

**KABAYAN**  
*Si Kabayan*

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**Language Development and Cultivation Agency**  
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## **KABAYAN**

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# Si Kabayan



CERITA RAKYAT DARI JAWA BARAT

Ditulis oleh  
**Mohammad Rizqi**



## SI KABAYAN

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### **Hak Cipta Dilindungi Undang-Undang**

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## 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 author expresses praises and gratitudes to Allah SWT. because with His guidance, the author can complete the writing of a children story entitled Kabayan. Kabayan is a Sundanese oral literature that is very well known in the life of Sundanese people. In fact, it may well be that Kabayan is also well known outside of Sundanese community, although it is known only for the character while the story has not been widely known, among others, is due to language factors. Therefore, the rewriting of this children story in Bahasa Indonesia needs to be realized. With the writing of children stories based on regional literature, regional literature is not only known in its region, but also all over Indonesia. Thus, writing children stories based on regional literature functions as one of the tools in an effort in the National Literacy Movement.

Kabayan, which is a Sundanese oral literature, can be seen as a story that contains high moral values. In it, in addition to being full of the cuteness shown by the attitude of Kabayan, it is also loaded with various satires which are delivered in the form of humor. Kabayan, whom is known as a lazy man in its myth, actually has an amazingly ingenious mindset that other people—even his in-laws cannot match.

Kabayan is based on the Tarate issue, in Bandung in 1980 under the title of “Si Kabayan” by M.O. Kusman, written in Sundanese. The story of Kabayan is presented in several episodes. This was done, among others, to maintain the cohesiveness of the storyline so that it will not be boring.

On this occasion, it is fitting that I sincerely thank Prof. Dr. Gufran Ali Ibrahim as Head of Center of Cultivation and Dr. Fairul Zabadi as the Head of Learning Sector who have provided the opportunity for all staffs of the Language Offices and Centers

in Indonesia. I also express my thanks to Drs. Muh. Abdul Khak, M. Hum., as the Head of the West Java Language Center who delivered information on the program of writing children stories.

Bandung, April 2016  
Mohammad Rizqi



## Table of Contents

Foreword .....	v
Preface .....	vii
Table of Contents .....	ix
Kabayan.....	1
1. Kabayan Got a Jackfruit .....	1
2. Settling Debt.....	18
3. Nyi Iteung's Pregnancy .....	29
4. Kabayan Searched for <i>Tutut</i> (Mud Snails) .....	35
5. Kabayan In The Sack .....	42
The Author .....	50
The Editor.....	52



# Kabayan

## 1. Kabayan Got a Jackfruit

The sun was high on the sky, but Kabayan still sprawled on a bamboo bench in the veranda of his house, fast asleep. The warm morning breeze made him even drowsier. His loud snore reverberated even to the kitchen in the back of the house. Nyi Iteung, his wife, was sweeping the floor inside. She stopped and shook her head in disbelief.

“What a lazy man, still asleep at this hour. From the moment we got married until this day, he’s never changed,” Nyi Iteung thought.

Nyi Iteung went out the house, one hand on her protruding belly. She was with a child. That day she was suddenly craving for some jackfruit. It was as if the baby wanted her to eat jackfruit. From the door, she saw Kabayan sleeping so peacefully. She approached her husband and shook his shoulders.

“Kang...! Kang...! Wake up! It’s noon already. Akang, please get me some jackfruit,” Nyi Iteung said, waking Kabayan up. She called her husband *Akang*, which was Sundanese way to address older or respected man of around similar age.

“Hmm... Who is it disturbing my sleep?” Kabayan mumbled. His eyes opened a little to see who was waking him up. When he saw it was his wife, he closed them again.

“Akang! Come on. It’s your wife, Iteung!” Nyi Iteung grumbled, shaking Kabayan even harder.

Kabayan turned his body and faced the wall. With his back to his wife, Kabayan said, “Nyai... can I do it tomorrow? I’m still sleepy.”

Nyi Iteung pouted her lips. “Huh, you don’t love me anymore. I’ll tell on you to Ambu. I’ll tell her you don’t want to get me a jackfruit!” Nyi Iteung threatened. Ambu was her mother.

Kabayan snored. Nyi Iteung was crossed. She went out the house and headed towards her mother’s house. She was crying. Once she arrived, Nyi Iteung wailed and sobbed in her mother’s arms.

“Emaaak... Kang Kabayan, Ambu. Please help me to get him do something, Ambu.”

“*Euleuh euleuh*, what is it Nyai? You startled me. What is with Kabayan? What can I do to help?”

“Kang Kabayan, Ambu! I am craving for some jackfruit, but he doesn’t want to go get me some.”

“Shush now, don’t cry! I’ll talk to him!” Ambu consoled Nyi Iteung. “Let’s go get him!”

Nyi Iteung returned home with Ambu. On the way there, Iteung complained about Kabayan who had not change at all. He was as lazy as when they got married. When they arrive, Kabayan was still sprawling on the bench. He was snoring loudly.

“Hey! Kabayan! Wake up, you useless lazy man!” Ambu shouted on his ears.

Kabayan was startled. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, trying to see clearly who had screamed on his ears. “Eh, Ambu, why are you shouting? Isn’t it too early to start shouting at people?” Kabayan said cynically and yawned.

“Morning your feet! Look at the sun up there! It’s almost mid-day and you are still sleeping, huh? You know your wife is pregnant and she craves for some jackfruit. Why don’t you go and get her some, instead of sleeping like a rock?”

“Alright, Ambu. I’ll leave soon and find some jackfruit.”

“Not soon! Now!” Ambu said, pulling Kabayan’s hand.

“Yes, alright! I’m leaving,” Kabayan said. He quickly got up and went out. He was always wary of his mother-in-law.

“Find some ripe ones!” Ambu called from behind him.



“Yes, Ambu. I will get a big and ripe jackfruit so everyone can have some,” Kabayan said optimistically.

Kabayan left to find some jackfruit. He was stumbling along the way because he was still half asleep. Kabayan grumbled to himself, “Hmm... my wife is so inconsiderate. Her husband is sleeping and she doesn't even care. If it was not Ambu who told me to, I wouldn't even get up.”

Even though he complained so much, he still obeyed his mother-in-law. He respected her because she had been the one that gave Iteung permission to marry him, not unlike her husband. Kabayan was always more obedient to his mother-in-law than to his father-in-law.

Kabayan suddenly stop walking. He just remembered something.

“Eh, Iteung is pregnant. If she wants some jackfruit, I should get her some. It may be the baby who wants it, and it is my baby, too. Oh, Iteung, my lovely wife, I am sorry. I will bring home some jackfruit to you, soon. I will bring you a big and ripe jackfruit.”

Kabayan resumed walking. He walked more quickly now. While walking, his eyes darted left and right, trying to find a jackfruit tree. He was sure that he had seen a jackfruit tree last week. He just could not remember where. He kept walking and tried to remember. After walking aimlessly for about twenty minutes, Kabayan finally remembered where he had seen the tree. There

was a field at the end of the village, near the edge of the forest. He had been gathering firewood in the forest when he had spotted the jackfruit. He knew it was Mr. Endit's field because he had also seen him cutting grass that time. He quickly headed towards the field.

He finally arrived at the field. Kabayan stopped and looked around for anyone who might see him. Once he was satisfied that the owner was not in the field and that there was no passerby, Kabayan entered the field. There, on the right end of the field, he saw the tree he had been looking for. He walked around the tree and looked at the fruits one by one. He had checked several fruits before he found a ripe one. The unmistakable sweet aroma of ripe jackfruit hit his nose.

Kabayan climbed the tree a little and patted the jackfruit. The sound echoed when his hand touched the fruit. It meant it was ripe. It was a huge one it might be too heavy for him to carry home. Kabayan cut the stem and the fruit fell with a loud thud.

Before he climbed down, Kabayan checked the surroundings again. He noticed someone was walking towards the field. It was the field's owner. She did not see Kabayan because the leaves hid him. Kabayan quickly climbed down before he was caught red-handed.



“What should I do? Nyi Endit is coming. She is a nasty, mean lady,” he muttered under his breath.

Kabayan looked around and saw the river at the edge of the field. A brilliant idea struck him.

“Aha!” he exclaimed and snapped his fingers. He rolled the jackfruit towards the river. Kabayan did not carry it because it was too heavy. Besides, if he put it on his shoulder, there was a big chance that the owner would notice it. He then rolled the jackfruit slowly into the river, trying not to make noise.

“Jackfruit! Go to my house. I’m going to find a safe way out of this situation. You are old and ripe, surely you have matured enough to know your way around,” he whispered to the jackfruit before pushing it to float in the river.

The stream floated the jackfruit away. Kabayan knew that the stream ran near his house. At one point, the jackfruit would pass there and he could collect it. He would be able to take it home without having to carry it. Once he saw the jackfruit was quite far, Kabayan scuffled towards the road. He had to get into the field again before he could get to the road, though. Just as he was going to make a run for it, the field’s owner spotted him.

“Hey, Kabayan! What are you doing in my field? Are you going to steal something?” Nyi Endit asked.



“Eh... No, Nyai,” Kabayan said with a shaky voice.

“Don’t deny it. Come on, confess! You are going to steal my fruit, aren’t you?” Nyi Endit insisted.

“I’m telling you the truth, Nyai. I’m not stealing anything.” Kabayan tried to control his voice, trying to sound tougher.

“Will you swear it?” Nyi Endit said

“I swear in the name of Nyi Iteung!” Kabayan said firmly.

“What are you doing? You are stealing and you have the audacity to swear in your wife’s name? Come with me now! Let’s go to the village chief!”

“Nyai, please don’t do this! I am not stealing. If I am, where’s the proof?”

Nyi Endit then searched Kabayan. From the front, she saw nothing suspicious. She walked around him and still did not find anything. “You are right. I have no proof,” Nyi Endit said with a hint of regret in her voice. “You can go, now. But mark my word, don’t you dare coming here again!” Nyi Endit scowled.

Kabayan did not waste his time and immediately ran home. While running, he turned around and waved at Nyi Endit. A big grin was on his face when he called, “Bye, Nyai!”

“*Borokokok!* Disrespecting his elder!” Nyi Endit grumbled.

Kabayan ran for about half an hour. He was out of breath. He finally stopped running and just walked slowly. It was lucky that he got rid of the jackfruit quickly. If not, he would be in deep trouble. If Nyi Endit found him with the jackfruit earlier, she would not just scold him. She would even slap him. Everyone knew that Nyi Endit was uncontrollable when she was mad. She would not hesitate to slap anyone. Kabayan could not imagine him being slapped by Nyi Endit. He could stand the sting, but the embarrassment would be too great to live with.

Soon, Kabayan could see his house up ahead. Nyi Iteung and Ambu were sitting on the bench, waiting for him. They did not realize Kabayan was standing at the gate because they were so immersed in their conversation. Once they saw him, Ambu and Nyi Iteung stood up to welcome him.

“*Euleuh*, Akang! You are home,” Nyi Iteung said. She smiled from ear to ear, expecting to enjoy some jackfruit. She imagined how sweet and delicious it would taste. She swallowed.

“Didn’t you get the jackfruit, Kabayan?” Ambu asked. Her eyes checked all over Kabayan’s body, expecting to see the jackfruit.

“Of course I did. I got a ripe one and it was sooo big,” Kabayan said proudly.

“Well, where is it, Kang?” Nyi Iteung wondered.

“What! It has not arrived?” Kabayan asked.

“What do you mean ‘arrived’?” Ambu was puzzled.

“I floated it in the river. I specifically told it to come here. Why hasn’t it arrived?” Kabayan said. “It is a mature jackfruit. It is ripe. It should have known the way!” Kabayan tried to explain.

“Why hasn’t it arrived? Why doesn’t it know the way to our house?” Iteung joined her husband, wondering loudly.

“Kabayan, you fool! How can a jackfruit find its own way? It’s a fruit! You are so immature,” Ambu shook her head.

“If you are looking for the immature one, it would be the jackfruit, Ambu!” Kabayan insisted.

“Oh, God. Why do I get such a moron for son-in-law?” Ambu said in exasperation.

Ambu turned and headed home. She was so upset with Kabayan that she did not even say goodbye. Kabayan ignored Ambu and asked Nyi Iteung to follow him to the river behind their house. They squatted on the river bank, waiting for the jackfruit to pass.

While they were waiting, Abah came. He saw Kabayan and his daughter were squatting on the river bank. He was puzzled. Their

faces looked concerned. Abah approached them and asked, “Kabayan! Iteung! What are you doing squatting by the river like this? Don’t you have anything better to do?”

“Let us be, Abah! This is serious. Kabayan and Iteung are waiting for a jackfruit to come,” Kabayan said without even looking at his father-in-law. His eyes were fixed at the river.

“Since when a jackfruit has feet and can walk home by itself?” Abah said.

“It’s not like that, Abah. Kang Kabayan picked a jackfruit earlier and he let it float in the river. The stream ran this way, and the jackfruit would surely come with it,” Nyi Iteung explained.

“Oh, I see,” Abah said. “Well, I have just come from the field and I am so exhausted. It must be nice to eat some jackfruit,” Abah added.

“Help us waiting for it, Abah. I’m worried that it got lost in the way,” Kabayan said.

“Hold on, Kabayan. Where did you get it from? You don’t have a jackfruit tree.”

“A man should always ambue an effort and work hard to get what he wants, Abah.”

“Be careful! You can ambue an effort as long as it is not a wrongdoing. I don’t want to eat anything you get through deceit or sinful ways.”

While they were bantering, the village chief walked past with his wife and son. When they saw Kabayan, Abah, and Nyi Iteung were gathering by the river, they stopped.

“What is happening here? Why are you gathering here?” he asked.

“We’re waiting for a jackfruit to float pass, Chief,” Nyi Iteung replied.

“Is this the jackfruit you are waiting for? I found it floating in the stream up there,” the Chief’s wife asked, holding up a big jackfruit.

“You are right, Madam. That’s my jackfruit. Bring it here, please. What a mischievous jackfruit,” Kabayan said, holding out his hand.

“Is this truly yours, Kabayan?” the Village Chief investigated.

“Of course it is, Chief. If you don’t trust me, you can ask the jackfruit,” Kabayan said.

“Hey, Jackfruit! Is it true that you belong to Kabayan?”

Everyone was startled when the Chief actually asked the question.

“Sorry, I was carried away,” the Chief said.

Then, they heard voices arguing behind them. They turned and looked at the road. It was Nyi Endit and her husband. The couple approached Kabayan and the others by the river.

Kabayan’s face became pale. “Uh oh... the owners come. This might turn ugly,” he thought. Once they were close enough, Nyi Endit put her hands on her hips and said loudly, “Hey! That’s my jackfruit. Kabayan has stolen it from my field.”

“You can’t accuse someone without proof, Nyi Endit,” the Chief’s wife reminded her.

“Well, the jackfruit is the evidence. This is my jackfruit. I know it well. I water the tree every day. I gave it fertilizers. I watched every fruit on the tree every morning. I know each of them very well, Madam,” Nyi Endit explained.

“*Astagfirullah*, Akang! You stole the jackfruit?” Nyi Iteung cried.

“You have brought shame to the family, Kabayan!” Abah scolded him.

“Eh, everyone calm down. I didn’t steal it. I just picked it from the tree,” Kabayan said with a wide grin.



“You did steal my jackfruit. Let’s bring him to the President’s office. Justice must be served!” Mr. Endit said angrily.

“Don’t! Please don’t bring Kang Kabayan to the President. It’s my fault. I’m the one who was craving for the fruit,” Iteung defended her husband.

When she heard that it was Nyi Iteung who asked for the jackfruit, Nyi Endit was touched. She was a woman, after all. She knew the struggle of carrying a child. She decided to let the matter go and give the jackfruit to Nyi Iteung.

“Why didn’t you just tell me, Iteung?” Nyi Endit asked. “Now listen to me. I have taken care of this jackfruit with the intention to give it to Nyi Iteung once it is ripe. I and my husband have had enough jackfruit. I am tired of eating it. I am also tired of people accusing me of being stingy. I am kind and humble. Go on, Iteung, open the fruit and enjoy it,” she added.

“Wow, thank you very much, Nyi Endit, Mr. Endit,” Nyi Iteung was so happy.

“See, I told you I didn’t steal it. Nyi Endit wanted to give it to my wife. I simply helped her to take it home,” Kabayan said.

“Kabayan! Don’t you dare taking other people’s belongings, not even a fruit, without their permission! It is stealing. It’s a sin,” Abah scolded him again.



After taking the jackfruit home and opened it, they shared the fruit. Then everyone returned home. Nyi Iteung was happy and content that she finally ate some jackfruit, and that it was not a stolen one. Kabayan and his wife went in their house with a full stomach and a wide smile. Kabayan had just sat down when Ambu came and called him.

“Kabayan! How dare you! Why didn’t you save some for me?” Ambu asked.

“I’m sorry, Ambu. Iteung and Abah finished them before I could save some for you,” Kabayan said.

“Eh, *Borokokok!* Why blame me? He also ate a lot,” Abah grumbled. Ambu just cried loudly.

## 2. Settling Debt

The sun almost disappeared behind the mountains, but it was still bright enough to see. The sky turned orange. A man wearing black traditional Sundanese clothes and black headdress was sitting in front of his house, enjoying the beautiful sunset. He stared straight ahead. His expression changed from flat to sad, as if he was thinking about a serious matter.

From inside the house, a woman's voice called him, "Kang! Kang Kabayan!"

"Ah, Iteung. Always ruins my alone time," Kabayan grumbled. He ignored his wife.

Since Kabayan did not reply, Nyi Iteung opened the door and approached him. "Kang! Why didn't you say anything? I've been calling you," she asked.

"I was thinking, Iteung. I was deep in my daydream," he said calmly.

"You are always daydreaming!" Iteung said, a little upset.

"Listen to me, first, Iteung. Don't just get mad. I was daydreaming that we were rich. We had so much money. You could buy anything you want."

Iteung pouted her lips. “We have a lot of money? You only have a lot of money in your daydream; never in real life.”

Before Kabayan could respond, Iteung continued scolding him, “Kang! Don’t be so lazy. If you want to have much money, you have to work hard, instead of daydreaming. How can you save money if you just daydream?”

“Eh, Iteung? Why are you getting mad?”

“Why am I getting mad? It’s because of you! You do nothing but sleeping and daydreaming all day! You should be out there, looking for work. You can go to the field and plant something or harvest something.”

“Iteung! It’s dry season. It’s hard to get water to irrigate the field. The soil is so hard that you can’t even tilt it.”

“You know it’s dry season and the field does not produce anything. Why don’t you find other jobs? You can be a trader, or do manual labor, or anything to ambue money.”

“I want to be a trader, Iteung. But I don’t have any money as the initial capital,” Kabayan said.

“You always have an excuse, Kang,” Iteung said. “Let me tell you something! If you are serious, you can go to Juragan Somad and borrow some money from him,” Iteung suggested.

Kabayan thought about his wife's suggestion. Then, his face lit up. "You are right, Iteung! I'll go and meet Juragan Somad."

Iteung smiled in satisfaction. Her husband would finally do some work. The sound of *adzan* was heard from the nearby mosque, calling Moslem to pray. "Let's get in, Kang! We pray together!"

Kabayan went in the house with his wife. After praying, they had dinner. It was simple meal of rice with tofu, salted fish, chili paste, and greeneries.

At ten o'clock that night, before they went to bed, Kabayan had a serious conversation with his wife.

"Iteung, do you think Juragan Somad will lend me some money?" Kabayan said. He was worried.

"Well, we can only hope, Kang. Let's hope Juragan Somad is in good mood. He's always kinder when he's in good mood," Iteung said. "Now, let's sleep. We have to be up early tomorrow," she added.

The following morning, Kabayan went to Juragan Somad's house. Nyi Iteung watched him go from their front door, praying that he succeeded. Once he met Juragan Somad, Kabayan stated his intention. In the end, the merchant lent him some money. Kabayan promised to use it as a capital for his new venture and to

pay it back as soon as possible. Kabayan planned to trade in the market. He was glad that Juragan Somad lent him the capital.

The next morning, the mist was still hanging in the air. The dew glistened on the leaves and grass. Kabayan had been ready to leave the house with his goods. He walked in the cold morning air towards the market. When he arrived, it was busy. Kabayan laid out his goods. Several people came and bought some knick-knacks. Once they left, other buyers came. Soon, all his goods were sold. Kabayan packed up his stall and got ready to go home. He stopped at a stall and bought some spices and herbs for his wife. Kabayan was happy the he could bring home some profit.

On his way home, Kabayan saw a beautiful rooster. It was a huge rooster. Its head looked handsome. The skin on its face covered part of his eyes, beak, and ears. Its eyes were sharp like an eagle. Its beak was pointed like a parrot. Its crest was not too big, but it moved swiftly to either sides. Its slender neck moved gracefully. The most interesting part was its claws. They looked strong below its straight legs. It spread its wings and flapped it before crowing loudly.

“That is the rooster of my dream,” Kabayan thought. “I have to own it.”

Without thinking further, Kabayan approached the seller and asked how much the rooster cost. The seller praised his rooster,

trying to boost the price. Kabayan haggled with him for a while, until they reached an agreement. Kabayan then walked home with a grin on his face. His left hand carried his belongings and his right hand cradled the rooster. He called his wife from the front yard, “Iteung! Iteung!”

Nyi Iteung was startled when she heard his voice. She immediately went out to welcome Kabayan. “Kang? You are home so early. How was it? Did you sell anything?” Iteung was curious. While she asked those questions, her eyes kept staring at the rooster.

“Iteung, come and help me first. You can ask questions later,” Kabayan said. He gave her the spices he had bought. His right hand still cradled the rooster.

“Kang, what is it?” Iteung asked, pointing at the rooster.

“It’s clearly a rooster. Why do you ask?”

“I know it’s a rooster. But whose is it?”

“It’s mine. Why would I bring other people’s rooster?”

“Where did you get it, Kang?”

“I just bought it.” “You bought it? Where’s the money you get from your trading?”



“You ask too many questions,” Kabayan said shortly. He put the rooster in a bamboo cage that had always been empty.

Iteung looked at her husband. Her mind was full of unanswered questions.

“Iteung, the money had turned into this beautiful rooster.”

Hearing that, Iteung almost cried. “Kang! Kang Kabayan, what have you done? How will you pay your debt to Juragan Somad?”

Kabayan did not reply. Iteung kept scolding him.

The next few days, Kabayan was busy with his rooster. He did not go to the market anymore. He even forgot about his debt. His debt was due. Juragan Somad’s man came to Kabayan’s house to collect the money. Kabayan was startled when he saw the man. Since he had no money, he promised to pay the debt the following month. Juragan Somad’s man returned to his boss empty handed. The next month, he came again to collect the money. Kabayan gave him the same answer. Every month, Juragan Somad sent his man to collect his money from Kabayan and Kabayan sent him back with promises. It happened again and again until one day Juragan Somad had had enough. He decided to come collecting the money himself.

Kabayan was actually worried because he did not have the money to pay his debt. However, the debt collector kept coming. When

he heard that Juragan Somad would pay him a visit, Kabayan almost lost his mind. Kabayan also heard that if he did not pay the debt, Juragan Somad would report him to the village chief. Kabayan shuddered with fear.

“Oh, what should I do? I have brought shame to my wife and my in-laws.” He thought about his rooster, “Should I sell my rooster? Hmm... maybe I should.”

“But, if I sell it, it would be difficult to get another rooster like that,” Kabayan deliberated. He tried to find a way to get out of this situation. Kabayan suddenly laughed out loud. He got up and looked for his wife.

“Iteung! Iteung!”

“Yes, Kang?”

“Iteung! I’m going to the city to find some money. I want to be free from our debt.”

“Is it true, Kang?” Iteung was so happy. “I agree. You have to pay your debt soon. It is embarrassing.”

Kabayan told his wife that he was leaving to the city. He also asked her to tell Juragan Somad that he would pay his debt with a rooster from foreign land for the moment. He would pay him back in cash as soon as he earned some money.

Kabayan then left the house. However, he did not go to the city. He was hiding behind the house, carrying his rooster. He secretly pasted some cottons and chicken feathers on his body, imitating the pattern on his rooster's body. With his body fully covered in cottons and feathers, Kabayan looked like a huge rooster. He put on a fake beak made from bamboo and squatted near an empty chicken cage.

Juragan Somad came to his house. He knocked on the door and called loudly, "Kabayan! Kabayan! Come out!"

Iteung opened the door and greeted her guest. Kabayan stealthily moved to the front yard, carrying the empty cage. He then slipped under the cage and squatted silently. Juragan Somad was furious that Kabayan was not home. However, he was a little calmer when Nyi Iteung explained that Kabayan was going to the city to work and would pay his debt with a rooster from foreign land. Nyi Iteung pointed at the cage in the front yard, wondering why the rooster seemed to be a lot bigger than it had been.

Juragan Somad approached the cage and admired the huge rooster. He had never seen such a magnificent creature. He did not suspect anything because Iteung said it was a foreign rooster. He thought that roosters from foreign countries were all that big. Juragan Somad held out his hand, trying to touch the rooster. His left hand picked up the cage. However, he picked it too high and the rooster slipped from underneath the cage. It ran away.



Juragan Somad did not expect that it would ran away. He went after it. The huge rooster moved its head to the left and right, trying to find a place to hide. It kept running until it reached the river. As Juragan Somad got closer, it jumped into the river. Juragan Somad stood on the bank, watching the river, trying to see where the rooster went. Since the rooster did not come up for air, he thought that it had drowned. Actually, the foreign rooster, which was Kabayan in disguise, did not drown.

He just dove underwater and breathed through a bamboo stick he had prepared earlier. He breathed through his mouth using the hollow stick. Kabayan waited for Juragan Somad to leave.

He could vaguely hear the conversation between Juragan Somad and his wife, who had run after them. Nyi Iteung blamed Juragan Somad. “Juragan! Because of you, the rooster had drowned. Kabayan cannot pay his debt now. He bought the rooster with all he had. Now it is gone,” she said.

Juragan Somad felt cornered with that accusation. He felt guilty. Nyi Iteung sobbed, “What should I do, Gan? The rooster was Kabayan’s only belonging. What would he say if he knew that it has gone?”

Juragan Somad felt even guiltier. For him, the money was nothing because he was wealthy. He finally decided to let the matter go.

“Well, it is my fault. I wanted to take a closer look because the foreign rooster was a curious sight. There’s no use crying over spilled milk. Let’s just call it even. I free Kabayan from his debt if he does not hold me accountable for his missing rooster,” he told Iteung.

“Really? Thank you, Gan, thank you!” Nyi Iteung said.

Juragan Somad returned home empty-handed.

Meanwhile, Kabayan heard everything in the river and grinned widely.

### **3. Nyi Iteung's Pregnancy**

Out of various incidents and experiences they had since they got married, Nyi Iteung's pregnancy was the happiest experience for Kabayan. They had been married for five months when Nyi Iteung found out that she was pregnant. Nyi Iteung changed when she carried a child. Some people experienced morning sickness when they were pregnant, but Nyi Iteung did not experience it at all. The only thing that made everyone busy was her cravings for things. It was a common belief that when a pregnant woman craved for something, it was actually the baby's wish. Whatever she wanted should be provided, lest the baby would be born with some sort of deficiency. Nyi Iteung had craved for some sour food in the middle of the night.

She had also asked for snails from the muddy fields. Kabayan tried his best to give her all she wanted.

Kabayan shared his experience with his friend, Ardasim. Ardasim smiled and said, "It's normal, Kabayan. That's what pregnant women are like." Ardasim then recounted his own experience.

"Kabayan, you are lucky that Nyi Iteung only asked for those things. You can easily get them for her. My wife once asked me to not stay in the house because she could not stand my face. Can you imagine? She was pregnant with my child, yet she asked me to leave the house."

They both laughed at the story.

“Is that true, Kang?”

Ardasim patted Kabayan’s back, “Of course it is. Pregnant women often had strange wishes. Just give them what they want.”

Kabayan nodded before he left.

When the sun set, Kabayan arrived home. As soon as he entered, his wife called, “Kang! Kang Kabayan!”

Kabayan approached her, praying that she did not ask for something weird or difficult to get, “What is it, Iteung?”

“I’m craving for some fresh coconut. Can you find me some? It must be you who gets it, however. You cannot get it from someone else,” Nyi Iteung asked.

Kabayan stared at her open-mouthed. “Coconut? Fresh coconut? At this hour? Where can I find it? How can I climb the tree in the dark?”

Nyi Iteung just looked at Kabayan with an innocent look on her face. “Yes, Kang. I want some fresh coconut that you pick yourself.”

“It’s dark, Iteung! Where can I find it? You know that Abah has no coconut tree in his field.”



“It’s not me, Kang. It’s this...” Iteung said, pointing at her belly.

Kabayan could not say no if his wife brought about the baby. He looked at his wife. Iteung smiled so sweetly. Kabayan then went out to fulfill his wife’s wish.

“Well, I guess Akang have to go, even though it is dark outside,” Nyi Iteung said. “Ambu said Wa Haji have a field full of coconut trees,” she added.

That evening, Kabayan went to Wa Haji’s house. It had been raining and the night air was colder than usual. He wore jacket and brought a machete. He walked with long strides. He wanted to get there as soon as possible.

He arrived at Wa Haji’s house and knocked on the door. A middle aged woman answered the door.

“Kabayan?” Wa Haji’s wife was surprised.

“Wa Istri,” Kabayan greeted her.

“What brings you here this evening, Kabayan?”

“I have to talk to Wa Haji. Is he in?”

“He’s still in the mosque. What is it?”

“Iteung. She is craving for some fresh coconut.”

“Oh, I see. The baby wants it?”

Kabayan nodded.

“Well, go on to the field, then.”

Kabayan smiled. He quickly went to the back of the house. The field was behind the house. Wa Istri followed him.

“How far along is she?”

“About two months, Wa.”

“Careful, Kabayan. It’s slippery,” Wa Istri reminded him.

“Yes, Wa. I will be careful. Thank you,” Kabayan said.

He picked a tree with a bunch of coconuts and immediately climbed it. He picked some young coconuts and climbed down again.

“I’ve got them, Wa. Thank you very much,” he said.

“Is that enough, Kabayan?”

“It should be enough. Iteung only asked for the coconut water.”

Then, Kabayan said goodbye and took the coconuts home. He found his wife was sitting on the bench, waiting for him.

Iteung smiled when she saw Kabayan bringing the coconuts. “Thank you, Kang,” she said.

Kabayan replied with a smile, “Anytime, Iteung.”

Kabayan opened the coconuts and poured the coconut water into a glass. Nyi Iteung drank it up quickly.

“Iteung, I’m going to rest for a bit,” Kabayan said, laying down on the bench. Soon, he was snoring. Nyi Iteung looked at him and shook her head. “He is an expert at falling asleep,” she muttered.

The next morning, Kabayan woke up with a headache. He felt nauseated. He walked to the kitchen with wobbly legs and threw up on the floor.

Nyi Iteung was startled seeing her husband like that. “I think he is catching a cold after climbing the coconut tree in the cold night yesterday,” she thought.

“Iteung... Iteung!”

“Yes Kang! What is it?”

“Do you still keep the young mangoes from yesterday? I craved for something sour.”

Iteung was confused. “The mangoes? I have finished them all yesterday, Kang. Why are you suddenly craving for them?”

“It’s not me,” Kabayan said, holding his stomach. “It’s what’s in my belly that wants it. Don’t you see? I am experiencing the symptoms of pregnancy. I just threw up.

It must be the morning sickness that people talk about. Isn’t it natural for someone who is pregnant to crave for sour food?”

Iteung shook her head. His husband could be so thick sometimes.

#### **4. Kabayan Searched for *Tutut* (Mud Snails)**

From Kabayan's house, one could see a beautiful scenery of mountains surrounding the villages. Nyi Iteung often watched the scenery when she opened their bedroom windows. She would take a deep breath of the fresh morning air and smiled. The scenery always made her feel at peace. However, the feeling would soon disappear when Kabayan snored loudly. Nyi Iteung would then go out of the bedroom quickly.

One morning, Nyi Iteung went looking for his father and mother. She did not find anyone in the house.

“Ah, Abah and Ambu must have gone to the field,” she thought.

Iteung's parents were farmers who worked hard against the seasons and weather. The long dry season brought a cold air in the morning and an unbearably hot afternoon. In the wet season, rain would pour anytime of the day. However, they always worked in their field, cultivating it diligently.

Nyi Iteung thought about her father, with his big dark trousers. Abah usually went to the field carrying his tools on his shoulder. He sometimes also brought pails of animal waste which would be used as fertilizer.

Behind him, her mother would follow slowly. Like any other female farmer in the village, her mother was short and plump, but strong.

“Ah, Ambu may be working harder than Abah. At nights, when everyone is asleep and Kabayan is snoring, Ambu often gets up to mend Abah’s torn clothes, or to prepare the provision to be brought to the field,” Nyi Iteung thought.

She snapped out of her reverie when she heard voices calling his parents.

“Abah, Ambu, let’s go to the field,” the voice called.

“They have already left,” Iteung called back.

“Really? Isn’t it too early?” the man asked before going to his field.

Nyi Iteung did not reply. She boiled some water and cooked some rice. She then went to the river to wash some clothes. It was still dark outside, but she knew the way to the river like the back of her own hands. From afar, she could hear her friends were joking around in the river. Nyi Iteung picked up her pace. When she arrived, there had been many people there.

“Nyai? Are you doing the laundry?” someone asked.

“Yes,” Nyi Iteung replied shortly.

“There’s an empty spot there!”

“Thank you,” Nyi Iteung said. She began to do her laundry. When she finished, she took a bath. The cold water hit her and made her shudder. She quickly dried herself and walked home.

“Nyai, what’s the hurry?” her friends asked.

“Oh, I was boiling some water and cooking some rice. I think they are done now,” she replied.

“Oh, I see.”

Nyi Iteung walked quickly to her house.

As she entered the kitchen, wisp of smoke wafted from the kettle.

“Where is Kabayan? Is he still asleep?” she wondered.

“Ah, I cannot depend on him at all!” Nyi Iteung grumbled and got the water and rice from the stove.

The sun went up quickly. The air got warmer. Nyi Iteung had finished cooking the rice and boiling the water. She was hungry. Nyi Iteung got a plate and filled it with rice.

“I cannot eat just rice,” she thought. “Hmm... it will be nice if I have some *tutut*. Those small nails taken from the muddy field are always delicious.”

She then called her husband, “Kang! Kang Kabayan!”

There was no reply from the bedroom. Kabayan did not appear in the kitchen. “Why does he sleep like a dead man? What if something bad happens to me?” She then called again, “Kang Kabayan! Kang! There’s a thief! Wake up!”

There was no reply at all. Nyi Iteung went to the bedroom, grumbling to herself, “What a lazy man. Other people have gone to the field and work, she is still sleeping.”

She saw Kabayan was still sprawling on the bed. He was drooling. Nyi Iteung called his name and shook his shoulder. Kabayan gave no reaction. Every time Iteung called him, he muttered in his sleep, “Later! I’m having a good dream.”

Nyi Iteung was upset. She finally let Kabayan sleep. He snored loudly. Nyi Iteung went out of the house, looking for something. She picked up a fishing rod. “I have to use this,” she thought.

She walked towards the windows of her bedroom. She saw Kabayan was still sprawled on his back. His belly protruded. His breath was quick and shallow. Nyi Iteung ran the fishing rod through the bars and poked his stomach with its pointed end.

Kabayan woke with a start. “Block him over there! Don’t let him go!” he exclaimed.

“What are you talking about? Wake up!” Iteung snarled.



“I was dreaming of catching a thief. Now you have helped him escape.”

“Stop talking nonsense!” Nyi Iteung said harshly. “Go to the field now and get me some *tutut*! The rice is done. Do you want to eat with only salt?” she said.

“Where can I find them? The sun is high already,” Kabayan said.

“Where? You know where! Don’t ambue excuses! Go to the field and get me some *tutut*. I am starving. I woke up since dawn and had done so many works.”

Kabayan got up slowly. He reluctantly left the house.

“I was having a very good dream,” he grumbled.

“Don’t you want to wash your face first?” Nyi Iteung asked.

“No, I don’t. I’ll take a bath in the field. The water is warm there.”

Nyi Iteung shook her head.

She waited for her husband to return with some *tutut*. She tried to ignore her hunger. She went to the kitchen and prepared the spices for cooking *tutut*. She had finished preparing them, but Kabayan had not returned.

“Where does he go, now? What takes him so long?” Nyi Iteung grumbled. She kept waiting. To abate her hunger, she drank some warm tea. She finished a cup of tea, but Kabayan still had not come. She finished her second and third cup, there was still no trace of Kabayan. She lost her patience.

Nyi Iteung decided to go after him to the field. She walked quickly. From afar, she could see him squatting on the dike, holding a long pole.

“Kang Kabayan, what are you doing?”

“I am looking for *tutut*, just as you asked,” he replied.

“You won’t get it if you just sat on the dike. Get in the mud!”

“I don’t want to. I don’t want to drown. Can’t you see the water is deep? You can even see the sky reflected on its surface. Do you want to be a widow?”

Nyi Iteung lost her temper. She pushed her husband into the muddy field.

Kabayan fell head first into the mud. When he got up, he grinned and scratched his head. “Well, it is shallow. I thought it was deep, because I can see the reflection of the sky.”

Nyi Iteung said nothing. She turned her back and walked home, leaving his husband in the mud.



## 5. Kabayan In The Sack

One evening, Abah asked Kabayan to help him harvesting jackfruit in the field. They needed to pick them up quickly before some thieves got them. His father-in-law asked Kabayan to prepare the machetes and sacks so that they only needed to take them the next day.

The following morning, the sun rays slipped through the house. Roosters crowed loudly. Abah was waiting for Kabayan.

“Ambu? Where is Kabayan? Is he still asleep?” he asked his wife.

In his room, Kabayan was still snoring. “Oh my God, Kabayan! Wake up! Abah has been waiting for you!”

Kabayan woke up with a start, “Yes, Ambu. I’ll wash my face first.”

Kabayan slept late last night. It was because he had to scratch Nyi Iteung’s back with an onion to cure her from a cold. Nyi Iteung had reminded him not to sleep in. She told him to help Abah because there were a lot of jackfruits that needed harvesting.

Kabayan was still half asleep when he walked towards Abah. Abah shook his head.

“I’m sorry, Bah. I slept late last night,” Kabayan said.

“Let’s just go,” Abah said.

They left to the field. It was quite far from the house. It was the second period of harvesting. On the first harvest, Abah got a lot of money from selling the jackfruits.

On the way to the field, no one said anything. Kabayan was dragging his feet because he was drowsy. It was like a tradition for Kabayan to sleep in until the sun was high in the sky. Today, everyone in the house had woken him up.

“I don’t understand what he was thinking?” he thought about his father-in-law. “He is old. Soon, he will be dead. Why is he still so greedy, always thinking about money? What use is money for him? At his age, he doesn’t need much. Why should he work so hard?”

When they arrived, they immediately began to pick the jackfruits. Abah worked diligently, while Kabayan had some rest every few minutes. It seemed like Kabayan was not in the mood to work. He looked around, trying to find a way to escape. He saw the huge sacks to bring the jackfruits home. He had an idea.

“Bah, Abah,” Kabayan called.

“Yes, Kabayan, what is it?”

“I need to go to the toilet. I have a stomachache. If I am too long, just leave. I’ll go home by myself.”

“Alright,” Abah replied.

Abah kept working. He was focused on the fruits, barely looking around. Kabayan opened a sack and got in. He slept soundly in the sack. Abah put the jackfruits in the sack without looking. The jackfruits piled on top of Kabayan. Soon, the sack was full. Abah tied the end with rope and picked the sack up. He put it on his shoulder.

Before leaving, Abah waited for Kabayan. However, Kabayan was nowhere to be seen. As the sun was almost down, Abah decided to go straight home. Without wasting another minute, Abah put the sack on his shoulder.



“Why is it so heavy?” he thought. He did not know that Kabayan was in it.

Since it was so heavy, Abah often rested on the way home. Every time he stopped, he threw the sack on the ground. Kabayan tried to endure the pain. He did not dare to make a sound. Even though it hurt when Abah threw the sack down, Kabayan was enjoying the journey home, because he was mostly on Abah’s shoulder.

Abah arrived home. He threw the heavy sack to the floor. A gasp escaped Kabayan’s lips. Abah was startled, but quickly dismissed the sound as a product of imagination. When Abah went to the bathroom, Kabayan quickly got out of the sack. He was cramped and could not stand straight because he had been curling up in the sack the whole journey home.

“Bah, you only picked this much?” Ambu asked after checking the content of the sack.

“I haven’t picked them all. How’s Kabayan. He told me that he was going home because he had an upset stomach!”

“He is ill? I don’t know. Isn’t he with you?”

“He was, in the morning. But by midday, he said he was going home.”

“Well, I haven’t seen him all day,” Ambu said.

“Abah, Ambu, I am here,” Kabayan said, walking stiffly towards them.

Abah looked at Kabayan and figured out what had happened. Abah was furious and would want nothing else but getting his revenge. A son-in-law like Kabayan needed to be taught a lesson.

“We’ll finish harvesting the fruits tomorrow, Kabayan! Work seriously, don’t go pulling tricks on Abah.” Ambu said.

“Yes, Ambu!”

The following day, Kabayan and Abah went to the field again. Once there, Kabayan immediately checked the fruits, looking for the ripe ones. Abah glanced at Kabayan every once in a while. Kabayan was busy picking fruits. Apparently, he obeyed Ambu’s request. While Kabayan was busy with the work, Abah slipped into the sack. Kabayan kept working, putting the jackfruits into the sack. Kabayan stacked fruits carefully until the sack was full. He tied it and carried it home.

Before leaving, Kabayan searched for his father-in-law. “Where is Abah? I think he has gone home as a payback of what I did yesterday. Very well, then, I’ll just carry his sack by myself. I’ll just drag it, I think. It is too heavy,” he muttered.

He really dragged the sack.



“Kabayan! Kabayan!” a voice called from inside the sack. “It’s Abah. Don’t drag the sack!”

Kabayan stopped walking. “Ah, these are jackfruits!” he patted the sack. He then continued dragging it home.

“Kabayan! It’s Abah, not a jackfruit!”

“It’s jackfruit! Jackfruit!” Kabayan said, dragging the sack.

When he arrived, he threw the sack on the floor. There was a sound of someone being crushed under the jackfruits.

“Ambu! Ambu! I brought a sack full of jackfruits,” Kabayan called before going to cleanse himself.

Ambu approached the sack and opened it. She toppled the sack to get the fruits out. As soon as she did, Abah rolled out from the sack. There were cuts and scrapes on his skin. Ambu was surprised and panicked. “Abah! Abah! What is happening?”

“Ambu, don’t ask me questions. Treat my wounds first. Use some ashes.”



Ambu boiled some ashes in a pot of water. She then separated the ashes from the water. When the water cooled down, Ambu applied it to the wound. Abah cringed. He was hurt all over. Ambu helped Abah walking to their room. Abah recounted what had happened. Ambu just nodded.

“Abah, it’s your own fault. I’ve told you to not do what Kabayan did, but you didn’t listen.”

Abah said nothing. He then told her to go out. “Ambu, drop it! Just take care of the jackfruits. We’ll take them to the market tomorrow. I’m going to rest.”

Seeing the poor state of her husband, Ambu felt sorry. She closed the door and let Abah sleep.

Abah rested so well. He did not get out of the bed for two days.

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1. 2011–2016: Peneliti di Balai Bahasa Jabar
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1. S-1: Fakultas Sastra Unpad Jurusan Bahasa Inggris  
Penerjemahan (1994--1997)
2. D-3: Fakultas Sastra Bahasa Inggris (1989--1993)

### **Judul Buku dan Tahun Terbit (10 Tahun Terakhir)**

1. *Kamus Dwibahasa: Bahasa Indonesia-Bahasa Aceh* (Tim, 2011)
2. *Everyday Acehnese* (Tim, 2010)

### **Judul Penelitian dan Tahun Terbit (10 tahun terakhir)**

1. Syair Kasih Sayang untuk Syahid (2015)
2. Mempertahankan Kesatuan dalam Keberagaman: Upaya Menjunjung Tinggi Bahasa Persatuan, Bahasa Indonesia (2014)
3. Padanan Kata Indonesia dan Inggris (2013)
4. Konjungtor dalam Bahasa Aceh (2009)
5. Kata Peningkar dalam Bahasa Gayo (2008)
6. Kata Tugas Bahasa Aceh: Suatu Tinjauan Sintaktis dan Semantis (2007)
7. Struktur dan Pemarkah Kalimat Imperatif Bahasa Inggris (2006)
8. Kata Majemuk Bahasa Inggris ketika Menjadi Bahasa Indonesia (2005)

### **Informasi Lain**

Lahir di Bandung, 15 September 1969. Menikah dan dikaruniai dua anak. Saat ini menetap di Bandung. Aktif sebagai peneliti bidang bahasa di Balai Bahasa Jabar. Beberapa kali menjadi pembicara pada kegiatan musikalisasi puisi di Aceh. Mengajar BIPA di NGO asing (UNICEF) di Aceh tahun 2006—2009. Terlibat di berbagai kegiatan di Balai Bahasa Jabar.

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1. Tim Penyusun KBBI edisi III
2. Penggunaan istilah politik dalam propaganda politik (Seminar nasional DPR di UMS tahun 1995)
3. Penulis buku Bahasa Indonesia SMP kelas 7—9 kurikulum 2013.

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