

KING INDARA PITARA
Raja Indara Pitara

Property of the State
Not for Commercial Use

**Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture
Republic of Indonesia
2018**

KING INDARA PITARA

Translated from
Raja Indara Pitara
written by Rahmawati
published by
Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture
in 2016

This translation has been published as the result of the translation program organized
by The Center for Language Strategy and Diplomacy Development,
Language Development and Cultivation Agency, Ministry of Education and Culture
in 2018

Advisory Board	Dadang Sunendar Emi Emilia Gufran Ali Ibrahim
Project Supervisor	Dony Setiawan
Translator	Eny Pujiastuti
Reviewer	Rahayu Hidayat
Editor-In-Chief	Theya Wulan Primasari
Editorial Team	Emma L.M. Nababan Andi Maytendri Matutu Didiek Hardadi Batubara Putriasari Larasati

All rights reserved.
Copyrights of the original book and the translation belong to
Language Development and Cultivation Agency,
Ministry of Education and Culture, Republic of Indonesia.

Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture, Republic of Indonesia
Jalan Daksinapati Barat IV, Rawamangun, Jakarta
Telepon (021) 4706287, 4706288, 4896558, 4894546
Pos-el: badan.bahasa@kemdikbud.go.id
www.badanbahasa.kemdikbud.go.id



CERITA RAKYAT DARI SULAWESI TENGGARA

Raja Indara Pitara



Diceritakan kembali oleh
Rahmawati



RAJA INDARA PITARA

Penulis : Rahmawati
Penyunting : Luh Anik Mayani
Ilustrator : Pandu Dharma W
Penata Letak: Giet Wijaya

Diterbitkan pada tahun 2016 oleh
Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa
Jalan Daksinapati Barat IV
Rawamangun
Jakarta Timur

Hak Cipta Dilindungi Undang-Undang

Isi buku ini, baik sebagian maupun seluruhnya, dilarang diperbanyak dalam bentuk apa pun tanpa izin tertulis dari penerbit, kecuali dalam hal pengutipan untuk keperluan penulisan artikel atau karangan ilmiah.

PB 398.209 598 6 RAH r	Katalog Dalam Terbitan (KDT) Rahmawati Raja Indara Pitara: Cerita Rakyat dari Sulawesi Tenggara/Rahmawati, Penyunting: Luh Anik Mayani Jakarta: Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa, 2016 vi 53 hlm. 28 cm. ISBN 978-602-437-124-1 1. KESUSASTRAAN RAKYAT-SULAWESI 2. CERITA RAKYAT-SULAWESI TENGGARA
---------------------------------	--

Foreword

Literature work is not only series of word but it also talks about life, both realistically and idealistically of human. If it is realistic, the literature work usually contains life experiences, good model, and wisdom which have been added various style and imagination along with it. Meanwhile, if it idealistic, the literature work contains moral lecture, good character, advices, philosophical symbols, culture and other things related to human life. The life itself is very diverse, varies, and full of various problems and conflicts faced by humans. The diversity in humans life also affects to the diversity of literature work because the contents are inseparable from civilized and dignified humans life.

The literature works that dealing with life utilizes language as medium of deliverance and imaginative art as its *cultural land*. On the basis of the language medium and imaginative art, literature is multidimensional and multi-interpretative. Using language medium, imaginative art and cultural dimension, literature deliver messages to be reviewed or analyzed from various perspectives. The outcome of that perspective depends greatly on who is reviewing and analyzing with various socio-cultural and knowledge background. There is a time when a literary reviewer reviews from the point of view of metaphor, myth, symbol, power, ideology, economy, politics, and culture can be refuted by other reviewers who see from perspective of sound, referent, or irony. Even so, Heraclitus said, "However opposite they work together and from different directions, the most beautiful harmony emerges".

There are many lessons that we can get from reading literature, one of which is reading folktales that are adapted or reprocessed into children's stories. The results of reading literature always inspire and motivate readers to be creative in

finding something new. Reading literature can trigger further imagination, open enlightenment, and add insights. For this reason, we express our gratitude for the processors for the story. We also express our appreciation and gratitude to the Head of the Coaching Center, Head of the Learning Division, and Head of the Subdivision of Modules and Teaching Materials and staffs for all the efforts and hard works carried out until the realization of this book.

Hopefully this storybook is not only useful as a reading material for students and the community to foster a culture of literacy through the National Literacy Movement program, but also useful as an enrichment of our knowledge of past life that can be utilized in addressing current and future life developments.

Jakarta, June 2016

Regards,
Prof. Dr. Dadang Sunendar, M. Hum.

Preface

The effort to write folklore into reading material for children is a very positive effort because stories can be a very effective means of conveying moral messages to children. Children can absorb and appreciate the moral messages in the story without feeling patronized. The story of King Indara Pitara is one of the literary riches that exist in the Kalisusu community. The Kalisusu tribe generally resides in North Buton District, Southeast Sulawesi. This story was told by Mr. Djalilu to the author on an opportunity to collect folklore data in the North Buton region around April 2015. He currently lives in the Wa Ode Buri area, North Buton.

The story of King Indara Pitara is full of moral messages that are very important in the formation of children's character. King Indara Pitara's figure as the main character in this story is a young man who is helpful, humble, courageous, powerful, and never gives up in achieving what he wants. All of his abilities do not make him arrogant, but are used properly to help people in need. These qualities are important for children to have so that they can grow into a strong generation and have a proper personality so they can do a lot for the advancement of the nation.

Hopefully this story can be beneficial for the reader.

Kendari, April 2016

Rahmawati

Table of Contents

Foreword.....	v
Preface	vii
Table of Contents	viii
KING INDARA PITARA	1
1. The King Vowed	1
2. The Birth of the Baby	11
3. Indara Pitara Fell Ill.....	14
4. Indara Pitara was Missing.....	18
5. Indara Pitara and <i>Bhangke-Bhangkele</i>	20
6. The Encounter with La Upa.....	21
7. The Competition.....	27
8. The Quest of Kungkumulawa Fruit	29
9. The Nymphs	35
The Author.....	51
The Editor	53

KING INDARA PITARA

1. The King Vowed

Once upon a time in the Kingdom of Burinaga, reigned a wise and prudent king. Under his leadership the people in the kingdom could enjoy labor and had prosperous, safe, and peaceful life. Unfortunately for the king, his life was incomplete because he had not had a child, a successor for his throne. Many ways to seek the cause and to have a child had been done to no avail.

“I wish I can have a child even just for a while,” whispered the king but loud enough to be heard by the queen who was weaving.

“My husband!” jerked the queen. She quit weaving in an instant.

“Did I say wrong, my wife? Don’t you know me?” We get older and this kingdom needs a successor. I cannot image what will happen to this kingdom when we are old and not having a child.”

“I do understand you. Your anxiety and your worry, I feel them too. I’m sure there’ll be a way out. We must not despair of His mercy. We must be patient. We should keep praying and trying. I believe that if we keep asking Him, we’ll be given an offspring.”



Days passed. A month after their conversation, the queen conceived. It was celebrated joyfully by the king, the queen, and the people of the kingdom. The queen was well treated by the king and the people around her. They always fulfilled her craving. Until one day, the queen suddenly refused to eat. She only lied in bed all day long. It made the king feel uneasy. The king approached the queen carefully.

“My queen, please tell me, what is it that make you restless? I have been paying attention at you from yesterday. It seems to me you are holding something.”

“You are right, My King. There is something I have been craving for, but I am afraid to utter it.”

“What is it, My Queen? Don’t be afraid. I am sure that the craving is not yours solely, but also our baby’s.”

“But, My King, it is so unbearable to let you know. I am afraid if something bad would happen...”

“Just tell me. Together we can find a way out.”

“Well, I am craving for a mango of Pangka Island.”

“Pangka Island? Are you saying Pangka Island?” The King repeated what the queen had given as an answer.

“I think I have ever heard of the name of the island, but isn’t that uninhabited island? No one lives there except a cruel giant. Anyone who has even been there could be eaten by the giant?”

“That is right, my king. I have also heard a story about the giant who lives in the island. It’s indeed terrifying, but I cannot help the craving for the mango from the island.”

“Very well, My Queen. Don’t bother about the giant, we’ll find a way to take it. Today I am going to send the courageous men of our kingdom to get the mango that you want.”

“But, my husband, I want no one else but you to take the mango.”

“What? I have to go myself? I have to leave you this way? No, My Queen. I prefer that we leave this work to our trusted people.”

Whatever reasons the king gave, the queen insisted she only wanted Pangka Island mango picked by her husband himself. The king could argue no more. For the sake of his wife and future child’s health and safety, the king decided to leave for Pangka Island. That very night, preparations were made secretly.

The king took out a heritage keris (asymmetrical dagger) from the heirloom chamber. The king was going to leave with his two men.

Early in the morning they were ready to go. Before anyone awaked, the king and his men had left on a boat. The queen, still weak, could not only send prayer for the safety of her husband.

The boat that took the king sped up and was estimated to reach the destination after sailing for three days and three nights. Half way journey, when the king was standing on the deck, a condor bird flew towards the boat and landed on the deck by the king all of sudden. The king approached the bird and was about to catch it. Suddenly the bird talked.

“My Lord, allow me to join the trip.”

“Hey condor, you can talk! Who and what are you exactly?”

“Don’t you remember me, Your Majesty? You have saved me back then in Kemayan Forest.”

“Have I really ever helped you in Kemayan Forest? I don’t think we have met before.”

“Never mind if you forget, Your Majesty. I shall never forget you. I was still so young and alone at that time. My mother went to look for food. Suddenly the nest where I lived fell out of the tree. I could not go anywhere because I was still unable to fly. I was soaked overnight. When you came I was close from being trampled by one of your men.

Lucky for me, you saw me, Your Majesty. You instructed your man to put me back on the tree.”

“Well, I don’t remember that.”

“It doesn’t matter, My Lord, but I wish you allow me to return the favor. Just in case I can do something for you, do you allow me to join the team?”

“Ha...ha...ha..., you are smart and intelligent, condor. Sure, you may come along. Your assistance might be helpful. Why don’t you look around Pangka Island from the air? Find out where the pangka mango tree is. Once you have located the tree, see if the giant is nearby. Report immediately what you have found. Oh by the way, look there is a land over there. It looks like we have nearly arrived. Now you fly, condor. Take a look at the situation of the island and report back immediately.”

“Yes, My Lord.” And so the condor flew striking into the air.

Meanwhile the condor was doing reconnaissance; King Burinaga along with his two loyal men began to pack. They tethered the ship in a rather covered spot. Shortly after, they heard the fluttering of condor’s wing. The condor perched on the ship buffer.

“Tell me what you see, condor.”

“The mango tree you’re looking for is not far from here. There is a bad news, however. A man-eating giant is sleeping underneath the tree.”

“There is no other way. We must take care of the giant first before we can get the fruit. We must outwit the giant. We should not fight him directly unless we want to be overpowered. What do you suggest?” the king turned to his two men.

“Forgive me, Your Majesty. It is just like what you have said earlier. We cannot play hardball. We must find a way to deceive him. What if we make the giant glut first? After that it will be easy to bring him down.”

“Make him glut? How can we do that?”

“I have an idea, My Lord. Feed the giant hunted animals so he can get stuffed.”

“Isn’t it an uninhabited island?” asked the king.

“What if we catch fish, My Lord? I can catch and drop them by the giant,” suggested the condor.

“Feed him fish? You are smart, Condor. Okay then. We’ll be waiting here because if the giant smells human aroma, he might chase us down first.”

Not wasting time, the condor flew in split second adeptly catching and dropping fish to where the giant was at. Sure enough, the giant did not hesitate to devour the rain of fish. It seemed the giant had been fasting for too long.

The condor threw the fish with agility and ceaselessly. Soon the giant collapsed into sleep. The condor rushed to the king to report the situation.

“So you have made the giant glut, haven’t you? Excellent, Condor! Now let’s go to the mango tree. You go flying first, Condor. We shall follow.”

The three of them hurried following the instruction given by the condor. Shortly after, they found the pangka mango tree aimed by the queen. The tree only bore one fruit at the far end of a branch.

“I need the two of you to keep watch below. I’ll go get the mango myself.” said the king to his men.

Deftly the king climbed the mango tree. With his sophisticated light body skill he could easily reach the fruit at the far end of a branch. He hurried to climb down the tree, but before he reached the ground there was a loud voice blaring. The giant, apparently, had awakened and tried to stand up right. The king threw a gesture to his men to make no motion or sound.

“Oh, I smell a delicious human aroma. It’s truly my lucky day. I’ve had rain of fish, now it’s time for fresh human meat.”

The giant laughed out loud until staggering and then he fell to the ground. The king saw it as an opportunity to defeat the giant so he

immediately jumped down and attacked the staggering giant with his keris at once. The giant moved no more.

“Hurry, don’t waste time, we should return to Burinaga.” The king instructed one of his men to get the boat ready for their journey back.

It took shorter time to return to Burinaga with the help of the condor. Shortly after arriving at the palace, the king rushed to the queen’s chamber.

“How is the queen, Nanny?” The king asked the nanny standing in front of the queen’s chamber.

“Thank God, you have returned. Forgive me, Your Highness. The queen still does not want to eat anything. She is getting weaker because she vomits frequently.”

The king immediately rushed into the queen’s bedroom. It broke his heart to see the queen’s condition.

“My wife, open your eyes. Look what I’ve got.” The king stroked the queen’s hair lovingly.

“Wake up, my wife. I have brought you the mango from Pangka Island.” The queen did not respond.

“Open your eyes. You must be strong for our child.”

The queen slowly opened her eyes. She squirmed slowly.

“Is that you, my husband?” Being assisted by the king, the queen slowly sat upright. They shared hugs as if they never wanted to be away anymore.

“My husband, are you alright? Thank God. I am afraid to open my eyes. I’ve been worried about your safety. Forgive me to have put you into danger.”

“Now that I have returned safe and healthy, you must eat not only for your own health, but also our child’s. Here’s the mango.”

The queen held the mango and miraculously she was back to health in an instant. The king was very surprised and happy to see his wife. He fed her lovingly.

2. The Birth of the Baby

Nine months later. The queen was about to labor. The palace has been in hustle and bustle since last night. No one could sleep. Everybody was getting ready for the birth of the crown prince. The queen seemed to be holding pain in her bed. She sometimes flicked left and right.

Once in a while she made a complaint and groan of pain. A birth attendant was massaging her from the leg to the back while reciting prayers for easy labor and delivery. Meanwhile, the king sat on the bed side, by the queen's head. He held his wife's hand thinking that it would give her strength. Several times the king wiped the tears and sweats from the queen's face. He also kissed her forehead softly showing how much love he had for her.

“O, my child, come out soon to see the world. You will not only be the treasure of our hearts, but also the light of the people of Burinaga. My child, we have been waiting for you for so long. Put no more pain on your mother. Everything I own in this kingdom will be yours.” The king recited prayers of salvation on and on whilst gently stroking the back of her wife. The queen was aghast when a drop of clear water fell onto the queen's hand. She looked at her husband. They both held the hand of each other stronger.



The queen was like having found a new strength. With one push and moan, a baby boy, the crown prince of Burinaga Kingdom, was born. Joyful atmosphere filled the room.

The king looked ecstatic while rocking his handsome baby on his hands. He named the boy Indara Pitara. Seven days after the birth of the prince, the king held a feast in the capital and invited all the people of Burinaga Kingdom as a form of gratitude to God.

3. Indara Pitara Fell Ill

Indara Pitara grew healthy and intelligent. Everyone who saw him fell for his cuteness. The joy, however, did not last long. When he was about a year old, Indara Pitara was suffered from scurvy. Itching was all over his body. Every day he cried on and on making the listeners even sadder. He gradually became skinnier. The king and the queen were sorrowful to see their son. Astrologers and shamans from various quarters were gathered in the palace.

“I thank you all for being here fulfilling my invitation. Have some of you heard rumor about my son condition?”

Silence fell. No one replied. Everyone who was there still had the head bowed down.

“Well, my son, Indara Pitara is now ill. He had a terrible itchy skin rash all over his body. Have anyone of you had experience something like this before?” asked the king once again. He looked around to the audience expecting an answer.

“Forgive me, Your Majesty,” said a necromancer breaking the silence.

“Yes, you may speak, Necromancer of Walangka.”

“Forgive me, Your Majesty. I have a vision that the crown prince suffered from unusual skin disorder.”



“What are you saying?”

“I beg you to forgive me. The crown prince’s skin disorder is not the common itchy skin, My Lord. Therefore, it needs special treatment other than the usual. I have a further vision that the cure was in the middle of the sea.”

“Is that safe? My son is only one-year-old. Can he survive against the weather?” feared the king.

“Based on my visions, this is the only available option, My Lord.”

“If that is so, for the sake of my son recovery, we shall leave tomorrow morning. However, keep in mind that this is going to be an important journey. We all have to take care of my son carefully.”

“Yes, My Lord. We will certainly be careful and take a good care of the crown prince. We will risk our lives for the safety of the crown prince.” The necromancer tried to convince the king and the queen who seemed to be undecided to let go of the crown prince.

“May the Almighty protect us in this journey and my son gains recovery.” The queen kissed and held Indara Pitara continuously.

“We should make the preparation right now, and hopefully tomorrow the weather is fine so that we can leave.”

And so the palace was in hustle making preparations. The men were building and repairing the boats to be used to take Indara Pitara. The women were busy in the kitchen preparing food provisions. Unsure of how long the entourage would go sailing, they cooked in large quantity.

The next day the weather was as expected and so seven boats set off from the Kingdom of Burinaga. Drums were pounding as they were sailing away.

4. Indara Pitara was Missing

The ship that carried the king and his entourage had been sailing for a week. One afternoon the weather was unfriendly. Wind blew furiously. Suddenly a shout came from one of the passengers.

“Look, there is a cloud in the middle of the sky.”

“What cloud?” Others scrambled to see.

“Oh yes, indeed, that’s right. It is a sign the rain is coming tonight. Let’s hope it’s just a rain, not a storm.”

The crew began to clear things up. Approaching night, there were drizzles of rain. Heavy clouds covered the earth. A hurricane came along with a high waves. In the middle of the night, unnoticed, Indara Pitara was flown away by a lightning.

The next morning, the storm had subsided but chaos returned when some of the crews realized Indara Pitara was not in place.

Forgive me, Your Highness. The crown prince was missing,” reported one of the crew to the king.

“What do you mean by missing? Let’s check back.” The king who was shocked by the report stood up from his seat. Sure enough, Indara Pitara was not in his crib. The king sat down limply. Sadness took over him.

“There was a storm last night, so it’s very likely that the prince was flown by a lightning, My Lord.”

The king did not say a word. He was sorrowful thinking about his son. He remembered a promise he once said. He stood up and said.

“Turn the boat, we go back to Burinaga.”

5. Indara Pitara and *Bhangke-Bhangkele*

Somewhere far away, there was a *bhangke-bhangkele* (lit. a grandmother or old woman in Kulisusu) looked ecstatic. When awakened early this morning, the *bhangke-bhangkele* discovered a baby lying on the yard of her hut. The baby was none other than Indara Pitara, the crown prince of Burinaga Kingdom. The grandmother named the baby Indara Pitara based on the dream she had for three consecutive nights.

The grandmother nurtured and raised Indara Pitara lovingly. She treated him as he was her own grandchild. So did Indara Pitara who loved the grandmother so dearly. Indara Pitara grew up becoming a handsome and valiant young man. He was always ready to help the grandmother. He woke early in the morning and started his day by filling the water tank. After breakfast he usually worked on the cassava garden beside the hut.



6. The Encounter with La Upa

On a fine bright morning, birds were chasing each other cheerfully. As usual, Indara Pitara was up early.

After helping the grandmother filling the water barrel, he had fresh steamed sweet potato for breakfast. He had asked permission from the grandmother to take a walk in the city.

“Grandma, I’m leaving.”

“Have you had your breakfast?” asked the grandmother from behind the cassava trees growing in rows next to the hut.

“I have, Grandma.”

“Alright, then, but be careful. I put some cassava and water for your supply right on the chair. Take them all.”

“You shouldn’t bother, grandma. The capital is not too far. Besides, I just take a walk, grandma.”

“Even so, it’s better if you have a supply even if it’s only water.”

“Alright, grandma. I’m leaving now.”

Indara Pitara walked merrily down the edges of the forest whilst whistling. His heart unceasingly praised the creator of the nature. He admired the beauty of the wild flowers, the melodious chirping of the birds, and the rustling water from the river in front

of him. He wanted to wash his face there, but then he heard a kid was groaning from behind the bushes.

“Huh uh uh, huh uh uh....”

Indara Pitara was searching for the source of the voice.

“Huh uh uh, huh uh uh....”

“Poor him,” Indara Pitara mumbled. It was the voice of a boy around six years old. His leg was stuck in large tree roots. He was trembling of the cold. He was wet all over his body. He most likely had been caught in the rain the whole night. Without hesitation Indara Pitara helped the boy to release his foot from the transverse tree roots. It did not take long; the little boy was out of the tree.

“How come you got stuck? How did you get here? Where is your mother? Good thing there are no beasts,” bombarded Indara Pitara.

“I got lost. I was with my mother looking for firewood, but then I got too far playing. Suddenly I fell and my feet stuck. It’s so hurt. Uhuh uh uh...mother—mother—mother—” The boy could not help to cry.

“I know. You get a sprain leg. Calm down. Now you’re safe. What’s your name?” asked Indara Pitara while massaging the boy’s leg.

“La Upa,” he replied shortly.

“La Upa, now, you need to eat. Here, I have some food. I’m sure you’re starving after being caught up in the rain the whole night.” He stroked the boy’s head lovingly. He then opened a package he carried from home.

“Here’s a sweet potato. Take it and eat it. I’ll take you back to your village. Do you still remember the way?” The boy only nodded because his mouth was busy eating. Looking at the way he ate, Indara Pitara knew the boy was starving.



Having finished eating, Indara Pitara carried La Upa to his home on his back. They strolled along the forest border towards the back of the mountain. Their arrival received a joyful welcome from La Upa's mother who could not sleep throughout the night thinking of her missing son.

"May your life full of happiness, young man. You have a noble heart." The mother could not stop thank him enough for his kindness taking the boy back home. After the farewell, Indara Pitara continued his journey.

Once arrived at the capital, a crowd of people down the lane immediately captured his attention. "Hm, what's going on there?" Aroused by curiosity, he walked towards the crowd.

"What's going on here?" asked one man to another next to him.

"It's a competition announcement."

"What kind of competition?"

"The king holds a competition to find a mate for the princess. It's an open competition. Anyone who can kick raga (rattan ball) into the princess' room window and win the cock fight is the one who gets to marry the princess!"

"Oh I see." Indara Pitara replied shortly.

“I’m sure many would join, but I’ll give a try anyway,” so he thought. Approaching dusk, Indara Pitara had returned to the grandmother’s hut.

“Do you have a cock, grandma?” he asked the grandmother as he was walking into the hut.

“Why do you ask? Come sit down. You have just been back from a long journey. Aren’t you tired?”

”I was just having a slow walk, Grandma. I am not tired. Do you have a cock?”

“I have no chicken.”

“Have you a chicken egg?”

“I have. What is it for?”

“I want to join a cock fighting, Grandma.”

“I keep the egg for the ground-breaking ceremony after I die later. But if you need it, you can take it.”

“Where is the egg, Grandmother? May I have it?”

The grandmother took the egg and passed it along to Indara Pitara. Indara Pitara held the egg with his right hand, moved it to his left hand, back to right hand, and to left hand. So on for seven times. Then the egg suddenly fell out of his hand and broke apart

transforming into a cock. The cock crowed, “Tottorea o manua King Indara Pitara, kakabo nenek kubaeaya lalonsidanedane pangkuteaga.”

“Wow amazing, now I have a cock,” exclaimed Indara Pitara happily as he lifted the cock.

“Grandma, tomorrow I will go back to the capital. I want to take this cock into a fight.”

“Fight for what, Indara?” inquired Grandma.

“The king held a competition to find his daughter a mate.”

“Oh, I see. I wish you become the winner.”



7. The Competition

The day was still early. Indara Pitara took off to the palace along with the cock. Many people had been crowding the courtyard of the palace. Cock fighting participants took along their roosters. Indara Pitara got seven villagers as opponents. After going through thrilling fights, Indara Pitara's rooster prevailed. Indara Pitara won the fight seven times in a row.

Indara Pitara then joined the sepak raga (lit. to kick ball). He kicked off the raga (rattan ball) and it flew straight to the princess' bedroom. The raga fell right on the princess' lap. The princess took the raga and put her ring inside. The raga was then thrown out of the window and fell on the ground. Deep in her heart, the princess believed her soul mate was the one who kicked the raga.

The next day, the capital was in tumult.

“What a great man he was!”

“Indeed—indeed—I wonder who he is. He must be no ordinary.”

“He must have possessed the ultimate magical power. What a lucky man he is to marry a beautiful princess.”

“It's not him! I'm the one who had kicked the raga.” Several people claimed to be the one who managed to kick the raga into the princess' bedroom.

“No, I’m the one.”

Cheating one another was inevitable. They, however, failed to show the proof—the princess’ ring. The king then ordered his men to search for the young man who had kicked the raga throughout the kingdom. All young men had presented themselves before the king and the princess, except the young man who lived in the grandmother’s hut.

Upon hearing the report, the king ordered his men to fetch the young man. The men, however, could only find a pillow in the hut and then returned to report to the king.

“Bring me the pillow,” ordered the king.

Upon arriving at the palace, the once assumed pillow was opened. A handsome young man came out of it. He was none other than Indara Pitara whom the princess acknowledged as the real kicker. Those who had confessed as the real kicker, fled in shame.

8. The Quest of Kungkumulawa Fruit

The day was still early, but the grandmother had ready to go. She put her best clothes on.

“Indara Pitara, today you stay at home. Don’t go anywhere. I’m leaving for the capital.”

“What is it in the capital?”

“If I don’t mishear, there is a rumor that the king is ill. Everyone is summoned to the capital to hear an announcement. It may have something to do with the king’s illness. Anyway, you just stay here, okay. I’m afraid there’ll be burglar from the forest taking all of our cattle.”

“Are you okay to leave alone?” there was a feeling of worry in the tone of Indara Pitara’s voice.

“Oh, don’t worry, my son. I may be old but I’m still strong and I could walk by myself. Besides, the capital isn’t too far.”

“Very well then, grandmother. Just be careful.”

So that day Indara Pitara stayed at home. He spent the day fixing fences. Indara Pitara was indeed very diligent. He never wasted time. He always had something to work on. By evening, the grandmother was back.



“How is it, Grandma? What news you get from the capital?” asked Indara Pitara impatiently.

“The rumor that we talked about in the morning has been confirmed. The king is terribly ill. According to a shaman, the king’s illness can only be cured with a fruit that I have never heard before!”

“What fruit is it, Grandmother?”

“The fruit is called Kungkumbulawa. The kungkumbulawa tree only bears one fruit when in season. The tree grows in the most dangerous place because it is guarded by beasts.

The king held a competition. Whoever can take the fruit shall receive a great reward from the king.”

“Do you have any idea of the fruit whereabouts?”

“Are you interested in joining the competition?”

“There is nothing wrong in trying, Grandma. Who knows I can help the king’s recovery.”

“Well, I have no idea of where the fruit is. I only heard the people talked about walking to the south”

“OK. Well then, Grandma, tomorrow morning I will go and look for the fruit. Wish me luck, Grandma.”

“Do you think you can succeed?”

“Then we should try, Grandma. If we do not give it a try, we will never know whether we succeed or not. By the way, Grandma, while I am away, I ask you to stay at home. Don’t go out. Let the people think you are leaving to look for the fruit.”

“Alright.”

Indara Pitara had a chattering lorry that was born on the same time with him. The bird asked to come along on his quest, but Indara Pitara forbade it.

The next morning Indara Pitara set off on his quest. Not so far away he walked, he heard a voice calling his name. “Indara Pitara, Indara Pitara, please drop by. Please step on us so we become silver or gold.” Indara Pitara looked over. It was the voice of stones, apparently. Indara Pitara kept walking and after a few steps he heard another voice calling him. This time it was the voice of twigs. And so on, there many voices calling him throughout the journey but he kept walking. Until he heard a tree fell to the ground. He then walked slowly to look where the sound had come from.

After a few feet, he saw the fallen tree. It was being sucked by a large serpent. Indara Pitara walked closer.

Then all of sudden, the serpent spoke, “Watch out, Indara Pitara, don’t come closer or I’ll eat you up!”

“Go on, I am not afraid!” Indara Pitara stepped forward and the serpent continued to threaten. Less than seven meters away, Indara Pitara jumped and lifted the mouth of the serpent. “I’ll cut you, Serpent!” “No, Indara Pitara. I apologize. I’ll give you one of my scales!” The black serpent was terrified at the ability of Indara Pitara.

“Why do I need that scale?”

“After a week walk, you’ll find a river with acid water. The water can destroy anything, except my scale.”

“Very well, I’ll let you go.” Indara Pitara then released the serpent and took one of its scales.

Indara Pitara was then back on his journey. The serpent had spoken truth. Indara Pitara reached the river with acid water after walking for a week. Anything, like sticks and stones or else, fell into the water would be destroyed instantly.

When Indara Pitara was going to cross the river, he remembered what the serpent had said. So he used the scale as a boat and he could cross the river safely.

Indara Pitara then continued his journey. Another week had passed when he suddenly heard the sound of timber tree fallen. He was taken aback. So he stopped and searched where the sound had come from. The tree apparently fell twenty meters in front of him. He hurried to the fallen tree. He looked closely and saw two sparrows chasing over something.

“Stop, what are you fighting for?” shouted Indara Pitara. “If you don’t stop, I’ll shoot arrows towards you!”

“No, don’t shoot us,” replied the two birds almost simultaneously.

“Why are you fighting?”

“There is a branch on the fallen tree that is an amulet of my ancestor. He suddenly came and made up a claim it belongs to his ancestor.”

“No, I don’t make it up. That wood indeed belongs to my ancestor. You’re the one who make up.” Both pointed at each other.

“Enough,” shouted Indara Pitara. “What’s the use of the branch anyway?”

“It’s an heirloom, the legacy of our ancestors. Even the sharpest sword will go blunt if it gets eroded with the branch. It will be as blunt as the backside of a machete.”

“What an amazing wood.” Indara Pitara thought. “Let me see the branch. Tell you what, I’ll throw the wood and the two of you should race to retrieve it. Whoever gets it, would own it.” Indara Pitara then took wooden amulet. He pretended to have thrown it. The two sparrows immediately chased the wood shadow and Indara Pitara put the actual wood inside his pocket. While the sparrows were competing with each other, Indara Pitara darted away.

9. The Nymphs

Indara Pitara continued his journey. He went in and out of forests, up and down mountains, and crossed rivers. One day he arrived at a not-so-dense forest. He gazed around to look for a place where he could have a rest. He was too tired and thirsty. His heart cheered when he saw a hut at a distance.

“I can ask for some water to drink there,” he thought. So he walked towards the hut. Just as he thought, there was a large and deep well beside the hut.

The water looked very clear. He almost drank the water in an instant, but his heart held him back. “I have to ask permission from the owner of this hut.”

“Excuse me. Is there anyone inside?” he shouted quite loudly.

“Excuse me. I’d like to ask some water to drink. Is there anybody home?” he shouted again. Still there was no answer. But then he was surprised by a bhangke-bhangke coming out of a bush.

“Shh! don’t shout. Your voice can disturb the nymphs. Come, let’s hide first.” Pointing up to the sky, the grandmother waved at Indara Pitara to invite him hiding behind the bush.

“Why are we hiding, Nek?” asked Indara Pitara as he joined the grandmother in hiding.

“Shh! low your voice down. Just a few moments, there will be seven nymphs coming to take a bath. The large well over there is their bathing place. See that blackening cloud. It’s a sign a group of nymphs are flying down here.”

Indara Pitara looked up. “You are right, Grandma. The clouds blackened like it is going to rain.”

Shortly after, seven nymphs descended from kahyangan. The clouds were clear again.

Behind the bush, the grandmother and Indara Pitara watched the nymphs taking a bath. In just a few moments they got out of the well.

“Don’t you smell unpleasant aroma around?” One of the nymphs, the eldest, had sense the presence of Indara Pitara.

“Yes, you’re right. There’s something unusual with this place. Why don’t we just leave now?” suggested another nymph.

“Yes, I can also sense unordinary aroma. Just ignore it. Perhaps someone had just passed by before we arrived. Shall we take a bath again!” argued the other.

“Indeed, maybe it’s just a passerby. Let’s take a bath!” So the seven nymphs got into the well again.

After taking a bath, the nymphs got out, dressed, and put on their shawls. Thereafter, the nymphs flew up to the sky.

The grandmother and Indara Pitara came out of their hiding place.

“I wonder when they will come again, Grandma.” Indara Pitara was clearly curious about the nymphs.

“They usually come once in a week. Hey...who are you, young man? How do you get here?”

“My name is Indara Pitara, Grandma. I’m a traveler. Coincidentally, I’m running out of drinking water. I was going to ask some water to the owner of this hut. Are you the owner, grandma?”

“Yes, I live here. Where are you actually going, Indara Pitara?”

“I do not know where to go, Grandma. I just follow where my feet go.” Indara Pitara decided not to tell the grandma his actual purpose.

“Then stay here. I’ll be happy to have a companion. I have been living here all alone for too long.”

“Alright, Grandma. I will stay for a few days.” Deep down inside Indara Pitara smiled imagining he could once again see the nymphs taking a bath.

Just as the grandmother had predicted, the nymphs returned in a week. Indara Pitara did not hide behind the bush anymore. Instead, he had gone down into the well where he transformed himself into a prawn. When the nymphs were taking a bath, he pinched their thighs alternately.

“Ouch, don’t pinch me, Indara Pitara,” So the nymphs screamed. They called out Indara Pitara because he was popular among girls for having gorgeous looks.

After taking a bath, the nymphs returned to kahyangan. A week later they came back. Before they jumped into the well, Indara Pitara had already been there. He did what he had done a week before.

“Ouch, the prawn pinches me again,” shouted one of the nymphs.

“It also pinched me, uh it’s hurt...,” yelled another nymph.

“Help, help, is there anyone of you who see my shawl?” asked the youngest nymph.

All her sisters turned around. “Where have you put it?” The eldest nymph approached her sister who began to cry.

“I put it over here along with the other shawls.”

“Let’s try to look again! Maybe it is overlapping in that pile.” Each one of them was busy flipping through the pile of shawls.

“I still cannot find it, Sister.” Tears started falling down the cheeks of the youngest nymph.

“Look! There is an old man over there. Let’s ask him in case he knows who has taken our sister’s shawl.” The other nymph turned to look at the old man. They did not know that the old man was Indara Pitara in disguise. He was acting to be cleaning the weeds around the hut and unaware of their presence.

“We apologize, Grandfather.”

“Yes, what’s the matter?”

“Our little sister lost her shawl. There is no one else here but you and the seven of us.”

“What? Did you just accuse me stealing? How dare you!” cried Indara Pitara pretending to be angry.

Forgive me, Grandfather. There are no other people around here. Please give our little sister’s shawl back.”

“How can I return something I did not see and take,” argued Indara Pitara with a higher tone of voice.

“Please return the shawl.” The eldest nymph still believed the shawl was hidden by Indara Pitara in disguise.

“Alright, I will return your sister’s shawl but you have to promise to take me to kahyangan. Do you agree?”

“Very well, old man. We agree. Now give back our little sister’s shawl.”

The old man who was none other than Indara Pitara took some time to think it over. He then picked up the shawl of the youngest nymph that he hid behind the bush. As agreed, the nymph flew to kahyangan taking Indara Pitara with them. At a certain height, they deliberately dropped Indara Pitara off. Fortunately, Indara Pitara could snag on a large tree branch.

A week passed, Indara Pitara had gained consciousness. He had returned to his actual figure as a handsome young man. Feeling healthy, he began looking for something that can take him to the sky.

All of sudden, a voice called him.

“Indara Pitara, I see you looked puzzled walking aimlessly,” asked Uwencina (a kind of rattan).

“Indeed, my friend. I want to go to the kahyangan, but I don’t know how.”

“Needless confused. That’s easy. I can take you there.”

“Are you serious? How is it?” convinced Indara Pitara.

The rattan surprisingly had circled seven hills and seven valleys.
“Come, Indara Pitara. Step on the rings on my body.”

Indara Pitara followed the instruction of Uwencina. He went up by stepping on the rings along the body of Uwencina. Shortly after, he arrived in kahyangan, right in front of the door of the apsara palace. All dwellers in kahyangan were surprised to see Indara Pitara. They thought he was no ordinary man.

“Hey, human. What brings you here?” asked the king of kahyangan upon seeing Indara Pitara standing on the kahyangan door.

“I come to look for the fruit of Kungkumulawa. I need the fruit to cure the king who is seriously ill.”

“You have come to the right place. The fruit of Kungkumulawa is in this kahyangan. You may have it, after completing several tasks. You only have limited time. I’ll give you a week to stay here.”

“I’ll take any task as long as I am allowed to take the fruit of Wa Ode Kungkumulawa down to earth.”

“Very well, then. As your first task, I want you to go to the kitchen. There you will find seven dishes cooked by my seven daughters. The dishes are served in the same way. Your task is to

find which one is cooked by my youngest daughter. Can you do it?”

“Yes, I can.” Indara Pitara did not hesitate to take the challenge. When he was thinking of ways to complete the task, there came a fly.

“Why do you look confused, Indara Pitara?”

“I have a task from the king of kahyangan to pick out a dish cooked by the youngest nymph.”

“That is easy, my friend. I will be in the kitchen assisting you. Watch me wherever I fly. I will perch on the dish cooked by the king’s youngest daughter.”

“Oh, alright. Thank you, my friend. I’ll follow your instruction.” With the help of the fly, Indara Pitara could finish the first task.

Deep down inside, the king of kahyangan acknowledge Indara Pitara’s prowess. He summoned Indara Pitara to give him the second task.

“Great job, Indara Pitara. You have finished your task successfully. But it’s too early to be happy, because another task is waiting. Now your task is to go to my daughters’ chamber. There you’ll find seven beds and your task is to show me which one is the bed of my youngest daughter. Can you do it, Indara Pitara? If you can’t, you must leave this place at once.”

“Yes, I can, Sir.” Indara Pitara began thinking of a way to do the given task. While he was thinking, there was a firefly coming.

“You seem to be in trouble, Indara Pitara.”

“Oh, firefly, you are right, my friend. I have an assignment from the king of kahyangan to be accomplished.”

“If I may know, what is the assignment?”

“Well, my friend, I have to find where the bed of the youngest apsara is. The problem is inside the chamber there are seven identical beds. Can you help me?”

“Calm down, Indara Pitara. That is an easy task. Before you enter the chamber, I will go inside first. All you need to do is watching me. Where I am, that is the bed of the youngest apsara.”

“Alright. Thank you very much for your help. I have no idea how to finish this job if you’re not here.”

“Never mind, Indara. You’re a good person, so it’s worth helping you.”

Indara Pitara went into a chamber that the king of kahyangan had pointed at. His eyes spot a light on one of the bed.

“There’s no doubt, it must be the light of the firefly.” With confidence, Indara Pitara pointed out that it was the bed of the youngest apsara.

The king of kahyangan was amazed after receiving report that Indara Pitara’s answer was correct. He immediately called Indara Pitara.

“Congratulation, Indara Pitara. You have passed the second task successfully. Now you must complete the third or the last task. Should you pass this task, I shall take you to where you can get the fruit.”

“Very well, Sir. What is the third task?”

“Now here is a liter of sesame seeds. I want you to scatter them behind the palace.”

“Is that all, My Lord?” Indara Pitara cheered in silence. He thought the third task was so easy.

“Yes. When you have finished doing so, return to me.”

“Alright, Sir.” Indara Pitara soon headed to the place referred by the king of kahyangan. It did not take him long to scatter a liter of sesame seeds and return to the king of kahyangan.

“I have scattered all the sesame seeds, Sir. Am I allowed to take the fruit of Kungkumulawa now?”

“Oh have you? Well Indara Pitara, I made a mistake. The seeds were actually supposed to be scattered somewhere else and not there. So now you have to collect all the seeds back and scattered them over there.” Raja kahyangan pointed his finger towards a hill by the palace.

Indara Pitara could not believe what the king of kahyangan had just said. Nevertheless, he went back to where he had scattered the seeds. As he arrived there, he became stunned and confused. While he was in confusion, he was reminded of ants. Suddenly the king of the ants appeared.

“What is it that makes you call me, my friend?”

“I’m in trouble.”

“What kind of trouble?”

“I have an assignment from the king of kahyangan to collect the sesame seeds that I have scattered on the ash.”

“Oh, I see. That is easy. We can help you.” In an instant the ants could collect all the seeds. Indara Pitara was grateful for what the king of the ant and its friends have done for him. He then presented the sesame seeds to the king of kahyangan.

I really salute you, Indara Pitara. You have passed all tasks. Today I shall show you where the fruit that you are looking for grow. Come with me.”

The king of kahyangan took Indara Pitara to the backyard of the palace. The fruit that Indara Pitara had been looking for was apparently there. The monocot plant belonged to the youngest nymph. As the stories he once heard, it was not easy to climb on the tree because its thorns could change directions. The tree was also surrounded by beasts, but Indara Pitara did not feel fear at all. He began thinking of a way to handle the sticky thorns from the tree.

While thinking, he approached the tree. He had only made a few steps when he found La Garuda, the lover of the youngest apsara, stood in his way.

“O, earth human, what makes you think you can take something from this place?”

“I only want to take the fruit that we need. The king of kahyangan has given me permission.”

“Even so, you still have to defeat me because this tree belongs to my love the youngest nymph.”

“Very well. If that’s what you wish. Now come forwards. Let’s fight.” Indara Pitara gazed intently at La Garuda. It was no ordinary gaze, but the one deployed with a strong inner power that made La Garuda in pain. La Garuda screamed as he held covered up his eyes. Thereafter his body swayed and fell to the ground in a state of burn. La Garuda was dead. Along with the

death of La Garuda, the thorns that were stuck up on the tree and faced upward slowly disappeared. Likewise, the beasts beneath the tree were also gone out of nowhere. Indara Pitara did not waste time. He deftly climbed the tree. Joy filled his heart being able to pick the fruit of Kungkumulawa.

Meanwhile, the time for Indara Pitara to stay in kahyangan was almost up. When he was about to walk down the stairs of the palace, he was surprised by the youngest nymph who lied on one of the step blocking his way.

Apparently, the youngest nymph had fallen in love with Indara Pitara. She did not allow Indara Pitara returned to earth.

“This fruit is urgently required by the king on earth. I must not be late otherwise the unimaginable thing would happen.”

“What do I care? I forbid you to go. You and I will live here.”

“You cannot stand in my way. I have only a little time left.”

“No way! Either you stay or I go with you to the earth.”

“How can I make myself free from her? How can I make her understand?” Indara Pitara was deep in thought.

“Look, I cannot stay here. If I don’t return to the earth, this fruit is useless. It cannot save the king’s life. Right now the king is very much needed to overcome to settle family dispute. If the king dies

at times like this, there'll be a chaos. Do you dare to see the people on earth suffering?" explained Indara Pitara to make the youngest nymph understood. The youngest nymph remained silent.

"After all we cannot be together. Your parents will not allow you to go down to earth with me. Meanwhile, it's not possible for me to stay here either. I still have a lot of duties there."

The youngest nymph showed no reaction for a while but then she stood up and stepped up the stairs. Without a word, she walked away.

Indara Pitara felt relieved. He was grateful to have given understanding to the youngest nymph. "Hopefully it doesn't break her heart."

Without thinking twice Indara Pitara immediately returned to the earth. Just after his arrival, the king's messenger came and ordered Indara Pitara to submit the fruit of Kungkumbulawa.

Indara Pitara turned to the grandmother and looked at her with confusion.

"Grandma?" his words stuck. He felt uneasy with the presence of the king's guards.

Grandma was aware of Indara Pitara's confusion. So she spoke.



“My grandson, I cannot hide the truth from the king’s army that you have been looking for the fruit. Since your leaving, they had come to every house and searched for information about the commoner who has gone looking for the fruit.”

Upon hearing the explanation, Indara Pitara did not blame the grandmother. He then gave the fruit to the royal army.

Owing to the fruit of Kungkumulawa, the king could regain his health. Once awoken, the king immediately asked who had cured him. A month later, a festive wedding reception of Indara Pitara and the princess was held. The people rejoiced over the king

regaining his health and the wedding of his daughter. The grandmother who had raised Indara Pitara was also taken to live in the palace. After his father-in-law passed away, Indara Pitara was crowned as the king.

The Author



Nama lengkap : Rahmawati, S.S., M.Hum.
Telp. kantor/ponsel : (0401)3135289/085242142997
Pos-el : rahmaalyra@gmail.com
Akun Facebook : Rahmawati Alamsyah
Alamat kantor : Jalan Haluoleo, Komp. Bumi Praja
Andounohu, Kendari, Sulawesi Tenggara
Bidang keahlian : Sastra

Riwayat pekerjaan/profesi (10 tahun terakhir)

2013–2016: Staf Teknis Kantor Bahasa Provinsi Sulawesi Tenggara

Riwayat Pendidikan Tinggi dan Tahun Belajar

1. S-2: Bahasa Indonesia, Universitas Hasanuddin (2012—2016)
2. S-1: Fakultas Sastra Universitas Hasanuddin (1993—1998)

Judul Buku dan Tahun Terbit (10 Tahun Terakhir)

1. Ungkapan Tradisional Muna (2010)
2. Sage dalam Cerita Rakyat Tolaki: Analisis Aktansial dan Fungsional (2006)
3. Sastra Lisan Tolaki (Tim, 2007)
4. Inventarisasi Sastra Lisan Sulawesi Tenggara (Tim, 2010)
5. Tolaki-Indonesia (Tim, 2012)

Judul Penelitian dan Tahun Terbit (10 tahun terakhir)

1. Inventarisasi Sastra Lisan Wawonii (2016)
2. Pemetaan Sastra Lisan Wakatobi (2016)
3. Inventarisasi Sastra Lisan Moronene (2015)
4. Pemetaan Sastra Lisan Kulisusu (2015)
5. Nyanyian Rakyat Muna (2010)
6. Sastra Lisan Taaluki (2013)

Informasi Lain

Lahir di Gowa, 11 Februari 1974. Menikah dan dikaruniai dua anak. Saat ini menetap di Kendari.

The Editor

Nama : Luh Anik Mayani
Pos-el : annie_mayani@yahoo.com
Bidang Keahlian : Linguistik, Dokumentasi Bahasa,
Penyuluhan, dan Penyuntingan

Riwayat Pekerjaan

Pegawai Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa (2001—
sekarang)

Riwayat Pendidikan

1. S-1 Sastra Inggris, Fakultas Sastra, Universitas Udayana, Denpasar (1996—2001)
2. S-2 Linguistik, Program Pascasarjana Universitas Udayana, Denpasar (2001—2004)
3. S-3 Linguistik, Institute für Allgemeine Sprachwissenschaft, Universität zu Köln, Jerman (2010—2014)

Informasi Lain:

Lahir di Denpasar pada tanggal 3 Oktober 1978. Selain dalam penyuluhan bahasa Indonesia, ia juga terlibat dalam kegiatan penyuntingan naskah di beberapa lembaga, seperti di Mahkamah Konstitusi dan Bapennas, serta menjadi ahli bahasa di DPR. Dengan ilmu linguistik yang dimilikinya, saat ini ia menjadi mitra

bestari jurnal kebahasaan dan kesastraan, penelaah modul bahasa Indonesia, tetap aktif meneliti dan menulis tentang bahasa daerah di Indonesia, dan mengajar dalam pelatihan dokumentasi bahasa.