Putri téh éndah pisan, perenahna kiduleun Kampung Lebakwangi. Rakéan mah lain saukur rék latihan égrang. Samalah manéhna hayang nyieun rékor di Lebakwangi. Rakéan hayang jadi nu pangheulana nanjak ka éta pasir maké égrang.

Ti kampung ka Pasir Putri téh anggangna kira-kira lima kilométer. Upama leumpang maké égrang di tempat nu datar, Rakéan bisa nyorang opat kilométer dina waktu sajam. Tapi, ayeuna mah lain keur balap. Ayeuna mah naék ka pasir. Samalah sanggeus meuntas Walungan Citamiang mah jalanna nanjak tur rumpil.

“Sabaraha lila urang bisa nepi ka puncak pasir?” Rakéan nanya.

“Ari kitu uing nu rék indit téh?” walon Asép bari ngangkat taktakna saeutik. “Tapi, ari cék uing mah ulah leuwih ti sajam. Urang téh rék nyieun rékor, lin?”

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]





● Asep juga tak main-main. Ia mendesain pengumuman dengan aplikasi di telepon pintar ibunya. Hasilnya keren. Asep lalu meminta ayahnya untuk mengunggah pengumuman itu di grup media sosial rukun warga biar orang satu kampung tahu bahwa ada Pangeran Egrang yang siap mendaki Bukit Putri. “Tunggu pada hari Minggu,” begitu bunyi pengumumannya.

“Kau sebut aku Pangeran Egrang? Lebay amat!” kata Rakean.

“Masa aku harus menyebut kamu Pangeran Kodok!” kata Asep sambil berlalu. Rakean menggaruk-garuk kepala sambil tersenyum kecil. Asep memang lucu.

● Asep really takes his part seriously. He borrows his mother's smartphone and uses the application to design the announcement. The result is spectacular. He then asks his father to share the announcement on the neighborhood's social media group. This is the best way to let everyone in the village know that the King of Stilts is ready to climb Bukit Putri. The announcement reads, "Come and see this Sunday."

“Hey, you are calling me The King of Stilts? That’s a bit too much!” Rakean says.

“What am I supposed to call you? The King of Toads?” Asep says, chuckling. Rakean scratches his head and smiles. Asep is so wittily whimsical.

- Asép gé lain heuheureuyan. Manéhna ngadésain béwara maké aplikasi dina hapé indungna. Hasilna alus pisan. Geus kitu Asép meredih ka bapana sangkan éta béwara diunggah di grup média sosial RW. Ngarah urang lembur nyahoeun yén aya Pangéran Égrang nu siap naékan Pasir Putri. Dagoan poé Ahad, kitu cék dina béwara téh.

“Uing disebut Pangéran Égrang ku manéh? Lebay pisan!” cék Rakéan.

“Piraku uing kudu nyebut Pangéran Bangkong?” walon Asép bari ngaléos. Rakéan garo-garo teu ateul bari umat-imut. Asép téh mémang lucu.

[illegible][illegible]

"ပုံဒ်ဂီၤ ၼံၼ် ဂီၢ် ဂီၣ်၊ ပိၣ်လဲၣ်ဟ့ၣ် ဟ့ၣ်လဲၣ်နီၣ်၊ မိၣ်မိၣ်?" ငမးၣ်လဲၣ် ဒီးအီၣ်လဲၣ် မိၣ်မိၣ် လဲၣ်လဲၣ်နီၣ်. ဒီးဂီၢ်လဲၣ် လဲၣ်-လဲၣ် ဟံၣ် ဒီးအီၣ်လဲၣ် မိၣ်မိၣ် လဲၣ်လဲၣ်နီၣ်-လဲၣ်လဲၣ်နီၣ်. ဒီးအီၣ်လဲၣ် လဲၣ်လဲၣ်နီၣ်.



- Sorak sorai warga kampung mengiringi langkah Rakean. Asep sibuk memotret. Jalan dari lapangan voli menuju Sungai Citamiang agak datar bahkan di bagian tertentu menurun. Rakean melalui pesawahan dan kebun dengan cepat. “Satu jam finis, jangan lebih,” begitu teriak Asep.

Sungai Citamiang tidak terlalu lebar. Asep sudah menentukan lokasi Rakean harus menyeberang agar tidak terlalu susah. Tepat di bawah pohon loa banyak batu dengan permukaan datar. Bahkan, Rakean seperti kancil yang riang melompat-lompat saat melewati batu-batu itu.

“Bagus!” kata Asep sambil mengamati hasil fotonya.

Kini jalan menanjak. Rakean sangat berhati-hati. Badan harus membungkuk jika tak ingin terjengkang ke belakang. Rakean bahkan harus berulang-ulang memilih pijakan yang kuat buat tumpuan egrang agar jangan sampai terpeleset.

- Everyone is cheering him on. Asep is taking pictures of Rakean’s every step. The path from the volleyball court to the Citamiang River is relatively flat with an occasional downward slope. Rakean is able to cross the paddy fields and some plantations easily and quickly. “You have one hour, not a second more,” Asep hollers.

The Citamiang River is not that wide. Asep has pinpointed the locations where Rakean could easily cross. Right under the large Loa tree, whose fruits grow on the tree’s trunk and resemble figs, are many stones with a flat surface. Rakean is able to jump from stone to stone without any difficulty, just like a happy little mouse deer.

“Awesome!” Asep says, while looking at the photos he just took.

Rakean is now faced with an incline. He has to tread carefully and position his body forward, making sure he doesn’t fall backwards. He has to retrace his steps a few times trying to find a sturdy spot for his stilts to tread on so that he wouldn’t slip and fall.



Ayeuna mah jalanna nanjak. Rakéan ati-ati pisan. Awakna kudu dongko ngarah teu ngajengka ka tukang. Samalah Rakéan kudu sababaraha kali milih tincakeun nu pageuh keur neueurkeun puhu égrang, sangkan teu tisolédat.

[illegible]

● “Ayo, Kean. Berjuang! Di atas sana ada pohon ketapang. Kau bisa beristirahat sebentar, asal jangan turun ke tanah. Duduklah di cabangnya!” Asep berteriak di depan.

“Baik!” sahut Rakean dengan napas yang agak cepat. Pohon jagung yang berbunga di punggung bukit terlihat indah disiram matahari pagi.

Rakean sampai juga di pohon ketapang. Aha, cabangnya besar dan agak rendah. Boleh juga untuk istirahat. Kemudian, ia duduk dan bersandar di cabang pohon. Angin yang berembus lumayan segar untuk mengeringkan keringat di wajah.

Pandangan Rakean dilempar ke lembah. Atap-atap rumah di Lebakwangi terlihat dengan jelas. Perjalanan yang sudah dia tempuh lumayan juga. Lalu, ia mengalihkan pandang ke depan. Jalan mulai melandai dan tak terlalu terjal.

● “Come on, Rakean! You can do it. There’s a tropical almond tree at the top. You can rest there for a while, but don’t get off your stilts. Sit on its branch!” Asep shouts excitedly.

“Okay! Okay!” Rakean replies while panting heavily. The flowering corn stalks on the side of the hill look beautiful under the morning sun.

Rakean finally reaches the tropical almond tree. There it is! The large protruding branch is not that high. He can rest there for a while. He sits on the branch and rests his back on the trunk of the tree. There is a slight breeze, and it is enough to dry the sweat on his face.

He looks down toward the valley. He can see the roofs of the houses in Lebakwangi. He has made quite a trek. He looks straight ahead and notices that the trek ahead is a little easier, not as steep.

● “Geuwat, Kéan. Satékah polah kudu bisa! Tuh, di tonggoh aya tangkal katapang. Manéh bisa reureuh sakeudeung, asal tong turun kana taneuh. Diuk wé dina dahan!” Asép gogorowokan di hareup.

“Heug!” omong Rakéan bari rénghap-ranjug. Tangkal jagong nu kembangan lebah tonggong pasir, éndah pisan katémbongna, kahibaran wanci poyan.

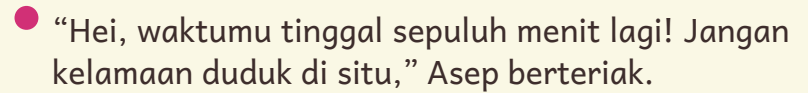


A stylized illustration of a tree branch with several yellow-green leaves. The branch is brown and textured, extending from the left towards the right. The leaves are elongated and have a slightly wavy shape, with some showing darker green veins. The background is a solid light blue. In the bottom left corner, there is a small, dark, stylized flower or leaf shape.

A stylized illustration of a young boy with dark skin and hair, wearing a white headband and a red tunic. He has a large, open-mouthed smile showing his teeth. He is standing outdoors, with a green bamboo pole visible on the right and a blue sky with clouds in the background. The art style is soft and painterly.

[illegible][illegible]





● “Hey! You only have ten minutes left! Get a move on!” Asep shouts impatiently.

- “Héy, kari sapuluh menit deui! Tong lila teuing diuk di dinya,” Asép ngagorowok deui.

“**ຂົນໄພ**, ກັບ ຈຸດປາຍ ບໍ່ເຫັນ ເຈ້! ຫົວ ມີ ຫົວ ເກີດ ໃ້ ເກີດ,”
ອະທິບາຍ ລະຫວ່າງການ ເຈ້.

99









- Ternyata di atas bukit sudah banyak orang menyambut, termasuk Pak Lurah. “Kamu hebat, Nak. Bapak senang kamu bisa sampai di atas bukit. Kau memang Pangeran Egrang sejati!” kata Pak Lurah.

Rakean menoleh pada Asep. Asep menjawabnya dengan mengacungkan jempol.

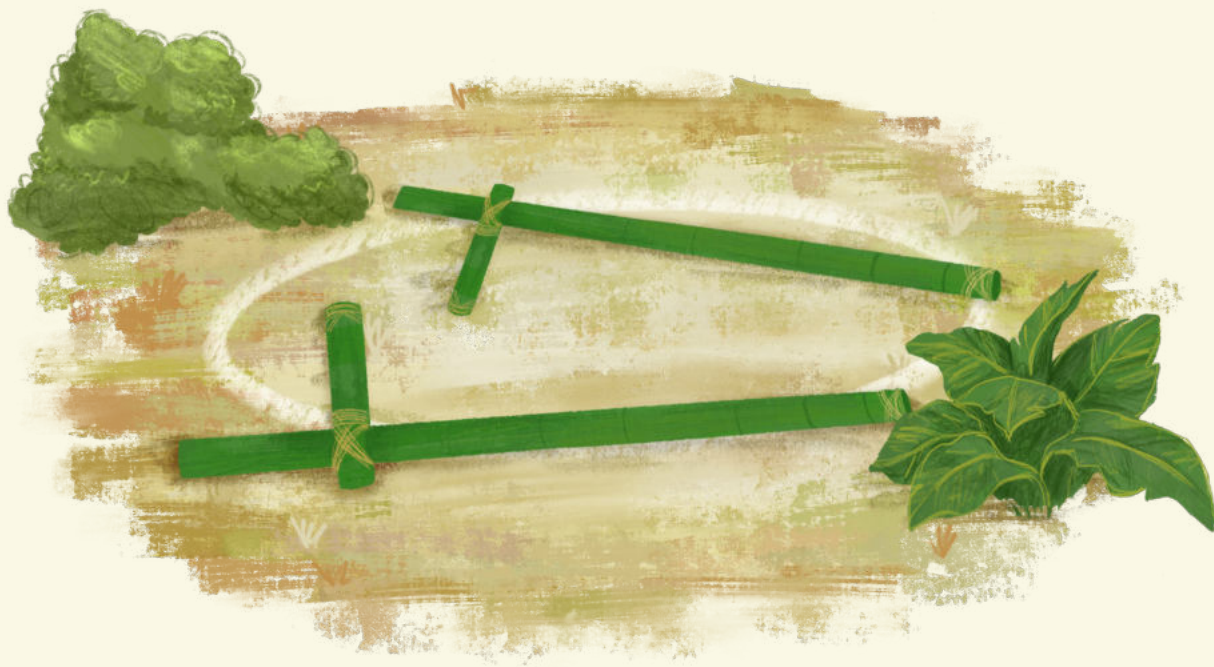
- So many people are already on top of the hill to welcome him, including the Village Chief. “That was amazing, son! I am thrilled that you can make it to the top of the hill. You are the true King of Stilts!” the Village Chief says.

Rakean looks over at Asep, who is giving him two thumbs up.

- Sihoréng di luhur pasir téh geus réa nu ngabagéakeun, kaasup Pa Lurah. “Hébat, Jang. Bapa reueus hidep bisa nepi ka luhur pasir. Hidep mémang Pangéran Égrang sayakti,” cék Pa Lurah. Rakéan ngalieuk ka Asép. Nu dilieuk ngajawabna téh ku ngacungkeun jempol.

- $\text{H}^{\text{h}}\text{h}^{\text{h}}\text{h}^{\text{h}}\text{h}^{\text{h}} \text{ di } \text{lu}^{\text{h}}\text{ur } \text{pa}^{\text{s}}\text{ir } \text{t}^{\text{e}}\text{h } \text{ge}^{\text{u}}\text{s } \text{r}^{\text{e}}\text{a } \text{nu } \text{ng}^{\text{a}}\text{ba}^{\text{g}}\text{e}^{\text{a}}\text{keun, kaasup Pa Lurah. “Hébat, Jang. Bapa reueus hidep bisa nepi ka luhur pasir. Hidep mémang Pangéran Égrang sayakti,” cék Pa Lurah. Rakéan ngalieuk ka Asép. Nu dilieuk ngajawabna téh ku ngacungkeun jempol.$

$\text{R}^{\text{a}}\text{kean } \text{ng}^{\text{a}}\text{lieuk } \text{ka } \text{A}^{\text{s}}\text{ep. Nu dilieuk ngajawabna téh ku ngacungkeun jempol.$



The Sundanese language is spoken by people of the Sunda ethnicity in West Java. The language has spread to other regions such as Central Java, DKI Jakarta, Lampung, Bengkulu, and Sulawesi. There are about 42 million speakers of the language. The status of the language is safe. Unlike the spoken form of the language, the Sundanese script is not as actively used. (Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)



Teka-teki dalam Resep Bapak

The Riddle In The Recipe

Writers:
Muliasih Tary

Illustrator:
Vicky Eva Mawarni

Local Language Translator and Philologist:
Jefrianto





- “Maafkan aku. Aku tidak bisa ikut bermain bersama kalian!” seru Gumilang pada Gugun dan Kinan. Gugun dan Kinan lalu berlari menuju ke lapangan sementara Gumilang berlari ke dalam rumahnya. Gumilang selalu suka menghabiskan akhir pekan memasak bersama Bapak. Dia tak mau ketinggalan permainan teka-teki dalam masakan Bapak.
- “Sorry, but I can’t play with you guys right now!” Gumilang calls out to Gugun and Kinan. Both Gugun and Kinan then run to the field, while Gumilang hurries to get inside his home. It’s the weekend and Gumilang likes to spend the weekends cooking with his father. He enjoys solving the riddles that his father comes up with when he is cooking.
- “Ngapurane ya, aku ora bisa melu dolan!” ujure Gumilang marang Gugun lan Kinan. Gugun lan Kinan banjur mlayu menyang lapangan. Dene, Gumilang uga mlayu mlebu menyang omah. Gumilang tansah seneng masak bareng Bapak ing dina minggu. Dheweke ora pengin ketinggalan olehe dolanan bedhek-bedhekan ing masakane Bapak.

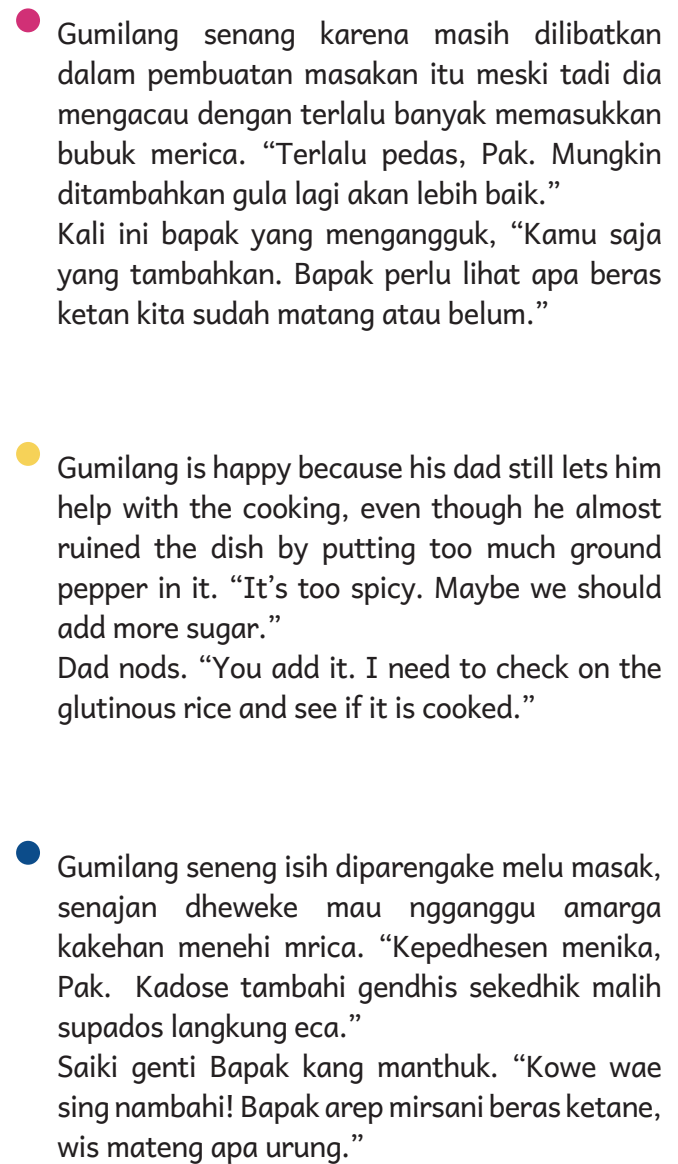
- “លាប្អូនប្អូនអស់គ្នាទៅលេងក្នុងមហាវាល!” ហ្មឺនក្រេកទៅក្រេកយំដល់បាវក្រេកក្នុងផ្ទះ
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- “Seperti pesan rahasia, orang dahulu mengajarkan anak-anak sembari membuat perut mereka kenyang,” begitu kata bapak sambil terus mengaduk osengan ayam suwir yang hampir kering santannya. Gumilang mengganggu sementara tangannya masih sibuk dengan hidung yang gatal dan pedih setelah bersin akibat terkena bubukmerica.
 - “Coba rasakan. Menurutmu apa yang kurang?” kata bapak sambil menyodorkan satu sendok ayam suwir. “Hati-hati panas,” kata bapak dengan nada ditekan supaya Gumilang menyimak perkataannya.
- “It’s like a hidden message. People used to teach the meaning of life to their children through food. So, not only did they learn something but they would leave with a full stomach!” Dad says while stirring the shredded chicken in coconut milk as it simmers. Gumilang nods while scratching his nose, trying to get rid of the itchy pain from too much sneezing because he had accidentally inhaled the ground pepper.
 - “Try this. Is there anything else we need to add?” he asks as he hands me a spoonful of shredded chicken. “Be careful! It’s hot!” stressing every word to get Gumilang to listen to him.
- “Memper sawijining wewadi, wong jaman biyen olehe mulang anak-anake karo ngajak maem,” mangkono ngendikane Bapak sinambi malik oseng ayam suwir kang wis meh mateng santene. Gumilang manthuk sinambi tangane ngosrek-osrek irunge kang gatel lan perih sawise wahing amarga nyesep bumbu mrica.
 - “Coba kokrasakake, apa kang kurang?” ngendikane Bapak sinambi ngulungake sendhok isi ayam suwir.
 - “Ati-ati panas,” ngendikane Bapak karo swara rada anteb supaya Gumilang nggatekake.
- “ព្រមទាំងដំណឹងបង្អស់ក៏បង្ហាញឲ្យយើងបានដឹងផងដែរ។ មនុស្សចាស់ៗតែងតែបង្ហាញឲ្យយើងបានដឹងអំពីជីវិត និងការរស់នៅរបស់គេតាមរយៈការធ្វើអាហារ។”
 - “ពួកគេបង្ហាញឲ្យយើងបានដឹងអំពីការរស់នៅរបស់គេតាមរយៈការធ្វើអាហារ។ ពួកគេបង្ហាញឲ្យយើងបានដឹងអំពីការរស់នៅរបស់គេតាមរយៈការធ្វើអាហារ។”
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- Bapak berlalu begitu saja untuk melihat kukusan beras ketan yang sepertinya sudah 30 menit di atas panas api. Hari itu mereka membuat lempur.

Bapak percaya rasa lempur akan lebih enak jika dikukus di tungku tradisional. Jadi, bapak bolak-balik ke dapur belakang untuk menjaga nasi ketan mereka agar tidak gosong dan memastikan santannya tercampur dengan sempurna.

Mereka akan membungkusnya dengan daun pisang dan memasukkan oseng ayam sebagai isian lalu menyangrainya sebentar. Lempur tidak melulu harus disangrai begitu, tetapi kata bapak, hal itu dilakukan supaya ada rasa asap pada masakannya. Masakan bapak tidak pernah gagal. Gumilang setuju.
- Dad then goes over to the wood-burning stove to check on the glutinous rice that has been steaming for about 30 minutes. Today, they are making some lempur, glutinous rice filled with shredded chicken and wrapped in banana leaves.

Dad believes that lempur would taste better if they were steamed using the traditional wood-burning stove. So, he keeps going back and forth to the kitchen at the back of the house to check on the glutinous rice and make sure it is not burnt and that the coconut milk has been well mixed.

They are going to shape the glutinous rice, place the chicken filling inside, wrap it in banana leaves, and put it on a hot grill for a few minutes. You don't really need to grill it but Dad said it gives it a smoky taste. Dad is an exceptional cook. His dish never fails. Gumilang couldn't agree more.
- Bapak age-age budhal mirsani beras ketan kang wis dikukus setengah jam kapungkur. Dina iki, Bapak lan Gumilang arep nggawe lempur. Miturut Bapak, rasa lempur bakal luwih enak menawa dikukus neng pawon. Mula, Bapak bola bali menyang pedangan kanggo mesthekake sega ketane ora geseng lan santene kacampur rata.

Bapak lan Gumilang mbuntel lempere nganggo godhong gedhang. Isen-isene oseng ayam. Banjur lempere disangan sedhela. Nanging, ora mesthi kudu kaya ngono. Mung wae, manut pangandikane Bapak, supaya lempere ana ambon-ambon kebul. Masakane Bapak mesthi enak. Mula, Gumilang sarujuk tumrap panemune Bapak.



- Kemudian, mereka akan menikmatinya di teras bersama dengan ibu sembari bapak menceritakan beberapa hal yang diingatnya di masa lalu tentang makanan itu.

“Tahukah kamu kenapa lemper bahan utamanya adalah beras ketan?” tanya bapak.

Gumilang melonjak girang. Ini bagian akhir pekan yang paling menyenangkan. Memecahkan pesan rahasia dari masakan bapak. Lebih banyak hari Gumilang gagal menebak, tetapi begitu dia berhasil, itu membuatnya amat bangga. Hal itu menjadi bahan cerita yang membuat temannya, Gugun dan Kinan, merasa cemburu dengan kegiatannya.
- Then they take the *lemper* to the terrace and enjoy the dish together with Mom, all the while listening to Dad telling us about the story of the *lemper* and what he remembers about it.

“Do you know why glutinous rice is the main ingredient for *lemper*?” Dad asked.

Gumilang is thrilled. This is the fun part of the weekend. He gets to solve the secret message hidden in Dad’s dish. Most of the time, Gumilang will fail at solving the riddle but when he is able to solve it, he feels proud and gets to tell his friends about it. Gugun and Kinan envy the closeness and activities Gumilang shares with his father.
- Sawise rampung masak, lempere dimaem ing teras bareng Ibu. Sinambi maem lemper, Bapak nyritakake kedadeyan ing jaman biyen kang ana gayutane karo lemper.

“Ya, berilah bapak waktu untuk menjelaskan tanpa melihat kamu bertolak pinggang seperti itu. Itu memang benar permainan kata. Dipilih nama lempur sebagai singkatan dari nek dialem atimu aja memper atau tidak boleh sombong ketika diberi pujian...”
Belum selesai bapak berucap, Gumilang memotongnya, “Lah, berarti bukan soal kebersamaan?”

“Let me explain and take your hands down from your waist. That’s not polite! It is a play on words. The word lempur is an abbreviation of *nek dialem atimu aja memper*, which means, don’t let praises go to your head,” Dad points out but before he can finish his sentence, Gumilang cuts in, “So, it’s not about togetherness?”

“Iya, Bapak arep nerangake. Nanging kowe aja madhep mburi kaya ngono. Pancen bener kuwi bedhekan bab tembung. Diarani lempur, iku asale saka tembung nek dialem atimu aja memper utawa aja gampang gumedhe nalika dialem.” Durung rampung olehe Bapak ngendika, Gumilang medhot, “Lha dados sanes babagan patembayatan?”

“ທ່ານເປັນພະຍານຸກູນທີ່ມີຄວາມສາມາດໃນການອະທິບາຍ
ພາສາເຊິ່ງເຮົາບໍ່ສາມາດເຂົ້າໃຈໄດ້
ດັ່ງທີ່ທ່ານກ່າວມາເຊິ່ງເຮົາບໍ່ສາມາດເຂົ້າໃຈໄດ້
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ທ່ານກ່າວມາເຊິ່ງເຮົາບໍ່ສາມາດເຂົ້າໃຈໄດ້”

"Klepon"

Daun Pandan

Gula Jawa

Parutan Kelapa

Tepung Ketan

Tepung Tapioka

- [illegible]



- Susah payah Gumilang terbayar oleh lembut kue dan manis gula yang lumer dalam mulut. Sayangnya, dia gagal menjawab pesan rahasia dari makanan itu. Kata bapak, “Klepon adalah simbol jalan keluar atas permasalahan, bertahan pada sabar, dan gigih belajar. Klepon juga mengajarkan kehati-hatian dan menjaga mulut agar tak menyakiti orang. Makanya, mulutmu tertutup rapat dalam satu lahap atau gulanya luber dan mengotori bajumu atau lantai lalu kamu tidak dapat menikmatinya dan harus membersihkan yang berserak.”
- The arduous process really paid off. The klepon was soft and when we bit into it, the palm sugar was released and its sweetness melted in your mouth. Unfortunately, Gumilang failed to find the hidden message behind the word klepon. Dad said the word klepon is a symbolic representation of finding solutions to every problem. “Be patient and study hard,” he said. Klepon also teaches us about being cautious and not using our words to hurt others. “That’s why you close your mouth when you eat it, otherwise the sugar would spill and soil your clothes or even the floor. If that happens, you won’t be able to enjoy it and you will need to clean up the mess.”
- Kesel nalika masak mujud dadi lembute klepon lan legine gula kang lumer sajeroné tutuk. Emané, Gumilang ora bisa mbedhek wewadi kang ana ing klepon. Ngendikane Bapak, “Klepon mujudake simbol carane wong ngadhepi prakara. Latihan sabar lan gigih olehe sinau. Klepon uga paring pitutuh supaya anggonmu tumindak ngati-ati,

Opor Ayam



Ketupat



Ikan mangut



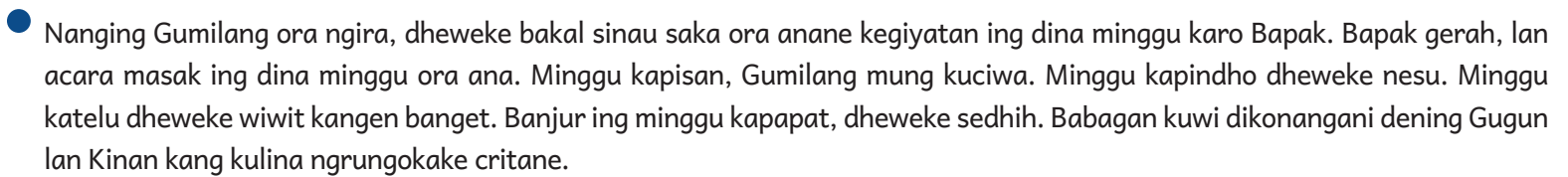
- Gumilang tiba-tiba tersenyum. Ia teringat juga akan keberhasilannya dalam menebak ketika bapak menanyakan pesan rahasia soal ketupat. Ya, tentu tidak dengan kepanjangan namanya ngaku lepat, tetapi dia paham bahwa ketupat adalah soal pengakuan telah berlaku salah. Ketupat selalu disajikan bersama opor. Makanya, ketupat menjadi makanan khas ketika Lebaran tiba. Meskipun begitu, bapak bisa saja menjadikan ketupat sebagai menu akhir pekan mereka yang disajikan bersama dengan olahan ikan mangut atau sebagai ganti nasi *gandhul*. Rasanya sungguh gurih. Gumilang selalu setuju.
- Suddenly, Gumilang smiles. He remembers his success in solving the hidden message behind the word ketupat or rice cake cooked in coconut leaves. Well, he didn't know that it was an abbreviation for *ngaku lepat* but he did understand that it was about admitting to one's mistake. Ketupat is always eaten with *opor*, or chicken stewed in coconut gravy, and it is the main meal during the Ramadan celebration. But Dad also serves ketupat during the weekends. He would serve it with *mangut ikan*, which is fried fish in spicy coconut sauce, or as a replacement for the rice in *nasi gandhul*, or rice served with rich, sweet, spicy beef soup. Gumilang agrees that it was very flavorful.
- Gumilang dumadakan mesem. Dheweke kelingan nalika kasil mbedhek wewadi kang ana ing kupat. Ora mung kasil mbedhek menawa kupat iku saka tembung ngaku lepat. Nanging, Gumilang uga paham menawa tegese ngakoni kaluputan kang wis ditindakake. Kupat tansah dicawisake bareng opor. Mulane, kupat dadi panganan khas nalika riyaya. Senajan kaya ngono, Bapak bisa wae ndadekake kupat minangka dhedhaharan ing dina minggu, bareng karo mangut utawa minangka gantine sega gandhul. Rasane gurih banget. Gumilang tansah yakin tumrap babagan iku. “Boten sabar raose kula nengga minggu ngajeng,” Gumilang ngomong dhewe.
- || ကျွန်ုပ်တို့သည် အလွန်အမင်း ပြောဆိုနေသောကြောင့် နားထောင်သူများကို စိတ်ချမ်းသာစေရန် အားပေးပါ။
ကျွန်ုပ်တို့၏ ရည်ရွယ်ချက်မှာ သဘောတူညီမှု ရရှိရန်ဖြစ်ပြီး၊ မှားယွင်းမှုများကို ဖော်ပြရန်နှင့်
မှားယွင်းမှုများကို ဝန်ခံနိုင်ရန်ဖြစ်ပါသည်။ အခုလိုမျိုး ဆင်နာခြင်းများကို ပြုလုပ်ခြင်းဖြင့်
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|| လိုက်နာဆောင်ရွက်ပါ။ ကျွန်ုပ်တို့၏ ရည်ရွယ်ချက်မှာ သဘောတူညီမှု ရရှိရန်ဖြစ်ပြီး၊ မှားယွင်းမှုများကို
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- Namun, Gumilang tidak menyangka bahwa dia akan belajar soal kehilangan dari ketiadaan pekan masak. Bapak sakit dan pekan masak menghilang. Minggu pertama Gumilang hanya kecewa, minggu kedua dia marah, minggu ketiga dia mulai sangat rindu, dan minggu keempat dia murung. Hal itu terbaca oleh Gugun dan Kinan yang biasa mendengar cerita rianya
- Gumilang didn't realize that he would learn about what it means to lose something special from no longer being in the kitchen with his father on the weekends. His father had fallen ill and the weekly cooking sessions had suddenly stopped. On the first weekend, Gumilang was disappointed. The second weekend, he was angry. On the third weekend, he began to miss the special sessions he had with his dad. On the fourth weekend, he felt really down. Gugun and Kinan could see the change in their friend's behavior. They are so used to hearing him talk about his cooking sessions with his dad.



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ကျေးဇူးတင်စွာ ဖြေဆိုပါသည်။



"Tahu Gimbal"



Lontong



Telur



Gorengan udang



Taoge



Kori



Tahu

MENDOAN

Bawang Putih



Tepung beras



Garam



Ketumbar



Daun Bawang



Tempe



WEDANG JAHE



Jahe



Gula merah





- Gumilang bersikeras membuatnya sendiri di dapur dengan janji akan berhati-hati. Begitu selesai, dia segera membawa ke kamar bapak lalu mengajukan pertanyaan tentang makna mendoan.
“Wah, tidak menyangka anak bapak sudah bisa menyampaikan pesan rahasia,” kata bapak.
“Sejujurnya ibu yang memberi tahu, tetapi bagiku, mendoan itu mendoakan Bapak agar diberi kesehatan. Hanya aku yang tahu artinya begitu, pesan rahasia kita, Pak.”
Bapak terkekeh, “Baiklah, itu rahasia di antara kita.”
Gumilang senang. Minggu kelimanya tidak lagi sepi. Bangga juga ia bisa bermain kata dengan masakannya sendiri. Tak hanya itu, bapak juga terlihat lebih segar setelah menikmati mendoan dan wedang jahe buatannya.

Gumilang is determined to do everything by himself but he promises to be careful. Once everything is ready, he immediately brings it over to his dad. He asks his dad what the hidden message is behind the word mendoan. “Wow. I can’t believe you are able to ask me about the hidden message behind this mendoan tempeh,” Dad says in amazement.

“To be honest, Mom told me about its hidden meaning. But, for me, the mendoan is a doa, a prayer for you to get well soon. I came up with that meaning. It’s our little secret, okay, Dad?” Gumilang says tenderly. Dad laughs. “All right, son. It’s our little secret.” Gumilang is overjoyed. His fifth weekend is no longer depressing. He is proud to have come up with some wordplay from the dish he made by himself. Not only that, but his father looks better after eating the mendoan and sipping the wedang jahe he made.

Gumilang nyuwun supaya diparengake nggawe dhewe ing pedangan, lan janji menawa bakal ngati-ati. Sawise rampung, dheweke nggawa panganan racikane menyang kamare Bapak. Banjur, Gumilang ngajak bedhek-bedhekan bab mendoan marang Bapak.

“Bapak ora ngira nek putrane Bapak iki saiki wis bisa mudheng bab wewadi,” ngendikane Bapak.

“Satemene Ibu ingkang maringi ngertos. Nanging mendoan menika kula tegesi minangka mendoakan Bapak diberi kesehatan. Namung kula ingkang negesi makaten. Mujudaken wewadi ing antawisipun kula kaliyan Bapak,” ujare Gumilang. Bapak mesem. “Iya, wewadi kanggo Gumilang lan Bapak.”

Gumilang seneng. Minggu kaping limane wis ora sepi maneh. Atine mongkog bisa dolanan tembung nganggo asil masakane dhewe. Ora mung iku, Bapak katon luwih seger sawise dhahar mendoan lan wedang jahe gaweyane.

[illegible]



The Javanese language is spoken in Central Java, Yogyakarta, East Java, and, to a lesser extent, West Java. In 2006, it was estimated that the total number of speakers reached 75.5 million, but in 2010, the number dropped to 68 million. The status of the language is vulnerable. The Javanese script is not as actively used as its spoken form. (Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)



Wayang Sayang

The Shadow Puppet

Writer and Local Language Translator:

Mas Ruscitadewi

Illustrator:

Octavia Ayu Niamillah

Philologist:

I Nyoman Sutrisna and I Made Sudiana



Sebelum kakeknya meninggal Putu Suta diberikan sebuah wayang berbentuk gunung, yang disebut *Kayonan*. “*Kayonan* adalah simbol kemauan. *Kayonan* bisa menjadi apa saja sesuai kemauan dalang,” jelas kakeknya.

Jika rindu pada kakeknya, wayang itulah yang dipegang Suta.

“Wayang *Kayonan* juga simbol gunung. Menjaga gunung akan mendapat anugerah, merusak gunung akan mendapat bencana,” jelas kakek sambil memperlihatkan ukiran dan lukisan pada wayang kulit itu. Ada sebuah pohon besar dengan daun, bunga, dan buah yang indah. Ada juga *pelelingih meru*, burung, singa, monyet, dan yang lainnya.

Sadurung pekaknyané padem, Putu Suta kawéhin wayang asiki sané marupa gunung. Wayang punika maadan Kayonan. “Kayonan wantah pralambang pikayun. Kayonan prasida kadadosang napi kémanten nganutin kayun dalang,” teges pekakné.

Yéning Putu Suta kangen sareng pekakné, wayang punika sané kagisi.

“Wayang Kayonan taler pralambang gunung. Nyaga gunung pacang molihang panugrahan, ngusak gunung pacang ngwetuang bencana,” baos pekakné sinambi ngédéngang ukiran lan gambaran ring wayang kulit punika. Wénten taru ageng madon, mabunga, miwah mabuah asri. Wénten palinggih méru, kedis, singa, bojog, lan sané siosan.

Just before his grandfather passed away, he had given Putu Suta one of his beloved wayang, a shadow puppet. It was the *gunungan*, a puppet shaped in the form of a mountain, which is called the *Kayonan*.

“The *Kayonan* could be used for a variety of things, whatever is deemed appropriate by the dalang or puppeteer,” his grandfather had explained once.

Suta will take that puppet and clutch it tightly in his hands whenever he misses his grandfather.

“The wayang *Kayonan* also symbolizes the mountain. If you take good care of the mountains, your life will be filled with great blessings, but if you destroy the mountains, you will be faced with great calamities,” his grandfather explained while showing Putu the embellishments that are carved and painted on to the puppet that is made of cowhide. On it was a big tree with beautiful leaves, flowers, and fruits. There are also depictions of the *Pelelingih Meru*, or the sacred temple, birds, lions, monkeys, and many other ornaments.

„မသွၵ်းပိတၢ်ကွၢ်ကပ်မိၤဝါၤပုၤဖျၢၤမၤကၢၤပၤဟံၤသွၵ်းပိတၢ်မိၤမိၤမၤကၢၤ
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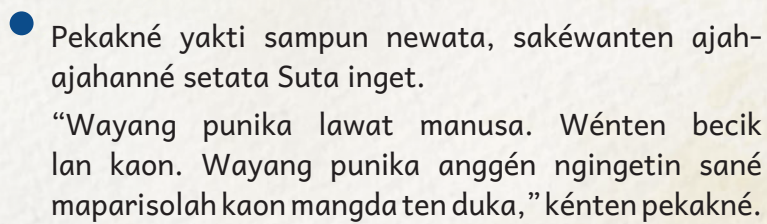
- Kakek mengajarkan Suta berbagai seni Bali. Suta paling suka melukis singa. Sambil melukis, kakek biasanya menyanyikan pertemuan Singa dan Sapi dalam cerita *Tantri*. Cerita *Tantri* adalah cerita yang mengisahkan tentang dunia binatang. Nyanyian kakek membuat Suta tertidur dan dia akan kembali sadar saat mendengar suara....
- “Aum..., aum..., aum...!” persis raungan Singa. “Singa, Singa, di mana singanya?” Suta terbangun gelagapan.
- Kakek akan menertawakannya. Jika Suta kesal, kakek akan menirukan tingkah monyet yang menggaruk-garuk kepalanya. Suta jadi tertawa dan ikut menari sambil bersuara seperti monyet.
- Suta’s grandfather had taught him the various forms of Balinese art. Suta’s favorite was to make a painting of a lion. While Suta worked on his painting, his grandfather would sing a song about the encounter between the Lion and the Cow that was taken from the *Tantri*, a Balinese fable. The *Tantri* is a series of stories about the animal world. The song was like a lullaby and he would slowly fall asleep. Suta would be awakened to the sound of...
- “Roar... Roaaar... Roaaaaar!” just like the thundering roar of a lion.
- “Lion, where’s the lion?” Suta would shriek while still in a daze.
- His grandfather would laugh at the sight. If Suta was upset, his grandfather would imitate the movement of a monkey scratching its head. His grandfather’s hilarious antics would always make him laugh, and he would dance along while at the same time making the sounds of a monkey.

- Pekakné ngajahin Suta makudang-kudang seni Bali. Suta paling seneng ngambar singa. Sambil ngambar, pekakné biasané ngendingang patemon Singa lan Lembu ring Carita Tantriné. Carita Tantri inggih punika carita sané nyaritayang indik jagat buron. Gendingan pekakné ketah ngranayang Suta sirep lan pacang enten rikala miragiang suara....
- “... Aum..., aum..., aum...!” masaih suaran Singa.
- “Singa, Singa, dija singané?” Suta matangi kapupungan.
- Pekakné pacang ngedékin ipun. Yéning Suta gedeg, pekakné pacang nuutin parisolah bojog sané ngagas-ngagas tendasné. Suta dadosné sareng kedék lan sareng ngigel sinambi masuara kadi bojog.



- Kakeknya memang telah tiada, tetapi ajaran-ajarannya tetap Suta ingat.
“Wayang adalah bayangan manusia. Ada baik dan buruk. Wayang dipakai untuk menegur yang berbuat salah agar tidak marah,” jelas kakek.

- His grandfather may have passed away but Suta remembers his teachings well.
“Wayang is a representation of humanity. There is good and evil. Wayang is used to admonish those who have wronged in a gentle manner, so they will not be offended,” his grandfather once explained.

[illegible]







- Suta pulang dengan wajah letih. Piala dan piagam diletakkannya di atas meja.
- “Hore..., Bli Suta juara,” teriak adiknya.
- Ibu menyambutnya. “KakekmU pasti bangga,” kata ibu sambil memeluk Suta.
- “Akan tetapi, aku ingin menjadi dalang, Bu, “ kata Suta sambil berjalan masuk kamar.
- Suta arrives home. He looks tired. He places the trophy and certificate on the table.
- “Hurray... Bli Suta, my big brother, won the competition!” his brother shouts out in joy.
- His mother enters the room and gives Suta a hug. “Your grandfather would be very proud of you,” she says while still holding him in her arms.
- “But, Mom, I really want to become a *dalang*,” Suta replies as he frees himself from his mom’s embrace and walks over to his room.
- Suta budal, semuné lecek. Piala lan piagam kagenahang ring duur méjané.
- “Horé..., Béli Suta juara,” kraik adinné.
- Méménné magpag. “Pekak ceningé pasti bangga,” kénten méménné sinambi ngelut Suta.
- “Kéwanten, tiang meled dados dalang, Mé,” baos Suta raris macelep umah metén.
- សូតាក្លាយមកពីម្នាក់ដែលលេចឈ្មោះក្នុងការប្រកួតប្រជែង
ប្រឡងប្រកួតប្រជែង
- “ហ្នេន... ប្រុសបងប្អូនឈ្នះ!” ប្អូនបងប្អូន
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- ម្តាយបងប្អូនប្រគល់ឲ្យបងប្អូន
ក្រឡាប្រកួតប្រជែង
- “តែប៉ុន្តែ... ខ្ញុំចង់ក្លាយជាប្អូនបងប្អូន
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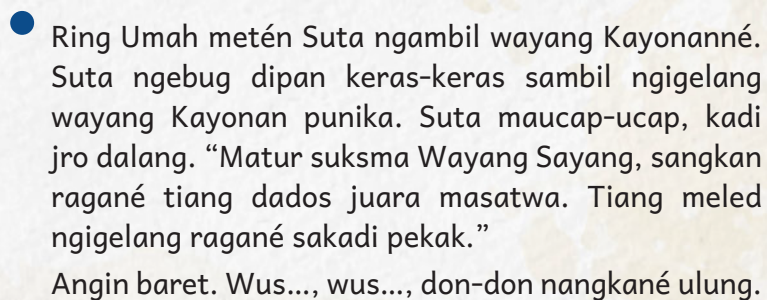


- Di kamar Suta mengambil wayang *Kayonan-nya*. Suta memukul-mukul dipan dengan keras sambil memainkan wayang itu. Suta berbicara, seperti seorang dalang. “Terima kasih wayang sayang, karenamu aku jadi juara bercerita. Aku ingin bisa memainkanmu seperti kakek.”

Angin bertiup kencang. Wus..., wus..., daun-daun nangka berjatuhan.

- He picks up his wayang *Kayonan*. He hits the mattress of his bed loudly with the palm of his hand while moving his wayang with his other hand. “Thank you, my precious puppet, my wayang. I won the story-telling competition because of you. I wish I could be like Grandpa and use you in a performance.”

A strong wind blows. Swish... Swoosh... The dry leaves of the jackfruit tree fall to the ground.



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Suta terdiam, dia menatap ke luar jendela. Suta melihat daun nangka kering berserakan. Tiba-tiba dia mendapatkan ide. Dia keluar dan memunggut daun-daun itu. Suta mengambil pisau kecil yang ujungnya lancil, dengan pisau itu Suta membuat berbagai bentuk wayang. Ada wayang Arjuna, punakawan, raksasa, binatang, dan pohon-pohonan. Tangkai daun nangka langsung dipakai sebagai tangkai wayang. Hari itu Suta asyik bermain wayang dari daun nangka kering bersama adiknya.

Suta stops. He looks out the window and sees the dry leaves that have fallen from the jackfruit tree scattered across the yard. Suddenly, an idea pops up in his head. He goes outside and picks up the large dry leaves. Suta takes a small etching knife and uses it to cut the leaves into many different wayang figures. There is Arjuna, and the *punakawan*, a representation of the deities Semar, Gareng, Petruk, and Bagong. He also makes some cutouts of giants, animals, and trees. He uses the stalks of the leaves as handles for the wayang. Suta and his brother spend the whole day playing with the different wayang that he has made out of the dry jackfruit leaves



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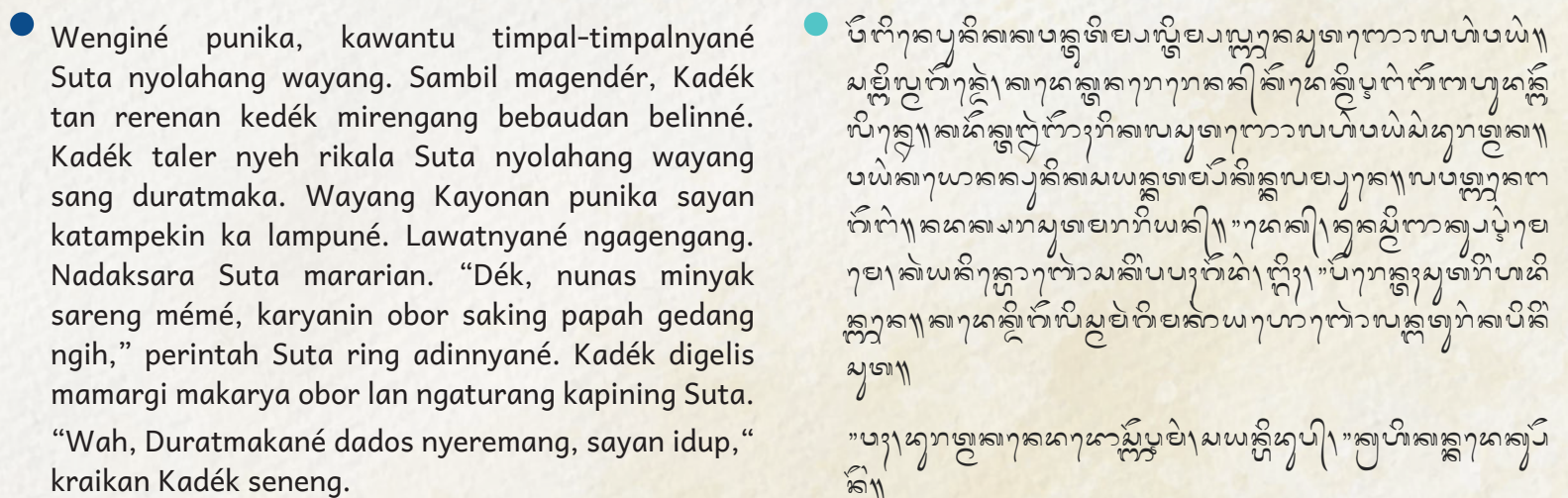


- Di sekolah Suta menceritakan wayang-wayang yang dibuatnya kepada Wira, Guna, dan Sila.
“Ayo, kita pentaskan wayang di rumahmu, aku membuatkan kelir dari bekas kain kakek,” usul Sila.
“Aku nanti yang bawa lampu belajar untuk *blencong*,” ujar Wira.
Guna tak mau kalah, “Aku *magender* dengan Kadek,” katanya.
- At school, Suta approaches his friends, Wira, Guna, and Sila, and tells them about the various wayang that he has made.
“Hey, why don’t we give a performance at your house? I can make the *kelir*, the screen, from my grandfather’s unused materials,” Sila says.
“I’ll bring my table lamp and we can use it as a *blencong*, the lamp to light up the screen,” Wira adds.
Not wanting to be left out, Guna says, “Kadek and I could be the *magender*, the musicians.”
- Ring sekolah Suta nyaritayang wayang-wayang sané dané karyanin kapining Wira, Guna, lan Sila.
“Ngiring iraga nyolahang wayang ring umah ragané, tiang makarya kelir saking ladan kamen pekak tiangé,” Sila ngusulung.
“Tiang nyen makta lampu malajah, anggén bléncong,” pajar Wira.
Guna tan kayun kalah, “Tiang magendér sareng Kadék,” baosné.
- ມື້ນີ້ຮາກບຸກສູ່ທາງກາງພື້ນທີ່ທີ່ມີພືດຕ່າງໆຢູ່ບໍ່ຫຼາຍ
ທາງເໜືອຂອງພືດນີ້
“ຕື່ມີພືດຕ່າງໆກາກບຸກສູ່ພືດນີ້ມີພືດຕ່າງໆຢູ່ບໍ່ຫຼາຍ
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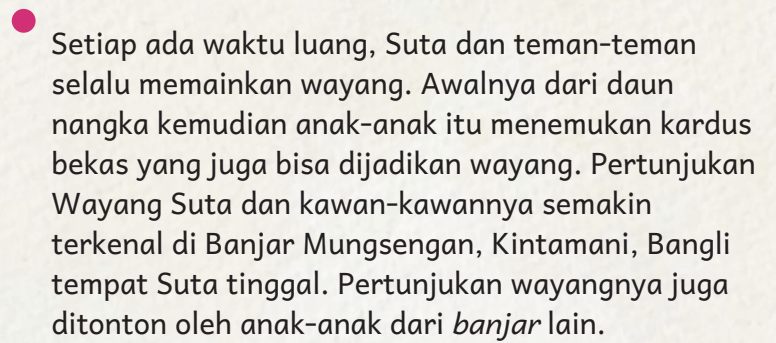


- Malam itu dibantu teman-temannya Suta mementaskan wayang. Sambil *magender*, Kadek tak henti-hentinya tertawa mendengar lawakan kakaknya. Kadek juga ketakutan ketika Suta memainkan peran jahat. Wayang digerakkan mendekati lampu. Bayangannya jadi makin besar. Tiba-tiba Suta berhenti. “Dek, minta minyak pada ibu, buat obor dari pelepah pepaya, ya,” perintah Suta. Kadek dengan cepat membuat obor kecil dan memberikannya pada Suta.
“Wah, hantunya jadi lebih seram, lebih hidup,” teriak Kadek senang.

- That evening, with the help of his friends, Suta puts on a wayang performance. Kadek, who is playing the *gender*, the traditional musical instrument, couldn't stop laughing at his brother's constant banter. He is also a little afraid when Suta uses his wayang to portray evil. Suta moves his wayang closer to the lamp. The shadow grows bigger. Suddenly, he stops. “Hey, Kadek, go ask Mom for some oil for the torch that's made of the papaya stem,” Suta says to Kadek. Kadek quickly takes the torch, pours some oil into its holder, lights it, and gives it to Suta.
“Wow. The devil seems to come alive. So realistic,” Kadek shouts out in glee.







Whenever they have some free time, Suta and his friends never fail to put on a wayang performance. Initially, they used the wayang made out of the dry jackfruit leaves. Then his friends found some unused cardboard boxes and turned them into a series of wayang characters. Suta's wayang performances at *Banjar* Mungsengan, a village in Kintamani, Bangli, where Suta lives, have become the talk of the town. Many people, including children, from the neighboring banjar, or neighborhood association, would come to watch the performance.

- Asing wénten galah embang, Suta lan timpal-timpalnyané setata ngolahang wayang. Pangawitné saking daunangka, raris alit-alité punika molihang kardus sané prasida kaanggén wayang. Sesolahan wayang Suta lan timpal-timpalnyané sayan kasub ring Banjar Mungsengan, Kintamani, Bangli, genah dané meneng. Sesolahan wayang Suta taler katonton antuk alit-alité saking banjar siosan.

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● Suatu hari, Bapak Ketut Jati, kepala sekolahnya memberi kabar gembira. Suta ditunjuk untuk mewakili Kabupaten Bangli dalam lomba wayang anak-anak di Pesta Kesenian Bali. Kabar itu membuat Suta gembira sekaligus gelisah. Dia belum punya wayang yang lengkap.

“Jangan khawatir. Aku punya banyak kardus bekas. Kita bisa minta tolong ayahmu dan pak guru untuk membantu menggambar dan membuat tokoh-tokoh wayang yang sulit,” usul Guna. Suta jadi bersemangat, apalagi ayahnya berjanji mengajarkan dan membuatkan tokoh wayang Dewa Siwa dalam lakon “Arjuna Matapa” yang akan dimainkannya.

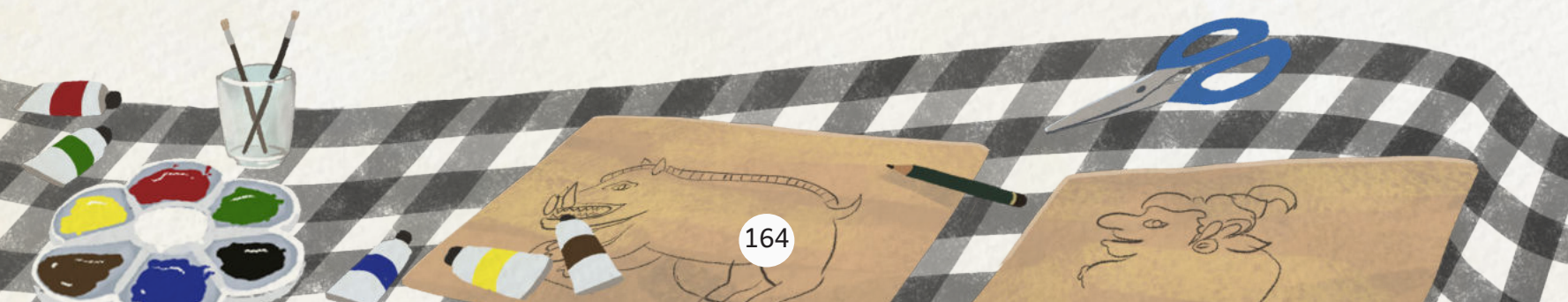
One day, Mr. Ketut Jati, the headmaster of his school, happily announces that Suta has been selected to represent the Bangli Regency in a wayang competition for children at the Bali Arts Festival. The news comes as a surprise to Suta. He is happy but also a little concerned. He still does not have the complete set of *wayang* for a full performance.

“Relax. I have plenty of used cardboard boxes. We can ask your father and the teachers to help create and paint the difficult *wayang* figures,” Guna said. His words lift Suta’s spirit. His father had also promised to show him how to make a *wayang* figure of the God Shiva for the “Arjuna Matapa” episode that he would perform at the competition.

- Rikala rahina anu, Bapak Ketut Jati, kepala sekolahnyané magatra becik. Suta kajudi dados duta Kabupatén Bangli ring pacentokan wayang alit-alit Pésta Kesenian Bali. Gatra punika ngawi Suta seneng taler inguh. Dané durung madué wayang kulit sané jangkep.

“Sampunang sangsaya. Tiang wénten kardus akéh . Iraga dados nunas tulung ring reraman iragané lan pak guru mangda ngambarin lan ngaryanin tokoh-tokoh wayang kulit sané méwéh,” Guna ngusulang. Suta mawastu égar, napi malih reramannyané majanji ngajahin lan ngaryanin tokoh wayang Déwa Siwa ring lampahan “Arjuna Matapa” sané pacang dané solahang.

• រំកិលនេះអាចមានការប្រែប្រួលទៅតាមតំបន់ភូមិសាស្ត្រនានា ដូចជា តំបន់ក្រៅស្រុក តំបន់កណ្តាល និង តំបន់ក្នុងស្រុក។ ការប្រែប្រួលនេះអាចបណ្តាលមកពីការប្រែប្រួលនៃការប្រើប្រាស់ដី ការប្រែប្រួលនៃការប្រើប្រាស់ទឹក និងការប្រែប្រួលនៃការប្រើប្រាស់ធនធាន។

[illegible]

- Membuat wayang dari kardus bekas tidaklah sulit. Pertama-tama kita harus menggambar pola wayangnya. Bentuk tokoh yang sudah digambar kemudian digunting. Gambar pola pakaian dan hiasan-hiasannya dilubangi. Wayang yang dibuat juga diwarnai agar tampak lebih indah. Bagian tengah wayang diberi bambu dan diikat dengan benang agar tegak. Pada ujung tangan beberapa tokoh wayang juga diberi tangkai dari bambu agar bisa digerak-gerakan.

- Making wayang figures out of used cardboard boxes is not that difficult at all. First, we have to make a tracing of the figure, and then cut the tracing using scissors. Then, we trace the patterns of the clothes and other ornaments and cut out some holes. The wayang are then painted in an array of bright colors to make them look attractive. A bamboo stick is placed in the middle of the wayang and then tied with threads to hold its shape. Thin sticks of bamboo are also tied to the hands of some of the wayang so that we can move them.

- Makarya wayang saking kardus nénten ja sukeh. Kapertama iraga patut gambar pola wayangné. Wentuktokohsanésampunkagambar rariskagunting. Gambar pola busana lan pepayasanné kabolongin. Wayang sané kakaryanin taler kawarnain mangda sayan mawibawa. Pahan tengah wayangé kapasangin tiing lan kategul antuk benang mangda jegjeg. Ring muncuk tangan makudang-kudang tokoh wayang taler kadagin kati mangda prasida kaigelang.

[illegible]

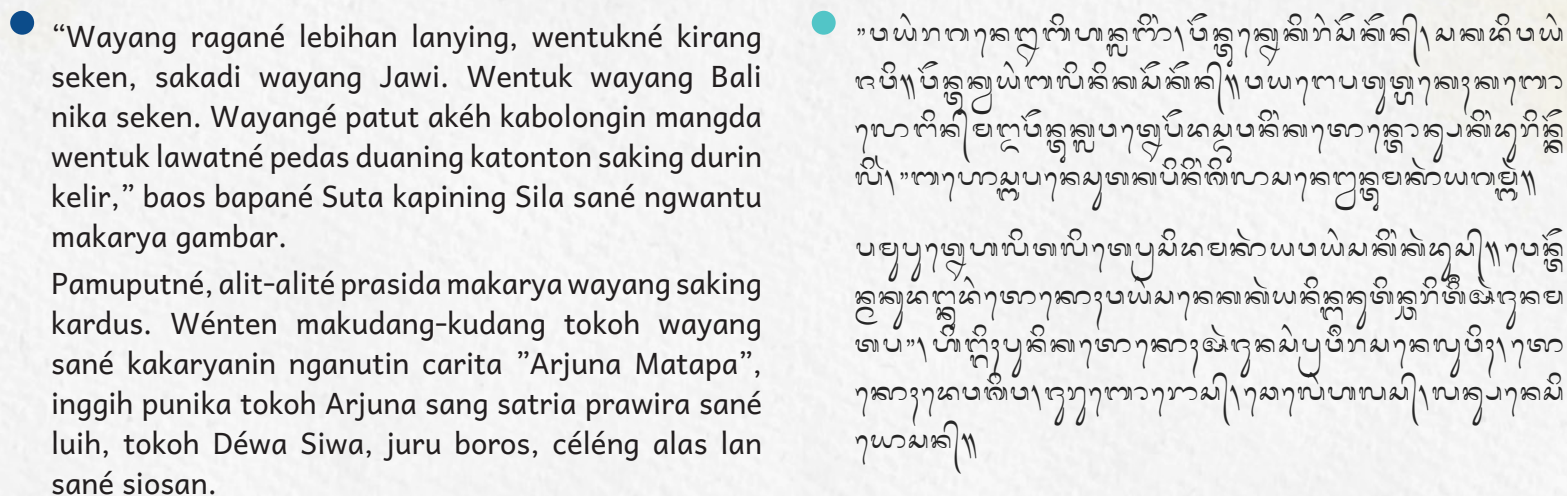


“Wayangmu terlalu lancip, bentuknya kurang nyata, seperti wayang Jawa. Bentuk wayang Bali lebih nyata. Wayangnya harus banyak dilubangi agar bentuk bayangannya jelas karena ditonton dari balik layar,” jelas bapak Suta kepada Sila yang membantu membuat gambar.

Akhirnya, mereka berhasil membuat wayang dari kardus bekas. Ada beberapa tokoh wayang yang mereka buat sesuai dengan cerita “Arjuna Matapa”, yaitu tokoh Arjuna sang pahlawan yang baik, tokoh Dewa Siwa, pemburu, babi hutan, dan lain-lain.

“Your wayang is too pointy, it doesn’t look realistic. That’s like the Javanese wayang. The Balinese wayang is more realistic. You need to punch in more holes so the shape of the wayang can be clearly seen from the other side of the screen,” Suta’s father says to Sila, who is helping them make the tracings.

Finally, they are able to complete the wayang set that is made of used cardboard boxes. They also make several other wayang figures that are needed in the ‘Arjuna Matapa’ episode, such as the kindhearted hero, Arjuna, the God Shiva, the hunters, the boars, and many others.





- Wira ditunjuk menjadi *ketengkong* atau pembantu dalang. Guna mengajak kakak dan adiknya, Darma dan Ratih untuk membantu *magender*. *Gender* harus dimainkan berpasangan agar bisa saling bersahutan. Mereka berlatih memainkan sembilan jenis gending menggunakan gender itu.

Suta siap berlomba. Menjelang giliran mereka tampil, Wira mendekati Guna. “Apakah kamu dengar detak jantungku,” bisiknya.

“Seperti suara *keropak* yang diketuk, dug dug, mungkin dadamu sudah jadi alat perekam, jadi kita tak perlu alat perekam lagi,” gurau Guna.

Sila, Suri, dan yang lain tertawa. Suta tersenyum mendekati Wira.

“Ayo, tarik napas panjang cukup tiga kali saja agar kamu tenang,” pinta Suta.

“Baik Jro Dalang,” kata Wira bergurau.

- Wira is assigned as the *ketengkong* or the *dalang*’s assistant. Guna gets his brother, Darma, and his sister, Ratih, to help with the *magender*. The *gender* must be played in pairs so that they can complement one another. They begin to practice the nine gending, or instrumental music pieces, using the *gender*.

Suta is ready for the competition. Before their turn to perform, Wira approaches Guna. “Can you hear my heart pounding?” he whispers.

“It’s like the sound of someone tapping on the *keropak*, you know, the box to store the *wayang*. Thump, thump, thump!” Guna says jokingly, “Hey, maybe your chest has turned into a recording machine, so we won’t be needing a recorder,” he adds.

Sila, Suri, and the others let out a loud laugh. Suta smiles and comes over to Wira.

“Come on. Take a deep breath. Do it three times. That will calm you down.” Suta says.

“Ay ay, my Dalang Master,” Wira replies jokingly.

- Wira kajudi dados *ketengkong* utawi sané ngwantu dalang. Guna ngajakin beli lan adinné, Darma lan Ratih mangda nyarengin *magendér*. *Gendér* patut katepak mapasangan mangda prasida macandetan. Dané muruk ngambelang sanga soroh gending nganggén *gendér* punika.

Suta sayaga malomba. Sadurung ipun polih giliran ngwayang, Wira nampekin Guna. “Napiké ragané mireng ketugan tangkah tiangé,” ipun kisi-kisi.

“Sakadi suaran *keropak* sané katepak, dug dug minab tangkah ipuné sampun dados pakakas rekam, mawinan tan perlu pakakas rekam malih,” Guna macanda.

“Ngiring kedeng angkihanné panjang, ping tiga kémanten, pastika ragané pacang degdeg,” tunas Suta.

“Ainggih Jro Dalang,” Wira macanda.

- වීරා කැඳුනි දාදොස් කෙතෙක්කොට්ඨාසයක් නොමැතිව පැමිණි අතර ඔහුගේ සහෝදරයා වන ධර්මා සහ සිසිලා වැනි අය සමඟින් මාගෙන්ඩර් සම්පූර්ණ කිරීමට උත්සාහ කරයි. මාගෙන්ඩර් යනු ඉන්ද්‍රිය සම්පූර්ණ කිරීම සඳහා භාවිත කරනු ලබන මෙවලමකි. ඔවුන් එකිනෙක සමඟින් මාගෙන්ඩර් සම්පූර්ණ කිරීමට උත්සාහ කරති.

සූතා සූර්යාගේ පැමිණීමට සූදානම් වේ. ඔහුගේ පැමිණීමට පෙර, වීරා ආසන්න වීමට පිටුපසින් ආසන්න වේ. “ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවාද?” ඔහු සැසඳීමකට ලක්වේ.

“ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවාද, ඔබ දන්නවා, ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවා. ටම්ප්, ටම්ප්, ටම්ප්!” ආසන්න වීමෙන් කෙටි කලකට, “ඔහු, ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවාද, ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවාද, ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවාද,” ආසන්න වීමෙන් කෙටි කලකට.

“ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවාද, ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවාද, ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවාද,” ආසන්න වීමෙන් කෙටි කලකට.

“ඔබේ හිට පිටිනවාද,” ආසන්න වීමෙන් කෙටි කලකට.



- In an episode that depicts the battle between Arjuna and the God Shiva, who disguised himself as a hunter, Suta receives great applause from the audience. Suta and his friends are ecstatic and are even more enthusiastic. Suddenly, they hear a loud crack. The Arjuna and the hunter wayangs, including the weapons, are torn. The audience roared with laughter. Fortunately, Suta has a spare Arjuna wayang. He also replaces the wayang of the hunter with that of God Shiva. The audience is amused and entertained, but the judges see the problem and reduce Suta's scores, which causes him to lose the competition.

- Sakéwanten, nadaksara kapi reng suara “krék!” Wayang Arjuna lan Juru Boros miwah senjata sané kanggén uék. Panonton ica lan sayan ramia. Aget Suta madué Wayang Arjuna sané lianan. Wayang Juru Boros raris dané gentosin antuk Wayang Déwa Siwa. Penonton kadaut, sakéwanten panuréksa ngirangin nilai Suta. Kakirangan nilai punika ngawi Suta kalah.

- [illegible]



- Walaupun kalah dalam lomba mendalang Pesta Kesenian Bali, Suta dan teman-temannya tidak patah semangat. Mereka merasa mendapat banyak pelajaran.

“Untung kita ikut lomba. Karena ikut lomba, aku jadi hapal banyak gending,” kata Guna.

“Aku juga tidak grogi lagi,” kata Wira tertawa.

- Suta and his friends are not discouraged. They may have lost in the dalang competition at the Bali Arts Festival, but they consider it a learning process.

“It’s good that we took part in that competition. I have all the musical compositions in my head now,” Guna says proudly. “I’m not even nervous anymore.”

Wira says, while laughing loudly.







ហត្ថបត្តបិទាបិទាហយិយាបិទាសិទ្ធិ
បុទ្ធស្វាហយិទ្ធិសិទ្ធិសិទ្ធិសិទ្ធិសិទ្ធិ







- [illegible]



The Balinese language is spoken throughout Bali and other specific regions. There are about 4.32 millions speakers of the language. The status of the language is safe. The Balinese script is still actively used.
(Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)

Tikar Buat Hanyin

Hanyin And The Beautiful Mat



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● “Bapak akan pindah tugas.”

“Ke mana?”

“Ke Balikpapan, Kalimantan Timur. Kota kelahiran Ibu.

Tidak terlalu jauh dari tempat tinggal Kakek dan Nenek.”

Namun, Hanyin tak gembira. Pindah rumah membuatnya berpisah dengan teman-teman di Jakarta. Ibu bilang, nanti Hanyin bisa bermain di rumah Kakek dan Nenek. Namun, apa serunya bermain di rumah Kakek dan Nenek di kampung? Hanyin ingin tetap tinggal di Jakarta saja. Namun, apakah bisa? Ah, Hanyin sungguh bersusah hati.

● “Dad is being transferred to another city.”

“Where to?”

“Balikpapan, East Kalimantan. Mom’s birthplace. Not far from where your grandparents live.”

But Hanyin is not happy. Moving means that she will have to say goodbye to her friends in Jakarta. Mom said that I could play at my grandparents’ house in the village. But what’s the fun in that? Hanyin wants to stay in Jakarta. But that’s unthinkable! Hanyin is very unhappy.

● “Maaq entakng kale tugas.”

“Lameq?”

“La Balikpapan, Kalimantan Timur. Kota ongook tinaam lahir. Beau orooq ete ongook itaak duaq kakaah ko nongko.”

Tapiiq Hanyin beau dekaq ehau. Kale ohoq enaq ongaan diraq sentuaar ampetn kabatn ajutn yaq mo Jakarta.

Neeq nokaai, atih ko uhaatn goraak mo belaa Itaaq duaq Kakaah. Oon kebueq yaq goraak mo belaa itaaq duaq kakaah mo kampung?

Hanyin eso kakaatn nongko mo Jakarta ngauq. Tapiiq meq tauq? Ah, Asakng Hanyin batukng beau dekaq ehau.



- Namun, tidak begitu dengan Bapak. Sepulang dari hari pertama bekerja, ia tampak sangat gembira membawa semacam selongsong panjang, hadiah dari kantor barunya.

“Oh, lihat ini, Hanyin! Bagus sekali!” Bapak membuka selongsong kemudian mengeluarkan sebuah tikar rotan berwarna putih hitam. Tikar? Apa bagusnya? Warnanya hitam putih pula. Tikar plastik lebih baik, bisa dibeli di mana saja, kapan saja, dan tidak harus menunggu dibuat dulu dalam waktu lama. Warnanya juga macam-macam.

“Hanyin, kamu tahu, `kan? Tikar rotan ini sangat istimewa karena dibuat oleh tangan para perajin dari suku Dayak Benuaq di pedalaman Kutai Barat, Kalimantan Timur dan memakan waktu lama untuk membuatnya.” kata Bapak.

“Ibumu ini orang Dayak Benuaq itu, Hanyin,” kata Ibu sambil mengamati tikar rotan.

- But, unlike Hanyin, her father is not sad at all. After returning home from his first day at work, he enters the house excitedly. He is carrying a long tube, a present from the people at his new office.

“Look at this, Hanyin! This is beautiful!” He exclaims while opening the tube and pulling out the black and white rattan mat.

A mat? What’s so great about that? It’s black and white, too. Those plastic mats are better, you can buy them anywhere and at any time. You don’t have to wait for it to be made. It also comes in a variety of colors.

“Hanyin, this rattan mat is very special. It’s handmade. It’s made by the craftsmen of the Dayak Benuaq tribe in the hinterland of West Kutai in East Kalimantan. It takes a long time to make,” he says.

“I’m from the Dayak Benuaq tribe,” Mom adds, as she carefully inspects the mat.

- Tapiiq Maaq beau keaq Hanyin. Olo pertama uhaq uli ete kerjaq, ditatn boetn uhaq ehau entu samer nenget eraai balikng apaai raraq, pengenyeeen ete kantor uhaq yaq bayuq.

“Hanyin, soba ko neaau lahooq, pore entu!” Maaq samer muke balikng apaai beparapm, rawai yaq bura metapm. Apaai? On kebueq yaq? Rawai bura metapm oliq! Lebeh bueq moliq apaai plastik, deoq dogaa, watu-watu uhaatn benoliq momeq-momeq, deoq botik yaq bepantoh-pantoh oliq tahui.

“Hanyin, ko tauq apaai ohoq istimewa entu, tenan pengenaq apaai ete ulutn Benuaq, mo utak sunge, sorook padakng kanau mo Kutai Barat, Kalimantan Timur. Olaaq mali enaq apaai iro, tokaai Maaq. “Hanyin, ade ko tauq, aap ohoq ete ulutn Benuaq yaq tauq enaq apaai iro”, tokaai Neeq samer ngenenar neaau apaai iro.



- “Ayo, coba kita lihat di Google bagaimana cara membuat tikar rotan ini.” kata Bapak sambil membuka gawainya dan mengetik kata kunci, tikar Kalimantan Timur. Hanyin ingin pergi saja dari samping Bapak. Namun, ia tidak bisa pergi karena Bapak ingin ia duduk dan menyimak. “Bacalah.” kata Bapak. Hanyin membaca keterangan panjang di halaman tikar rotan Kalimantan. “Oh, repot sekali, ya, Pak?”
 “Mulai dari mengambil rotan saja sudah repot, belum lagi diraut dan ditipiskan. Oh, lihat alatnya, Pak!” Hanyin menunjuk dua lempeng besi yang digunakan perajin bernama *sangaat*. Alat ini adalah dua lempeng besi yang ujung dan salah satu sisinya dibuat tajam serta digunakan untuk menipiskan dan meraut rotan.

- “Let’s google how to make this rattan mat. It’s very difficult!” Dad says. He opens the search engine on his gadget and starts typing the words East Kalimantan Mat.
 Hanyin just wants to get away from her dad. But, how? He wants her to sit next to him and pay attention.
 “Read this,” he says.
 Hanyin reads the long explanation on the Kalimantan rattan mat page.
 “That’s a lot of work!” Hanyin exclaims.
 “It’s hard enough to get the rattan. Then you have to smooth it down and cut it into thin strips. Oh, look at the equipment, Dad!” Hanyin continues as she points at the two iron plates used by the craftsmen. “Dad, it says here that it’s called a *sangaat* and it’s used to thin down the rattan.” A *sangaat* is a tool made up of two iron plates that are joined together. One of the plates has a sharp edge and it is used to trim and thin out the rattan.

- “Hanyin, soba takaaq peresa neaau mo Google, kelemeq sara enaq apaai raraq keaq ohooq. Uheer gerenih!” tokaai maaq samer muke Ipad (telepon solaai), uhaq ngetik “kata kunci” apaai Kalimantan Timur. Hanyin kakaatn uyooq te lepes Maaq. Tapiiq meq tauq? Maaq kakatn ap tuat tahui nyempaning.
 “Masa iro,” rentah Maaq.
 Hanyin masa keterangan yaq mooq mo Ipad, kelemeq umang ulutn enaq apaai uwe Kalimantan. “Oh, uheer entu, yaq Maaq!”
 “Mulai ete mikaat uwe ngauq puuq uheer. Male oliq diraaq seneleut, ade yaq lipih..... Oh, soba neaau ruyaq yaq Maaq!” Hanyin petunuq duaq bilaatn besiq yaq dopeekng pengenaq apaai. “Mo du’uh sangaat aro antaai ngelipih uwe yaq, Maaq.” Sangaat aro ete bilaatn besiq yaq mo empaak beroh lepes eraai bila tenenan teraap, dopeekng ongook nyangaat rawai.







- “Kamu bisa mendengar cerita lengkapnya dari Kakek dan Nenek nanti,” kata Ibu, “karena kita akan pergi menengok mereka di kampung. Ini waktu yang baik karena kamu sedang libur panjang, Hanyin.”

Ah, ke kampung? Apa serunya?

Hanyin ingin di rumah saja untuk membaca dan mempelajari dari internet soal dinosaurus, makhluk kesukaannya. Itu jelas lebih menarik daripada ikut ke kampung yang belum tentu ada internet. Namun, Hanyin tidak bisa tetap tinggal di rumah karena Bapak ikut bersama Ibu. Itu berarti Hanyin harus ikut juga kalau tak mau sendirian di rumah.

- “You can get more information from your grandparents later,” Mom cuts in. “We’re going to their village to visit them. This is the best time because you’re on a long school break,” she continues.

Going to the village? How much fun would that be?

Hanyin wants to stay at home to read and learn about dinosaurs from the internet. She loves dinosaurs. That would be more interesting than going to the village, which probably doesn’t have an internet connection. But that would not be possible because dad would be leaving with mom, and that means Hanyin has to come along if she doesn’t want to be left home alone.

- “Tauq ko nyempaning ete Itaak duaq Kakaah ko atih, kelemeq ulutn enaq apaai uwe,” tokai Neeq, “Beau olaaq takaq entakng tengua mali mo kampukng. Ohooq waktu yaq paas, sebab ko libur olaaq, Hanyin.”

Ah, la kampukng? On kebueq yaq? Hanyin kakaatn nongko mo belaa maha, masa buku, muke internet kakaatn deoq tauq ampetn dinosaurus, benatang yaq gerenih dehau ongaan. Yaro yaq lebeh dehau ongaan te padaq nyaang la kampukng, terang maro aweq internet... Tapiiq maaq nyaang Neeq la kampukng, men kliro Ape nyaang lei men beau kereq edootn mo belaa.



- Nenek dan Kakek tinggal di Kampung Eheng yang berada di bagian paling hulu Sungai Mahakam, sungai terpanjang di Kalimantan Timur. Untuk mencapainya perjalanan dimulai dari Balikpapan menuju Samarinda. Dari Samarinda, Ibu dan Bapak memilih menumpang kapal sungai bersama dengan para pedagang yang membawa barangnya ke Kabupaten Kutai Barat dan Kabupaten Mahakam Ulu, dua kabupaten di bagian hulu Sungai Mahakam. Perjalanan menyusuri Sungai Mahakam dari Samarinda ke Melak ditempuh selama satu hari satu malam. Setelah itu, perjalanan dilanjutkan dengan mobil melewati jalan-jalan yang terkadang menanjak dengan belokan tajam dan barisan pohon durian yang berumur ratusan tahun.

- Grandpa and grandma live in Eheng village, on the upstream of the Mahakam River, the longest river in East Kalimantan. The trip to Eheng Village began with a drive from Balikpapan to Samarinda. When we got to Samarinda, mom and dad decided that we should continue our journey using a river boat. There were many traders on the boat. They were transporting their goods to the West Kutai Regency and the Mahakam Ulu Regency, two regencies downstream of the Mahakam River.

A boat trip from Samarinda to Melak along the Mahakam River will take one full day, and it will need traveling by car through many steep roads, sharp turns, and row after row of century-old durian trees.

- Itaak dua Kakaah nongko mo Kampukng Eheng, orooq mo bila dayaq Sunge Makapm, pengemooq sunge mo Kalimantan Timur. Antaai nujuq laro, mali manaan ete Balikpapan la Samarinda. Ete Samarinda Neeq duaq Maaq meli nyaang kapar sunge, berbayaq ampetn mali yaq oit dagakng la Kabupaten Kutai Barat beroh la Kabupaten Mahakam Ulu, duaq Kabupaten mo ataakng Sunge Makapm yaq bila dayaq.

Anaan mali suncukng Makapm ete Samarinda kolaatn eraai olo eraai malapm bayuq empeq la Melak. Ete aroo mali nyaang oto, nete lalaq yaq naan pede sengkaa, naan pede lalaq yaq belengkoot entu, samer taq neau bereriu puutn kalaakng yaq puq mentekak remangkap, yaq puq kenuhaq beratus tautn.







- Hanyin menghabiskan waktu duduk di beranda lantai atas kapal dan melihat rumah-rumah penduduk di perkampungan. Tak lama, aliran sungai masuk ke wilayah yang diapit hutan lebat. “Pak, hutannya seperti yang ada di zaman dinosaurus! Pohonnya besar-besar!”

Monyet-monyet yang berlompatan, kawanan burung enggang dengan suara yang keras terbang di kejauhan, dan bunyi air yang disibak kapal sungguh mengagumkan buat Hanyin. Ibu tersenyum-senyum mengamati Hanyin yang tak henti berseru keheranan melihat semua yang ada di sekitarnya.

- Hanyin spends most of her time sitting on the balcony of the boat’s upper deck and looking at the villages along the riverbanks. The scenery suddenly changes as the boat begins to enter an area of the river covered by dense forests.

“Dad! Look, the forest is so dense, just like in the age of the dinosaurs! The trees are so big!” Hanyin is awed by what she is seeing.

There are monkeys jumping from tree to tree, hornbills shrieking as they fly across the canopies, and the sounds of the water crashing against the boat as it speeds over the current. Mom can’t stop smiling as she looks at Hanyin squealing in amazement at everything that she sees.

- Hanyin epuq olaaq tuat pede bila tempuaq kapar yaq bila mo, neaaui belaaui-pelaui pede kampukng-kampukng yaq delalotn. Beau olaq lipaas iro, kapar terus suncukng lalo lati yaq bengkaar empaaui-empaaui. “Maaq, naan bengkaar mentutn keaq watu dinosourus ro! Pu’utn kayuq yaq mencolaui-colaui!”

Deoq ditatn boruq kodeq yaq tampas, wah naan lai abatn totoh tongaau yaq tempuq lalo ete orooq, ongaau yaq waleq entu, tenameh ongau danum ete yaq mempokak ete tempuaq kapar, enaq Hanyin ehau gerenih. Neeq omok osoopm kitaq Hanyin beau leah mencarang on ngauq esaq yaq ditatn mo dirikng sunge.



● Di sore hari, mereka baru tiba. Kakek dan Nenek senang sekali melihat Hanyin. Selama ini, mereka hanya melihat Hanyin dari foto yang dikirim Ibu dan Bapak. Ibu memeluk Nenek seraya bertanya. “Apa kabar *Neeq*?” “*Neeq* itu berarti ibu dalam bahasa Dayak Benuaq. Kalau bapak, dipanggil *Maaq*. Ah, nanti Hanyin bisa belajar sendiri ya sama Nenek. Oh ya, kalau untuk nenek, kau bisa panggil dengan menyebut *Itaak*. Kalau kakek, itu *Kakaah*,” ujar Ibu.

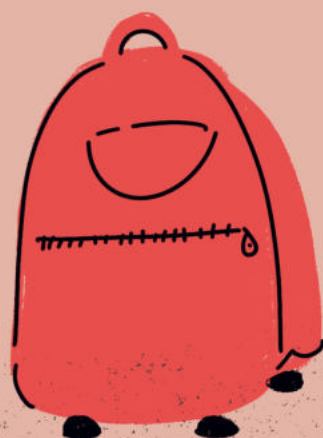
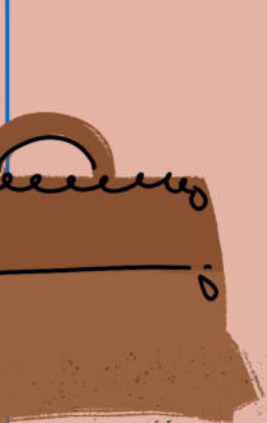
● They arrive late in the afternoon. Grandma and Grandpa are ecstatic to finally meet Hanyin in person. After all, they had only seen her in the pictures that her parents had sent them.

Mom hugs grandma and says, “How are you, *Neeq*?”

“*Neeq* is the Dayak Benuaq word for mother, and *Maaq* is the word for father. Well, you will learn more about this from Grandma. Oh, you can call your grandma *Itaak* and your grandfather, *Kakaah*,” Mom explains.

● Epuuq la bilaa doyakng mali bayuq empee. Itaak duaq Kakaah ehau entu kitaq Hanyin. Kolaatn ohoq mali kitaq ete poto beneq yaq benahit Neeq duaq Maaq. Neeq ngepakng Itaak, samer nokaai, “Meq bueq-bueq lei ko Neeq?”

“*Neeq* aro sua ongaau Dayak Benuaq, men sua ongaau Pahuq yaq tenaq Ibu. Men *Maaq* sua ongaau Pahuq yaq tenogeq, Bapak. Ah Hanyin tauq ko sentayapm edoq ampetn Itaak ko atih. Oi...Itaak aro men sua ongaau Pahuq yaq tenokaai Nenek. Men *Kakaah*, yang tenokaai tenaq Kakek,” tokaai Neeq.







- Hari sudah gelap. Kakek dan Nenek bilang sebaiknya mereka segera mandi, makan, lalu beristirahat. Ketika waktu tidur tiba, Hanyin terkejut. Ia hanya menemukan bantal bertumpuk di atas tikar. “Di mana kasurnya? Tempat tidurnya?” keluh Hanyin.

Belum apa-apa, Hanyin merasa badannya pegal-pegal. Ia rindu tidur di kasur kamarnya sendiri, di kota. Hanyin bertekad besok pagi ia akan meminta Ibu dan Bapak untuk tidak berlama-lama di rumah Nenek dan Kakek. Satu atau dua malam saja sudah cukup.

- The day turns into night. Grandma and Grandpa say that Hanyin, Mom, and Dad should shower, have dinner, and then rest for the night. As Hanyin is getting ready for bed, she is surprised. There are only pillows stacked on a mat.

“Where’s the bed? Where’s the mattress for me to sleep on?” She grumbles.

Suddenly, she can feel her joints aching. She misses her bed and her room in the city. Hanyin decides that tomorrow morning she will tell her parents to not stay in the village any longer than one or two nights.

- Olo puq batukng la bila doyakng.

Itaak duaq Kakaah nokaai, lebeh bueq ka nuus elih, bayuq maan, lipaas iro takaaq tehur. Empeq watu loquq turi, Hanyin tekejat kitaq ongaan denyeen apaai raraq beroh unaan beneeq. Lameq tilam? Ongook turi?

Setika emputn Hanyin puq keaq meluhuukng. Ongaon lingoq turi sua orook ongook ongaan turi edoq, mo kota. Hanyin nokaai sua asakng, kuriu atih atih oit Neeq duaq Maaq gagaaq uli, boteq olaaq mo belaaq Itaak. Eraai duaq malapm maha cukup.



- Hanyin membaringkan tubuhnya di tikar yang telah disiapkan untuknya. Tiba-tiba matanya terasa berat. Ia memejamkan mata sebentar. Ketika ia membuka mata lagi, hari sudah pagi! Ternyata tidurnya semalam baik-baik saja. Tidur di tikar ternyata tidak membuat pegal, tidak kedinginan, dan tidak berkeringat juga seperti yang selalu ia rasakan kalau duduk atau berbaring terlalu lama di tikar plastik.

“Itu karena tikarmu dibuat dari rotan. Rotan bukan plastik. Meski sudah menjadi tikar, rotan berpori sehingga selalu bisa menyesuaikan dengan suhu sekitarnya,” kata Kakek.

- She lays down on the mat that had been prepared for her. Her eyes begin to droop. She closes her eyes and when she opens them again, it is already morning! She has slept soundly. Sleeping on the mat was not that bad and it didn't make her joints ache. She wasn't cold and she wasn't sweating like she usually does when she is laying on a plastic mat.

“That's because the mat you slept on is made of rattan. Rattan, not plastic. It is porous, which means it has pores. So, even when you weave them into mats, they are versatile and can adjust to the surrounding temperatures,” Grandpa tells Hanyin.

- Hanyin lokuq mo apaai yaq puq beneraakng kalaaq ongaan. Engke royop matatn ongaan kakatn turi. Ongaen pirapm eraai empur. Watu kolaat oliq, neaau puq mawa! Uhaatn turi jenak malapm de. Oii, turi mo apaai raraq beau enaq meluhuukng. Beau merarepm, beau ngisaakng lai keaq men turi olaaq mo punaan apaai plastik.

“Apaai raraq iro tenenan ete uwe. Abaq ete plastik. Beleq puq jadi apaai, we iro naan luakng yaq merinik-rinik, mekaq iro apaai tauq sengkenyaang ampetn esaq yaq sengkeriniq,” tokaai kakaah.



- Sehabis sarapan, Kakek mengajak Hanyin ke hutan yang tak jauh dari rumah. “Kakek ingin kamu melihat rotan dan bagaimana orang-orang mengerjakannya,” kata Kakek.

“Hutannya lebat, Kek?”

“Kamu takut masuk hutan?”

“Tidak, Kek. Aku malah mau masuk hutan yang lebat seperti di cerita-cerita dinosaurus!” balas Hanyin yang membuat Kakek tertawa. Untuk membuat tikar, perajin pergi ke hutan untuk memotong rotan. Rotan adalah tumbuhan merambat, berbatang langsing, tinggi, beruas, tidak berongga, dan berduri. Karena rotan merambat di pohon yang tinggi, perajin terkadang harus memanjat pohon agar mendapatkan batang rotan yang bagus.

- After breakfast, Grandpa takes Hanyin to the forest not far from their house.

“I want you to see what rattan is and how it is cut down,” Grandpa said.

“Is the forest dense, Kakaah?”

“Are you afraid of going into the forest?”

“No, of course not, Kakaah. I want to go into the dense forest, just like in the stories about dinosaurs!” Hanyin explains as Grandpa chuckles.

To make the mats, the craftsmen have to go to the forest to cut down the rattan. Rattan is a vine that attaches itself to other trees. It is long and lanky. It is also segmented, solid, and thorny. Because rattan attaches itself to tall trees, the craftsmen often have to climb up the trees to get the good quality rattan.

- Lipaas meko, Kakaah oit Hanyin manaan la lati, beau orooq ete belai.

“Kakaah kakaatn ko kitaq pu’utn uwe, tauq kelemeq ulutn mikaat uwe kalaag apaai,” tokaai Kakaah.

“Bengkaar mentutn, yaq Kakaah?”

“Meq ko takut manaan sua bengkaar?”

“Beau Kakaah, ap malah teliq manaan sua bengkaar, keaq kesah eso naan dinosaurus ro!” Kakah koka. Men kakaatn enaq apaai, pengenaq apaai diraq engko mikaat uwe la lati, uwe aro tumu terus ngerabaaq laiq kayu, oyus yaq keding, baneen yaq lempaas, beau beromookng tahui naan duiq, pemikaat uwe harus engket laiq kayuq antaai ngomaas oyus yaq mooq tahui mahing.



- Rotan dipotong-potong sesuai dengan ukuran yang dikehendaki, biasanya berukuran satu depa atau satu jengkal orang dewasa. Lalu, potongan rotan dirunti dengan cara menggosok-gosokkan bagian rotan yang keras pada sebatang pohon supaya mudah dibelah dan diwarnai.

“Buat menipiskan dan meraut rotan pakai sangaat, `kan, Kek? Dua lempeng besi yang satu sisinya tajam. Itu bahasa Dayak Benuaq, `kan, Kek?” tanya Hanyin.

“Eh, kamu tahu *sangaat*? Diberi tahu Ibu?” “Aku baca di internet, Kek!” Hanyin senang melihat Kakek keheranan karena ia tahu soal *sangaat*.

- The rattan is then cut into the desired lengths, usually it is about the span of an adult’s out-stretched arms plus the span of their thumb to the fingertips, or around two meters long. The rattan that has been cut is then sanded down to remove the tough parts and rubbed against a tree to make it easier to split and to color.

“To thin down and shave the rattan, they use the *sangaat*, right, Kakaah? You know, the two iron plates with one sharpened side. It is from the Dayak Benuaq language, right?” Hanyin asks.

“Hey, you know about the *sangaat*? Did your mom tell you about it?”

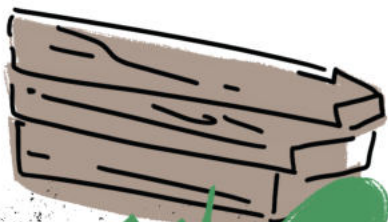
“No, I read about it on the internet!” Hanyin is pleased to see the confusion on her grandfather’s face when she tells him about the *sangaat*.

- Uwe benotak sesuai kemooq yaq dakaatn, peraaq yaq tenan dopaq jokar ulutn tuhaaq. Lipaas benotak bayuq ngoyaq la pu’utn kayuq adeq koyaq yaq lepas, aga uwe gampaang benokak, senangaat, seneleut beroh kenedataq.

“Ongok ngate beroh nyerekng uwe peraaq yaq pekng sangaat, yaq Kakaah? Duaq bilatn besiq yaq lepas erai bila tenan teraap. Iro ongaau Benuaq, yaq Kakaah?” tokaai Hanyin.

“Eh ko tauq esaq tenaq sangaat! Benentakng tinaam yaq?”

“Aap masa mo Internet, Kakaah!” ongaan ehau kitaq Kakaah yaq sengaah semaq ongaan tauq esaq tenaq sangaat.



- Kakek mengajak Hanyin kembali ke rumah. “Sudah siang, kita makan dulu, lalu kamu ikut Nenek ke rumah besar di tengah desa.” Sebuah mobil menunggu di depan rumah Nenek. Waktunya berangkat ke rumah besar.

“Ada apa di sana, Nek?”

“Kamu akan ke tempat kerja Nenek, melihat orang membuat tikar,” kata Ibu.

Lewat 45 menit, mobil berhenti di depan sebuah rumah yang memang besar.

- Hanyin’s grandfather then tells her that they should be getting back home.

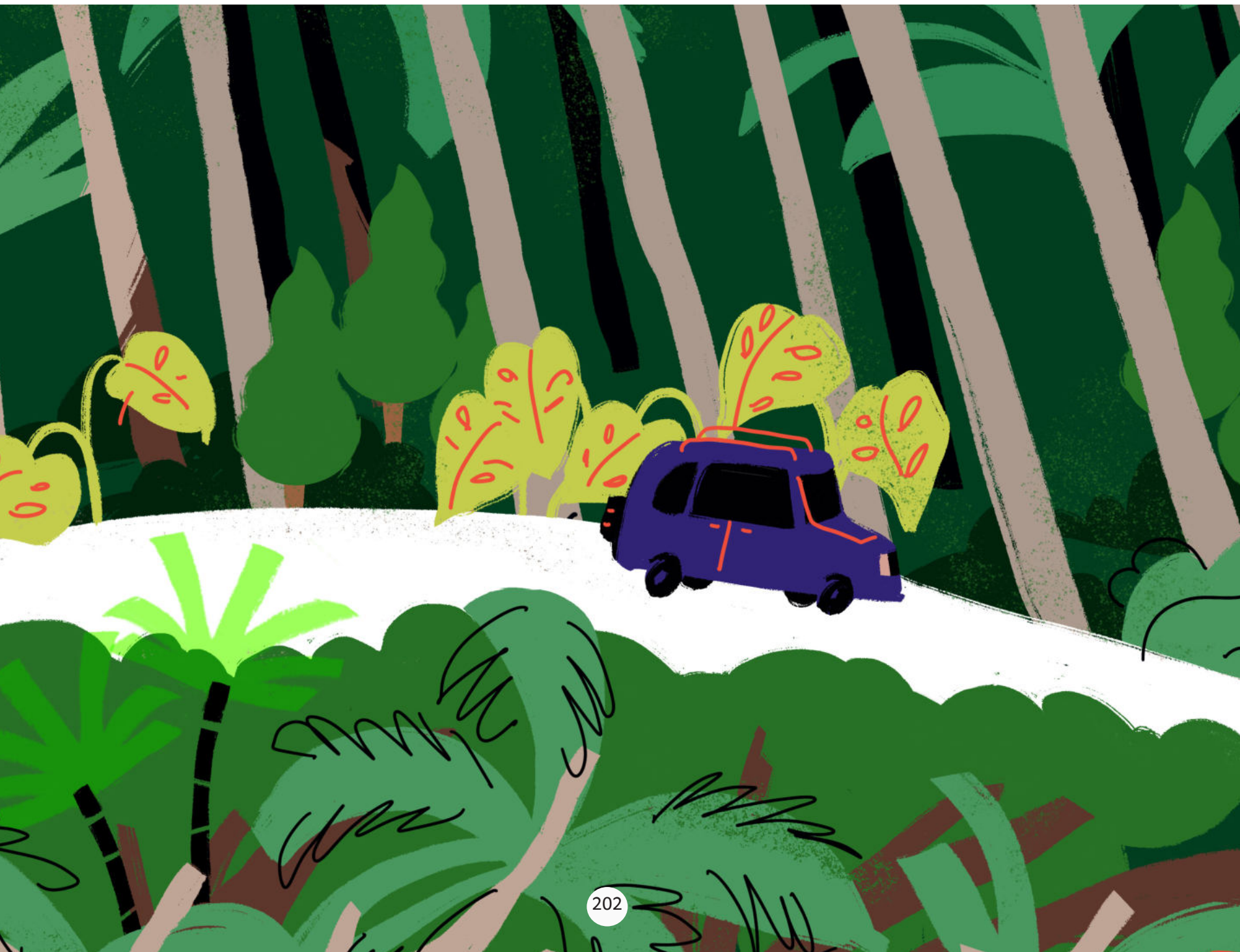
“It’s getting late. Let’s have lunch and then you should go with your Itaak to the Big House in the middle of the village.”

A car is already waiting in front of the house. It is time to leave for the Big House.

“What’s at the Big House, Itaak?”

“You’ll be going to the place where Itaak, your Grandma, works and see the people making the mats,” Mom said.

After a 45-minute drive, they arrive at the house. It really is a big house.



● Kakaah oit Hanyin uli la belaii. “Epuq jelo, takaag maan elih, lipaas aro atih ko nyaang Itaak ko la belaii solaii mo unar kampukng.” Naan eraai oto yaq entiq mo telamaq belai *Itaak*. Takaq engko la belaii solaii. “Naan oon esaq maro, Itaak?”

“Ko antakng engko la ongook Itaak ko enaq amuh, neaau ulutn enaq apaai.” Tokaai Neeq. Lalo 45 menit, oto beterengkaq mo telamaaq belaii yaq solaii entu.





- Di halaman belakang beberapa perajin tampak sibuk dengan tumpukan helai rotan yang telah ditipiskan dan dipotong seperti pita-pita panjang.

“Nek, setelah dibelah dan ditipiskan, tikar bisa dibuat?” “Belum, harus diwarnai dulu. Bahannya macam-macam. Kalau mau warna hitam, rotan direndam di dalam lumpur lalu direbus bersama daun *rambutan* sambil dicampur dengan rantai besi. Setelah mendidih, rotan dibiarkan dingin selama semalam supaya warna hitamnya melekat kuat, lalu dibersihkan, dikeringkan, baru dianyam.” Hanyin tak mengira membuat sehelai tikar begitu repot. “Hanyin, dengan cara seperti itu tikarmu terasa nyaman ketika digunakan,” kata Nenek seperti membaca apa yang ada di pikiran Hanyin.

- In the backyard, some craftsmen are busy piling up the strips of rattan that have been thinned down and cut into long ribbon-like strips.

“After the rattans have been cut and thinned down, are they ready to be made into a mat, Itaak?”

“No, you need to color them first. There are a lot of ways to color the rattan. To get the black color, the rattans are soaked in mud and then boiled in rambutan and ironwood leaves. After the water has boiled, the rattan is taken out to cool down overnight so the black color will stick to the rattan. It is then cleaned, dried, and then woven into mats.”

Hanyin is surprised at the amount of work needed to make one sheet of mat.

“You know, Hanyin, through this process the mat will feel comfortable when used,” Grandma says, as if able to read Hanyin’s thoughts.

- Mo nataar odig, naan deoq pengenaq apaai ngelekukun telamaq tompok rawai yaq epuq seneleut, benotak keaq pita-pita yaq meremoq-remog.

“Itaak, lipaas benokak, seneleut, meq apaai uhaatn tahui deraraq?”

“Male, yaq bali diraq kenedataq delih, adeq yaq metapm. Deoq ruyaq yaq senampur. Men kakaatn ngemetapm, ngerenapm rawai elih sua payaq empeq eraai malapm, lipaas aro bayuq nanak beroh dawatn kopeq senampur ampetn besitn rantai jala. Epuq lipaas gegorok, nengkekng, pejelap bayuq ngerenapm oliq sua payaq empeq eraai malapm, adeq botik metapm yaq beau lalih. Lipaas iro mereseh, mengerewe adeq yaq meaang bayu bisa deraraq.”

Hanyin beau tekant nyangka men enaq apaai raraaq aro uheer gerenih. “Hanyin, siotn yaq tenenan keliro makaq yaq apaai ko bueq watu dopekng,” tokaai Itaak, keaq uhaq tauq esaaq yaq sua asakng Hanyin.



- “Ayo, kita lihat yang lain, Hanyin!” Nenek mengajaknya masuk rumah. Di sana ada banyak perempuan sibuk menganyam. “Inilah yang Nenek lakukan setiap hari. Nenek mengajari orang-orang kembali menganyam dan membuat tikar, keranjang, dan topi.” Barang kerajinan itu akan dijual ke kota. Hasilnya buat para perajin yang menganyam.

Setelah selesai memeriksa beberapa pekerjaan, Nenek mengajak Hanyin duduk bersama anak-anak perempuan sebayanya. “Hanyin, ini Runtai, kakak sepupumu, dia baru belajar menganyam tikar.” kata Nenek.

“Mau coba?” tanya Runtai.

Hanyin buru-buru mengangguk. Ternyata menganyam itu tidak mudah. Namun, Hanyin tak mau berhenti. Kalau hari ini belum bisa dan masih lupa mengingat arah helaian rotan, besok, besok, dan besoknya lagi bisa dilanjutkan. Sampai liburan selesai.

- “Let’s go and look at the others!” Grandma takes Hanyin’s hand and leads her to the inside of the house. There are many women there, and they are all weaving the mats.

“This is what I do every day. Teaching the people to weave, to make mats, baskets, hats...”

The handicrafts are then sold in the city. The profit is distributed equally to the women who have woven the products.

After going through some of the work, Grandma calls Hanyin over to sit with several girls who are of the same age as she is.

“Hanyin, this is Runtai, your cousin. She is learning to weave a mat,” Grandma said.

“Do you want to give it a try?” Runtai asked.

Hanyin nods her head in excitement. As it turns out, weaving is not that easy. But Hanyin refuses to stop. If she fails today and keeps forgetting the directions for each strand of the rattan, she could try again tomorrow and the day after that, until her vacation ends.

- “Ayo takaq neaaui la bila, Hanyin!” Itaak oit ongaan sua belaaui. Sua dalapm naan deoq kabatn bawe pengenaq apaai perdekut ngeraraq. “Ohoq amuh Itaak yaq tenan popoh olo, Hanyin. Pentakng kabatn samaan sentayapm ngeraraq. Naan yaq enaq apaai, enaq gawaakng, enaq topi....” Esaq deraraq iro men puq solukng dogai la kota. Regaq yaq denyeen oliq la mali yaq pengeraraq.

Lipaas peresa amuh koeq yaq tenan mali pengeraraq, Itaak oit Hanyin tuat beroh kabatn tiaq bawe yaq kurakng lebeh erai umur ampetn ongaan. “Hanyin, ohoq Runtai, tukatn ko nuar sinaai, uhaq bayuq sentayapm enaq apaai,” tokaai Itaak.

“Meq kakatn sentayapm?” Runtai penik.

Hanyin gagaq tetukok. Beau nyanaq ngeraraq ohooq mahar gerenih. Tapiq Hanyin beau moyu kaduq. Olo ohooq male tauq, eso pipat lameq tiba mesek empaak rawai, keruman, keruman ampetn keruman oliq peresa ngauq. Sampai liburan solukng.

● “Kalau bisa, Hanyin ingin membuat sebuah tikar kecil bergambar.” “Bergambar apa?” “Dinosaurus, Nek! T-rex!” katanya dengan semangat.

Kalau sampai liburan selesai nanti tikar buatan sendiri belum selesai, Hanyin mau membawa pulang tikar yang dipakainya tidur semalam. Tikar itu membuatnya tidur nyenyak.

● Hanyin wants to make a small mat with a picture in the middle of it.

“What picture do you want to create?”

“Dinosaurs, of course, Itaak! The T-Rex!” Hanyin exclaims excitedly.



But, if by the end of the vacation she isn't able to complete the mat she is making, she will take home the mat that she slept on last night.

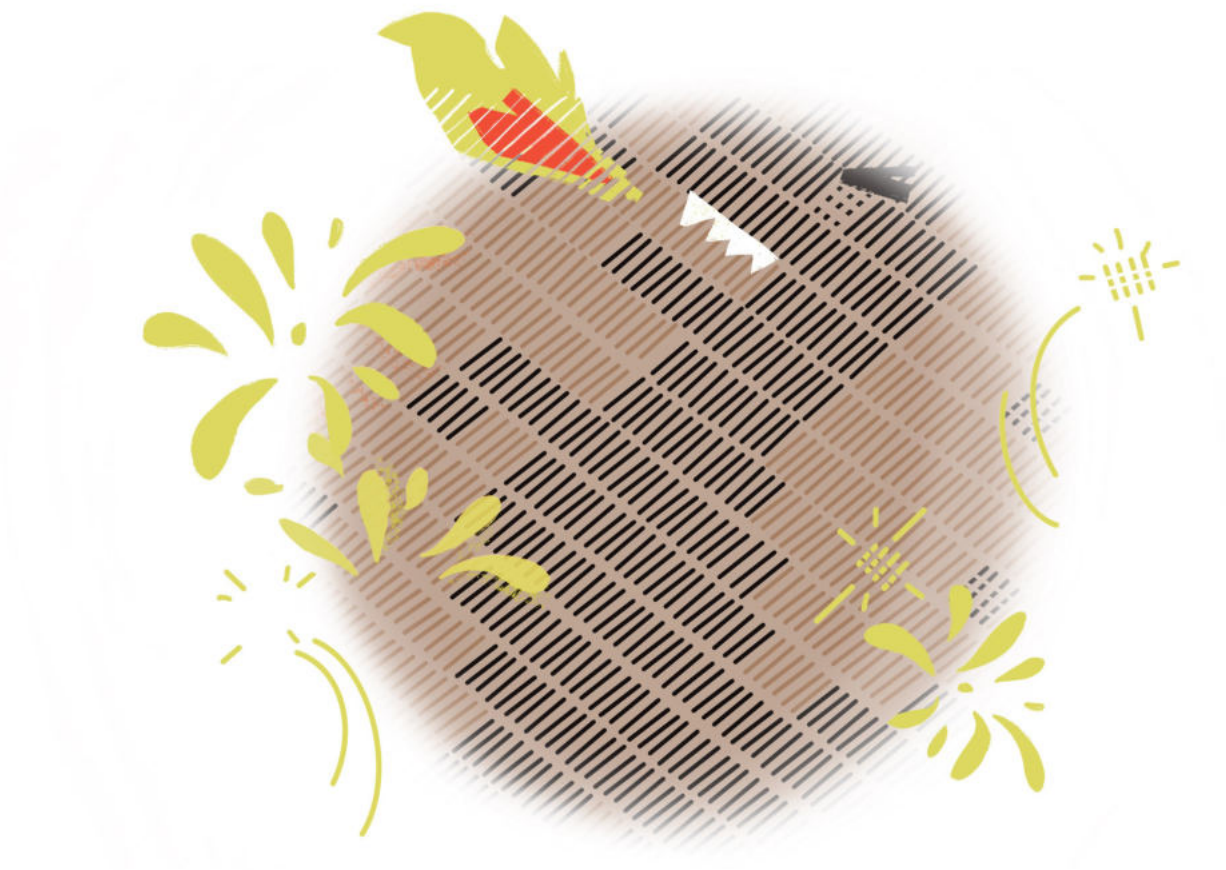
The mat is very comfortable, and she slept soundly all night.

● Men ngomaas, Hanyin kakatn enaq apaai keding beparapm.
“Parapm oon?”

“Dinosaurus, Itaak! T-rex!” tokaai ongaan ampeln ehau gerenih

Men liburan aap orekng, tapiq apaai ap male lai solukng, Hanyin kakaatn oit apaai yaq dopeakng ap malapm de. Apaai aro enaq aap turi jenak.





The Dayak Benuaq language is spoken in the West Kutai Regency. There were about 290,000 speakers in 2015, out of the total 1.2 million population within the Kutai region (Kutai Kartanegara, East Kutai, and West Kutai). The status of the language is safe. (Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)

Keajaiban Mappalecce Bola

THE WONDER OF MAPPALECCE BOLA

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● Layar televisi di ruang tengah rumah kami menyala tanpa suara. Ambo' sedang memasang kembali kipas angin yang sudah ia bersihkan. Sudah satu minggu Indo' mengeluh tentang debunya. Saya duduk tak jauh di sampingnya. Ambo' dan Indo' adalah panggilan saya untuk Ayah dan Ibu dalam bahasa bugis.

“Udding, bisa ambilkan Ambo air minum, Nak?” Udding, begitulah Ambo dan Indo menyapa saya di rumah. Teman-teman SD-ku memanggilku Syarifuddin. Saya adalah ketua kelas 5 di sekolahku.

Saya bergegas ke dapur, mengambil gelas, menuang air, lalu kembali ke samping Ambo. Ia sepertinya haus sekali. Sekali teguk, air yang saya berikan langsung habis.

● Macculémupi televisié ri bili' tengngaé, naékia temmallessu sammenna. Ambo'ku tudang mappasang kipas anging iya pura napaccakarié. Simingguni tuli masussa nyawana Indo' naposaba awunna kipas éro. Enkaka tudang temmabéla ri benrénnna Ambo'ku'.

Udding, tabé Nak, talangakka' dolo' uwaé rinung!" Udding, iyanaro pattelaranna ambo-indokku ri aléku. Iyatosi sibawakku ri sikola SD-ku natellaka Syaripudding. Di kelasku iya' mancaji ketua kelas.

Mapperi-perina' jokka lao ri dapurengngé, uwalani kaca inungenna Ambo, nainappa utirikanni waé rinung. Kulaona paimeng tudang ri benréna Ambo'. Madekka senna uita ambo nasaba cicengmi nateggo' nacappu tona uwaéna.

The television in our living room is turned on, but the sound has been muted. Ambo', that's what I call my father, is busy putting the fan back together after it has been cleaned. Indo', my mother, has been complaining all week about the dust that has collected on the fan. I am sitting close to Ambo'.

“Udding, can you get me something to drink?” Udding, that’s what my parents call me. My friends at school call me Syarifuddin. I am in the fifth grade of elementary school and I am also the class captain of my class.

I rush to the kitchen, pour a glass of water, hand it over to Ambo', and once again take my seat next to him. He must have been very thirsty as he finished an entire glass of water in one gulp!

[illegible]

“Alhamdulillah *Ambo’na*, ada waktu tadi bersihkan kipas angin!” *Indo’* berseru dari dapur. Tangannya sibuk memisahkan daun kelor dari rantingnya. Sitti, adik saya, duduk di dekatnya, mempermainkan ranting kelor. Pada usianya yang dua tahun, ia sudah sangat cerewet.

Ambo’ diam saja. Tangannya yang besar tampak kewalahan memegang baut kipas angin yang kecil.

Tidak lama, *Indo’* berkata lagi, “Untung rumah kita sudah tidak di pinggir sungai, ya, *Ambo’na*.” Saya mengikuti pandangan *Indo’* ke televisi yang menyiarkan berita tentang banjir.

Ambo’ hanya menjawab, “Alhamdulillah.”

Ambo’ bukan orang yang gemar berbicara.

Masaddani *Indo’* poléri laleng dapurengngé, “Alhamdulillah *Ambo’na*, takko engka muwannéng wettutta’ pacakkari kipas angingngé!” Tappetti-petti’ limanna *Indo* reppé-reppéi daung kiloro’é polé ri takké-takkéna. Engkatoi Anrikku’, I Sitti, tudang ri céddéna *Indo’* tuli macculéculéi takké kiloro’é. Nappai dua taung umuru’na inaékiya temmaka-maka capilana.

Mamekkomi bawang Ambokku moloi jama-jamanna. Temmaka sussana riita jari loppona mattenningngi bau’ biccu’na kipase’ angingngé.

Dé’ nasiaga ittana, metté’si paimeng *Indo’* makkeda, “Decénna bolata’ mabélani polé ri wiring saloé, dii... *Ambo’na*!” uwaccuériini pakkitanna *Indo* lao ritelepisié ya mappabiritaiangngi karéba lémpé’é.

“Alhamdulillah”,... Mappébalijiwi *Ambo*.

Ambo’ku mémeng tannia tau maéga bicara.

“Thank goodness, *Ambo’na* finally has the time to clean this fan!” *Indo’* says loudly from the kitchen. She is busy picking the moringa leaves from their twigs. My sister, Sitti, is sitting close to her, playing with the leafless twig. For a two-year old, she is very chatty.

Ambo’ did not say a word. He remains quiet. He is trying to put the fan back together and picking up the tiny bolts with his large hands.

Suddenly, *Indo’* starts talking again, “We’re lucky our house is no longer on the riverbank, right, *Ambo’na*?” I turn my head and look at the television that is broadcasting the news about the recent flood.

Ambo’ simply replies, “Yes, thank goodness.”

Ambo’ is a quiet man. He rarely talks and tends to keep to himself.

Uwaccuériini pakkitanna Indo lao ritelepisié ya mappabiritaiangngi karéba lémpé’é. Alhamdulillah, ... Mappébalijiwi Ambo. Ambo’ku mémeng tannia tau maéga bicara.

- Mappesauni Ambo cinampe lalo, inappa patterusi adanna, “Makko mémeng wettu céddé’-céddé’é, tenrisanna-sanna polé bosié.” Congani makkita lao ri siaranna telepisié, napajanengi karébanna lémpé’é. Dé’ namaitta, gilissi patterui jama-jamanna maparaka kipas anging. Naiya Indo, puratoni nabissai daung kiloro’na ya maélo nanasu ukkaju cinampe’. Naalani pallullu ya engkaé taggattung ri alliri bolaé, ri seddéna lamarié onrong uring na panci-panci addapureнна. Nalullu nennia napacakkarini madécé’-décéng limanna. Dé namabéla koromai engka mutoi anrikku I Sitti temmaka rennunna macculé-culéi takké-takkéna kiloro’é.

- I could see that Ambo' has stopped working on the fan for a brief moment to look at the news on television. Only for a few seconds and said, "The rain is so unpredictable nowadays." He then goes back to fidgeting with the bolts of the fan. Indo' has finished picking the leaves and is now washing them. She is going to make some maringa clear soup. She wipes her hands with the hand towel that she hangs on the post next to the cupboard where she keeps all her kitchen utensils. Sitti is still playing with the twig.

[illegible]

Desa kami pernah banjir. Banjir itu terjadi ketika saya duduk di kelas 3 SD. Sitti belum lahir. Hujan turun selama dua hari terus-menerus. Tinggi air mencapai lutut *Ambo*. Untung saja semua rumah di desa kami rumah panggung.

“Sungai di desa kita ini sebelumnya tidak pernah meluap,” *Ambo* berkata pelan. Hari itu ia kelihatan marah. *Ambo* bukan orang yang pemarah. Ia jarang marah. Kalau ia sampai marah, pasti ada hal besar yang menjadi penyebabnya. Namun, ketika marah, ia tetap diam. Kata *Indo*, *Ambo* kesal karena warga desa suka membuang sampahnya ke sungai: botol kaca, kemasan sabun, kemasan sampo, sapu bekas, dan lap yang malas dicuci.

“Padahal dulu airnya sangat jernih, sampai batu-batu di dasarnya bisa dilihat,” kata *Ambo* lagi.

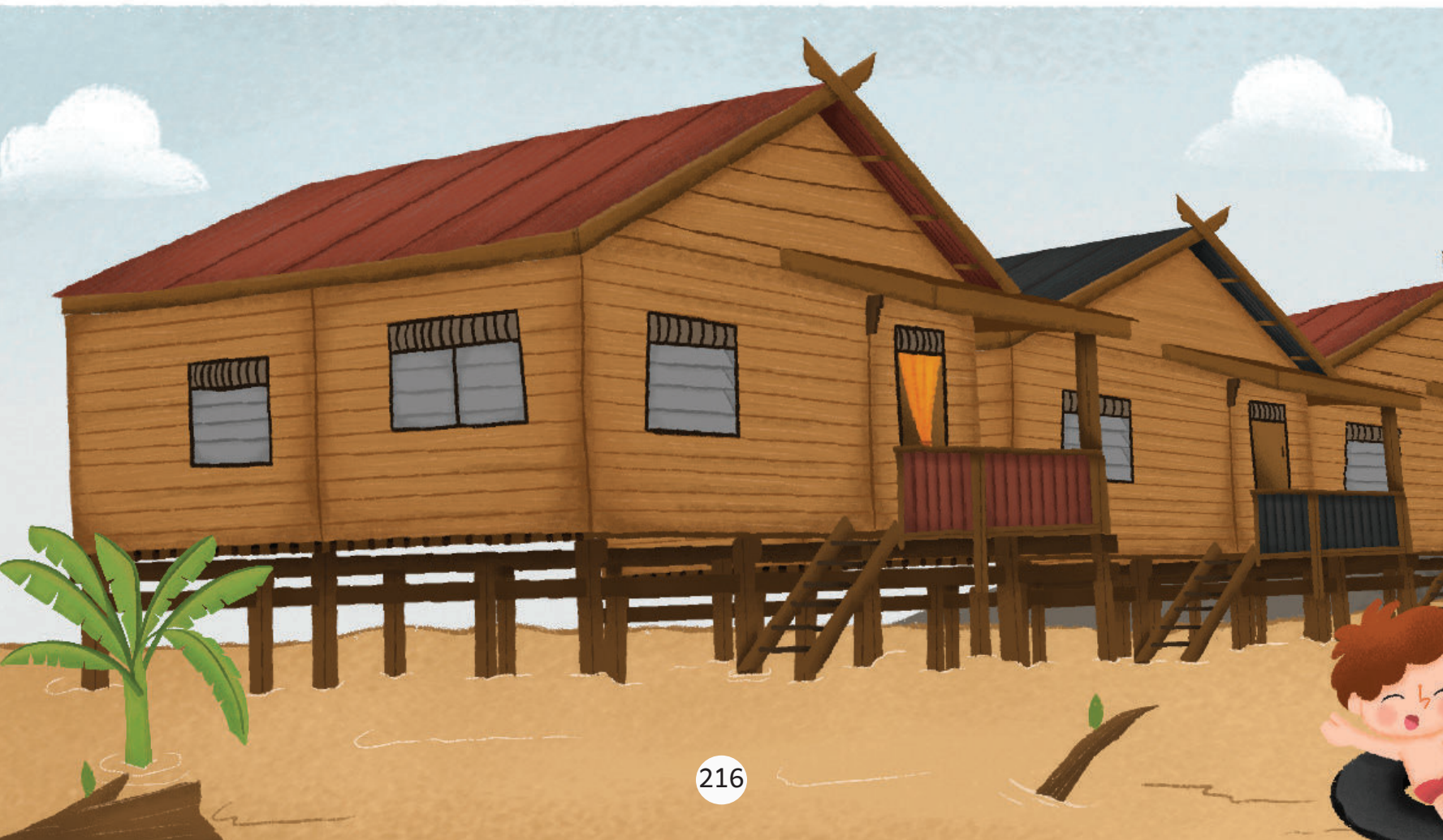
Saya jadi takut. Jangan-jangan *Ambo* tahu saya pernah melempar gelas air mineral ke sungai itu.

Our village was flooded once. It happened when I was still in the third grade of elementary school. It had rained for two whole days. The water level reached Ambo's knee. Fortunately, all of the houses in the village were built on stilts.

“There had never been a flood in our village... Never...!” Ambo had said in a low voice when the flood hit our village. Ambo is not an emotional person, he is hardly ever angry, but on that day he was furious. If he does get angry, there must be a reason for it. Even when he is angry, he will remain quiet. Indo said that Ambo was upset because the people would throw rubbish into the river, things like plastic bottles, soap and shampoo sachets, old brooms, and dirty old dust cloths.

“The water was so clear once, you could see the rocks at the bottom of it,” Ambo said.

I was a little worried that Ambo had found out that I had also thrown a plastic mineral water bottle into the river.



● Riolo, purato naelle' lémpe' kampokku. Kajajianna lémpe' éro, wettukku' mupa tudang ri kelas tellu SD. Wettu éro dé'pa najaji anrikku, I Sitti. Dua ngesso tuli bosi teppettu, mangalle'ni uwaéwé lettu ri uttuna Ambo. Décénna mua nasaba bolana pabbanuwa ri kampokku bola aju maneng mua.

“Ri olo salo di kampongngé dé'pa naengka nalle'i lémpe'.” Siseng mettéi Ambo, masame' mani adanna. Iyaro essoé samanna macai-cai Ambo', padahal aléna tannia urané paccai-caireng. Masagala mémeng macai. Biasanna polé cainna narékko engka pasabareng maloppo. Naékiya, komacaii, tuli mamekkomi bawang. Napanesaiaki' Indo passabarenna Ambo' macai, iyanaritu polé ampé-ampéna pabbanuwaé iyatuli makkabbéang barowo ri saloé, engka botolo' kaca, pakkuli sabung, pabbukku sampo, passering solang, engkato pallullu' majemmeng.

“Sitongenna, ri olo uwaéna saloé temmaka cinnonna. Mauni batu-batunna manessa maneng riita,” Napanessasi paimeng adanna Ambo'.

Uwangkalingani adanna ambo, siseng naomporina' tauu. Aja' kennéng naissengngi' matti Ambo', makkada puraka' makkabbéang botolo' palastik mineral ri saloé.

● ກິລອ, ປຸຣາຕອ ນາເລ້' ລົມເປ' ກຳປອກກູ. ກາຈາຈີອານນາ ລົມເປ' ອົຣອ, ພົມຕຸກກູ' ມູປາ ທູດາງ ຣີ ກຣາສ ທົລລູ ສະຕີ. ດູວາ ນັງເສສອ ທູລີ ບອສີ ທົເປັຕຸຕູ, ມາງາລະ'ນີ ອູວາເວ້ ເລັຕູ ຣີ ອຸຕູຕູນາ ອຸມບອ. ດົເຈນນາ ມູວາ ນາສາບາ ບອລາ ປາບບານູວາ ຣີ ກຳປອກກູ ບອລາ ອຸຈູ ມາເນງ ມູວາ.

“ຣີ ອລອ ສາລອ ດີ ກຳປອງນັງເຈ ດົເປ'ປາ ນາເນງກາ ນາລະ'ີ ລົມເປ'.” ສີເສງ ມົຕ໌ເຕີ ອຸມບອ, ມາສາມະ' ມາເນີ ອາດຳນາ. ອຶຢາຣອ ອເສອົ ສາມຳນນາ ມາຈາຍ-ຈາຍ ອຸມບອ', ປາດາຮາ ອເລນາ ທານນີ ອຸຣາເນ ປາຈາຍ-ຈາຍເຣງ. ມາສາກາ ມົເມງ ມາຈາຍ. ບີອາສຳນນາ ປອເລ ຈາຍນນາ ນາເຣັກໂ ອງກາ ປາສາບາເຣງ ມາລອປໂ. ນາເຣັກຢາ, ກອມາຈາຍີ, ທູລີ ມາມັກກອມີ ບາວາງ. ນາປາເນສາຍາຍີ' ອັດໂ ປາສາບາເຣນນາ ອຸມບອ' ມາຈາຍ, ອຶຢາເນຣີຕູ ປອເລ ອຸມເປ-ອຸມເປນາ ປາບບານູວາເ ອຶຢາຕູລີ ມາກກາບເ ອາງ ບາຣວໂ ຣີ ສາລອເ, ອງກາ ບອຕອໂ' ກາຈາ, ປາກກູລີ ສາບຸງ, ປາບບຸກກູ ສາມໂ, ປາສເຣງ ສອລາງ, ອງກາຕອ ປາລລູລູ' ມາເຈມັງ.

“ສີຕອງເນນາ, ຣີ ອລອ ອູວາເນນາ ສາລອເ ທັມມາກາ ຈີນອນນາ. ມາູນີ ບາຕູ-ບາຕູນນາ ມາເນສາ ມາເນງ ຣີອາຕາ,” ນາປາເນສາສີ ປາຍັງ ອາດຳນາ ອຸມບອ'.

ອູວາງກາລັງອາເນີ ອາດຳນາ ອຸມບອ, ສີເສງ ນາອຸມໂປຣີນາ' ທາູ. ອາຈາ' ກັເນນັງ ນາຍັງເນງນັງ' ມາຕູ ອຸມບອ', ມາກກາດາ ປຸຣາກາ' ມາກກາບເ ອາງ ປາລາສຕີກ ມີເນຣາລ ຣີ ສາລອເ.





● “Orang Bugis harusnya sangat menjunjung tinggi kebersihan,” kata *Ambo’* lagi. Hanya pada hari kami terkena banjir itu, *Ambo’* berbicara banyak sekali.

Ketika banjir reda, *Ambo'* memutuskan memindahkan rumah kami ke tanah lapang di samping rumah nenek, ibu dari *Ambo'*.

“Bagus di sana, tinggi tanahnya,” kata *Ambo*’.

Saya protes. Tanah lapang itu tempat saya dan teman-teman biasa bermain *mabboi*, yaitu permainan tradisional menyusun kaleng bekas yang dimainkan antardua tim.

“Mau-ki’ kena banjir lagi?” *Ambo’* hanya mengatakan empat kata itu. Empat kata yang membuat protesku kabur ke sungai.

Memindahkan rumah? Bagaimana caranya memindahkan sebuah rumah? Dengan sulap?

“Bugis people should know better. They have been taught to uphold cleanliness and hygiene,” Ambo’ continued. Ambo’ had said more things than he ever had when the flood hit our village.

When the flood receded, Ambo' decided to move our house to the vacant land next to my grandmother's house. Ambo's mother's house.

"That land sits on higher grounds. That's a good spot," Ambo' said.

I showed my disapproval. That vacant land is where my friends and I usually spend the day playing mabboi.

“Do you want to be hit by another flood?” That was all he said, and I didn’t say another word.

Moving a house?

How can you move a house? By magic?

- Makkedasi Ambo, “Idi’ manenna To-Ugié sitinaja masenna’ pakarajai apaccingengngé.” Taddua ngessomi bawang bosi, éh... napolé mua lémpé’é.” Siare’-aré mupa ada papparingeranna nennia minassanna Ambo’.

Ri wettu radde -raddé'na lémpé'é, momponi pâakkélorenna
Ambo' maélo paléccé'i bolaé lao ri lapangangngé ri
benrénnna bolana néné polé ambo'ku'.

“Magello onrongngé komairo, nasaba’ mattanété tanana,”
mappanessai Ambo’.

“Ha? Upoloi adanna Ambo, Dék narenreng nyawaku mangkalingai adanna Ambo, nasaba’ iyaro tana lapangangé onrokku macculé-culé mabboi sibawa sibawakku’.

“Maélokiga tuli naremmé lémpé’?” Iyanaro lappa adaé napakkuli-kuling Ambo’. Ada-adanna tonaro Ambo’ pajokkaka lao mitai saloé.

Mappaléccé' bola?

Pékkoga carana ripaléccé' bolaé? Culé bali'-bali' mata kapang?

ህጋዊ ጥያቄዎችን ለማሟላት ለሚገባው ሰነድ ማረጋገጫ ማድረግ አለብኝ። ለዚህም ምክንያት ለሚገባው ሰነድ ማረጋገጫ ማድረግ አለብኝ። ለዚህም ምክንያት ለሚገባው ሰነድ ማረጋገጫ ማድረግ አለብኝ።

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ህደመገባቸው ስለገባችሁ ምን ዓይነት ጥያቄዎች ሲገቡ ለእኛ ማለት ይገባል። ለህደሙ ስለሚገባቸው ጥያቄዎች ማለት ይገባል። ለህደሙ ስለሚገባቸው ጥያቄዎች ማለት ይገባል።

ህህደሕደሕ ደሕሕ?

පහත ප්‍රශ්න ඔබේ දැනුම පරීක්ෂා කිරීම සඳහා වන අතර ඔබේ පිළිතුරු සඳහා ඔබේ ප්‍රතිචාරය පිළිබඳව විමර්ශනය කිරීමට අවස්ථාවක් ඇත.

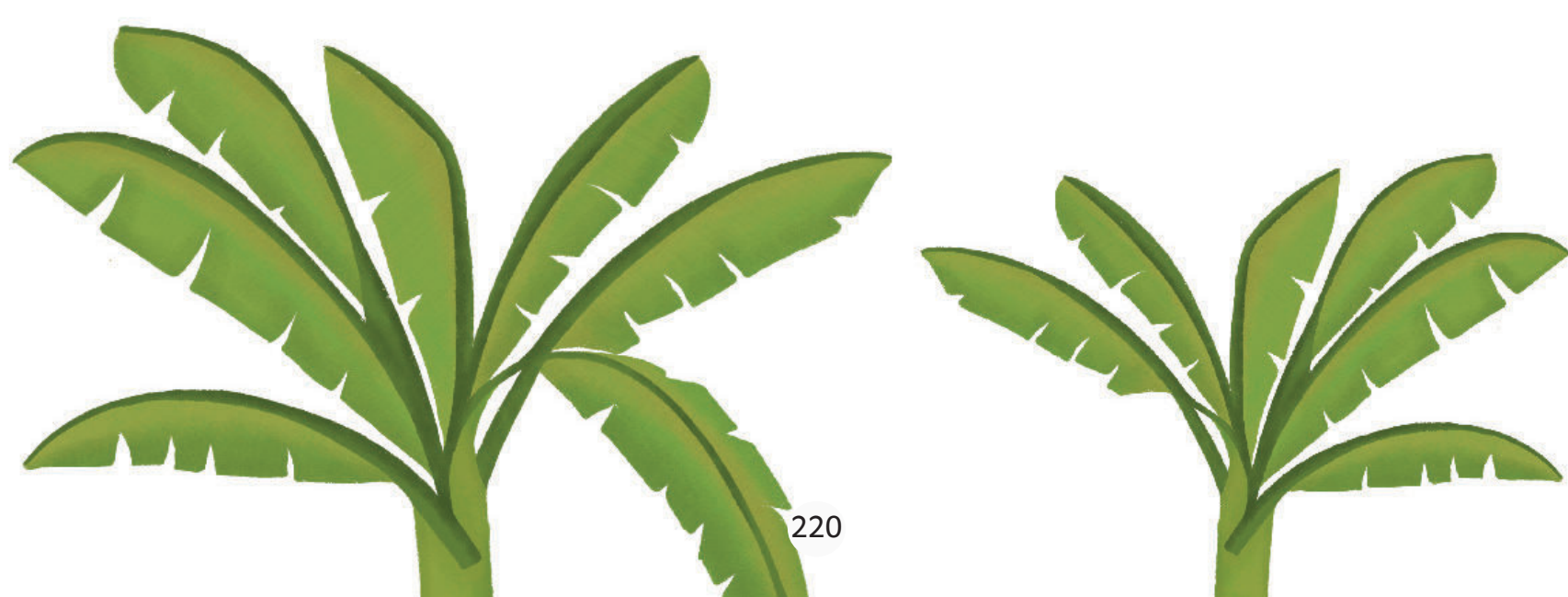
● Bukan. Saya sudah bercerita ‘kan, kalau kami tinggal di rumah panggung? Tidak hanya keluarga saya. Semua warga di desa kami tinggal di rumah panggung. Lantai akan berbunyi seiring langkah kami di atas papan. Bunyi papan itu akan semakin keras ketika *Ambo’* yang berjalan. Rumah bagi kami orang Bugis bukan hanya untuk tempat tinggal. Saya ingat *Indo’* pernah bercerita itu saat rumah panggung kami sedang dibangun.

● Dé’! Kuwalupaiwi kapang curitai lebbih riolo makkedaé, bola uwonroiye iyanaritu bola aju, bola ya matanréwe allirinna. Taniyami bolaku’. Naiya bolana tauwé ri laleng kampong, bola aju mamessang. Rékko jukkaki riase’na papengngé, muni-uniwi dapara’na. Apalagi narékko Ambo’ jokka riase’na, maka loppo uninna papengngé.

● Of course not! I forgot to tell you that our house is built on stilts. Not just our house, but all of the houses in the village are built on stilts, and the floor creaks when we walk on them. The creaking would become louder if it were *Ambo’* who was walking on them.

● ຄຳ: ກຸວາລູປາວີວີ ກາປາງ ຕຸຣີຕາຍີ ເລບບີຢື ຣີອົລ ມາກເກດາເຢ, ບົລາ ວຸວອນຣົຍເ ຢາຍາຣິຕູ ບົລາ ອຸ, ບົລາ ຢາ ມາຕາເນຣົວເ ອລລິຣິນນາ. ຕາຍີຍາມີ ບົລາກຸ’. ນາຍີ ບົລາ ນາ ທາວເ ຣີ ລາເລງ ກາມັງ, ບົລາ ອຸ ມາເມສາງ. ຣັກກົ ຈົກກາກີ ຣີາເສ’ນາ ປາປັງງັເ, ມຸນີ-ຸນີວີ ດາປາຣາ’ນາ. ອາປາລາຍີ ນາຣັກກົ ອາມບົ ຈົກກາ ຣີາເສ’ນາ, ມາກ ລອປ໌ ອຸນິນນາ ປາປັງງັເ.

For us, the Bugis people, a house is not just a place of shelter. I remember when our house was being built, *Indo’* told us about the true meaning of a house for the Bugis people.





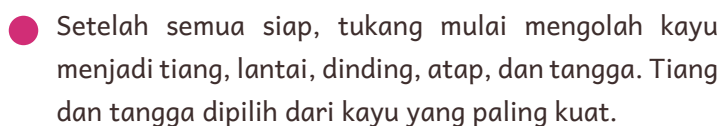


- Oh iya, orang Bugis membangun rumah tidak memakai gambar. Dulu *Ambo'* meminta tolong kepada seorang *panrita bola* untuk membantu prosesnya sesuai adat dan tradisi orang Bugis. *Panrita bola* dipercaya mampu melihat posisi rumah, termasuk memilih waktu dan hari baik untuk mulai membangun rumah. Bola di sini bukan bola untuk bermain, tetapi itu cara kami menyebut rumah dalam bahasa Bugis,

- The Bugis people do not use sketches or drawings when building a house. So, when we built our house, *Ambo'* asked for the help of a *panrita bola*. Bola here means house and it has nothing to do with the ball that we kick around in the field. A *panrita bola* is a kind of house shaman that assists people in building their houses based on the Bugis customs and traditions, including choosing the best day to start the construction.

- O.. yye'. Narékko mappatettong bolai Ugi'é temmangki' mappaké gambara. Wettunna meloni mappatettong bola Ambokku riolo, kuami ri panrita bolaé lao méllau tulung pammulai makkébbu bola, nasaba' makko mémengngiro ade' abiasanna Ugié. Makkutoparo, iyana panrita bolaé ripuminasa mitangakki' wetu nennia esso madécéngngé riappatettongeng bola.

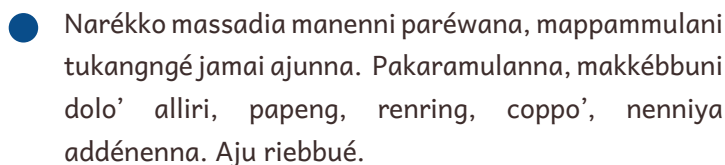
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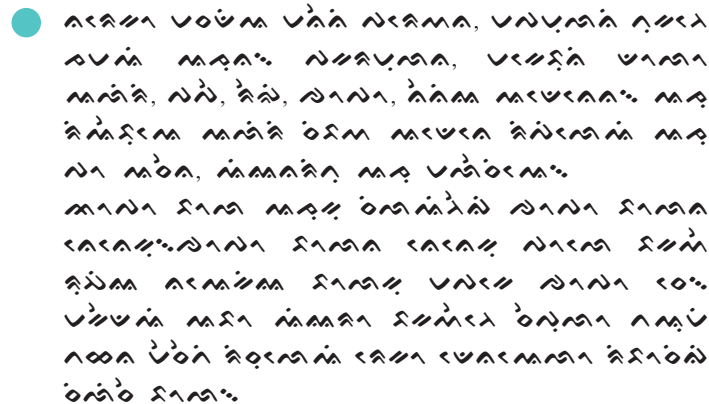
Untuk atap, rumah panggung kami berbeda dengan punya nenek. Atap rumah panggung nenek memakai *bakkaweng*, terbuat daun rumbia, sementara rumah kami memakai seng. Kata *Ambo*, *bakkaweng* hanya tahan sampai sepuluh tahun, harus diganti jika penghuni rumah tidak ingin kehujanan.

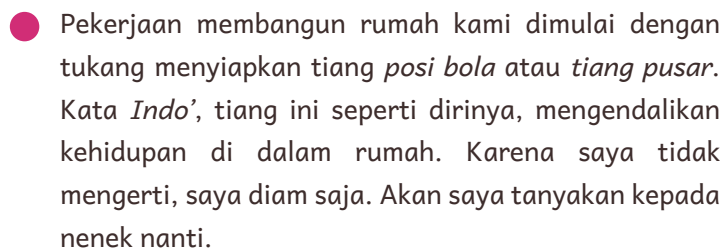


The material for the roof in our house is different from the one at my grandmother's house. My grandmother's house uses bakkaweng, a thatched roof, while our house uses tin. Ambo' said that thatched roofs can only last for about ten years and have to be replaced once rainwater begins to seep in.



Coppo' bolana nénéku polé bakkaweng rumpia, naékiya bolaku mappaké coppo séng. Makkedai Ambo, iyaro bakkawengngé seppulo taummi tahanna, mesti risulléi, rékko dé'naélo ribosingi silise' bola.





- The construction of our house began with the carpenter preparing the main post, the *posi bola*. Indo' said that in a way, this post is like her, a mom. The main post controls every aspect of the house. I didn't understand what she was talking about, so I kept quiet. I'll ask my grandmother about it later.

- Iyana tarette'na appattettongeng bolaku, ripakammulai mébbu alliri posi bola, iyamuto riasenggé alliri tengnga. Engka adanna Indo' makkedaé, iyaro allirié pada-padai aléna, Aléna jennangi na missemanengngi atuongengé ri lalempola. Mamekkomanika bawang mangkalingai adanna Indo Nasaba dé' upahangngi aga bettuanna. Sangadi siruntupaka nene'ku narapii uwakkutanangngi bettuanna.

[illegible]



● Ketika rumah panggung kami jadi, nenek membaca mantra, katanya untuk memagari rumah kami agar tidak bisa dimasuki orang jahat. Tentang rumah nenek, saya pernah mendengar cerita orang di kampung ketika menemani *Indo'* berbelanja ke pasar. Mereka mendengar ada dua pencuri yang berniat mengambil ayam yang dipelihara nenek di bawah rumahnya. Ketika mereka baru mau memasuki rumah nenek, pencuri itu tiba-tiba berada di tengah laut. Rumah nenek hilang. Saya takjub sekali mendengar cerita itu. Ketika saya menanyakannya lagi ke *Indo'*, dia diam saja. Saya baru ingat cerita itu ketika nenek membaca mantra pada hari rumah panggung kami selesai dibangun.

● Once our house was built, my grandmother began to recite some mantras, saying they were to ward off evil and to prevent bad people from entering the house. There's a peculiar story about my grandmother's house. One day, I was with *Indo'* at the market, and I heard some people in the village talking about an incident at my grandmother's house. They said they had heard about two thieves that were going to steal the chickens that my grandmother had kept under the house. When the thieves tried to enter the house, they suddenly found themselves in the middle of the sea, and my grandmother's house had completely disappeared! I was awed by the story. When I asked *Indo'* about it, she did not say a word. I just remembered this story when my grandmother started reciting the mantras on the day our stilt house had finished construction.

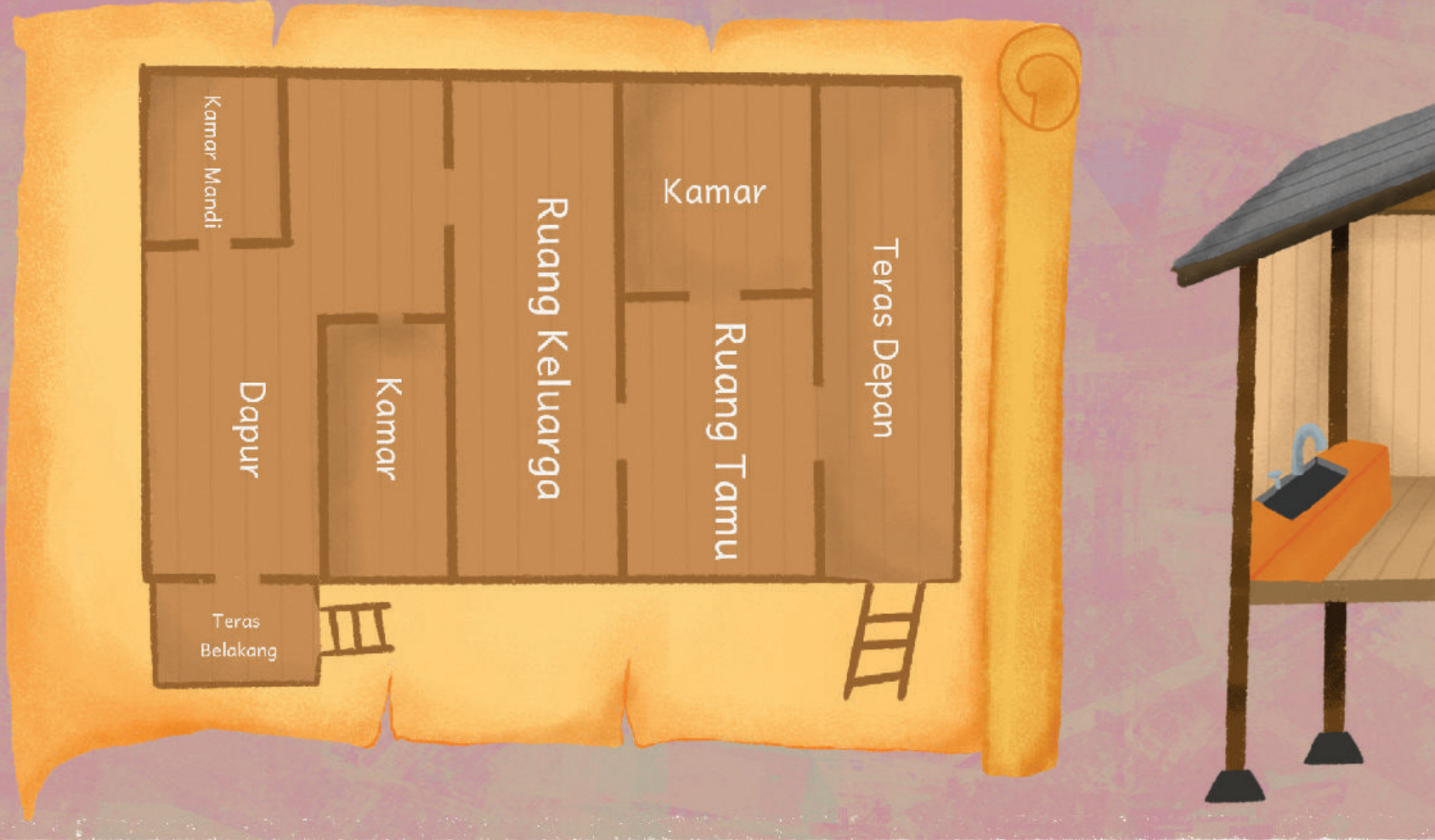








- [illegible]



- Ada tujuh ruangan di rumah panggung kami. Teras untuk menyambut kedatangan tamu yang bukan kerabat, ruang tamu untuk bermusyawarah mengenai hari adat, dua kamar tidur, satu ruang tengah, dapur, dan kamar mandi. Jendelanya tinggi dan lebar-lebar. Angin dengan bebas masuk keluar rumah. Kipas angin baru dinyalakan ketika hari benar-benar panas atau ketika kami kedatangan tamu. Oh ya, tamu bagi orang Bugis adalah pembawa rezeki. Jika ada tamu, *Ambo'* akan bergegas meminta *Indo'* menyiapkan minuman teh atau kopi panas yang kami sebut dengan *air panas*, bahkan ketika tamu kami masih lima langkah jauhnya dari halaman rumah.

- There are seven rooms in our stilt house. The terrace to welcome the guests (who are not family members), a living room that is used as a place where we can talk about the special days or traditional ceremonies (and also to entertain the guests), two bedrooms, a common area right in the middle, a kitchen, and a bathroom. The windows are tall and wide and could let the cool breeze in. The fan is only turned on when the day is really hot or when we have guests. Another thing is that for the Bugis people, guests are considered bearers of good fortune. If someone is coming to visit us, *Ambo'* would immediately tell *Indo'* to prepare some hot tea, or *air panas* as we call it here, even if the guests are still five steps away from our front yard!



Engka pitu égana bili' (kamara) ri lalenna bola ajukku. Naiya légo-légona mancajini onrong maccurita-curita sibawa to poléwé iya taniaé salessureng. Biasanna légo légo éro ripaké tona onrong duppai topoléwé, mabbicara ri séséna ade-ade maraja. Engkato dua bili' atinrong. Séddi bili' tengga, dapureng, sibawa onrong cemmé. Naiya tellongenna matanré na malebba'. Iyanaro maéga anging massu- muttama ri lalempola. Iyami kipas angingé baru ripaké' narékko pella temmaka-maka, iyaré'ga engka tau polé. Oh ya, naseng Ugié, iyatu topolé papolé dallé'. Narékko engka topolé, malitte'na muwa Ambo' duppai sibawa nasurotoni Indo' magatti pakangka uwaé pella. Mauni engka mupa lima jongkareng mangolo ménré ri bola, nasuro muni Indo pakangka uwaé pella.

[illegible]





- Oh iya, satu lagi, rumah panggung kami menghadap ke timur, menghadap matahari terbit. Kata *Indo'*, matahari adalah sumber datangnya rezeki, yang membuat gabah-gabah padi kami mengering dengan sempurna, hingga tiba saatnya digiling menjadi beras.

Sewaktu *Ambo'* menyatakan niatnya untuk memindahkan rumah, saya sendiri sangat heran. Rumah panggung, 'kan berat? Mana mungkin bisa diangkat?

- Our stilt house also faces east, where the sun rises. Indo' said that the sun is the source of all good fortune. The sun dries the unhusked rice grains perfectly until it is time for them to be milled into rice.

- Oh iya, engka mupa seddi. Naiya bola ajukku' mangolo ri alauwi, mattuju ri omporeng kessoé. Naseng Indo', iya mata essoé riaseng mancaji apoléngenna dallé'é nasaba narakkoi aséwé riesoiyé. Iyanaro matu' dipaberé' nabara' mancaji were'.

Riwettu narampéi Ambo maélona paléccé'i bolaé, tappa hérakka nataro. Upikkiriki masero, pékkoga carana bola ajué ya temmaka tane'na riullé makka mallottongngi? Tennala sedding riakkalekku, pékkoga carana wedding riakka.

- [illegible]



● “*Indo*’, memangnya di kampung kita ada *tolo*?” Saya pernah bertanya ke *Indo*’. *Tolo*’ itu jagoan, seperti pahlawan super yang teman-teman biasa lihat di televisi.

“Rumahnya diangkat oleh orang satu kampung, *Udding*. Semua laki-laki dewasa di kampung ikut membantu,” kata *Indo’* sambil membelai lembut kepalaku.

Pantas saja!

“Bapak-bapak di kampung kita, *tolo’* semua, ya, *Indo’*?”
Indo’ tertawa kecil mendengarku berbicara seperti itu.

When Ambo' said that he was thinking of moving the house, I was confused. These stilt houses are heavy and would be impossible to lift.

“Indo’, do we have tolo here in our village?” I asked my mom. Tolo is a strong man, like those superheroes we see on television.

“The house is lifted by all the men in the village, Udding. All the grown men come together to help,” Indo’ said while stroking my hair.

So that's how they do it!

“So, all the men in our village are tolo then?” Indo’ chuckled at my question.

● “Indo’, engka mémengga tau tolo’ ri laleng kampongngé?”
Makkua ada pakkutanaku’ lao ri Indo’ saré’ esso labe’é.

(Iyaro riasengngé Tolo' iyanaritu pada bettuanna tau majetta papada pahalawan super iya biyasaé taita ri telepisié).

“Iyé’, Nak! Riolo, bola ajunna La Udding dipaléccé onrong, riakka ri tauwé laleng kampongé. Iya maneng orowané ri laleng kampong turung manengngi mabbaling”. Makkoro adanna, nainappa sapu mamaséi ulukku’.

“Oh...Wedding mémeng!

“Ambo’-ambo ri laleng kampotta’ éwé tolo’ mémeng, diiii... Indo’?”

Macawa-cawami bawang Indo' mengkalingai lappa adakku'.

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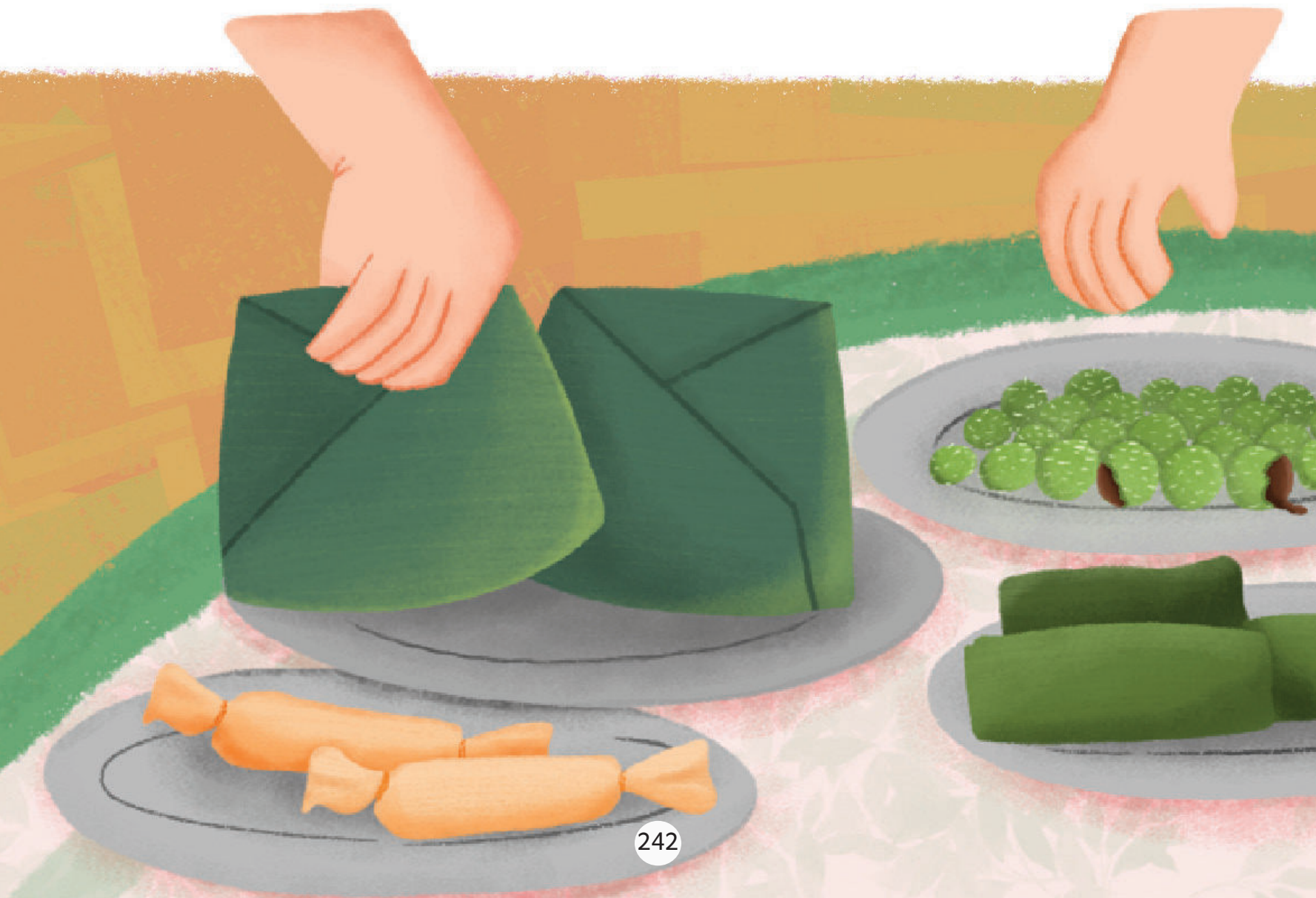


- Tongeng to ro nasengngé Indo'. Narékko riolai allurakeng bolaé lettu ripasanna paimeng, maittangengi wettunna daripada riakkami bawang. Jaji, magattirengngi neninya marippe' topa rékko riakka bolaé, apalagi engkai taué séddi kampong turung maneng mabbéré pattulung. Iya abiyasangngé marakka bola ri laleng kampong, bi-asanna ditella mappaléccé' bola. Abiasangeng mappalécé bola biasanna dipogau ri élé-kélé temmapellanapa mata essoé

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● Pada hari yang telah dipilih *Ambo'* untuk memindahkan rumah kami, ibu-ibu membantu *Indo'* membuat kue di dapur rumah nenek. Ada *onde-onde*, *kolak labu kuning*, *barongko*, *bandang-bandang*, *bolu peca'*, *taripang*, *lapis utti*, *baje*, dan *doko-doko cangkuli*. Beberapa tandan pisang hanya disiapkan dan digantung di tiang-tiang atap untuk rumah baru, bukan untuk acara memindahkan rumah. Sepertinya semua kue dihidangkan pada hari itu. Sebelum acara dimulai, bapak-bapak disuguhi kue-kue itu bersama teh atau kopi.

● On the day that *Ambo'* had chosen to move our house, the women of the village helped *Indo'* make some traditional cakes in my grandmother's kitchen. They made some *onde-onde*, *kolak labu kuning*, *barongko*, *bandang-bandang*, *bolu peca'*, *taripang*, *lapis utti*, *baje*, and *doko-doko cangkuli*. Usually, when we are building a new house, several stalks of bananas are hung from the roof beams of the house but that is not necessary when moving a house because it is not considered to be part of the ritual. It looked like all the cakes were served on that day. All the men who were going to lift the house were offered cakes with tea or coffee.





Na







● Perlahan rumah kami mulai terangkat. Dengan aba-aba Pak Kepala Desa, *Ambo'* dan teman-temannya tahu kapan saatnya melangkah dan kapan saatnya berhenti. Aba-aba itu juga yang mengatur kecepatan langkah mereka. Dalam waktu kurang lebih satu jam, rumah panggung kami telah berpindah ke samping rumah nenek. Padahal jaraknya ada 500 meter!

Hari itu, dengan mata saya sendiri, saya bisa menyaksikan rumah kami berpindah setapak-demi setapak. Bahkan saya tidak sadar, teman-teman kelasku ikut menyaksikan. Sepertinya semua bapak-bapak di kampung saya ikut membantu. Saya tidak bisa menghitung mereka semua. Melihat *Ambo'* dan teman-temannya bisa membuat satu rumah besar berpindah tempat itu seperti sebuah keajaiban. Mereka bapak-bapak jagoan dari Desa Mallari', nama kampung saya.

● Slowly, our house began to lift. *Ambo'* and the men paid close attention to the Village Chief's cues to move forward or to stop, and to control their pace. Within one hour, our stilt house had been moved right next to my grandmother's house. It was quite a distance, too, about 500 meters from its original position!

I saw the entire process with my own eyes. Inch by inch, the house made its way to its new location. I wasn't even aware that my classmates were there too! It seemed all the men of the village were there to help us, because I didn't know how many there were. Seeing how *Ambo'* and the men were able to move such a big house to a new location was truly mystifying. They were the superheroes of Mallari Village, my village. A small village in South Sulawesi.





The Bugis language is spoken in Bone, Soppeng, Wajo, Barru, Pangkep, Maros, Sidrap, Pinrang, Sinjai, Bulukumba, and Makassar. There are about three million speakers of the language. Bugis speakers can also be found in other parts of the archipelago, including West Sumatra, Lampung, Jambi, Kalimantan, West Nusa Tenggara, Bali, Sulawesi, Maluku, and Papua. The status of the language is safe. Unlike the spoken form of the language, the Bugis script is not actively used. (Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)

Lota Rangga dan Rumah Menara

Lota Rangga's Towering House

Author: **Maria Dian Andriana**

Illustrator: **Ratih Rahmawati**

Local Language Translator: **Benyamin Kaka**





- Asap putih membubung dari atap rumah. Mama pasti sedang memasak, perutku makin lapar membayangkan masakannya.

Namaku Lota Rangga, rumah kami terletak di desa kecil yang terletak di daerah Kodi, Pulau Sumba, Nusa Tenggara Timur.

Di utara Pulau Sumba terdapat Selat Sape yang berbatasan dengan Pulau Sumbawa, sedangkan di selatan terdapat Samudra Hindia. Jauh di sebelah selatan terdapat Benua Australia yang terkenal dengan kanguru, hewan yang mengantongi anaknya.

- A plume of white smoke bellows from the rooftop. Mama must be cooking, and I am getting hungry just by imagining the dish she is preparing.

My name is Lota Rangga. I am the oldest son and I have a younger sister. My family and I live in a small village in the Kodi region of Sumba Island, East Nusa Tenggara.

To the north of Sumba Island is the Sape Strait, which borders Sumbawa Island. To the south is the Indian Ocean. Further south is Australia, a continent famous for its kangaroos, an animal that keeps its joey in its mother's pouch.

- Maha api kaka naka bolo pannu bughu, banotong inya tengero padede naka muyo hglu toboka akalambana kabugu, baku hereka papa dede.

Ngaragu Lota Rangga, ana kabana wupa ghagha mono ihani arigu. Umamayamma aini la dehe katappa tana Kodi, Tana Humba, Provinsi Nusa Tenggara Timur.

Todoro Utara Tanah Humba padouna Selat Sape, palika dengeni Tana Sumbawa haibongoko la selatan Padouna Lorro Hindia.. Maroyo wali la selatan ngoleka Benua Australia, laka daddu dengeni oro aingu kanguru, harangga loro anana.



- “Ma, aku lapar!” seruku sambil melepas sepatu dan mengintip ke kolong rumah. Dua itik dan seekor ayam sedang mengerami telur-telurnya.

“Cuci kaki dan tanganmu, Nak!” seru Mama dari dalam.

Aku bergegas mencedok air di ember untuk mencuci muka, tangan, dan kaki. Rasanya segar karena air menghapus debu, keringat, dan rasa penat sepulang sekolah. Kupanjat tangga bambu menuju balai-balai di beranda.



- “Ma, I’m hungry!” I call out loudly while taking my shoes off and looking under the house. Two ducks and a chicken are brooding their eggs, keeping them safe and warm.

“Wash your feet and hands, son!” Mama replies from inside the house.

I pick up the scooper and take some water from the bucket to wash my face, hands, and feet. It feels so refreshing. The water washes away the dirt, sweat, and tiredness from being at school all day. I climb up the bamboo ladder and walk over to the wooden daybed on the verandah.

- “Inya, kukalabba!” kukawuloni tenggero haligudi haka boro witi mono kukatinguro lakabulunna, duya radi mono ihoni amanu, tengera kabukutona taluna.

“Loke hiki hawiti mono limanu, ana! Wena inya wali dou dolo.

Kuhokeka waiyo ela embero

Ku hokaya weyo ela ebero bahawani mata witi-limma rahaka aha gogor, orona waiyo opika akaroboko, waika butta waddi, kurahaya kadicoka ihigu.

Bakubali laha kolo. Kudeteni witi lete ogol, otu lakatodeteng tobolo.





- Rumah kami adalah rumah panggung, lantainya tidak menapak di atas tanah, tetapi ada kolong di bawahnya.

Turis asing kerap menanyakan tentang bentuk menara di atap rumah-rumah kami yang dapat dikatakan unik. Bangunan rumah seperti ini terdapat di kampung-kampung adat seperti di Ratengaro, Bukubani, Tosi, Toda, Wainyapu, Wee Lewo, Dokaka, dan masih banyak lagi.

- Our family lives in a stilt house, where the floor does not touch the ground. The house also has an open space right below it.

Many foreign visitors often ask about the towering style of our roofs, which they consider to be unique. These types of houses could be found in the traditional villages such as Ratengaro, Bukubani, Tosi, Toda, Wainyapu, Wee Lewo, Dokaka, and other villages.

- Umama yamma , umma katodeteng, sana karanda, mana kabu innana. Dawa tama enge bakalironggo apatana abughuna ngara ha ummama yamma, oro pahekeda.

Apata rupanaumma haingo bingo merena laparono harri haingo laparono, Ratigoro, Parono Buku Bani, Parono Tosi, Parono Toda, Parono Wainyapu, Mono Wee Lewo, Dokaka, mono danga waidipongoko.





- Menara rumah yang menjulang tinggi sekitar 15 meter atau 20 meter terlihat lucu seperti topi kerucut bagiku.

Bapak bilang, makin tinggi menara di suatu rumah, makin dekat rumah itu pada tempat Marapu, yaitu roh suci para leluhur kami.

Menara terletak tepat di tengah rumah, di atas tungku, berbentuk segi empat melancip ke atas dengan rongga di dalamnya.

Ada dua kayu dipasang seperti tanduk di ujung atap yang disebut dengan kadu.

- The towering roofs could reach as high as fifteen meters, some even as high as twenty meters. I find these roofs unique, like a conical hat. My father said that the higher the towering roof of a home is, the closer the house would be to the place where the *Marapu* lives. Marapu is the holy spirit of our ancestors.

The towering part of the roof is situated right in the center of the house, above the wood-burning stove. It is a square structure that rises up to form a hollow cone-shaped tower. Two pieces of wood are attached to the top of the roof, just like two horns sticking out. They are called the *kadu*.

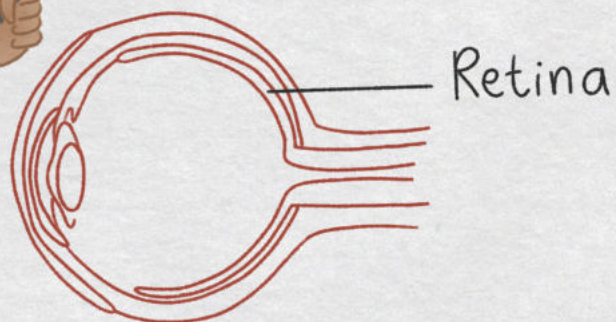
- Tolokona umma lapa tollocong, agana, haka bulu limma meter (15 m) baku iceya kumadit, mere gobe bolo.

Wena bapa, helutobo amadetena, tolokona umma helutobo wadi, tukena padouna Marapu. Padouna hamogho bihana ngarra ambu-nuhi ma yamma.

Padouna atalokana pahi pahi la paduana, toboya padouna roboko panu kalurra, patanggo watu tulus tallu buyo, la hongo watu tulus diki padouna api Mono padoutunungo ghai mati.

El tokonaaingo ghayopatehukongo, merek kadu, papa ngarongo kadu bughu.

Mata (Eye).



- Pandanganku menjadi gelap ketika memasuki rumah. Dulu aku tidak tahu mengapa begitu, tetapi kemarin Pak Guru mengajarkan bahwa ketika berada di tempat terang, mata menangkap cahaya melalui sel kerucut pada retina, sedangkan ketika kita masuk ke tempat yang gelap cahaya ditangkap oleh sel batang. Bila sel batang terlambat mengambil tugas dari sel kerucut, pandangan menjadi gelap sesaat. Aku akan menceritakan keajaiban mata ini kepada adik perempuanku, Tamo Inya.



- I walked into the house and for a brief moment I couldn't see anything. I don't know why that happens, but yesterday our teacher taught us that if we were in a bright space, the eyes would absorb the light through the cone cells in the retina, and when you enter a dark space, the light would be absorbed by the rod cells. If the rod cells couldn't take over the task of the cone cells fast enough, you would momentarily lose your sight.

I am going to tell my little sister, Tamo Inya, about how our eyes can play tricks on us.

- Baku harani laka pandu, baku tamani umma, atu jaku peghengo peneba hainya. Dimoko etu wimolo aha Bapa Guru pakanekega penewena eba aika padou magohokana mata bana donggloya amagohoko. Liyo lahongo kabihu diaka batama lada doukapandu, ama gohoko, dogol wainiki kalarit polona. Kalarit polona bana nga-ngahika bana deke taguna wali laka biru, naka pandu haka bandaksa. Ku ngara kedekuni pata hainya iyiyo amata ela barana lawinyegu, Tamona Inya.



- 
- “Ganti pakaian dulu, Lota!” Mama mengingatkan.

Mama sedang mengaduk sayur daun labu lilin dan bunga pepaya di kuali. Uap masakan dan asap kayu api terlihat berputar-putar di dapur ketika tertimpa sinar matahari yang menerobos dari celah atap.

“Mana Tamo Inya?” tanyaku sambil duduk di dekat tungku dengan membawa piring.

“Di *Umabokolo* (rumah besar), ada turis datang, adikmu suka belajar bahasa Inggris,” kata Mama sambil mengisi piringku dengan nasi jagung dan sayur.

- “Lota, go change your clothes,” Mama says sternly.

Mama is stirring the squash leaves and papaya flowers in the pot. The steam and smoke from the firewood envelop the kitchen as a stream of light from the sun passes through the gaps in the roof.

“Where’s Tamo Inya?” I ask, as I sit next to the wood-burning stove with a plate in my hand.

“She’s at the *Umabokolo*, the Big House. There are some foreign visitors. You know how your sister likes to practice her English,” Mama answers while spooning some rice with corn kernels and vegetables onto my plate.

- “Kahelu doudi hakare Lota,” wena inya bana pa apingo.

Inya tengero koboruna roghe rou karabbu monowalla kaloghu dawa laka bera, amahuna papa dede mono mahapinya aka hudu api, iceya bana niku-nikuna la robok bagheneya mogohokona bi lodo bana monoro hongo mono bughu.

“Geni Tamo Inya?” wegu baku kaliereni, baku tenger lodogu labara tultur, tenger ketegu tobbo.

“Onni la umma bokolo, aingi dawa tama laduki, arimu heke bainya paneghe dawa Inggris.” Wena inya tenger handukona muyo tagani tobogu mono roghe inya lamaghana mangawuna reba.



- “Ambil sendiri ikan di *rem’ba*,” mama menggerakkan kepala ke arah *rem’ba*, yaitu anyaman dari daun pandan laut yang digantung sebagai tempat meletakkan piring-piring berisi lauk pauk.

Mama menganyam sendiri *rem’ba* di rumah kami.

“Kalau mau daging juga boleh.” mama menawarkan.

“Untuk nanti malam saja.” Kataku.

Di bagian bawah *rem’ba* tersimpan daging kerbau asap.

Nenek dan mama biasa menggantung daging di atas tungku untuk mengawetkannya. Kami tidak punya kulkas.

Panas dari bara api kayu *kosambi* mengasapi daging hingga masak, sehingga daging menjadi awet dan beraroma harum.

- “Go get the fish yourself. It’s in the *rem’ba*,” Mama says, as she points toward the *rem’ba*, which is a hanging plate-holder woven from fragrant screw-pine leaves and used to place plates of side dishes.

Mama had woven the *rem’ba* herself.

“There’s some meat if you want,” offers Mama.

“I’ll have that for dinner,” I reply.

Grandma and Mama would place some meat in the *rem’ba*. The smoked buffalo meat is stored in a small compartment at the bottom of the *rem’ba*, below the plates. We do not have a refrigerator, so to preserve the meat, it is placed over the wood-burning stove and the heat from the burning *kosambi* wood, or gum-lac wood as some call it, would smoke the meat and cook it. They can be kept for days, and they smell delicious.

- Inya ladikirini aka takuna areba, pamagha nango wali la roupanda hingi waimahi, paterengo padongo roghe. Inya lamaghana mangawuna reba la umma yamma.

“Baingo kabiyo waddi,” wena inya bana patoworo ngandi hembaka hudongo, weguk.

Lakabu reba, aingo kabiyo pataya lamaha api ambugu mono inya dadi baterengo kabiyo la pannu tulur pamarokotin oronga jaingo kawi es.

Abono wali lama laga komi hadeweroka akabiyo tundu lappa bana mami, mangara dahaka monuumamih mono wumamih-mono wu hiriti.





● “Terimakasih, Ma,” kataku gembira mengambil ikan kakap goreng. Ikan itu hasil tangkapan bapak.

“Lahap sekali makanmu,” mama tersenyum gembira.

“Tentu saja, karena perutku lapar, apalagi nasi jagung, ikan, dan sayurnya enak.”

Mama tersenyum lalu membungkuk untuk menarik kayu kosambi yang membara dan menjauhkannya dari tungku. Itulah cara Mama untuk mematikan api tungkunya.



- “*Terimakahi*, Ma! Thank you!” I reply happily while taking out the fried snapper from the rem’ba. My father had caught the fish himself. “You are really enjoying your meal!” Mama smiles happily. “Of course, I am hungry. The rice with corn kernels is tasty, the fish is delicious, and the vegetables are yummy!” Mama smiles and bends down to take out the burning gum-lac wood and places it away from the wood-burning stove. The fire will immediately die down. That’s how Mama puts out the fire in the wood stove.

- “Pawalikiyak Inya,” weguk baku ege bekeyaka igha kawalaka pahonggo, igha pangolena bapa. “Kahapango apata mumu,” wena inya mono lahamumur daha ati. “Haimemengok, oro kalambana akabu, ena muyo ngagha wotor mono bokolo.” Hamur roka inya, tenger mokona tinguhi haka hupu komi, manga malagada, pamaroudi wali la tultur. Api la badaka, hai dounaka apata padaapi la tultur.

- Bapak membuat sendiri tungku itu, sama seperti dapur di rumah-rumah tetangga, yaitu dengan meletakkan kayu pembatas mengelilingi bidang dengan luas kira-kira 1,5 meter persegi.

Bapak mengisi pembatas itu dengan batu kerikil dan tanah yang dipadatkan dengan air, ditekan-tekan, lalu ditimbun dengan tanah, proses itu diulang sampai pembatas itu menjadi sangat padat dan kuat untuk alas tungku.

Di atas bidang datar itu bapak meletakkan tiga bongkah batu kapur sebagai tungku yang melambangkan batu ayah, batu ibu, dan batu anak.

Mama dapat meletakkan kual, cerek air, atau ketel untuk menanak nasi di atas tungku dan menyalakan api dengan bahan bakar dahan kayu, ranting-ranting, atau daun kelapa kering yang diambil dari pekarangan rumah.

Kami tidak pernah kekurangan kayu karena ada banyak pohon yang ditanam atau tumbuh liar di kampung sebagai sumber bahan bakar.



- My father constructed the wood-burning stove himself and it is similar to the ones in our neighbors' houses. He began by putting some wood on the floor to create a boundary. It was about 1.5 meters by 1.5 meters wide.

My father then filled the boundary with a mixture of gravel, soil, and water. He pressed them down and put some soil on top of them. He continued putting soil and water layer by layer until it was solid, smooth, and strong enough to be used as the base of the wood-burning stove.

He then placed three large limestone rocks on top of the flat surface to place the wood on and use as a stove. The three large rocks represent the father, the mother, and the child.

Mama can place her pan, kettle, and pot to cook rice on the wood-burning stove. To light the fire, Mama uses chopped wood, branches, and dry coconut leaves that are taken from our yard.

We are never short of wood because there are many trees that are planted or that grow in the wild in our village, and they could be used as firewood.

- Bapa pandaha kangheng tultur, merektu lurona ngara habara umongo. Batahi ghakallurra agana lodona Harappa rehi (1,5m) hupuman hupun.

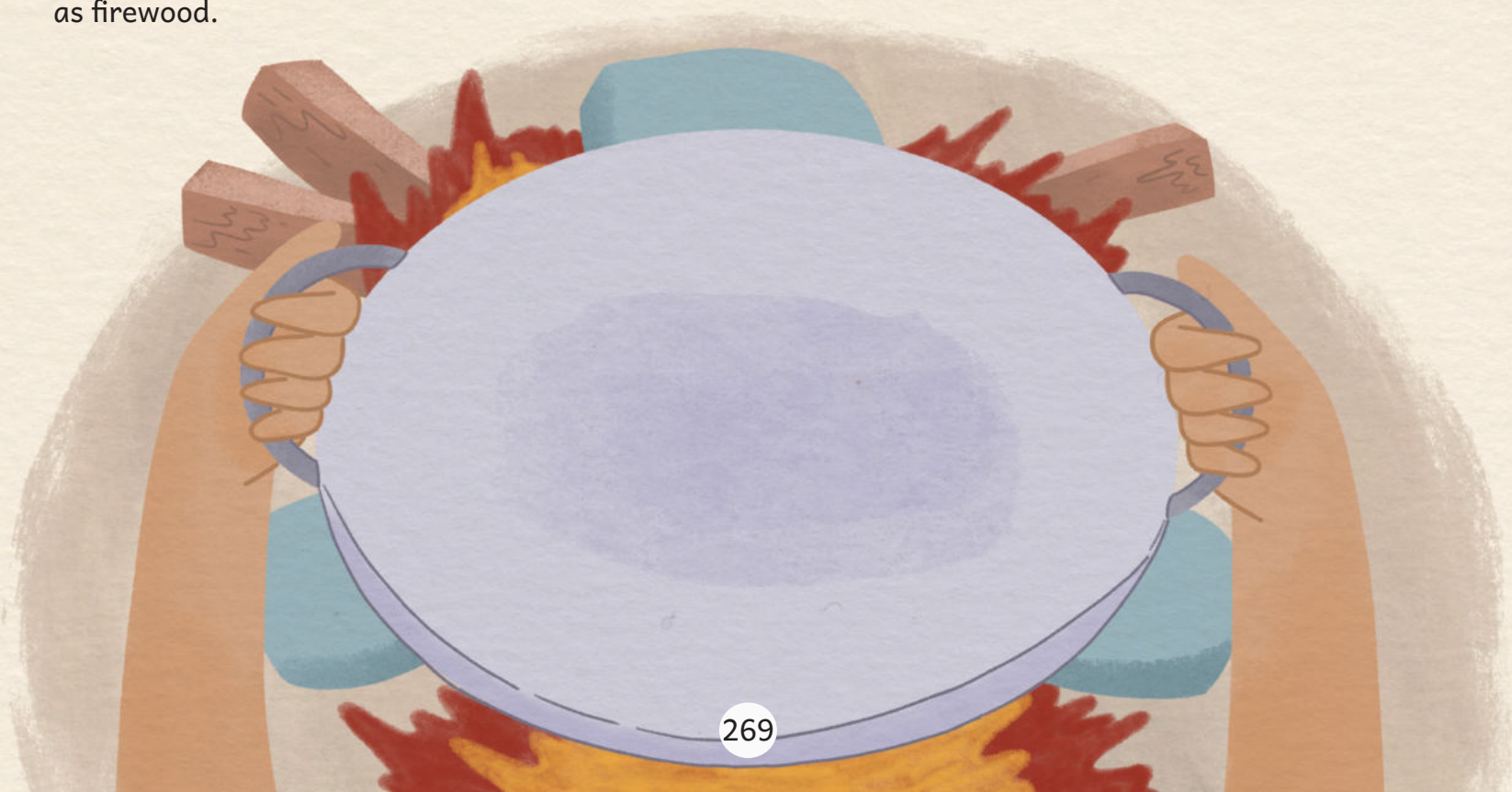
Ngara laka lurra dolo, abapa paihinki tana mono wala watu, menge hamijayaka wani wainyo-menge hana-hanaya menge wotiniki tana, enge ka bato boni tana mono waiyo. Ludu lappa bana-mattita wongo tultur.

Elpanuna abapa tahiku tallu buyo watu papali tulurongo tada dounaniki - watu bapa, watu inya mono watu ana.

Inya pi kongo bana wotiya aka mbera ghura kabeleko papa dede wongo muyo panu tultur, patu bulong api waingo karaga ghayo mono roka lama mati.

Pala deke lakadaghu umma.

Jaingo kurongo ghaya mati orona danga punge ghayo pawokongo. Bukul mangawuna eme laparono, di douka paghayo mati ngo.





- Tungku terletak di tengah-tengah rumah, sehingga panas dari apinya dapat menghangatkan seisi rumah dan nyala api menjadi sumber penerangan.

Di sisi luar tungku terdapat empat tiang utama yang juga mempunyai makna. Tiang utama terletak di kanan depan disebut tiang Marapu.

Marapu adalah roh leluhur kami yang memiliki kekuatan suci.

Kami memandang Marapu sebagai kekuatan yang bermata besar untuk melihat dan yang bertelinga lebar untuk mendengar.

Tiang rumah di kiri depan disebut tiang bapak, kemudian di kanan belakang ada tiang ibu yang terletak dekat dengan tempayan air. Sementara itu, di kiri belakang terletak tiang anak.

- The wood-burning stove is located in the middle of the house. The heat from the wood stove could warm the entire house, and the fire provides light.

On the outer side of the wood-burning stove are four posts, and each post has its own meaning. The main post is situated in the front right corner and is called the Marapu post.

Marapu are the souls of our ancestors, and they have holy powers.

For us, the Marapu is a symbol of power, and we say they are beings with 'large eyes to see and large ears to hear'.

The post on the front left side is called the post of the father, and the one in the back on the right side is the post of the mother. It is close to the large ceramic water container. The post of the child is situated in the back on the left side.

- Tuluro aini lapa duna umma, tanaka abono wali la api, pama rowokoya ngara ihiumma mono lerukona, magohok wongo.

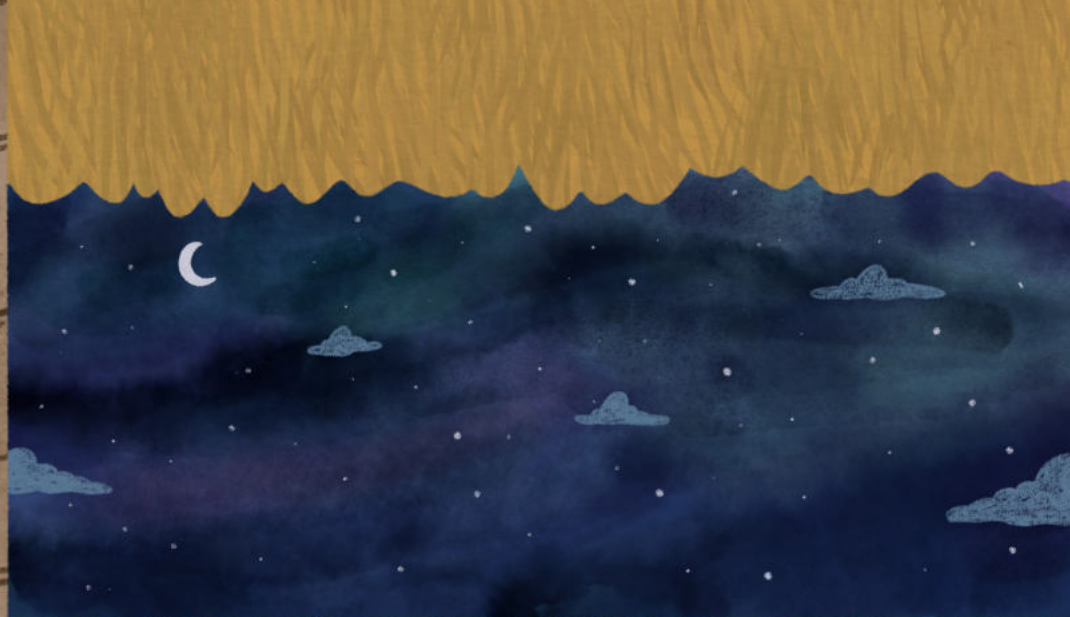
Laka raha tultur, aiwadingo poto gayo pogo bokol aiwadingo ihin, pogo bakolo doyo laka wana taboro tubol book, di douka pogi mata Marapu.

Marapu didouyaka dewa ambu-nuhi ma yamma manga kwahana bihana.

Yamma bama iceya Marapu dika apaghahima, "bokolo matana bana harango, mono mangarouka tilu belekona parongo wana."

Pogo bakolo lakalaiyo, didouka pogo bapa, menglakikwana krabawawi didouka pogo inya barana, padouna padalu wainyo, pogo ana aini lakalaiyo krabawawi.





- Tiang utama dibuat dari kayu kadimbil yang kokoh dan kuat, sedangkan tiga tiang lainnya terbuat dari kayu jati putih. Di sebelah atas tiang utama dipasang cincin kayu.
 “Apa maksud cincin kayu itu?” tanyaku kepada bapak suatu saat ketika kami akan tidur.
 “Lambang kehidupan. Hidup manusia seperti lingkaran ada yang lahir juga ada yang mati,” kata bapak.
- The main post is made of the strong and sturdy local *kadimbil* wood or iron wood, while the other posts are made of white teak wood. A wooden ring is placed on top of the main post.
 “Why is there a ring on that post? What does it mean?” I once asked my father as we were getting ready for bed.
 “It is a symbol of life. Life is a full circle. There is birth and there is death,” my father had said.
- Pogo bakolo papa daha la ghayo kadibil lakatinggu ku mono modongo, tallu gayo pogo dadi waddi waingo ghayo jati kaka, el kokona pogo tawadini lele wali ghayo.
 “Payaka ihinya lele?” kuka liereniki a bapagu, tenge ro maduruma.
 “Tadana mopir. Mopirona tou piyo mereka kalele aingo la dadi-aingo mati,” wena bapa.



- Tiang dan kerangka rumah disusun dengan diikat menggunakan rotan atau akar tanaman dari hutan yang akarnya kuat sekali. Selain tali, kayu-kayu dirapatkan dengan memotong bentuk-bentuk siku yang bisa disambung, mirip mainan balok yang kulihat di sekolah PAUD dan ditancap dengan pasak kayu.

Biasanya bapak meletakkan hasil panen berupa padi atau jagung di dalam menara untuk persembahan bagi Marapu dan juga sebagai simpanan.

Terdapat beberapa tiang lain di bagian samping, depan, dan belakang rumah.

- The posts and frames of the house are arranged and tied together using rattan or tree roots that are taken from the forest. Both my father and my grandmother don't know the name of this root, but it is very strong. If the woods are not tied together using ropes, they are put together by cutting them into right angles that could be joined together, just like the building blocks you see in kindergarten. They are then held together with wooden pegs.

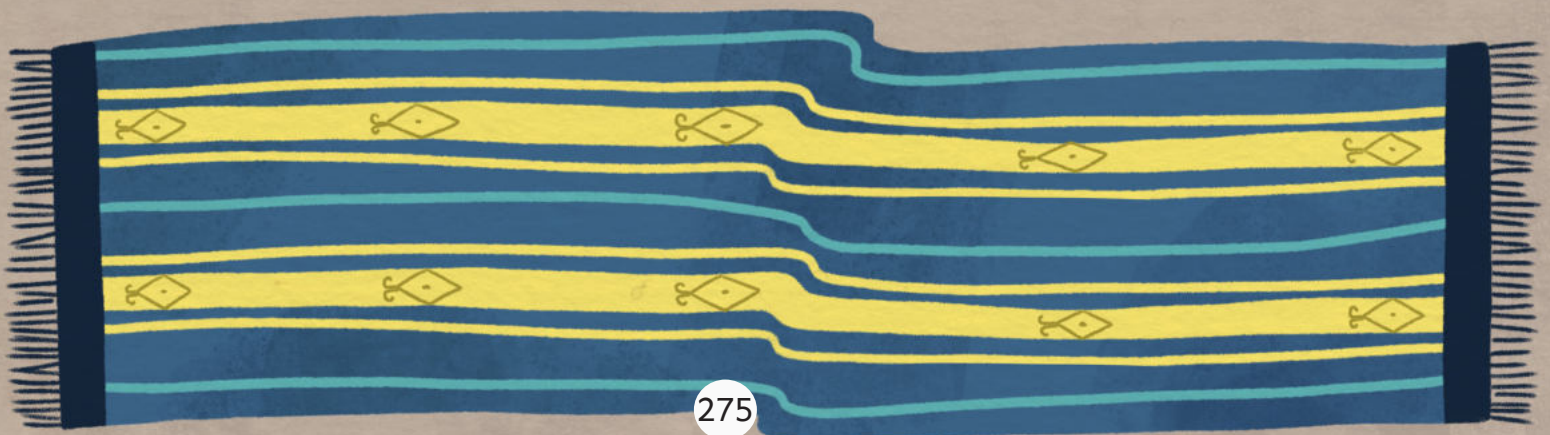
My father usually places the paddy or corn that has been harvested within the tower as offerings to the Marapu and to store them as provisions.

There are several other posts on the side, front, and back of the house.

- Pogo mono karaga umma, padinyokohiki mono patina wadiki wolo padeke wali laka daghu dolo. Bapa mono ambu japeghedi ngarara lolo ghaiyo lolo ghayo mondo langtakango, indi dimoka lolo-ghayo, ngarghayo kahahiki, mono katarrihi. Pa adgadiki mono kadughu hiki, mereka kadipu ghayo pa icegu laha kolo pa wokoniki pungen.

Enge bapa bana wotihi ngara ihi mongo-pari mono wotor, tahi la umma dolo, taguna amarapu, mono bondolo muyo.

Aiwadingo pogoheke, pataya ngara lawagiho na roukawede.





- Penutup atap rumah terbuat dari alang-alang yang dikeringkan dan diikat lalu disusun rapat di atas kerangka kayu dan bambu. Alang-alang yang sudah disusun tersebut menjadi tebal dan rapat. Kata bapak, atap di bawah menara harus landai agar air hujan mengalir turun dan tidak merembes masuk ke dalam rumah.
“Lota ingin melihat orang membuat rumah di tempat Bapak Bani Mete,” kataku.
“Ho... Mengapa suka melihat orang kerja membangun rumah?”
“Waktu guru bertanya tentang cita-cita, Lota bilang ingin menjadi pembuat rumah. Pak Guru bilang, artinya Lota ingin menjadi arsitek.”

- The roof is made of dried reeds that are bound and placed close together on top of the wood and bamboo structure. The reeds are thick and they are tightly bound together.

My father said that the roof right below the tower must be slanted so that rainwater can flow down from it and not leak into the house.

“I want to go and see the people building Mr. Bani Mete’s house.”

“Hey, why do you like looking at people building houses?”

“When the teacher asked about what I want to be when I grow up, I said I want to build a house. My teacher said that means I want to be an architect.”

- Pakaboko wongonya umma waingo rou ngingngo parabiko- pamarokot diki- ghohol hiki. Menge rapit hiki laka raga kogol. Waingo ogol ngingngo tebe mono padihodi.

Patakina bapa, kawede dou wawa wali la bughu, pahorotoya, tanaka wai urra dadi bana doro dou wawa, amba tama la umma dolo.

“Lota heke beinya ice toyo lada daha umma ela bapak Bani Mete,” wegu.

“Ho... pene beilangatakango ice toyo dari umma?”

“Tutu bana kaliereno guru, payaka pakabu atimu eme iha lodo, wena Lota baingo tou dari umma bapak, maka wena guru, diki baingo kekabaling arsitek.”





● “Oh begitu? Habiskan makananmu dulu, baru pergi.” Mama berdiri membetulkan sarung tenun yang melilit tubuhnya.

Aku mengangguk, meletakkan piring kotor sambil mengintip ke kolong rumah. Sekarang hari ke-15, telur akan menetas pada hari ke-21. Hatiku senang membayangkan akan mendapat delapan anak ayam.

Rumah kami memang bukan gedung bertingkat, tetapi terdiri atas tiga tingkat, yaitu bagian kolong di bawah untuk tempat tinggal hewan, lantai atas atau tingkat kedua untuk manusia, dan tingkat ketiga yaitu menara untuk tempat tinggal roh leluhur kami, Marapu.

● “I see. Well, finish your lunch and then you can go,” Mama says as she stands up and adjusts the woven sarong she is wearing.

I nod my head, place the dirty dish in the sink, and peek under the house. It is the 15th day. The eggs are going to hatch on the 21st day. My heart is filled with joy. I am going to have eight chicks.

Our house is not a multi-story house, but it is made up of three levels. The open space below the house, where the animals are kept, the upper, or the second level, which is our living quarters, and finally, the third level, or the tower, where the souls of our ancestors, the *Marapu*, reside.

● “Oh hainyaka? Mengdomuyo apa otum.” Inya dede mono padinyokoa a lowo patanungo papa lowona la ihinnya.

“Kupa nga uka” bodoloa tobbokotor, menge katingu roka, la kabu lunna. Henene hakabulu lima lodo.

Tallu manu apahaka pahi ngolegu manu iha lodo, atigu egek, kupa aganiki pene pata ngelegu manu iha lodo pahadapang baku ngole pandatopo ana manu.

Ummama yamma indi gudongoya, paka tadingo, dimoka paka tallu katadingo, elkabu lunna, padongo haranga lapaluna padongo toyo- la bughu umma dolo padouna dewa ambu-nuhi- Marapu.



- “Lota, yuk cari lulu!” ajak Ranu, temanku, yang berdiri di luar rumah bersama Isto dan Ghada, sepupunya dari Karuni. Kulihat mata mama berbinar mendengar Ranu mengajakku mencari lulu, rumput laut. Hmm melihat orang membangun rumah atau ke pantai ? Sungguh pilihan yang sulit. Akhirnya, aku mengambil ember karet untuk tempat lulu dan melirik mama yang tersenyum cantik. Dia senang aku pun senang, berharap nanti malam menyantap lulu segar dengan potongan cabe dan bawang. Kami akan mengumpulkan lulu di antara batu karang sambil bermain di dalam gulungan ombak. “Ayooo!” seruku kemudian melompat turun dan berlari bersama mereka ke pantai.





● “Lota, let’s go find some *lulu*, some seaweed!” My friend Ranu calls out excitedly. He is standing outside our house together with his cousins Isto and Ghada, who live in the Karuni Village.

I could see Mama’s eyes light up when she heard Ranu calling out to me to find some *lulu*. Hmm, should I go and see the people building a house or should I go to the beach? This is a tough one.

I run inside and pick up the rubber bucket to hold the *lulu*. I turn and look at Mama, who let out a beautiful smile. She is happy, and I am happy. Tonight, we are going to have some fresh *lulu* with slices of chili and onion.

We are going to catch the *lulu* from between the rocks while enjoying the waves.

“Come on!” I shout excitedly, as I jump down and run towards the beach with them. We also teach Ghada how to swim and he is happy. Ghada’s village is located on the hills surrounded by savannah. It is a perfect place for people to herd their Sandalwood horses, buffaloes, and cows.

● “Lota maka kadaba *lulu*?” kawunlongo Ranu, olekedegu la dede laka delek karaha umma, Isto mono Ghana, angu lebena wali lakaruni. Ku harani matan inya, laka bullagaka, banarongonya Ranu bana lekegha, laka daba *lulu*. Waimahi.

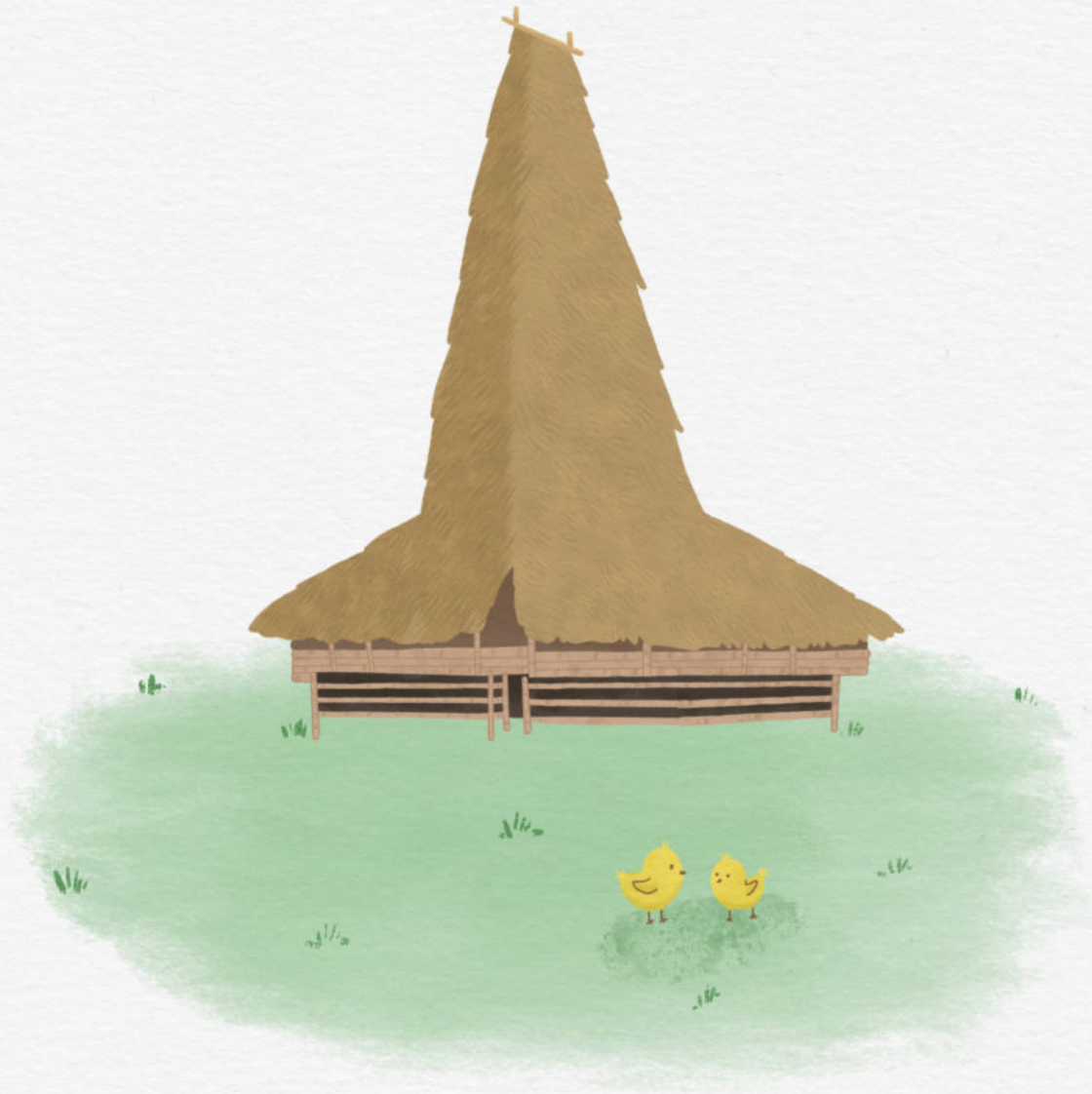
Hmmm Harango toyo pakede umma, pe ... out laka huda? Jakku pikengngok baku tighaya.

Diaka, ku dekeka eber karit tawongo *lulu* munge ku hakiliyeka inya lahamumur daha. Diyo daha ati-yawadi dahawadi atigu. Monongok hem bana huda, muka *lulu* ngambul kerengo gada.

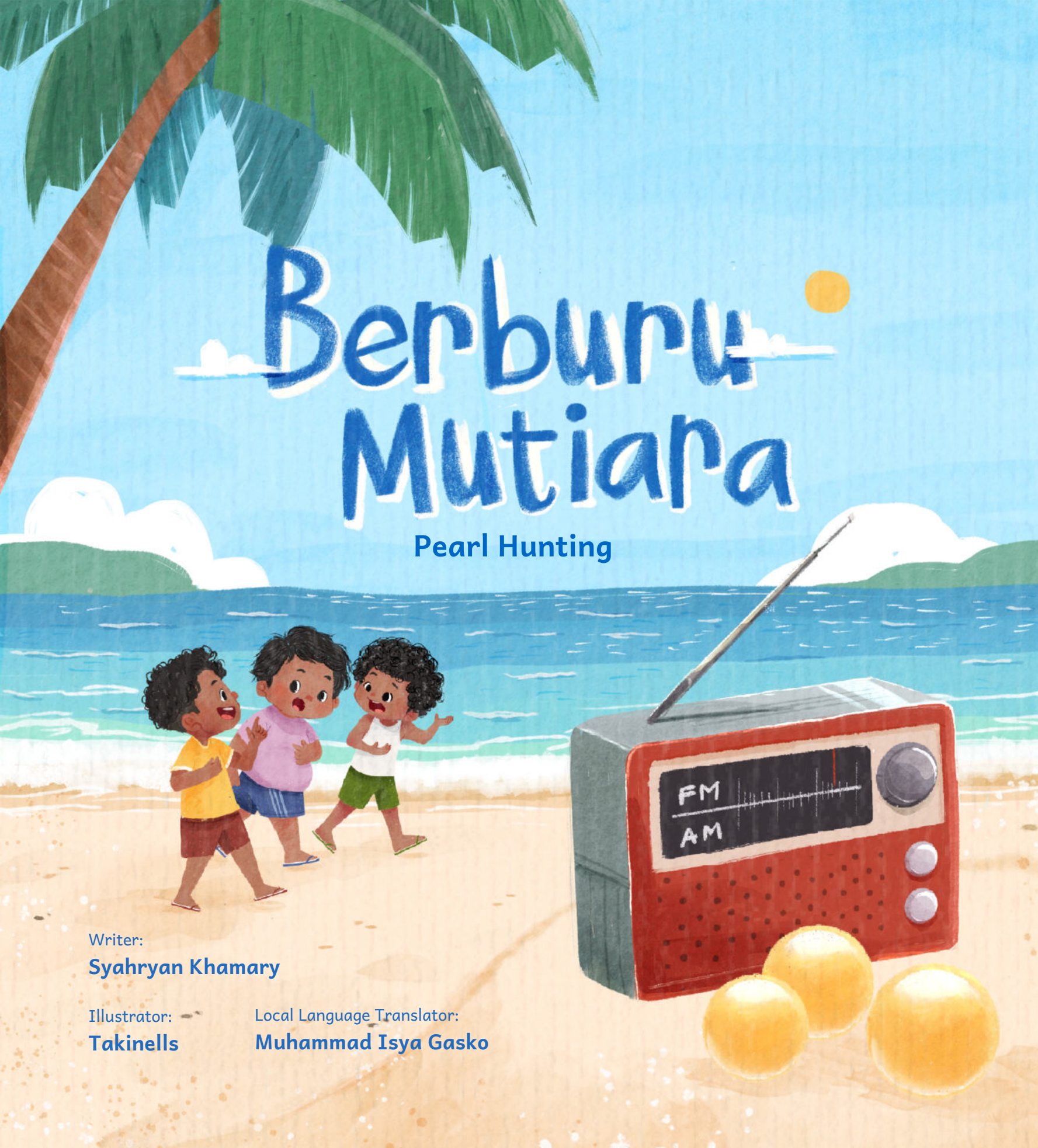
Yamma kahaka *lulu* emela hongo watu ngabar dika ama bunna la walu bannu.

“Maka ...hh” weguk kuka loudoko, buru mono playo marengka laka huda.

Yamma mama gehiniki gheda bana ngani dika egena aparona gheda, aini lahong letten, dika marada padou daghango ndara “sandlewood, kahapi, kariboyo.



The Kodi language is spoken in the West Sumba and South-West Sumba Regencies, in the Kodi, North Kodi, and Kodi Bangedo Sub-districts. There are about 117,000 speakers of the language. The language is facing extinction. (Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)



Berburu Mutiara

Pearl Hunting

Writer:

Syahryan Khamary

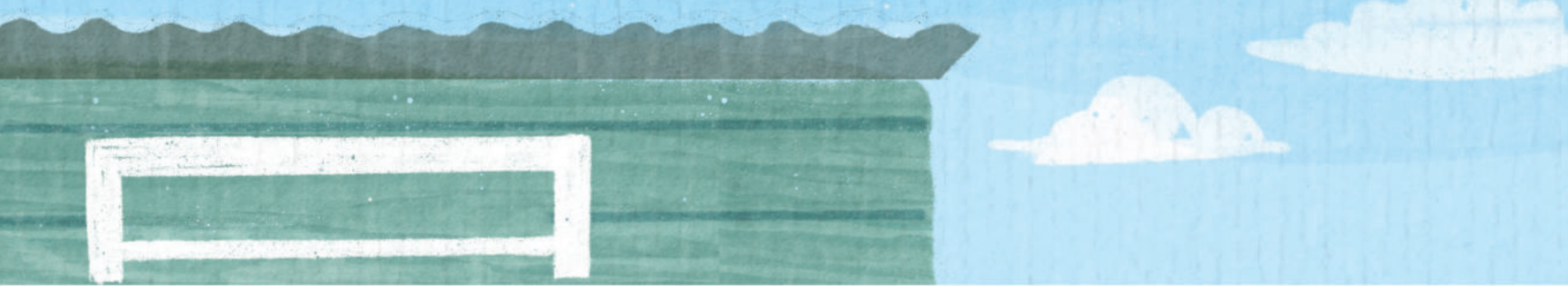
Illustrator:

Takinells

Local Language Translator:

Muhammad Isya Gasko





- Mutiara sintetis,” gumam Silai pelan tanpa menyadari kehadiran teman sekelasnya, Jono, yang sudah memperhatikannya asyik berjongkok sejak tadi di samping rumah Jono. Rumah mereka memang bersebelahan. Silai adalah putra asli Dobo, sedangkan Jono anak perantau dari Jawa.
“Apa yang sedang kau lakukan di situ?” tanya Jono dari depan rumahnya. Silai tampak malu kedatangan sedang menguping di bawah jendela rumah Jono.

- “Synthetic pearl,” Silai whispers softly, unaware that Jono is approaching him. Jono has been watching Silai, who is squatting next to the exterior wall on one side of his home, for quite some time. Jono is Silai’s classmate, and they live next door to each other. Silai is a native of Dobo, while Jono and his family are from Java.
“What are you up to?” Jono asks from the front steps of his home. Silai is caught off-guard. A sense of embarrassment takes over as he is caught eavesdropping under the window of Jono’s home.

- “Eyam’mai kwangai” Silai awuli nam kwa-kwa na nda narla’a ya’a ani tamang sikola klas et’tu atam Jono nainai ayokwan bana on’ta yi adakwalar sukwai. Roye adakwalar dar fan ren’ne. Silai nai kwa-kwa Dobu sukwari, na nai jono nambana Jawa.
Jono asaman Silai nangai “Mdem ya ya’a re?”
Silai nangai sam namatau ya’a Jono narla’a ni ya’a nainai alafaye i tulau yisin

- Dia mendekati teman bermainnya itu. “Eh, tadi di RRI Ambon kudengar berita tentang mutiara sintetis yang mirip mutiara Dobo dijual bebas. Semua orang tahu, Pulau Dobo tempat lahirku ini kan penghasil mutiara bermutu tinggi. Kata si penyiar, agar mutiara Dobo tetap lestari dan terjaga mutunya, peran masyarakat sangat diharapkan. Saat ini, pemerintah Maluku sedang melakukan pengawasan ketat karena penjualan mutiara sintetis merusak pasaran mutiara Dobo. Aku penasaran, samakah mutiara sintetis itu dengan mutiara yang sering kita ambil di laut, No?”
- He stands up and walks over to his friend.
“You know, I just heard on the RRI Ambon radio station this news about synthetic pearls that look exactly like the real Dobo pearls, and they are being sold openly! Hey, everyone knows that Dobo Island — yes, this beautiful homeland of mine — is the producer of high-quality pearls.” Silai explains. “You know, the announcer also said that to preserve the pearls and maintain their high quality, the people of the island need to take care of them, and the local Maluku government is closely monitoring the situation because those synthetic pearls are damaging the Dobo pearl market,” Silai continues. He then looks at his friend and says, “Hey, Jono, I’m just curious. Do you think those synthetic pearls are similar to the pearls that we often collect from the sea?”
- Silai a’ma afan ren fel Jono afo awuli “Ehh, on’ta urengin berita RRI Ambon dawuli sa’u eyam’mai kwangai de sama fel Dobu ani y dakwangu dangar’re. Saryyabil lofai, dar la’a Dobu nai ukwara ya’a wa ani eyam’mai lo’ir yu’uye. Ne afo yabar awuli, fara eyam’mai Dobu ani ye ta sa’aye tam songai fara lo’ar ye. Sa’aran wa ssa’ali de dame mona fai Maluku nai naiwa’a dasa’a si dam serkwangu eyam’mai de kwangai ye ya’aatu dadem serkwangu kwangai ya’a pasar eyam’mai Dobu ani ye de ssobaye. Penasaranngu, eyam’mai kwangai wadi rufa de ta’uye fai kwalur no yi nda, No?”



- Jono menjawab seenaknya, “Mana aku tahu, Lai. Aku kan bukan ahli mutiara!” Tiba-tiba, dari jauh tampak teman sekolah mereka, Yakub, datang tergesa-gesa. Silai dan Jono menyambutnya dengan keheranan.
“Ada kabar apa, Kub?” tanya Silai penasaran.
Yakub menjawab dengan terengah-engah, “Beta mau kasih tahu, besok ada acara Tambaroro. Jadi, kita bisa ikut melaut.”
- “How am I supposed to know? I am not a pearl expert!” Jono replies callously. Suddenly, they see their school friend, Yakub, rushing towards them. Silai and Jono are baffled.
“Hey, Yakub. What’s up?” Silai asks, still puzzled by his sudden appearance. Still huffing and trying to catch his breath, Yakub says, “I just want to let you know that the Tambaroro Festival is going to start tomorrow. That means we can head for the sea and dive for pearls.”
- Jono awuli fel ani su’a nangai, “Ban’ne narla’a, Lai. Sa’u wa nda dedarla’a dayokwa eyam’mai!”
Silai atura Jono ba’ataye ya’a datolna ada soba si ain’nau di sikolah yen’i nam bana sau ama, atam Yakub, ama nam lakuai. Afo silai narsaman, “Ada yabar ya, Kub?”
Nangare Yakub naiwa yari abana amul na nangai, “Fara uwuli ya’a maire na dar or si dal bel. Afo, ita taturaye ya’a lau.”





- “Asyiiikkk! Kalau dapat kerang berisi mutiara, akan kujadikan hadiah ulang tahun ibuku!” pekik Silai bersemangat.
Jono tak mau ketinggalan, “Kalau aku sih, semoga dapat ikan baronang. Hmmm, aku bakar dan makan sepuasnya. Ueeenaaakkk!”
Setelah mendengar itu Yakub menunjuk perut Jono. “Beta takut perutmu berubah menjadi balon gas. Hahaha!” ledek Yakub terkekeh-kekeh. Silai dan Jono juga ikut tertawa.

- “Yesss! If I find oysters with pearls in them, I’m going to give one of the pearls to my mom as a birthday present!” Silai says while beaming at the prospect.
Without missing a beat, Jono replies, “I hope we can get those baronang fish. Hmmm, I’m going to grill them and eat them to my heart’s content. Yummy!”
Yakub grins and points at Jono’s stomach. “That thing is going to balloon up and turn into a pot-belly. Ha ha ha ha!” Yakub replies as he bursts into laughter. Silai and Jono are amused by their friend’s wisecrack and laugh uncontrollably.

- Silai nabarkan na atobur nangai “wuhuuuu! Yen nangai udufa eyam ye na ada m’mai nu sinangu ani mayira ne ssoba sa ndem hadiah ya’a ni!”
Jono efui fai amemuri tu, afo nangai “Sau sa, masi udufa si’a Baronang. Hmmm, fara uwauni sa u’an o’mai. Milai yu’uuu!”
Yakub arengin ri’a afo a’tibou Jono tibir na nangai “Sa’u babar atu tubur ssin okwa fel balon gas. Na nainai amel hahaha!” afo Silai fel Joni damel tu.



- Keesokan harinya mereka pergi ke lokasi acara adat Tambaroro. Mereka memilih berjalan lewat Pantai Wamar yang berpasir putih dipagari pohon kelapa hijau membentang sepanjang pantai.

“Lai, kau kan orang Aru asli. Ceritakan dong tentang Tambaroro ini!” pinta Jono.

“Tambaroro adalah seni pertunjukan yang di dalamnya ada nyanyian, tari-tarian, dan musik. Acara ini dibuat untuk menyambut tamu, meresmikan belang ‘perahu adat’, dan melakukan ritual adat lainnya.” jelas Silai.

Yakub ikut bertanya, “Beta masih bingung, kaitannya dengan melaut apa, Lai?”

Silai tersenyum karena Yakub sendiri yang memberi tahu tentang acara itu, tetapi ternyata dia tidak tahu. Untung Silai pernah diceritakan kakeknya tentang ritual ini.
- The next day, the three of them make their way to the location of the Tambaroro Festival. They walk past Wamar Beach with its sprawling white sand and lines of coconut trees.

“Hey, Silai, you’re a native of Aru, right? What’s this Tambaroro Festival about?” Jono asks.

“Tambaroro is an arts performance. It’s filled with songs, dances, and music. It’s usually held to welcome visitors, launch the traditional boats, you know, the belang, and perform other traditional rituals,” Silai explains.

With a confused look on his face, Yakub remarks, “I still don’t get it. What does it have to do with heading for the sea?”

Silai grins in amusement. Yakub was the one who had told them about the festival but he had no idea what it was all about. Silai is glad that his grandfather had told him about the rituals.
- Ani maire ir’ri dabana dayokwa dar or si dalbel. Yiri dabana dalsala ne Wamar taire na ani ulafin delai nor’a dayala lola tai ler.

Jono awuli ya’a Lai nangai, “Lai, a wa kwa-kwa Sar sukwar sa am’mom m’muli tongar ya’a ngu ya’a ser or si ser ler wa.”

“Ser or wa kotu ada rakwalai naman dadem”

Afo Yakub narsaman tu nangai “sa’u naiwatu bingung’ngu, ya’a sama ler lau ani na ame ba, Lai?”

Silai fafi sukwai damel ya’a Yakubnai awuli ya’an ya’a rakwalai nai padahal nai na’enni Yakub nda narla’a. Rufane Silai nai narla’a rakwalai fai ani asabu.



- Silai menjawab, “Acara ini dilaksanakan selama tiga malam berturut-turut. Ada tempat khusus bernama senalar yang dibuat. Senalar adalah lima susunan kayu yang dibuat memanjang sebagai tempat duduk para pemain musik dan penyanyi. Dalam prosesi ritual para lelaki dan perempuan akan menari dan menyanyi diiringi alunan musik tradisional tifa. Penari wanita akan mengenakan baju putih dan memegang saputangan. Mereka akan mengeluarkan suara melengking untuk mengiringi lagu dan tarian. Nanti ada tiga lagu yang akan dibawakan, salah satunya lagu Pela yang bercerita tentang tanda-tanda alam yang ada di laut dan darat. Nah, di situ nanti kita akan mendengar penentuan waktu melaut.”

- So, he enthusiastically replies, “The festival will run for three days and three nights. There will be a special platform called the senalar. It’s a bench-like platform made up of five wood boards that are set length-wise for the musicians and singers to sit on. In the ritual, the performers will sing and dance to the beats of the traditional *tifa drums*. The women dancers will all be dressed in white, each with a handkerchief in their hand. They will release high-pitched tones to complement the music and the dances. The singers will perform three songs, one of them is the *Pela*. The Pela tells us about the signs of nature, both at sea and on land. That’s when we’re going to be told when we can head for the sea.”

- Afo Silai nangai, “Rakwalar nai biasa matalar fel fi lai miralai, dadem wara. Wara nai dadem fai ay de s’sayi ye ya’a fara de dar or si dal bel datalar. Dal rakwa lai asamur na yil si odar daler fu dal mare na ola dudum ni. Odar ne aler re afai labun delai fel nadi lenso. Yiri twa atu dasilir atu dal yaba lai, yaba de ye awuli sa’u re ame rasa fel re ame lau. Ri’a fui nama tarengin ibaren tabana lau.”





- Jono dan Yakub mengangguk-angguk.
“Aku tak sabar ikut melaut!” seru Jono.
“Iya, ikan duyung akan menyambutmu dengan gembira. Selamat datang baloon gasss!” ledek Yakub.
Jono meraup segenggam pasir dan menghamburkannya ke kepala Yakub. Silai tertawa terbahak-bahak melihat keduanya.
- Both Jono and Yakub nod their heads, satisfied with the explanation.
“I can’t wait to head out to sea!” Jono shouts excitedly.
“Yes, you’ll be greeted by the mermaids, and they will say... Welcome, my pot-bellied friend!” Yakub says jokingly.
Jono takes a handful of sand and pours it over Yakub’s head. Silai laughs at the sight.
- Jono fel Yakub datoran fo kuludi.
Jono nangai, “Sa’u nda u’atu foti ya’a tabana lau.”
Yakub a’ganggu Jono nangai, “Ee, si’a odar ne atu ala fo’a fel lungai rak’kur. Selamat datang baloon gass!”
Jono nal ula limi yabil Sali ye afo atutufai sa’u Yakub kul. Silayi sermel k’koi ayokwa yiri roye.



- Ketiga anak pesisir itu melanjutkan perjalanan. Tibalah mereka di tempat acara Tambaroro. Banyak sekali warga yang menyaksikan acara itu. Mereka dengan saksama mendengarkan nyanyian berisi syair tentang penentuan waktu melaut.

“Kub, kamu dengar, `kan? Si penyanyi sudah melantunkan syairnya. Satu minggu dari sekarang warga sudah bisa melaut.” bisik Silai setelah syair lagu Pela selesai.

“Wah, masker selamku masih ada apa tidak, ya?” tanya Yakub.

Jono meledek Yakub, “Aku punya, Kub. Kalau kamu mau pakai nanti aku pinjamkan, ya. Namun, ada syaratnya!”

Yakub dan Silai berpandangan sambil menahan tawa. Lalu Jono berseru, “Syaratnya: ikan bakar dua ekor!”

Ketiganya pun tertawa cekikikan. Acara hari pertama selesai dan mereka pulang ke rumah masing-masing.

- The three boys continue their walk. Not long afterwards, they arrive at the location of the Tambaroro Festival. Crowds of people had flocked to the site to enjoy the festival. They are listening intently to the song, waiting impatiently for the verse that will tell them when they can head for the sea.

“Yakub, did you hear that? The singer had just sung out the verse. One week from today and we can all head for the sea.” Silai whispers as the song comes to an end.



“I wonder if I can still find my snorkeling mask,” mutters Yakub.

Jono looks at Yakub with a big grin on his face and mischievously says, “Hey, Yakub, I have one. I can lend it to you if you want. But there’s a catch!”

Yakub and Silai stare at each other, trying hard not to laugh.

Jono continues, “The catch is... two grilled fish!”

The three boys suddenly burst into a fit of laughter. The first day of the festival has come to an end and they make their way back to their homes.

- Kwa-kwa tailer laide dasamurtu. Afo dafan tampane dadem rakwalai ya’a. tamatu fano salide naiwadi dayokwa fakwalai ne. ir’ri darengin yaba del dawuli sa’u ibaren tabana lau yaba bela fui afo Silai awuli ya’a Yakub nangai, “Mrengin ne nal yaba ti. Nambana minggu nai tamatu fano bisa dabana lau.” Jono narsaman nangai, “Wa ana ui surin ada yi nda, e?” Afo Yakub nasangian Jono nangai, “Ana ada ye. No. Na kotu mom toran sa ol yara ni. Tapi afai ani rere!” “Yakub atura Silai daryokwaye na datahan sermel. Afo Yakub nangai ani’rere: si’a serwau airoi!” Laye damel dam kwam’ma. Rakwalai mira ne ye fui ti afo damul ya’a ada kwalar’di.





● Pada hari yang ditetapkan untuk melaut, Pantai Wamar yang berada di timur pulau dan Pantai Wangel yang berada di bagian barat mulai ramai. Perahu nelayan didorong ke laut beramai-ramai. Ada yang mencari ikan, ada pula yang menyelam mencari mutiara. Silai, Jono, dan Yakub juga tak ketinggalan. Setelah diizinkan orang tua masing-masing, mereka bertemu di Pantai Wamar. Matahari sudah terbit.

● On the day when everyone can head for the sea, crowds of people start to gather at Wamar Beach on the eastern coast and Wangel Beach on the western coast of the island. They push their fishing boats into the water. Some are going to fish while others are there to dive for pearls. Silai, Jono, and Yakub are raring to go. They certainly do not want to miss out on the action. After getting permission from their parents, the three of them meet at Wamar Beach. The sun was already up.

● Ya'a mayira ne dam ayi et'tu ya'a fara dabana lau, Wamar taire re ame kwarisa fin umur afel Wangel taire fin fara naire dam rora ti. Tamutu de dam noban ya'a lau dasolan ada koli s'si daba ya'a lau. Aye dasalu si'a, fel aye danum dasalu eyam'mai. Silai, Jono, fel Yakub ir'ri tu edi fui dayokwa dasangu'le. Afo ada tafar bu di datoran'ye, afo dabana darkule ya'a Wamar taire. Laru dongalu'un.

- Jono datang membawa masker selam dan kaki katak. Yakub membawa panah buatan ayahnya. Melihat itu, Silai mengangkat kedua jempolnya dan berseru, “Kereeen! Dulu orang tua kita terbiasa menyelam tanpa alat bantu. Mereka bisa karena mereka berlatih menyelam selama bertahun-tahun. Sekarang, kita bisa menyelam dengan cepat karena bantuan alat selam modern.”

“Memangnya dulu mereka menyelam tanpa alat, Lai?” tanya Yakub.

Silai tersenyum sambil memandang matahari yang meninggi. “Leluhur kita adalah anak-anak laut. Mereka hanya memakai kaca mata selam tradisional dari dahan pohon cempaka.

Berbekal panah seperti yang kau bawa, mereka bisa menangkap ikan dan menemukan mutiara. Coba lihat itu! Banyak yang tak memakai alat selam.” jawab Silai sambil menunjuk ke arah warga yang berbondong-bondong melaut tanpa alat selam modern.

- Jono arrives, carrying his snorkeling mask and a pair of fins. Yakub arrives, bringing the fishing spear his father had made. Silai gives two thumbs up and says, “Cool! Our parents used to dive without any diving gear, you know. It took years of practice. But with the modern diving gear, we can now dive easily and quickly.”

Yakub looks at Silai and says, “What do you mean they dived without any gear?”

Silai smiles and looks across the horizon. The sun is slowly climbing higher. “Our ancestors were



seafarers. They used to dive using traditional goggles made of branches from the champaca trees, magnolia champaca to be exact, and they used traditional spears, like the one you have there, to catch fish and find oyster pearls.” Silai explains. “Look! See those people over there? Many of them are not using any diving gear!” Silai adds, while pointing at the people who are diving into the waters without any diving gear.

- Jono ama afo yofa surin fel ada'tour yaba di. Yakub afo inga fel fiar kwa-kwa ne ani bafa ad'dem. Ayokwa re, Silai akasi nai limi kwakur roi afo awuli, “Loir yu'u! marere ama tafar bu di danum nda dafai barlai rufa nai. Ir'ri dadem rufania ir'ri danum nar'rau ay'ye di ti. Saaran wa ita tanum fel lakwai tafa'i barlai tour yabai fel ani rufa sar.”

Yakub narsaman nangai, “Ongalai ma'arere ir'ri danum nda dafa'i barlai rufa nai, Lai?”

Silai fafi sukwai dammel na asala fo laru ame mang'ar. “Ita da moyang kwa-kwa lau ye. Ir'ri dafai matat'tongar ma'arere ani ye dambana fai ai, ai wadi darafoye dangai cempaka. Ada yasann tangalai fun re am'forre, ir'ri daofu si'a afel dadafa eyam'mai. Miyokwa re! lofai nda dafa tour yabai fel ani rufa sar,” Silai atoran fel na aroru fin ne tamatu bettai de danum na nda dafai tour yabai fel ani rufa sar.

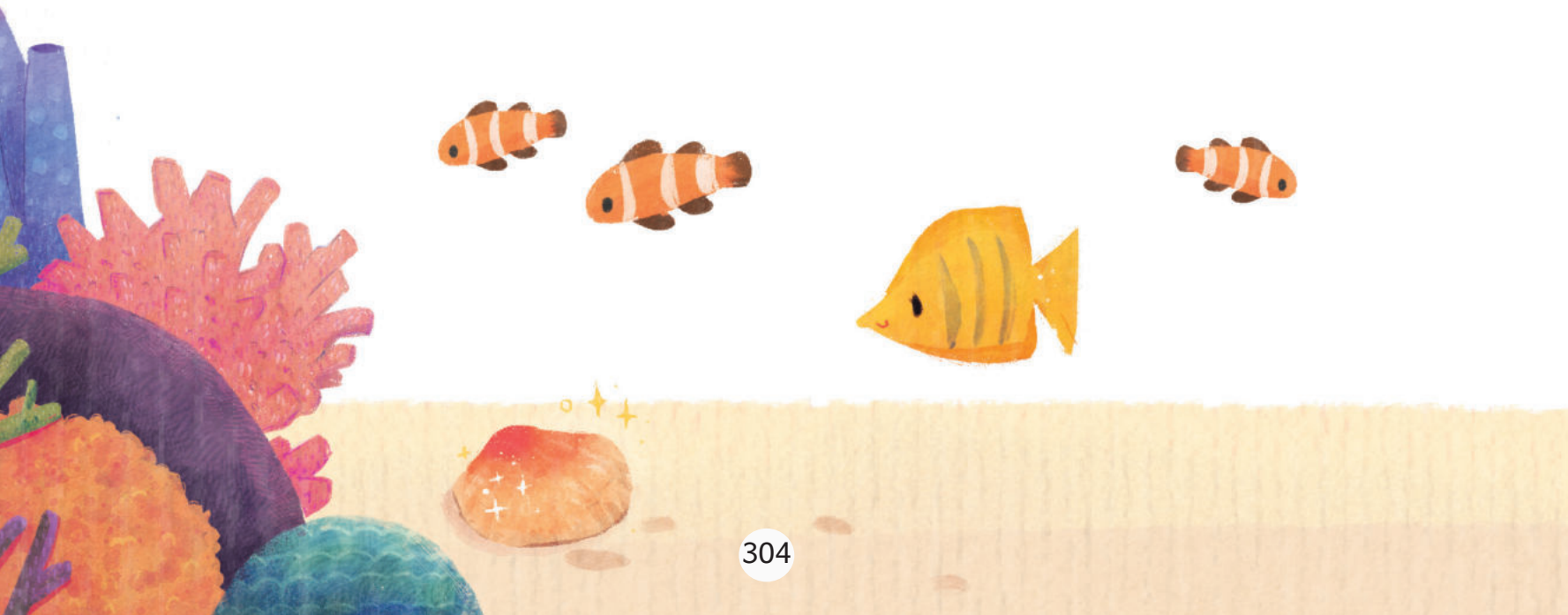






- Ketiga anak itu kemudian ikut melaut. Mereka menyelam di laut yang tak terlalu dalam. Ekosistem di pantai itu masih terjaga. Terumbu karang berwarna-warni begitu indah dipandang mata. Ikan-ikan karang juga seakan berlomba menyelam dengan ketiganya.
- The three boys do not want to wait any longer. Straight away, they join the crowds and head towards the sea. They reached the shallow waters, where the ecosystem is still very pristine, with colorful coral lining the seabed. Such a beautiful sight. Schools of coral fish swim around them, as if they are getting into the action too.
- Ir'ri laye daturay ya'a lau. Ir'ri danum ya'a lau re nda ralui. Tay re ne baiuil'loir. Sodal de naide tu lo'ir yu'u ye. Si'a de yari ye ya'a sodal yisin dam rora fel lay'ye de.

- Silai menyelam di tempat sekumpulan karang. Menurut bapaknya, di tempat seperti itu banyak tumbuh kerang berisi mutiara. Silai menyelam dengan bantuan kaca mata selam. Diperhatikannya dengan teliti sisi-sisi karang. Benar saja, seperti petunjuk bapaknya, matanya menangkap beberapa benda agak kehitaman. Silai mengambil kerang itu dan memasukkannya ke dalam tas selempangnya. Setelah puas menyelam, mereka kembali ke pantai.
- Silai puts on his snorkel and dives into an area lined with coral. His father once said oyster pearls thrive among the corals. So, he carefully inspects every inch of the coral. Suddenly, he sees some oyster pearls with dark-colored shells. He is thrilled. His father was right! He picks them up and puts them into his sling bag. After spending the whole afternoon diving and collecting pearl oysters, the three boys return to the beach.
- Silai anum ya'a re sodal betai dam'me. Ani bafa awuli, ya'a nangai ya'a sodal de dam'me eyam'mai betai. Silai anum afai akwalon. Ayokwa nam songai sodal dam'me. Naire ti, rufa re ani bafa awuli, mai dayofu re olai. Silai nal eyam ne afo asila sa'u ani koba yabil. Narboi fai a num ti, ir'ri damul ya'a taire.



- “Aku mendapat tiga kerang. Kalau ada mutiaranya, kita jual ke Ibu Odar.” ujar Silai sembari membuka satu kerang yang ada di dalam tas selempang. Jono dan Yakub mendekat. “Lai, sebaiknya kita bawa itu ke rumah Ibu Odar. Biar dia yang membukanya,” saran Jono. Silai mengiyakan. Ketiganya menuju rumah Ibu Odar yang tak jauh dari Pantai Wamar.
- “I found three oyster pearls. If there are pearls inside them, I will sell them to Ms. Odar,” Silai says, as he takes one of the shells out of his bag and tries to shuck it open. Jono and Yakub move closer to get a better look. “We better take that to Ms. Odar and let her do it.” Jono said. Silai nods in agreement, and the three of them walk over to Ms. Odar’s house, which is a short walk from Wamar Beach.
- Silai afangar eyam dei ye, afo awuli, “Sa’u udafa eyam lai. Kotu afel eyam’mai afo ta kwangu ya’a Odar sin,” Jono afel Yakub dafan ren afo Jono awuli, “Lai, rufa ne sa tafoi Odar sin ani kwalar. Nama naen’ni afangar,” Silai atoran fo. Lai ye dabana Odar sin ni kwalar, nda afan sau f’fai Wamar tai re.





- Ibu Odar adalah pengusaha industri mutiara. Dia membeli kerang mutiara, baik kerang dari laut maupun yang dibudidayakan warga. Ibu Odar dengan senang hati menyambut mereka. Dalam rumahnya, terdapat rak kaca berisi butiran mutiara dan perhiasan bertatahkan mutiara.

Silai lalu memberi ketiga kerangnya kepada Ibu Odar. Perempuan paruh baya itu lalu membuka salah satu kerang yang besar. Tampak seongkah mutiara berbentuk bulat dengan warna kuning gading. Ukurannya sekitar empat belas milimeter dengan berat sekitar tiga gram. Dia menimang-nimang mutiara itu, memandang ketiganya, lalu memandang lekat mutiara yang dipegangnya.

- Ms. Odar owns a pearl business. She buys oyster pearls that are picked from the sea as well as those cultivated by the people. Ms. Odar greets them with a warm smile. Inside, they see a glass cabinet filled with pearls and quite a few jewellerys adorned with pearls.

Silai hands over the three oyster pearls that he had found to Ms. Odar. She shucks one of the larger shells open. Inside is a large ivory-colored pearl. It is about fourteen millimeters in diameter and weighs around three grams. She places the pearl in her hand, looks at the boys for a second, then carefully inspects the pearl.

- Odar sin ne tamatu sinai de datuar si dakwangu eyam'mai. Atuar bana de dame lau sak'u de tamatu dal'lessi ye. "Odar sin ne lungai rakur ya'a ayokwa ye. Ya'a ani kwalar yabil akwalun sinan ne salin fel eyam'mai. Silai nal ani eyam lai ya'a Odar sin. Afo tafoodan ne afangar eyam bar'ri ye. Afo adafa eyam'mai ye ani rufa kuning. Ani bar'ri urafin'awa milimeter afel ani ngengin lay gram. Alebi eyam'mai ne, ayokwa laye, afo ayokwa eyam'mai de nadi re.





- “Mutiara ini sangat berkilau dan cemerlang. Bayangan ibu bisa terlihat di mutiara ini. Artinya, kualitas mutiara ini adalah yang terbaik.” kata Ibu Odar. Mereka terkesima dengan penjelasan Ibu Odar.
 “Jika dilihat dari warna dan bentuknya di kalangan pedagang mutiara, jenis ini sering disebut mutiara dipsy, salah satu jenis yang langka dan unik. Ia termasuk dalam jenis kerang pinctada Maxima. Kalau ada orang yang menanyakan mutiara bibir emas, nah inilah dia.” lanjut Ibu Odar sembari mengangkat mutiara yang didapatkan Silai.
 “Harga pasarannya setelah diolah bisa jutaan rupiah.”
 “Serius?” tanya Jono.
 Ibu Odar menjawab, “Iya. Harganya memang mahal. Kalau mutiara yang baru dipanen seperti ini, harganya hanya ratusan ribu.”

- “This pearl is gleaming and brilliant.” I can see my reflections on it. This is a pearl of the highest quality,” Ms. Odar said. The three boys stare at the pearl in amazement.
 “Judging by its color and shape, this is what the pearl sellers call a dipsy pearl. It’s one of the rarest and most unique pearls. It falls under the Pinctada Maxima variety. If anyone asks for a golden lip pearl, then this is it,” Ms. Odar continues, as she holds the pearl between her fingers. “After it is processed, it can fetch several millions.”
 “Are you serious?” Jono exclaims in astonishment.
 “Yes,” Ms. Odar replies. “It is very expensive. If it is just picked from the sea, just like this one, it’s only worth several hundred rupiah.”

- Odar sin awuli, “Eyam’mai nai rakur yu’u. sa’u uyokwa ana oui i eyam’mai nai. Eyam’mai nai loir yu’u,” ir’ri datol fel Odar sin ani sersifar.
 “Kotu tayokwa fai ani rufa si o’wui ya’a tamatu de dakwangu si datuar eyam’mai, de rufa nai sa dawuli dangai eyam’mai dipsy, eyam’mai de rufa nai tamatu dasalu ye feln matakwar. Eyam’mai nai ani rufa pinctada maxima. Kotu na tamatu darsaman ya’a eyam’mai alai m’masa, nai wa ti” Odar sin awuli ns nal eyam’mai ne Silai adafa re. “Feli serkwangu kotu dadem dam lo’ir safeli bari.”
 Afo Jono narsaman, “Mom tama?”
 Odar sin atoran fo nangai, “E. Feli bari. Kotu eyam’mai de oraman nama da’u ye feli di uran.

● “Oh ya, Bu, apakah mutiara sintetis sama dengan mutiara asli? Bagaimana cara membedakan keduanya?” tanya Silai penasaran.

“Memang keduanya hampir sama. Makanya orang yang awam soal mutiara bisa terkecoh. Cara untuk memastikan sebuah mutiara asli atau sintetis adalah dengan membakar mutiaranya dengan lilin. Jika meleleh, mutiara itu sintetis. Mutiara asli tidak akan meleleh, tapi hanya menghitam sedikit. Namun, jika dilap dengan tisu, permukaannya akan mulus kembali. Cara lainnya, yaitu dengan menggosokkan mutiara tersebut ke bagian gigi depan kita. Jika terasa kesat dan agak berpasir, mutiara itu asli. Mutiara sintetis akan terasa licin permukaannya. Lalu, saat digigit, mutiara asli tidak berbekas, sedangkan mutiara sintetis akan terasa halus dan sedikit berbekas.” jelas Bu Odar.

● “Oh, I have a question. Are synthetic pearls similar to real pearls? How can you tell them apart?” Silai asks, as his curiosity takes over.

“Well, they’re almost identical. That’s why many people can’t tell them apart,” she says. “All you have to do to tell which is real and which is fake is to bring the pearl into the flame of a candle.



If it melts, it is synthetic. Real pearls will not melt but there may be a slight burn mark. But the slight burn mark could be wiped off with a tissue and the pearl would return to its dazzling form. Another way is to rub the pearl on your front teeth. If it feels coarse and grainy, then it is a real pearl. Synthetic pearls have a slippery surface. If you bite into a real pearl, it will not leave any bite marks, but for synthetic pearls it will feel a little soft and will leave a slight bite mark.” Ms. Odar explains.

- Silai narsaman nangai, “Mom tama, Odar sin, eyam’mai kwangai ani rufa nal eyam’mai del’loar re? tafular ye tangaba?”

Odar sin awuli nangai, “Ye ani rufa fara nal ye. Kotu tamatu de nda darla’a sa’u eyam’mai atu daya’al ye fel. Kotu fara darla’a eyam’mai kwangai fel eyam’mai lo’ir sa dawau fai sai. Kotu nartar, eyammai ne kwangai. Eyam’mai de lo’ar e nda dartar, atu olai kwa-kwa te na en. Kotu da yasir ye sa atu rakwar e mul. Kotu nda sa, dakwau ya’a ngeyan’da. Kotu na l’liai, sare eyam’mai lo’ar ye. Eyam’mai kwangai atu mum’mur. Afo ta ara, eyam’mai lo’ir nda ada ngeyan da owui, kotu eyam’mai de kwangai atu nam owui,”





- “Lai, uang hasil menjual mutiara akan kau belikan apa?” tanya Yakub kepada Silai yang masih tampak takjub dengan penjelasan Ibu Odar.

“Akan kutukarkan dengan cincin itu,” jawab Silai sambil menunjuk sebuah cincin perak bermata mutiara hitam. “Akan kuhadiahkan kepada ibuku. Besok dia ulang tahun.”

Mendengar itu, Ibu Odar tersenyum. Ia mengambil cincin yang ditunjuk Silai. “Ini cincinnya. Nanti Ibu tambahkan uang setelah melihat mutiara dalam dua kerang lainnya, ya?”

- “Hey, Silai. What are you going to do with the money you’ll get from selling these pearls?” Yakub asks Silai, who is still mesmerized by what Ms. Odar had just said.

“I’m going to exchange it with that ring,” Silai says, as he points to a silver ring adorned with a black pearl. “I’m going to give it to my mom as a present. Tomorrow is her birthday.”



Ms. Odar smiles. She takes out the ring Silai had pointed at. “Here’s the ring. I will give you the rest of the money once I open the other two shells. Is that okay?”

- Yakub atol fel Odar sin ani sersifar, afo asaman Silai “Lai, atu m’tuar ya kotu ndafa ubal’laba betai fai m’kwangu eyam’mai nai?”

Silai atoran fel na aroru tang’an’ne afai eyam’mai olai, afo awuli nangai “Atu utuar tang’an’ne,” “Atu olin ya’a sinang’ngu. Maire ani mayira ne akwara mul.”

Odar sin arengin ri’a fafisukwai amel. Afo nal tang’an’ne Silai ar’rorun. “Tang’an’ne nai-nai atu sa’u ol ubal’laba aye fel tu kotu uyokwa eyam’mai ya’a eyam ro wadi yabal di?”



- Lalu Ibu Odar membuka kerang lainnya dan mengambil mutiara dengan jenis yang sama. Ia menambahkan uang lima ratus ribu. Silai memberikan Jono dan Yakub masing-masing seratus ribu. Sebelum pulang, Ibu Odar berpesan agar Silai dan teman-temannya menjaga kekayaan alam Pulau Dobo. Mereka pun berjanji untuk menjaga dan melestarikan kekayaan alam mereka.
- She shucks the other two shells and plucks the pearls out. They are of similar type and quality. She gives five hundred thousand rupiah to Silai. He then gives both Jono and Yakub one hundred thousand rupiah each. Before they leave, Ms. Odar reminds Silai and his friends that they must preserve the natural resources of Dobo Island. The three boys nod their heads and, in unison, vow to protect and take care of the natural resources of their beloved island
- Odar sin afangar eyam de nangai afo nal eyam'mai fel ani rufa ne fedi. Afo nal ubal'laba ratu lima. Fara amul, Odar sin awuli ya'an fara Silai atura ni soba si ainai dasa'a Dobu ani lau si rasa. Ir'ri dam yet'tu ya'a dasa'a Dobu ani lau si rasa.







- Hari semakin senja. Mereka berjalan pulang melalui Pantai Wangel. Di pantai itu, ketiganya hendak menikmati panorama senja. Mentari kian mendekati garis batas laut. Warnanya menjadi jingga. Ketiganya melangkah secepatnya seakan ikut mengantar sang raja siang pulang ke peraduannya.
- Silai and his friends make their way back home. And as the sun begins to set, they stop at Wangel Beach to enjoy the sunset. A truly beautiful sight. The sky seems like it is painted with an orange hue. As darkness falls, they stand up and continue their walk home, as if bidding good night to the setting sun.
- Laru naire afan ti. Ir'ri dasamur mul dal Wangel tai re. ya'a tai re ne, ir'ri laye datalar dayokwa laru afan. Laru naire fara afan ti. Ir'ri laye dasamur dam lakwai dasamur dakuyar laru awui.



The Dobel Language is spoken in the Dosinamalau, Karawai, Balatan, Basada, Kaiwabar, Kobror, Kojabi, Murai Baru, Murai Lama, Warbola, and Ponong Villages of the Aru Tengah Timur Sub-district, Aru Islands Regency, Baun Island, Maluku Province. There are about 800 speakers of the language. The status of the language is safe. (Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)



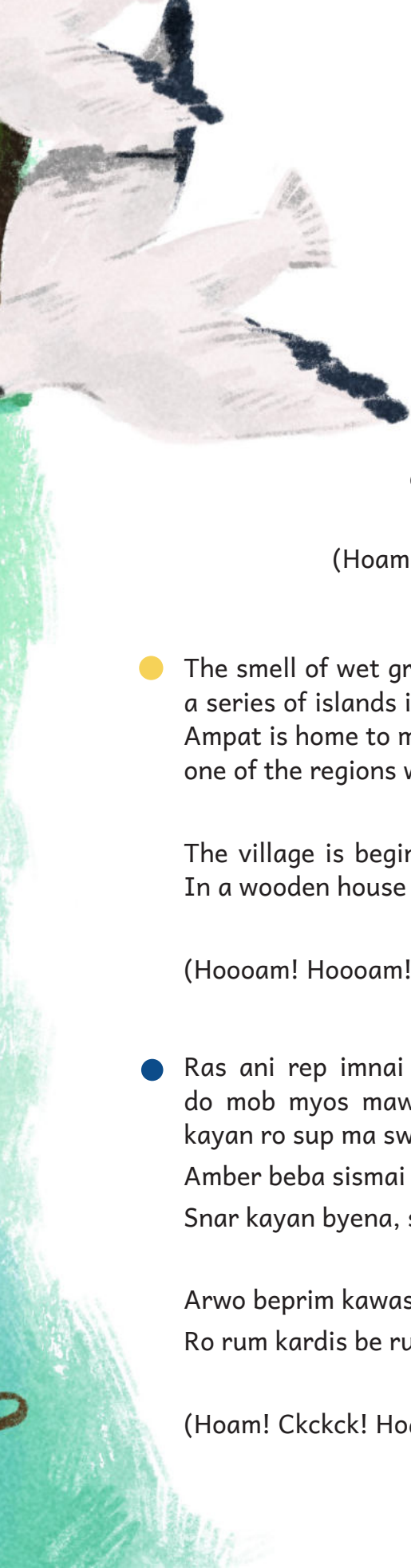
Sintike And The “Sasi” at Kapatcol

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- Aroma tanah basah masih menggantung di kampung Kapatcol, Kepulauan Misool, Raja Ampat. Raja Ampat adalah gugusan pulau di Papua Barat yang terkenal akan keindahan dan kekayaan alamnya. Raja Ampat merupakan rumah bagi lebih dari 553 jenis karang dan menjadi tempat bagi 1.456 jenis ikan karang. Hal ini membuat Kepulauan Raja Ampat menjadi kawasan dengan ragam jenis karang dan ikan karang terbanyak di dunia.

Warga kampung bergegas bangun. Mereka menyiapkan diri menyambut hari yang baru. Dalam sebuah rumah berdinding kayu dan berwarna hijau, seorang anak bernama Sintike telah bangun dari tidurnya.

(Hoam! Ckckck! Hoam!)

- The smell of wet grass fills the air of Kapatcol village, Misool Islands, Raja Ampat. Raja Ampat is a series of islands in West Papua renowned for their beautiful scenery and rich biodiversity. Raja Ampat is home to more than 553 coral species and 1,456 species of coral fish, making Raja Ampat one of the regions with the highest concentration of corals and fish.

The village is beginning to awaken. The villagers are getting ready to start their daily routine. In a wooden house brightly painted green, a little girl is waking up. Her name is Sintike.

(Hoooam! Hoooam!)

- Ras ani rep imnai ma ifur saprok nadok ro mnu Kapatcol, Misool Raja Ampat. Raja Ampat I do mob myos mawa nasyos pampam ro bikor myos Papua, mob bepyum, bepduk, befo kuker kayan ro sup ma swan.

Amber beba sismai ros jenis di 553 kukro in sya jenis di 1.456.

Snar kayan byena, snai Raja Ampat be mob befo syadi ros ma in ro dunia.

Arwo beprim kawasa mnu sikboke. Sisyo ras be babo.

Ro rum kardis be rumek ro mnu fadadu, inai benir Sintike, dakboke bur anenef.

(Hoam! Ckckck! Hoam!)



- Biasanya Sintike dibangunkan oleh mamanya, tetapi pagi ini berbeda. Dia sangat menunggu hari ini karena sepupunya yang bernama Diego dan Yanti akan mengunjunginya. Diego dan Yanti tinggal di Kampung Folley, yang terletak di sebelah timur Kepulauan Misool. Perjalanan dari Folley ke Kapatcol membutuhkan waktu 3—4 jam menggunakan perahu bermotor, melewati gugusan pulau yang tersebar dari timur hingga barat Misool.

Sepupunya, Yanti baru kelas 5 Sekolah Dasar (SD) sedangkan Diego sudah kelas 1 Sekolah Menengah Pertama (SMP) dan Sintike sendiri kelas 6 SD. Di Kampung Folley sudah ada sekolah mulai Taman Kanak-Kanak (TK) sampai Sekolah Menengah Atas (SMA). Berbeda dengan di Kapatcol yang ada SD saja. Orang tua Sintike berharap kedatangan sepupunya ini akan membuat Sintike mau melanjutkan ke SMP di Folley.

- Her mother usually wakes her up, but today is not like any other day. Sintike is anxiously waiting for her cousins, Diego and Yanti, to arrive. Diego and Yanti live in Folley Village, which is located to the east of the Misool Islands. It is a 3 to 4-hour boat ride, passing through a chain of islands that stretches from the east to the west of Misool.

Her cousin, Yanti, is still in fifth grade, and Diego is already in his first year of junior high school. Sintike, herself, is now a sixth grader. Unlike Kapatcol, which only has an elementary school, there are many schools available at Folley Village, from kindergarten up to high school. Sintike's parents are hoping that Yanti and Diego's visit will spark Sintike's interest in continuing her studies at the Junior High School in Folley Village.

- Bepon nawara, Sintike snari bebaun i. Impabe rasine demyer ikboke. Imarisen kaku snar rasine napirem byesu Diego ma Yanti su, su syama be sumam i. Diego ma Yanti su barek ro mnu Folley be ro myos Misool bar murem. Ayayun Folley be Kapatcol kuker johnson i do jam di kyor mura be fyak. Skoyun siser fofen myos mawa bekon syos ro Misool bar murem be mbarek.

Sintike napirem byedi, Yanti i ryo kelas rim rumfarkor SD, imboi Diego i ryo rumfarkor SMP kelas oser. Sintike i ma ryo Farkor SD kelas onem. Folley i wa sna rumfarkor faro romawa mnggun sya raker o rumfarkor romawa beba sya, rumfarkor SMA.

Imboi Kapatcol i do, nya rumfarkor SD ya monda. Sintike sinan bye su, su marisen kaku Sintike dakfarkur mufyas be SMP kako, SMP be ro Folley ya.



- Menjelang siang, Diego dan keluarganya tiba di Kapatcol. Bapak Melky dan Mama Anike, orang tua Sintike, sudah menunggu di depan dermaga.

“Sintikeee,” teriak Diego dan Yanti begitu perahu mereka menepi pada tangga dermaga.

“Wah, Sintike sudah besar juga ya!” ucap bapak Diego.

“Apakah bibi dan masyarakat di kampung mau buka sasi? Bapak tadi cerita selama perjalanan di perahu,” tukas Yanti.

“Iya, hari Minggu rencananya kami akan buka sasi,” jawab Mama Anike pada Yanti.

“Yanti dan Diego juga bisa ikut, nanti kita cari teripang sama-sama,” timpal Sintike.

“Sambil menyelam, menangkap teripang besar pasti asyik sekali. Itu ‘kan kesukaan Diego,” jawab Yanti cepat.

Ketiganya pun tergelak dan tertawa.
- Sintike’s parents, Papa Melky and Mama Anike, are waiting at the pier to greet them. Just before lunch, Diego and his family arrive at Kapatcol.

“Sintikeee!” Diego and Yanti shout excitedly, as their boat starts to dock.

“Wow, Sintike, you’re all grown up!” says Diego’s father.

“Are you and the people of the village going to lift the sasi, you know, the restriction? That’s what Papa told us on the boat coming here,” Yanti asks.

“Yes, we plan to lift the sasi on Sunday,” Mama Anike replies.

“Yanti and Diego, you can come along, too. We can hunt for sea cucumbers together,” Sintike adds excitedly.

“That would be fun! I’m sure Diego would enjoy diving and hunting for sea cucumbers!” Yanti quickly replies.

The three of them burst into laughter.
- Barbier meser, Diego i kukro bedadi, kma, ma snari skosun ro Kapatcol. Sintike sna kma byesu. Kamam Melky ma Awin Anike suwaf kwar ro abor barpon

“Sintikeee,” Diego ma Yanti suyur mura knik way skobedi ipyar fanam kakar abor ya.

“Beee.. Sintike waba kwar!” Diego kmari ikofen. .

“Mebin, mebin ma kawasa mnu ine, be mgoseben sasi e? Kamam sandi fyawar ro fyor nggayun be dine,” Yanti ifuken mura be mebin byedi.

“Imbo, nari ras Minggu iyama nggoseben sasi’ awin Anike ikofen be Yanti i.

“Yanti Diego mu bisa muso kako. Nari kosewar kaem pimam. ” Sintike dakofen

“Karon bo kosofeer pimam beba. Sye..ndrok pyum ra. Diego ro imarisen nairi.” Yanti dap fasaw Sintike, Diego ma Yanti sko, skombrif kaem.

- Tradisi sasi merupakan tradisi yang dilakukan masyarakat dalam mengelola dan memelihara keseimbangan alam dengan cara melarang masyarakat mengambil sumber daya alam tertentu dan dalam jangka waktu tertentu. Pelaksanaan sasi diatur berdasarkan musim yang berlaku. Apabila musim ombak pelaksanaan sasi diberlakukan di laut. Pada waktu pelaksanaan sasi laut masyarakat membuka sasi di darat. Semua hasil bumi di darat dapat dipanen oleh masyarakat.

Saat laut dalam keadaan teduh maka diberlakukan sasi darat. Semua tanaman atau tumbuhan yang ada di area sasi darat tidak boleh diambil, kecuali tumbuhan atau tanaman yang digunakan untuk kebutuhan sehari-hari. Pada waktu pelaksanaan sasi darat, semua masyarakat turun ke laut untuk membuka sasi laut.

- The sasi is a tradition that is upheld by the local community to manage and preserve the balance of the natural resources. This is done by imposing a restriction on harvesting certain natural resources within a certain period of time. The Sasi restriction is applied based on the seasons. During high tides, the sasi is imposed on the seas. When the sasi is imposed on the seas, the on-land sasi is lifted, and the people are allowed to harvest the natural resources of the land.

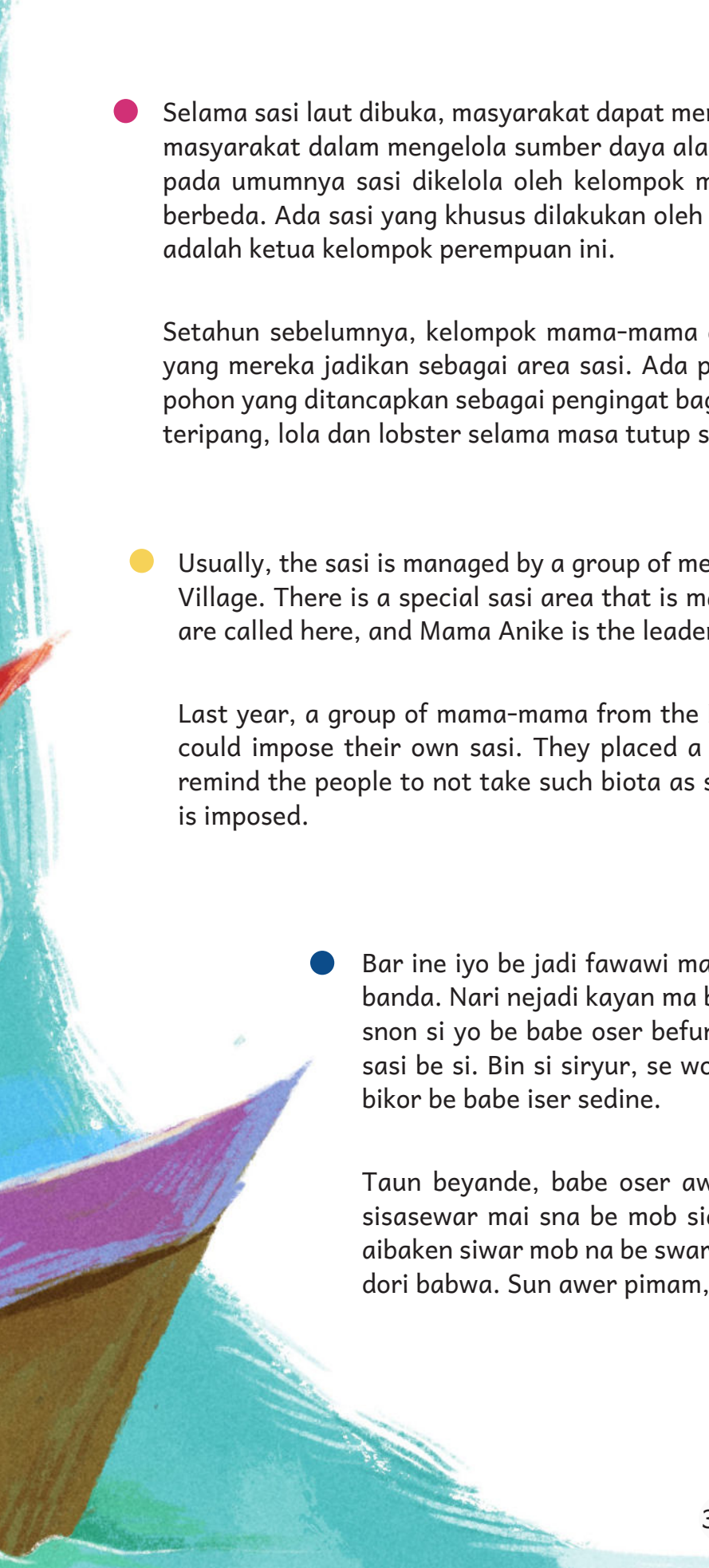


When the seas are calm, the on-land sasi is imposed. People are not allowed to pick or harvest any vegetables or plants that grow in the area where the sasi is imposed, except vegetables or plants that are used for daily consumption. When the on-land sasi is imposed, everyone heads for the seas to lift the sea sasi. When the sea sasi is lifted, people are allowed to harvest the resources from the sea. This local wisdom only has one purpose, and that is to protect and preserve the natural resources for future generations.

- Munara sasi swan ine sifur i do smam ro wam na. Wam ikrouw senadi warek swan sesasewar do, bar ine iso sor be Sasi swan. Fyor o se sasi banda, kawasa mnu sya sun kaker bero bonde na. Wam bekrouw ani ibur ma swan ibrin ido, kawasa bero mnu sesasi bande. Rokaker sena senadi warek na. Oso ipok fa dun naba, sun I do sun rokaker san ro ras-ras na monda. Fafisu sesasi bande i do, kawasa sun in ma pimam ro swan. Sasi I do munara bekain ro kawasa mnu sya, fa siki mam ma sidwarek mob sbarek, snap, smun, san. Senadi sidwarek rokaker bero sup bande, ro bero swan ibunwa. Sidwarek na ro waf bekwan sendo nbarek nedofen insampe ras o skoryur kaem ma senadi siseben sasi ani ma sofer kayan sup ma swan byuk be si.





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- Selama sasi laut dibuka, masyarakat dapat memanen hasil laut. Hal ini menjadi wujud nyata kearifan masyarakat dalam mengelola sumber daya alam bagi anak dan cucu di masa yang akan datang. Jika pada umumnya sasi dikelola oleh kelompok masyarakat laki-laki, di Kampung Kapatcol, ada yang berbeda. Ada sasi yang khusus dilakukan oleh kelompok perempuan atau mama-mama. Mama Anike adalah ketua kelompok perempuan ini.

Setahun sebelumnya, kelompok mama-mama di kampung Kapatcol telah memilih sebuah area laut yang mereka jadikan sebagai area sasi. Ada penanda berupa papan pengumuman dan juga batang pohon yang ditancapkan sebagai pengingat bagi masyarakat agar tidak mengambil biota sasi seperti teripang, lola dan lobster selama masa tutup sasi.

- Usually, the sasi is managed by a group of men. But there is something a little different at Kapatcol Village. There is a special sasi area that is managed by a group of women, or mama-mama as they are called here, and Mama Anike is the leader of this group.

Last year, a group of mama-mama from the Kapatcol Village chose an area of the sea where they could impose their own sasi. They placed a notice board and stuck a few branches around it to remind the people to not take such biota as sea cucumbers, sea snails, and lobsters when the sasi is imposed.

- Bar ine iyo be jadi fawawi manggun be si ma siki myamwarek mob sena. Bande ma banda. Nari nejadi kayan ma barakas be romawa pui sesi ro ras nayama. Fyor iwara snon si yo be babe oser befur sasi, imboi babo ine ro Kapatcol, bin sya semir sifur sasi be si. Bin si siryur, se wos oser mas sifur sasi ine ma be si. Awin anike i yo be bikor be babe iser sedine.

Taun beyande, babe oser awin insar bero Kapatcol ine sebadir mob ya ro swan sisasewar mai sna be mob sidwarek kuker sasi. Sbadi mob ani kukro ambafen ma aibaken siwar mob na be swarepen faro kawasa seindo sun awer robebor bero swan dori babwa. Sun awer pimam, adwor, ma barupu ro fyor seben banim sasi ani.



● (Tung! Tung! Tung!)

Suara lonceng dari gereja menggema, mengingatkan masyarakat ibadah minggu sekaligus ibadah membuka sasi.

Setelah ibadah di gereja, selanjutnya kelompok mama-mama pengelola sasi bersama perwakilan gereja dan adat bersepakat pergi menuju area sasi. Di tepi pantai area sasi, secara adat dilakukan seserahan sesaji bagi para leluhur.

Selepas itu kelompok mama-mama memimpin masyarakat yang lainnya ikut serta naik perahu menuju tengah laut dan memulai panen hasil laut.

● (Ding! Dong! Ding!)

The church bell rings, calling the villagers to come to church for service and to pray for the safe lifting of the sasi.

After the church service, a group of mama-mama who manage the sasi, along with representatives from the church and the customary community, collectively, make their way to the area where the sasi is imposed. On the beach close to the sasi area, they conducted a ritual by presenting offerings to their ancestors.

After conducting the ceremony, the mama-mama directs the people to board the boats that will take them to sea to harvest sea resources.

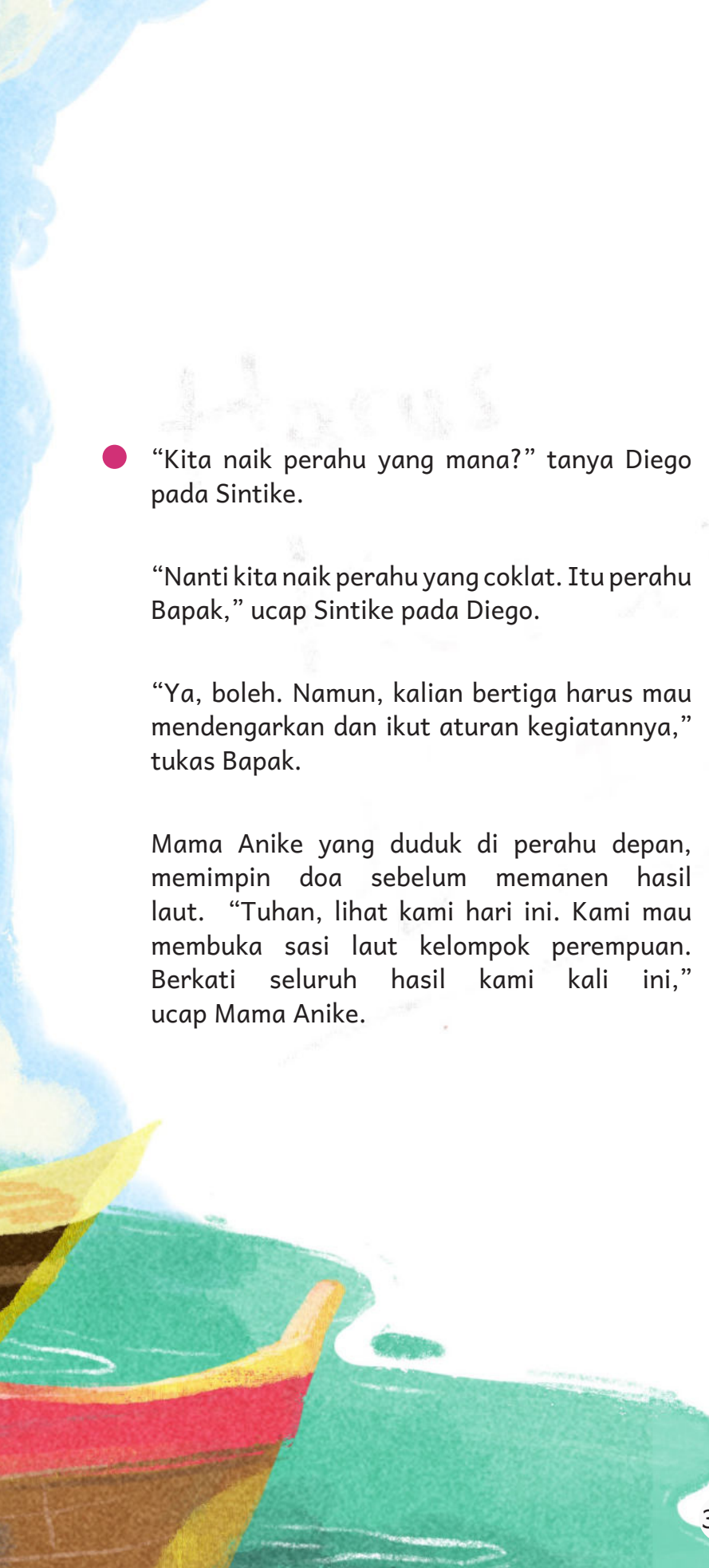
● (Kwin! Kwin! Kwin!)

Mawon ani ryok kwar. Bye swaraprepen be kawasa be ro mnu sya ma sra seyari ro rum ari. Seyari ras Minggu kuker seyari abe seben sasi swan.

Sasyar kero ari ani, bar awin insar befrur sasi sya sifnouk majelis kukro mananwir sya se fayamyam ma sra be mob sifur sasi ya. Ro yen andir befnam be mob sasi ya, mananwir mnuk byuk fanfan ma byenadi dor be nanggi, be sinan kpu bena sup ine.

Simnai senadi, babe oser awin insar siryrur kawasa ansi. Sek wai bo sibores be soren fadu abe sisofer pimam kuker o barudu.



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- “Kita naik perahu yang mana?” tanya Diego pada Sintike.

“Nanti kita naik perahu yang coklat. Itu perahu Bapak,” ucap Sintike pada Diego.

“Ya, boleh. Namun, kalian bertiga harus mau mendengarkan dan ikut aturan kegiatannya,” tukas Bapak.

Mama Anike yang duduk di perahu depan, memimpin doa sebelum memanen hasil laut. “Tuhan, lihat kami hari ini. Kami mau membuka sasi laut kelompok perempuan. Berkati seluruh hasil kami kali ini,” ucap Mama Anike.

- Which boat are we going to go on?” Diego asks Sintike.

“The brown one. That’s Papa’s boat,” Sintike tells Diego.

“Yes, you can come along. But the three of you must listen to and follow all the instructions,” Papa says.

Mama Anika, who is on the first boat, is leading a prayer before the harvest. “Lord, look upon us on this day. We are going to lift the sasi under the women’s group. Bless us and give us a plentiful harvest,” Mama Anike recites.

- ’Wai di sai koso i?’ Diego ifuken be Sintike i
“Nari koso wai be ra saprop iwa. Kamam I wai byedi ri.” Sintike ikofen kabere be Diego i

“Yo imboi. Na mgoso boi mgorower kafkofen beba sya.” Kamam i ikofen swarepen

Awin Anike i kyain ro barpon wai ya, byenadi. Nadi berfarser sir o knik be saron ra sun o kayan swan

“Manseren o, Mam munfes be nggo ro dine. Snar rasine, nggo ro do babe oser awin insar be ro Kaptcol in, Nggosne be nggo seben sasi swan. Buk aski bepyum faro sasewar nggobena ro ras ine,” Awin Anike byenadi



- Tak jauh dari mereka, ada 7—8 perahu berlayar mengelilingi area laut di mana sasi akan dibuka. Begitu doa selesai dipanjatkan, satu per satu dari mereka turun mengambil hasil laut.

Mereka membawa tombak yang bernama *kalawai* dan *kalun*. Beberapa anak yang lain menyiapkan kaca *molo*-nya, *ret* atau panah bawah laut, juga alat penangkap lobster bernama *gete*.

- Not far from them are around 7 to 8 boats circling the area where the sasi will be lifted. Once the prayer has been completed, one by one they dive into the water to harvest the sea resources.

They carry their spears, which are called the *kalawai* and *kalun*. Some children are putting on their *molo* traditional snorkeling goggles and preparing the *ret*, or an underwater spear, and a lobster trap called the *gete*.

- Nadi ani bye Amin, kawasa ansi sado asis, sinuren ma saron murbab sun robebor vbero war i dori.

Sun pasan, manora, mganden. Romawa kasun sya sun fanin kukro ret, faransres, ma sun kako inawen siki sofer barudu ma amos



- Diego melompat ke dalam air. Dia berenang menyelam mencari teripang di birunya laut yang dalam.

“Nah, itu dia!” Segera saja Diego mengayunkan kakinya dan menggapai teripang dengan tangan telanjang.

Ada begitu banyak teripang, ikan, lola, dan juga lobster.

Begitu muncul di permukaan, bapak melihat ukuran teripang yang dibawa oleh Diego.

- Diego jumps into the water. He swims and dives into the deep blue waters of the sea to search for sea cucumbers.

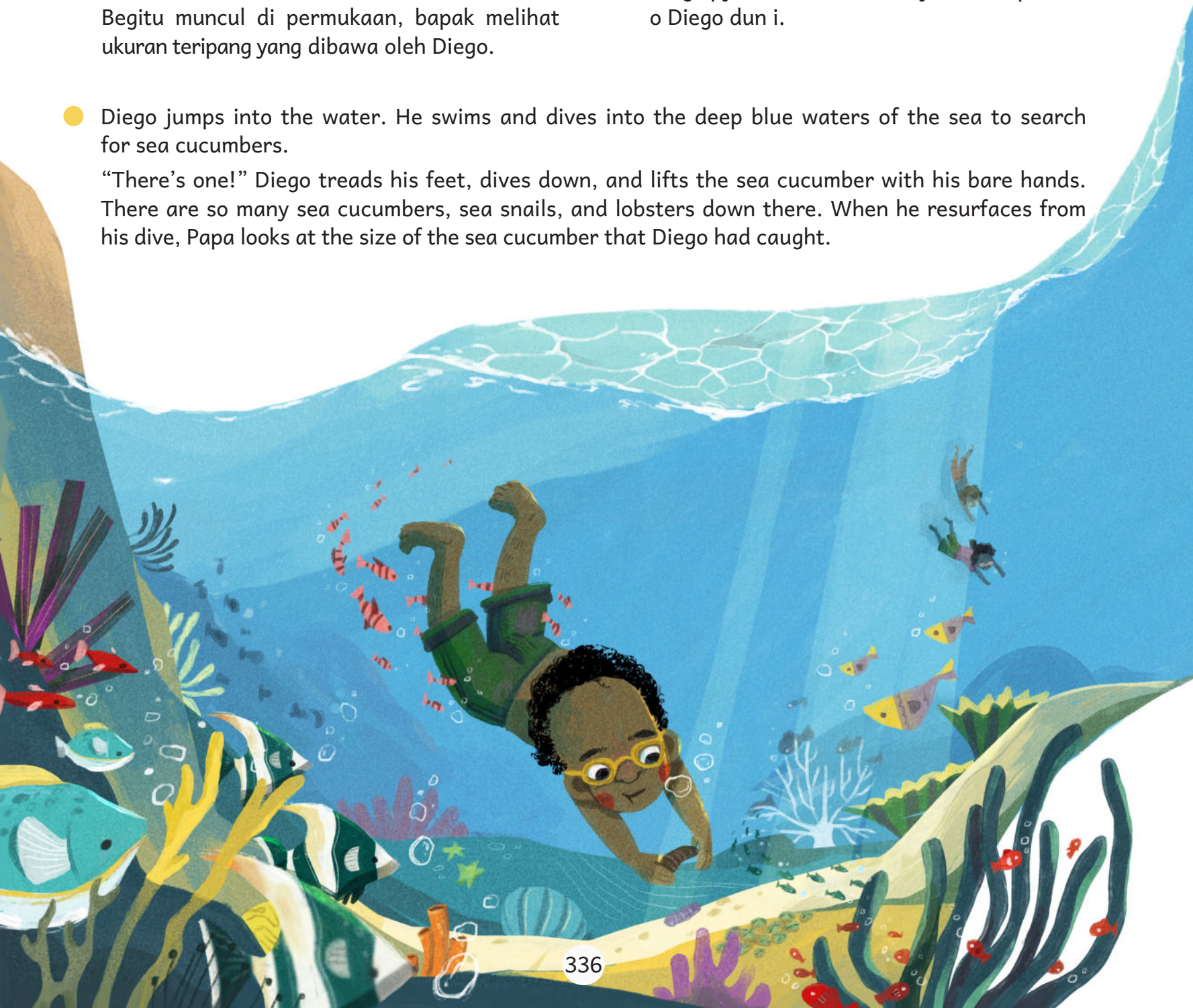
“There’s one!” Diego treads his feet, dives down, and lifts the sea cucumber with his bare hands. There are so many sea cucumbers, sea snails, and lobsters down there. When he resurfaces from his dive, Papa looks at the size of the sea cucumber that Diego had caught.

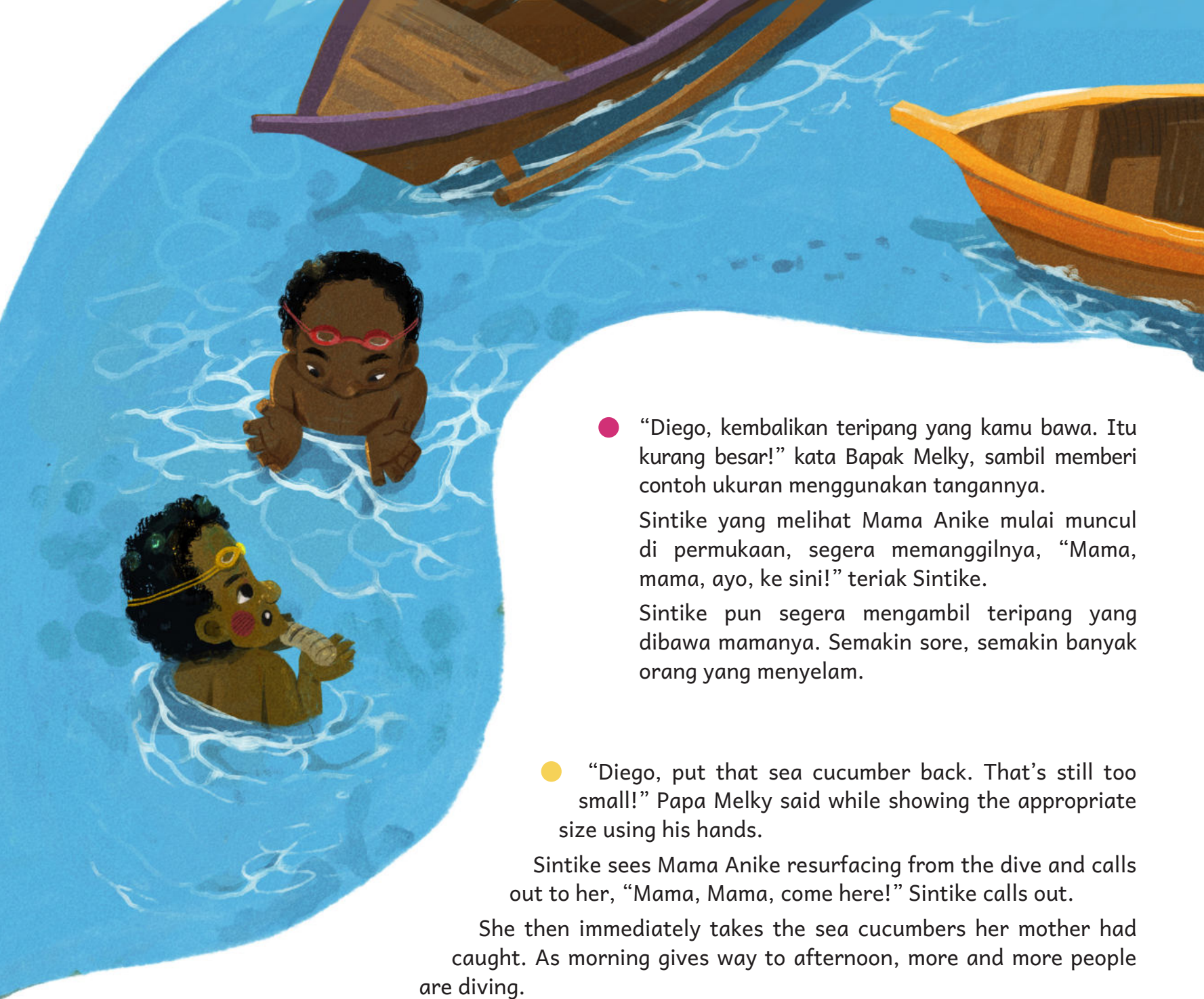
- Diego doper be war i dori. Nyur e, ma daron ra dun pimam ro war beramen ani dori.

“Yoo.. au sine ye!” Diego i kif wesi bo daron fasau murbab dif pimam ansysa kukro bramin bye su

Fabye... Barakas beba. Pimam, adwor, barudu ma amos. Sibor fayaya ba.

Diego pyisar ido, kamam i myam baba pimam o Diego dun i.





- “Diego, kembalikan teripang yang kamu bawa. Itu kurang besar!” kata Bapak Melky, sambil memberi contoh ukuran menggunakan tangannya.

Sintike yang melihat Mama Anike mulai muncul di permukaan, segera memanggilnya, “Mama, mama, ayo, ke sini!” teriak Sintike.

Sintike pun segera mengambil teripang yang dibawa mamanya. Semakin sore, semakin banyak orang yang menyelam.

- “Diego, put that sea cucumber back. That’s still too small!” Papa Melky said while showing the appropriate size using his hands.

Sintike sees Mama Anike resurfacing from the dive and calls out to her, “Mama, Mama, come here!” Sintike calls out.

She then immediately takes the sea cucumbers her mother had caught. As morning gives way to afternoon, more and more people are diving.

- Bo dobe “Diego, buk I kabere byarek. Ibaba ime” Kamam I ikofen badir baba y abo dode pimam ro kun sya siba ra bramin byedi

“Awin... awin o. Wamuma” Sintike dor be snari knik o snari pyisar be bo

Sintike dun pyan pimam snari isofer sya

Ras i ryo mun mandira kwar, mboi snonggaku sibor saron ime.



- Kali ini Sintike juga ikut menyelam. Dia menyusul Diego yang sedang mengejar lobster. Seperti anak-anak lain di Raja Ampat, Sintike terbiasa menyelam dari kecil.

Sintike melihat lobster di celah-celah karang. Dia memberi kode dengan gerakan tangan pada Diego yang menyelam di dekatnya.

Diego segera menyiapkan *gete*-nya untuk memburu lobster tersebut. Diego mengendap-endap dan *gete*-nya berhasil menjerat lobster itu.

“Wow, lobsternya besar sekali! Bapak Melky, yang seperti ini boleh ya?” tanya Yanti.

Bapak Melky sangat senang melihat lobster yang ditangkap Diego kali ini.

“Wah, kamu berdua hebat,” teriak Bapak Melky segera mengambil lobster itu.

- Sintike also dives in and tries to catch up with Diego, who is chasing after a lobster. Just like the other children in Raja Ampat, Sintike has been diving since she began walking.

Sintike sees a lobster between the coral. Using her hand, she gives a code to Diego, who is diving close to her.

Diego prepares his *gete* to trap the lobster. He moves ever so slowly, and he is able to trap the lobster.

“Wow! That is one big lobster! Papa Melky, is this one okay?” Yanti asks.

Papa Melky looks pleased with the lobsters Diego has caught this time.

“Great job, you two!” he exclaims, and immediately takes the lobster from Diego’s hand.

- Sintike i daron kako. Ipur Diego ira suyaron barudu. Imnis romawa inai be ro Raja Ampat sya, sifawi kam saron ro swan ro sibaba ime Sintike daron i do, myam barudu ya ro swaf swaf ros na. Iway bramin bye su, byadir be Diego i. Diego daron mufa fyanam be Sintike i Diego i ikif inawen anya iso fasis barudu ani. Diego I byefasis mufa iser lobster anya ro inawen

“Bebée... Barudu ine iba kaku. Mem Melky, bera dine ni kun i ke roba?” Yanti ifuken mura be meri

Kamam Melky imarisen myam barupu Diego dun i.

“Behh be hebat kaku.” Kamam Melky dor naba sape dun barupu ani



- Saat Mama Anike beristirahat di perahu. Dia kembali mengingatkan warga, “Tidak boleh sembarangan mengambil teripang dan lobster, cari yang besar saja.”

“Bibi, kenapa harus begitu ?” tanya Yanti.

“Iya, biar yang kecil bertumbuh dan besar dulu. Kita ambil untuk pembukaan sasi yang akan datang.”

“Oh, berarti kalau sudah besar, baru boleh diambil, ya?”

“Iya, anak pintar,” ucap Mama Anike.

- Mama Marike is taking a brief rest on the boat, but she keeps shouting out reminders to the people, “Choose the sea cucumbers and lobsters wisely. Get the big ones only!”

“Why only the big ones, Aunty?” Yanti asks.

“Well, so they can grow and reach a certain size, and we can harvest them at the next sasi.”

“I see. So, we have to wait until they’ve grown and become big before we can take them.”

“Correct! You are such a smart girl!” Mama Anike says.



- Awin anike kyain saso ro way byedi, ikofen badir kabir be kawasa beyaron sya bo dobe “Mgun fanfnom awer, mgun pimam ma barupu beba sya monda”

Mebin, kun fanfnom awer kukro?? Yanti infuken

“Imbo kun fanfnom ba sendo be kasun sya siba pyum fasis ari. Nari kun sir o bababen sasi nawama wer”

O besya do na siba sape kun beba sya monda ke?

“Yooo kaku beri. Au me wafawi nam” Awin Anike ikofen



- 
- Selama masa buka sasi, hasil panen berupa teripang, lobster, dan hasil laut lainnya dibagi ke sesama masyarakat. Ada juga sebagian yang dijual untuk biaya sekolah atau keperluan lainnya.

Untuk ditutup kembali. Sebuah ritual dilakukan untuk menandakan penutupan sasi. Ritual ini melibatkan pihak gereja, adat, dan kelompok perempuan pengelola sasi tersebut.

Kapatcol, seperti kampung-kampung lain di Raja Ampat, memiliki pantai yang bersih dengan air yang jernih.

- During the lifting of the sasi, the harvested sea cucumbers, lobsters, and other sea resources are distributed among the people. Some are sold to pay for school fees and for other necessities.

After seven days of harvest, everyone agrees that it is time to reimpose the sasi in the area. They begin another ritual to mark the start of the sasi. Representatives of the church, the customary community, and the women's group take part in the ritual.

Just like every other village in Raja Ampat, Kapatcol is blessed with pristine beaches and clear blue seas.



- Ro fyor seben sasi ini, robebor sun na, sbuk namnis be kawasa si kaem. Sino sibob mai sikmam romawa be farkor sya. Ma sikmam rofandun sena ro rum kako.

Ras di siw, seben sasi, sidwarek mob sasi ani wer.

Siwor ma sidisen sidwarek mob sasi ani. Warwor ma nadi ndrakero majelis sya, mananwir mnuk sya ma manggun awin insar befrur ro sasi rom nu ya.

Kapatcol imnis mnu bese bero Raja Ampat na. Mnu bena yen be pioper, war be sren. Ori iswar dado kwar, Diego, Sintike ma Yanti kurko nim byesa skofnak ro yendisare



- Menjelang senja tiba, Diego, Sintike, Yanti bersama teman-temannya bermain di pinggir pantai.

(Byur! Wush! Byur!)

Suara ombak memecah suasana. Pemandangan lautan luas dan cahaya kemerahan matahari terbenam begitu menakjubkan!

“Sintike, nanti lulus SD, kamu mau lanjut sekolah di Folley kah?” tanya Diego.

“Di sana ada air terjun. Bapak biasanya mengajak kami main ke sana,” lanjut Yanti yang membuat Sintike penasaran.

- As the sun begins to set, Diego, Sinteke, Yanti, and a few of their friends head for the beach to play.

(Splash! Swoosh! Splash!)

The sound of waves crashing on the beach, the shimmering open seas, and the orange hue of the setting sun are truly magnificent!

“Sintike, are you going to continue your studies at the junior high school in Folley when you complete elementary school?” Diego asks.

“There’s a beautiful waterfall that our father usually takes us to,” Yanti adds.

The waterfall sparks Sintike’s curiosity.

- Ori iswar dado kwar, Diego, Sintike ma Yanti kurko nim byesa skofnak ro yendisare

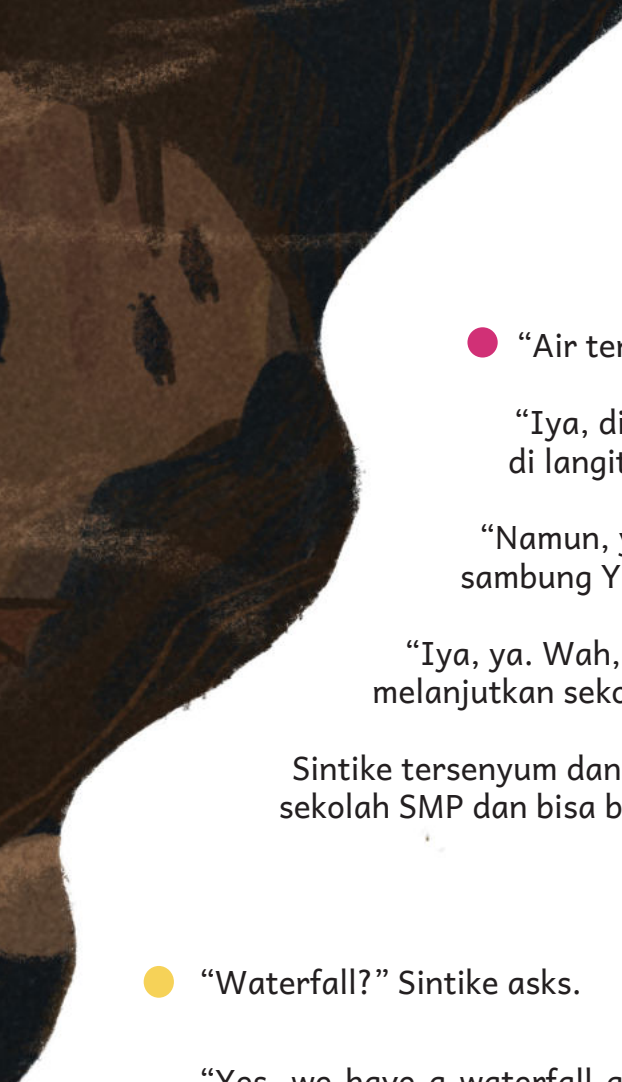
(Byur! Wush! Byur!)

Bak na nakmef ro yen andir. Mbrawes soren mbro. Ori ani syu ma nsauseuw mandep farauriwek

“Sintike, na wamnai ro SD i do, be wapdef be rumfarkor be ro Folley ke roba ? ” Diego ifuken.

Yanti dakofen bo dobe : “Di wa, war besyaf ya isya. Kamam i du fawawik nggo be di wa”





● “Air terjun?” ulang Sintike.

“Iya, di Folley ada air terjun, juga ada Gua Air Besar. Ada banyak sekali paniki di langit-langit gua,” timpal Diego.

“Namun, yang paling asyik, kita bisa bermain dan belajar bersama setiap hari,” sambung Yanti.

“Iya, ya. Wah, saya juga mau. Nanti saya bilang kepada Mama dan Bapak soal melanjutkan sekolah di Folley,” ucap Sintike.

Sintike tersenyum dan membayangkan saat nanti dia tinggal di kampung Folley, melanjutkan sekolah SMP dan bisa bermain dengan sepupunya setiap hari.

● “Waterfall?” Sintike asks.

“Yes, we have a waterfall at Folley. There’s also a large water cave with lots of paniki, you know, bats, hanging down from the roof of the cave,” Diego says.

“But, best of all, we could all play and study together every day!” Yanti exclaims excitedly.

“That sounds great. I’d like that. I’ll go tell Mama and Papa that I want to continue my studies in Folley,” Sintike replies.

Sintike smiles as she pictures her time in Folley, studying at the junior high school there and playing with her cousins every day.

● “War besyaf?” Sintike ifuken kaber

“Imboi bae, Folley me nya war besyaf ya, abyab war beba ya. Manggwai sya sikef ro abyab ya.” Diego byetambah

“Mboi bepyum syadi ya I do, bisa kofnak kekro kofarkor ro ras ras,” Yanti dawos wer.

“Kaku kaku. Yamarisen. Na yakofen badir be kamam ma awin su, be yafarkor do Folley,” Yanti ikofen

Sintike kyain iwasen kuker marasrisen, iwasen mura be fafisu nari byarek ro Folley, dek be rumfarkor SMP ya fama ifnak kuker napirem bye su ne ro ras ma rob.





- Malam pun tiba. Mama Anike telah menyiapkan sago bakar, papeda, dan ikan kuah kuning untuk makan malam mereka.

Sintike mendapatkan pengalaman yang sangat berkesan hari ini. Dia bangga menjadi anak Papua.

Ayo, datang ke Raja Ampat dan bertualang bersama Sintike!

- As the night approaches, Mama Anike prepares some grilled sago, papeda or sago congee, and fish in turmeric broth for their dinner. It was a good day for Sintike. She is proud to be a Papuan.

Come to Raja Ampat and embark on an unforgettable journey with Sintike!

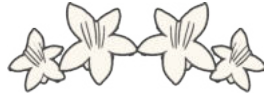
- Rob dado kwar, Awin Anike ifur kyum apyak na, sui ma in dur ya ma skan rob ani. Sintike nya fawawi bepduk ro ras ine. Imarisen iba be yo romawa be na sup Papua

Indo, mgora muma be Raja Ampat.

Kofnak, kombran farma kaem kukro Sintike.



The Biak language is spoken in Biak Numfor Regency, Papua Province. There are about 70,000 speakers of the language. The status of the language is safe. (Source: The Agency for Language Development and Cultivation)



“Reach your ambition as high as the skies.
Dream it as high as the skies. Because if you
fall, you’re going to fall among the stars.”
– **Soekarno**





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NORTH SUMATRA
The Frankincense Forest

JAMBI
Andin's Journey
at Muarajambi

KALIMANTAN
Hangin and the Beautiful Mat

CENTRAL JAVA
The Riddle in the Recipe

WEST JAVA
The King of Stilts

BALI
The Precious
Shadow Puppet



INDIAN OCEAN

INDONESIA



PACIFIC OCEAN

PAPUA

Sintike and the "Sasi"
at Kapatcol

SULAWESI

The Awe-inspiring
Mappalecce Bola

MALUKU

Diving for the
Perfect Pearl

SUMBA

Lota Rangga's
Towering House