

KING SINADIN

Raja Sinadin

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KING SINADIN

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Raja Sinadin

Cerita Rakyat dari Kalimantan Barat

Ditulis oleh

Hariato



RAJA SINADIN

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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 existence of folklore to date has experienced difficult times. The older generation, parents, no longer tells folklore to their grandchildren. It's very rare to find folklore told by people to deliver their children to sleep.

The role of education can be considered the main trigger. Parents fully submit their children's education to their respective schools. The lack of parental feedback on the material received by children at school results in the gap between those material which is not well covered.

One of the material that must be prioritized is children's knowledge of folklore. Not all young people, especially children, understand folklore well. For this reason, one way to raise children's knowledge and understanding of folklore is through the National Literacy Movement. This folklore for children is expected to return children's love for literature.

Hopefully this Sambas folklore entitled King Sinadin adds to the wealth of literature that exists in the nation.

Pontianak, April 2016

Harianto

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KING SINADIN

1. Sebedang Village

Sunny morning. The chirping of magpie marked people's activity in Sebedang Village. Most of the villagers were on their way to their rice field. Some children came along helping their parents bringing farming supplies. Some of the children looked joyful chasing each other. What a bright morning in Sebedang Village!

At the further end of the village, there lived a married couple named Tohari and Sani. Just as most villagers in Sebedang, the couple were also farmers. On daily basis, they worked on rice field and farm. They sometimes looked for firewood in the forest. For almost twenty years they had been together, they were always grateful for joys and sorrows throughout their journey.

The couple had no children yet. Whereas, they had done many things in order to get an offspring. Sometimes they felt life so empty without children, but it did not make them lose hope. They still had not given up praying maybe one day God would make their dream come true.



One day the couple had planned to look for firewood in the forest not far from their house. Early morning the wife had prepared some food as a supply. Having done with preparations, the couple left the home.

On their way, they encountered groups of farmers. Some wanted to go to the rice field, and some others were out looking for firewood.

In a quarter of day or about nine o'clock in the morning, they had gone deep in the forest. "Let's have some rest, my wife. My legs are very tired. Why don't we sit under the fig tree," invited the husband.

So they took a rest while enjoying steamed sweet potato and fresh water. After a while, they continued to look for firewood. The wife collected small twigs, and the husband gathered medium-sized firewood. From afar they could hear someone was axing wood. Most likely there were others who also collecting firewood.

By noon, they had collected a lot of fire woods which then they sorted in small bundles.

"My wife, we better go home now. We have collected firewood more than enough," said the husband.

“Alright, but before we go, I need to rest for a while. I am very thirsty,” responded the wife. “Let’s have a rest by the lush bamboo tree.”

“What kind of bamboo is that?” asked the wife.

“Oh, that is timiang bamboo. That bamboo is better than the ordinary bamboo. The stems are yellow with long internodes, very thin but strong. They are perfect for blowgun and flute,” explained the husband.

“What is blowgun?” asked his wife.

“It’s a tool made of timiang bamboo used to hunt animals. The stem is cut about five or six nodes long. And then each of the inner bulkhead is discarded so it can be seen through. Without bulkhead, it enables dart to move fast.”

“And what is dart?” asked his wife again.

“Dart is the projectile. It borrows the shape of an arrow, but the balancing part is on the back, cone-shaped, made of paper or leaf. It operates by having the projectile placed inside the pipe, directing on a target like bird or anything, and using the force of blow to propel the projectile. The projectile can move fast like an arrow being released from the bow.”

“Oh, so that’s why it is called a blowgun. Why don’t you make one? There’s the bamboo right in front of us. Who knows when

we have got one we can use it for hunting to increase our food supply,” said his wife.

“Alright, we make it at home. Now let’s take the bamboo.”

The couple then walked towards the overlay of bamboo clumps where there were at least three kinds of bamboo; the timiang bamboo, the joran (fishing rod) bamboo, and a variant of bamboo whose young shoot can be eaten. The husband opted for timiang bamboo which was old, straight, and of brighter color. Meanwhile, his wife walked a little farther whilst looking around seeking young bamboo shoot.

After a while the husband had obtained the bamboo and so he called out his wife.

“My wife—my wife, where are you? I am done, Let’s go home!”

“I’m here. Come here quick, please! I need a hand to take this young shoot,” replied his wife. The husband rushed towards his wife who looked overwrought. She found it difficult to take a young shoot stuck among the bamboo stems.

“Step back. Let me take it,” instructed the husband.

His wife did what the husband had instructed. She stepped back and looked just close by in case her husband need a little help from her. Shortly after, the husband had managed to take four young shoots. They, then, decided to go home.

The sun was right over head as they looked up through the opening tree canopy. They had walked a few steps when suddenly they caught movement among bamboo hedges. They heard a faint whining becoming clear and clearer. The whining turned into a cry—a cry of baby.

The wife looked frightened and also wondered with the changes in the natural surroundings. The atmosphere changed from dim to dark tense. The leaves that had been moving in the breeze seemed to be inhabited and deliberately moved by strange creatures. Those creatures seemed to dwell behind the hedge.

“My husband, what is going on? Do we make mistake by taking this bamboo and young shoot?” asked the wife.

“That’s possible. Maybe we should apologize and put the bamboo and the young shoot back on their place. Oh God, please help us,” prayed the husband in fear.

As the crying became clear, their fears gradually subsided. It was most likely coming from a human baby because the crying was louder and saddening. With a little bravery, they approached the place where the voice came from. They were surprised.

“Look, my husband! It’s a baby. But who’s baby is it?” wondered the wife.



“I have no clue, my wife. How could its parents leave this baby alone in the middle of the forest!” replied her husband.

“Why is this baby thrown away?” asked his wife again.

”How ungrateful its parents wasting such a cute blessing easily.”

The wife then took and held the baby, while the husband opened his sarong and clothes to cover the seemed to be newly born baby.

“Could it be an incarnation?” asked the wife again.

“Be careful of your thought! I used to merantau, a rite of passage where a man leaves his home to pursue a career or gain experience outside of the village, when I was young and I had never seen a human incarnation. There is no such thing like an animal, plant, or ghost incarnates into human. What really happens is the other way round,” explained the husband.

“Is that so?” asked his wife again.

“It’s true. Look at the baby! He still had his placenta on, could it be an incarnation?” said the husband. “The doer is the man himself, the parent of this baby. Disposing a baby is really unacceptable. The parent is no better than animals.”

“Well, it’s also possible this baby is a victim of abduction. He is being hidden for temporary, and we accidentally find him. I think

we should keep a positive thinking about this baby's parent.” argued his wife.

“You also have a good point. Now we better go home. I will report to the village chief that we found a baby. If no one comes to claim this baby, then we have the right to raise him. Would you be his mother?” asked the husband.

“Of course—of course I would. I have been longing to have a child. Perhaps it has been arranged by God for us to have a child this way. I'll be very grateful if I am allowed to take care of this child,” replied his wife with beaming.

2. The Awaited Hope

That afternoon, many villagers visited the couple's house. They wanted to see the newly found baby. The news had also reached the neighboring village. The village chief provided a one-year time limit for the baby's parents to come and acknowledge the baby.

If no one came to acknowledge the baby up to the time limit, then Tohari and Sani had the right to be the caregiver.

A year had passed and no one came for the baby. Thus, Tohari and Sani could acknowledge him as their own child. They called him Zamil. During the year, their life had improved. They were always blessed with sustenance, health, and happiness. The most exciting thing happened in their life during the year was the wife finally conceived a baby. It was something they had been longing for.

“It could be that my pregnancy is a God's grace because we take a good care of Zamil,” said the wife. “We should always treat Zamil the same way we treat our own child even after our baby is born.” The husband did not say a word but gave a smile of approval.

When Zamil was about two years old, the long-awaited child—a boy—was finally born. Despite being born in good health, the

baby showed anomaly at birth. He did not cry or laugh, and already had front teeth; one up and one below.

When he was born, there was heavy rain along with hurricane, lightning, and thunder. Mr. Tohari and his wife did not realize that the signs nature had shown were actually signs of warning for the people of Sebedang of what would happen in the future.



The boy was named Tan Unggal in relation to his peculiar growth of teeth. Unlike the common teeth that grow out of the gum one by one, Tan Unggal's teeth grew from the main tooth at birth spreading to the side following the gum direction. Tan Unggal's teeth oddity invited many people to come and made him famous. Some people who saw Tan Unggal thought he would become an important person someday.

Time rolled, days became weeks, weeks turned to months, and months changed to years. Zamil and Tan Unggal had become teenagers. Both Zamil and Tan Unggal were treated equally but they had different nature and character. Zamil had a simple, loving, and accepting nature. Meanwhile Tan Unggal was a hard, assertive, and had a strong passion and desire.

Tan Unggal's character, thus, made his parents worried. They were afraid that Tan Unggal would be out of good norm and manners in the society especially after they passed away. All they could do was giving good advice to Zamil and Tan Unggal continuously.

3. Days of Sadness

Life in this world goes according to God's will. Every living thing has to undergo its life cycle. There is a beginning and an ending. There is life, and there is death. There is happiness, and there is sadness. Likewise, Tohari and Sani had undergone moments of happiness raising their children. The boys had grown well in their late teen age. Both had received good attention and education from their parents.

Days of happiness, however, had passed. Tohari passed away at the end of dawn. Darkness had not moved but the rooster had started to crow. Tohari was usually up in a third of night, not that day. He slept for good. His wife did not want to remember days before he died, but the mourners forced her. So she told them it was started three days before he died. It began with a dream. That night his husband had a nightmare. "Tan Unggal, Tan Unggal, let the children go." That was what he said when he was having the dream.

"I could hear him clearly when he was dreaming," said Sani. "When I ask him in the afternoon several times, my husband did not say a word. For three consecutive days, my husband looked gloomy. He did not say much. When he wanted something, he just pointed his finger. Sometimes he would do it himself. It made me sad to see him change."



Then Sani went on, “The night before he died, he finally spoke to me only a few sentences. He said, ‘I saw in my dream that Tan Unggal, our son, would achieve his aspiration.’ But he did not tell me what it is. My husband had been sorrowful since he got the dream. Today he has returned to God the Almighty leaving his grief forever.”

4. A Wish Came True

After her husband had passed away, Sani lived in sadness. After some time, she fell ill. One month later, she passed away and was buried next to her husband.

After their parents passed away, Zamil and Tan Unggal lived a hard life as farmers.

One day, Tan Unggul decided to merantau. “Brother Zamil, I want to go merantau. I want to make an achievement outside this village. Wish me luck,” said Tan Unggal to Zamil.

“Good luck, brother. Don’t forget me should you succeed,” replied Zamil.

Years passed and Zamil had grown up mature and found his soul mate. He had two sons and happy life with his little family.

He still lived in his foster parents’ house. As for Tang Unggal, he had had left for so long and had never come back. There was no news about Tan Unggal for years until one day—.



One day a messenger from the Kingdom of Sambas came to Sebedang Village. He was sent to declare the Sebedang Village was included in the territory of the Kingdom of Sambas. For that reason, the people of Sebedang Village should fulfill their obligation and would obtain rights under the laws of the Kingdom of Sambas.

Far away in the Kingdom of Sambas, there had been a change of leadership. A new king had been crowned. The name of the king was familiar to the Sebedang villagers. It was Tan Unggal, Zamil's younger brother.

Some Sebedang villagers were delighted with their new king, unlike Zamil and the old people who were worried. They knew Tan Unggal's nature very well. It could bring an adverse effect for them. Zamil and the old people wished and prayed that Tan Unggal would be given goodness and salvation.

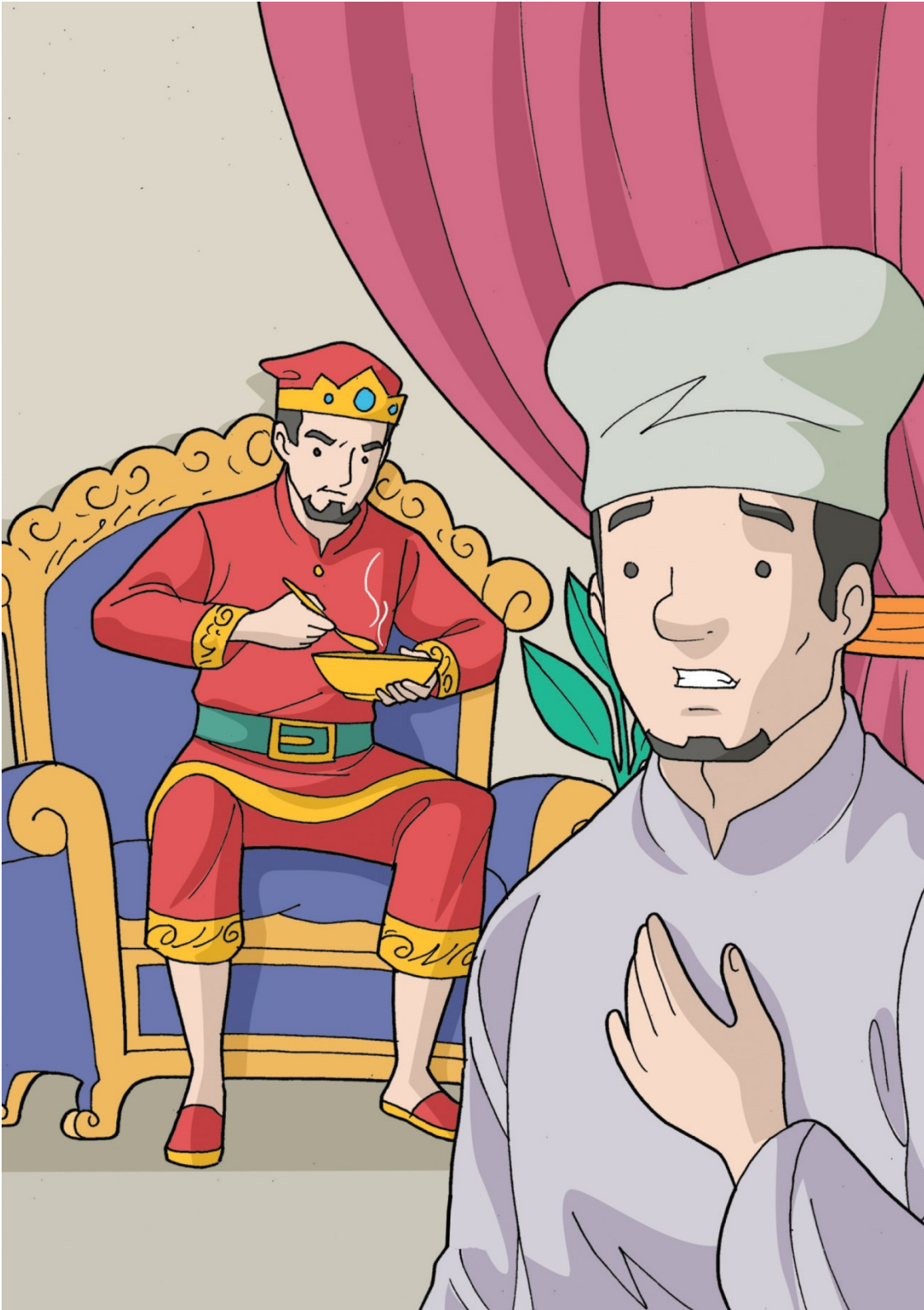
5. King Tan Unggal

Tan Unggal was a powerful king who was immune to weapon attacks. Having aware of his power, Tan Unggal became arrogant and ignorant. He never hesitated to punish anyone who failed to comply with his order and did mistake according to his own judgment. He accepted no reason and argument.

One day Tan Unggal ordered the royal chef to make his favorite sayur miding bening (a kind of fern cooked in clear soup), sambal terasi udang sungai (shrimp paste condiment), and grilled ruan (a kind of snakehead fish).

There was, however, an incident that made the clear soup turn to red. When the chef was preparing the miding leaves, he accidentally cut his finger. Blood was all over the miding leaves. The chef became frantic and frightened because the king had been waiting in the dining room. He knew the king did not like to wait longer.

It was unlikely to replace the miding leaves so he had no other choice but to serve it the way it was. When it was served on the dining table, King Tan Unggal wondered why the soup was red and not as clear as it used to. He then asked the chef, “What spice do you put into the miding soup? It is unlike the usual,”



The head chef and the crews became nervous. Before they could answer, Tan Unggal had tasted and said, “Oh, this miding soup tastes delicious. It’s so perfect to go with shrimp paste condiment and grilled ruan.”

Next time I want miding soup, make like this. Now you off to go!” ordered Tan Unggal before the chef could explain.

Since then whenever King Tan Unggal asked for sayur miding the chef must sacrifice blood. Whenever there was a feast, it required a large amount of blood to make miding soup. Many people had been sacrificed in order to prevent Tan Unggal’s anger.

Having seen that, the people within the territory of Tan Unggal Kingdom held a confidential meeting. Many plans were made at the confidential meeting. Some had proposed rebellions, assassinations, and seeking help to another kingdom. But all plans were opposed by religious leaders, as they said “No matter how cruel Tan Unggal, he is our ruler, our king. It is true that he had sacrificed his own people, but we also have no right to punish him.” While waiting for further guidance, they were advised to pray so that Tan Unggal realized it himself.

While the leaders were looking for ways to awaken their king, far away in the palace, life went on normally. Bujang Nadi dan Dara Nandung, Tan Unggal’s children, played cheerfully.

One morning, Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung were sitting in the garden ready to play.

“Dara, my sister, let’s play cuisine cooking today,” suggested Bujang Nadi. “We need to borrow the ingredients from the kitchen. We ask the maid to prepare everything!”

“I agree. I like cooking. I want to make unordinary dish,” replied Dara Nandung.

“Well, father likes miding clear soup. Let’s try to cook it, but with different spices. I’ll ask a maid to prepare all the ingredients,” urged Bujang Nadi.

So, that morning, both Tan Unggal’s children were busy playing cuisine cooking assisted by some maids. They had no idea what and how to cook. They mixed a generous amount of miding leaf and different kinds of bean in a cauldron. They also added stir-fried rice into the mixed vegetables.

It did not take long to cook the dish until done. Before the children ate it, some maids had volunteered to taste the dish.

“Wow, it’s delicious, Prince. It looks like a simple porridge but it tastes excellent. The addition of chilli pepper increases its taste,” said one of the maids to Bujang Nadi. Shortly after the review, Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung had the chance to eat their dish. They ate the porridge with gusto.

No one realized that, Tan Unggal, the father of the children, was paying attention to what Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung was doing. “I was just passing by when I see you two were eating. What did they eat,” asked Tan Unggal to the head maid who accompanied the children.

The face of the maid turned to pale, but still she had to reply to Tan Unggal, “Forgive me, Your Majesty. Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung wanted to play cuisine cooking. It is like a vegetable porridge made from various kinds of vegetables including your favorite miding leaf, My Lord,” answered the main nervously. “But believe me, My Lord, it tastes very delicious.”

“Very well. I will taste it. Bring me a bowl of the porridge to the dining room!” demanded Tan Unggal. Soon the maid carried out the king’s order.

“This porridge is so good. I like the generous use of miding leaf in this dish,” thought Tan Unggal. “Maid, what’s the name of this dish? I like it best served warm with the addition of spicy taste from chilli pepper,” continued Tan Unggal.

“It has no name yet, My Lord. I wish you to give it a name,” asked the maid.

“Very well then, I declare to the people in this kingdom the name of this new dish is bubur pedas (lit. spicy porridge), and it must be

the signature dish of Sambas Kingdom to replace the old menu miding soup.”

Hence, the dish accidentally discovered by Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung, King Tan Unggal’s children, had saved the lives of many people in Sambas Kingdom and remained as one of the signature dishes of Sambas.

6. Bujang Nadi Dara Nandung

Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung were siblings. They were the children of King Tan Unggal, the ruler of Sambas Kingdom at that time. They always spent time together playing in a garden at the backside of the palace. The garden was called Bujang Nadi Dara Nandung playground.

In the beginning, the siblings were very happy to play around the garden. Not only spacious, the garden was also equipped with the common folk games instruments. They could play petak umpat (hide and seek), sadur, jongka, so, gasing (spinning top), cooking game, and many other traditional games.

After some time, they got bored and had a desire to play outside the palace. They had conveyed it, but nobody listened. Tan Unggal, their father, strongly disagreed and would be enraged if they insisted to go outside the palace.

As time went by, Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung had grown up good-looking. One day, while they were in the garden, Bujang Nadi spoke to his sister praising her beauty. Likewise, Dara Nandung told him that she wanted his future husband to look as handsome as him. Each one of them wanted to marry someone who was as good looking as their sibling.

The conversation between the two siblings was misheard by a guard who served in the garden. He told others what he had unintentionally misheard. Soon it became wildly spreading rumors that finally reached Tan Unggal's ears. The rumor that came to King Tan Unggal was that Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung wanted to marry each other.

King Tan Unggal was startled and became furious. He called a royal soldier to bring his children into his presence.

Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung immediately came to his presence. Without having investigation of the righteousness of the report he heard, King Tan Unggal sentenced them. Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung were to be buried alive in Sebedang Hill.

Pleading and sobbing of the two asking to give explanation were ignored by the king. They were sentenced to exile in Sebedang Hill.

Zamil was shocked and sad to know that his nephew and niece would receive such a terrible punishment. So he and the community leaders conciliated looking for a way to rescue Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung while also taking the safety of the people into consideration. The side of the hill had been dug up to build two rooms inside. Each room was fully furnished with a set of bed made of gold and household equipment.

There was also a set of looms made of gold in one room, and a rooster cage also made of gold in another. When the time came, the two king's children were put into exile.

For a week long the people still could hear the crow of Bujang Nadi's kinantan rooster and the crackle of Dara Nandung's looms. But after a week passed, only silence was heard. There was no more sign of life inside the hill.

“So they were buried,” concluded some people.

The respected elder, however, argued that, “No, Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung had reunited with their families. They lived free and happily. Both had shown obedience.”

Hitherto, Sebedang Hill still holds the memory of Bujang Nadi and Dara Nandung in form of exile room.

As for King Tan Unggal, he died of locked in an iron chest drowned in the middle of a wide Sambas Besar River in the middle of the estuary of Bangun Town. That was how the cruel king end, Raja Sinadin, the king who neglected his children's happiness.

Present time, the tale of King Sinadin is still remembered. The Village of Sebedang which derived from the word sebidang tanah (a piece of land) now becomes natural tourist destination in Sambas Regency, West Kalimantan Province. It offers

magnificent panoramic view of Lake Sebedang that has about 1 km² surface area long and is surrounded with hill.



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Informasi Lain

Lahir di Tamianglayang pada tanggal 10 Maret 1976. Lebih dari sepuluh tahun ini, terlibat dalam penyuntingan naskah di beberapa lembaga, seperti di Lemhanas, Bappenas, Mahkamah Konstitusi, dan Bank Indonesia. Di lembaga tempatnya bekerja, dia terlibat dalam penyuntingan buku Seri Penyuluhan dan buku cerita rakyat.