

**THE STORY FOR KIRANA**  
*Cerita untuk Kirana*

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## THE STORY FOR KIRANA

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

## **THE STORY FOR KIRANA**

### **The Birth of Crown Prince**

Once upon a very prosperous time, there lived a grandmother with her granddaughter, Kirana. They lived on the border of a village with some neighbours around the house. Every day, after school, Kirana always helped her grandmother keep the rice in the rice fields. Kirana's grandmother would soon harvest so that the paddy had to be guarded from the birds. Makeshift food supplies were always brought with her. They just got home after dusk. Before going to bed Kirana always asked her grandmother to tell her a story.

"What story will you tell me tonight, Grandma?" Kirana asked her grandmother.

"Well, let me think? You may choose, the story about the mouse deer, fairy, or about a kind beautiful princess?" replied her grandmother. "Grandma, the teacher said that our country is rich with stories about the life of kings of old times."

"Oh, I remembered now. I have a story about the life of a prince. The story is entitled The Story of Tajul Muluk. "Come on, Grandma, tell me," Kirana said impatiently.

"Here's the story."

Long time ago there was a very prosperous kingdom. The kingdom was governed by a very wise young king. He reigned justly so that the people's lives were harmonious and peaceful. They lived in mutual help and mutual respect.

"Who's the king's name, Grandma?" Kirana asked.

"The king's name is Malik Sulaiman Shah."

"Well, this King Malik must surely be very handsome, Grandma." "Yes, it is true. King Malik is very brave and courageous."

Behind the splendour and prosperity of the kingdom, it turned out that there was a grief in the heart of the king, for he did not have a life companion. King Malik Sulaiman Shah had sought for an empress for such a long time, but none to be the one who suited his heart. Until one night the King asked a prime minister to meet the hermit.

"What can I do for you, Your Majesty," said the Prime Minister

"Uncle, go and meet the Hermit in a cave in the northernmost mountain of this country. Tell him of my wishes," said the king.

"Yes Your Majesty, your wish is my command." "Go as soon as you can, Uncle."

The next day, early in the morning the prime minister went to the cave. With the necessary supplies he went alone by riding his black horse. He rode his horse fast. The horse's scoop was rushing to the rhythm of the prime minister's horse. As fast as the lightning the horse flew toward the north of the country, precisely on the mountain that had been determined by King Malik. By dusk the prime minister reached the foot of the mountain. The horse swirled under the control of the prime minister. The prime minister leapt down from his horse. He looked right and left looking for the cave's mouth. Suddenly....

"Who are you looking for, young man?"

"Excuse me, Grandpa, I am coming to meet a hermit. The hermit lives at the cave, in the foot of this mountain. Do you know where the hermit is? "

"Why do you want to meet the hermit?"

"I was sent by my king to meet him and ask the king's match."

"Oh, I see. OK. Come on, go into the cave, I'll explain later."

"Why, are you the Hermit?" the prime minister stunned.

"Yes, I am the ascetic you seek. Does your king really want to find her soul mate?"

"Right, grandpa. That's why I was sent here to seek your guidance."

"Yes, yes, actually, Malik Sulaiman Syah was already mated with the daughter of King Malik Zaharsyah from neighbouring country. Come over there."

"Well, then I beg to leave. I must give the good news to the King."  
"

The night had come creeping more soluble. The atmosphere of the night grew tense with the sound of owls. The prime minister hardly closed his eyes. He wanted the night to quickly pass and change with the morning. In his mind he had imagined the king's happy face hearing the good news he was carrying.

Early in the morning the prime minister asked permission to the ascetic. The black horse that was always ready to take his master was still standing upright beside the hermitage. The saddle had been trimmed by the prime minister. The manes spun neatly around his neck, adding to the horse's stoutness.

"Give my regards to Malik Sulaiman Syah."

"I will grandpa. Excuse me, I am leaving. "

" Goodbye. Be careful."

Without waiting for long the prime minister jumped up the horse and pulled the rope. The horse darted following the prime minister's control. Although a little drizzle accompanied, the horse still drove without stopping. The prime minister's mind had reached the kingdom, preceding the pace of his horse. He imagined the beaming king's face.

"Does the princess accept the proposal of King Malik Sulaiman Syah?" Kirana asked curiously. "Hang on, here's the next story," Grandma answered. Upon arriving at the palace, the prime minister immediately conveyed the happy news to the king.

"How is your mission Prime Minister? Do you bring a good news? "

"Yes, Your Majesty. The Hermit said that you have been married to the king's daughter from the neighbouring kingdom. "

"The princess of the neighbouring kingdom?" the king did not believe.

" That's what the Hermit said."

"All right, prepare enough troops. We're on our way to the neighbouring kingdom."

The next day a hundred horsemen were ready in the courtyard of the royal palace. They would accompany and escort King Malik Sulaiman Syah to the neighbouring kingdom. The buzzing sounds

of horses added to the mood of the morning. The palace soldiers had been faithfully waiting for the king to appear in the courtyard.

Arriving at the neighbouring kingdom, the group of the young King Malik Sulaiman Syah was greeted with kindness by the King.

"It is unusual that you come without giving prior notice like this," asked the King, full of wonder. "Uncle *Patih*, please convey our intention of coming," said King Malik turning to his *patih*. "Yes your Majesty. If you please, my king intends to marry your daughter."

"Hm, that's the story. I will pass this proposal to my daughter. The decision is in her hands. "The king asked a servant to call his daughter who was in Taman Sari garden. After his daughter came to see, the King directly delivered the proposal of King Malik.

"I'm willing, Father." The king's daughter did not argue in the slightest. After hearing the princess's answer, King Malik was very happy. "Thank you, your Majesty. I would quickly return to prepare for the necessities of marriage.

A month later King Malik's wedding party with the princess was held very lively. King Malik Sulaiman Syah sat side by side with the empress in a gold-encrusted wedding chair. Colourful flowers adorned the throne of the bride. Flickering decorative lights added to the lively atmosphere of the party. One year later they were



blessed with a son. The baby boy was named Tajul Muluk. The birth of the king's son was eagerly awaited by the king, queen, and all court officials. It was not complete if the family did not have a crown prince.

"Kirana, are you sleepy?" asked the grandmother.

"Uh, yes, Grandma," Kirana said, yawning. "Is it still long, Grandma?"

"Yes dear, but it is enough for tonight ... we continue tomorrow night."

### **Camping in the Forest**

That day Kirana came home from school early. It meant that she also had to follow her grandmother in the fields earlier. Supplies had been brought by grandmother early in the morning. Kirana just brought a drink for extra. Kirana rushed to the paddy fields catching up her grandmother.

"You're back from school, Kirana?"

"Yes, Grandma. There was a visit from the city to the school."

"Oh, I see"

"Grandma, last night the story was good. What if we continue the story in the hut while driving away the birds?"

"Well. You've just arrived but you asked grandma to tell the story again. Can't you wait for the night? It's in the fields?"

"I am curious, Grandma."

"Okay, I will continue the story, but don't forget to dispel the bird."

"No problem, Grandma."

Grandma continued the last night story.

Little Tajul Muluk looked very lively. He was cute, healthy, and his politeness made the court clerks very fond of him. Since childhood Tajul Muluk had been taught martial arts. When he was teenager, Tajul Muluk had mastered martial arts and other sciences. Prince Tajul Muluk was very happy to wander and camp in the forest. One day the prince went into the jungle with some soldiers.

"Let's take a break, soldiers. It is very hot," said the prince

"Yes, Prince," replied a soldier.

"O, yes, how about asking for young coconut to the villagers?" said another soldier.

"No, we eat our own provisions, it is not good to always ask something to the villagers," said another soldier. "Hold on,

Grandma! On the other end there are birds," Kirana interrupted her grandmother's story.

"Yes, you are right, get rid of the birds."

Kirana ran down the rice fields. She immediately drove the birds that were pecking the rice, "Hus .... hus .... hus ...." Kirana fluffed her hands. After that, Kirana fixed the scarecrow. "No wonder the birds raided the area, the puppies collapsed," Kirana muttered. Kirana immediately returned to the hut, approaching her grandmother. Kirana drank some water, breathing hard. "Come on, Grandma, go on."

"All right, I'll continue the story."

After taking a rest, the prince and soldiers went on their way. They headed into the middle of the forest. Some of the soldiers looked for a somewhat flatter and less shrubby place. They immediately set up a camp. Apparently, the camp was not far from the path that passed through the forest to the neighbouring kingdom.

It was not long before a few people passed by the camp. They turned out to be a group of merchants who would sell their merchandises in the neighbouring kingdom. The group of merchants was led by a young merchant named Aziz. *Saudagar* Aziz saw a camp in the forest. He also tried to offer his merchandises.

"Excuse me, can we stop for a while in your tent?" Aziz said.

"Please. Who are you? Where are you from or where are you going to? "

"My name is Aziz."

"Why did you pass early in the morning in the middle of the forest?" continued Tajul Muluk. "Once a week we cross this forest to trade in the neighbouring kingdom," Aziz replied. "Traders? What merchandise do you carry? May I see your merchandise?" Asked Tajul Muluk again.

Aziz, the merchant and his friends showed their merchandises. A variety of jewellery, fabrics, and clothing were arranged neatly. The soldiers also gathered around the merchandise of Aziz and his friends. They were busy flipping through the clothes and valuing jewellery. Tajul Muluk was amazed to see the wonderful variety of jewellery and fabrics. He also bought a lot of jewellery and clothing. After that, Tajul Muluk shuffled through the cloth. Suddenly Tajul Muluk saw a very beautiful handkerchief.

"What cloth is this Saudagar? How much is it? "Asked Tajul Muluk showing a handkerchief to Saudagar Aziz.

Seeing the handkerchief held by Tajul Muluk, Aziz immediately cried.

"Why are you crying?" Asked Tajul Muluk astonished.

"Forgive me, sir. Actually I do not intend to sell the handkerchief."

"But why did you take it and put it in your merchandise?"

"Forgive me, sir. I always bring the handkerchief with me wherever I go. It's a souvenir of the person I care about most. "

"How's the handkerchief story, Grandma? Why is Aziz so fond of it? "Kirana interrupted. "It's late. We'd better go home. I will continue the story of the handkerchief tonight. "

"Oh, yes, grandma, the story was so interesting that I do not feel it is already late afternoon." "Let us go home. Don't leave the food container. "

"Grandma, why don't you bring the *caping*?" Grandma and Kirana left the hut.

"Grandma, look, Grandma, the sky is great with a yellowish red colour."

"Yes, it's a sign that the day will change. Come on, hurry, otherwise we will get home late"

Kirana walked along with her slightly hasty grandmother. They walked along the paddy fields to their house. A look of joy overwhelmed the two generations.

## **Aziz and Azizah**

Kirana and her grandmother had dinner together. The afternoon salted fish still accompanied them at the dinner table. The sour vegetables tasted delicious on their tongues. The shrimp paste added to their appetite.

"Grandma, will you continue the story, then," said Kirana. "Yes, but you have to study first," the grandmother replied. "I will, Grandma." An hour later, "How far was my story this afternoon, Kirana?"

"Oh, yes, I remember. Until the secret of Aziz's handkerchief, Grandma. "

"Okay, I'll tell you the origin of the handkerchief."

Formerly, Aziz's father had a rich merchant friend. The merchant had a daughter named Azizah. When Azizah was a child, the merchant was ill and died. Mrs. Azizah died when she gave birth to Azizah. Finally, Azizah was raised by Aziz's father. Aziz's father and mother were very fond of Azizah. They already considered Azizah as their own daughter. Aziz was also very fond of Azizah. Aziz and Azizah were like brother and sister. Their age was only three months apart.

The time passed and the months changed and so did the year. Aziz and Azizah grew up to be teenagers. Aziz intended to learn

to trade. He wanted to help ease the burden of his parents. Aziz went to a wealthy merchant to become his agent.

The wealthy merchant happily accepted Aziz as a sales agent for fabrics and jewellery. Aziz brought his wares around from village to village. Aziz was very persistent, patient, and honest. Each merchandise that he brought was always sold, and people really liked his merchandise. Aziz's friendly services made the buyers happy. Little by little, Aziz's efforts showed the result. The trading area of Aziz was getting wider, right down to the neighbouring kingdom. His merchandise was increasingly varied. Despite his success, Aziz remained the same as Aziz as he was friendly and polite.

So was the case with Azizah. She wanted to help alleviate the burden of his mother and father. Azizah wanted to be a reliable embroider. Azizah asked permission from her parents to go to the city near the kingdom. She would meet an embroidered teacher named Dalia. It was in Dalia's place that Azizah learned to embroider. Azizah worked very neatly and her embroidery was very good. Once she got the skills, Azizah returned to her village. Azizah wanted to share her knowledge and skills to the teenagers in her village. She wanted the adolescents of her age to have activities that could bring in income. She planned to leave her embroidered cloths to her brother, Aziz, for sale. "I want to be like Azizah, Grandma."

"You bet, Kirana. But, finish your school first. "

"So ... how about the teens in the Azizah's village? Do they want to learn embroidery?" Yes, finally almost all teenage girls in the village learned embroidery to her. Azizah was very happy to be able to share knowledge with her friends. Every afternoon, the teenagers gathered on the veranda of Azizah's house, complete with embroidered equipment. Her house became crowded. Her parents were very happy to see their daughter activities.

The result of Azizah's embroidery was very neat and beautiful. Her skill was heard up to the Persian country. Until one day, Princess of the Persian King ordered a special handkerchief illustrating two deer. Azizah could complete the princess's order within a week, two days ahead of the time she promised. She would leave the handkerchief to Aziz to be delivered to the Princess of the Persian King. Until one day, Azizah was sick. Day by day her body became thinner, her face was pale, her eyes sunken, and her lips seemed to dry out. Her body was just bones wrapped in skin. Azizah's condition was getting weaker. She could not bear the pain that was getting worse. Aziz was very sad to see the condition of his sister. He tried to find drugs everywhere for the sake of healing his sister.

Man could only try and ask. However, God decided. Azizah's fate spoke differently. Despite much effort, Azizah could not be cured. The Aziz family must finally receive a message from the



Almighty. Azizah passed away, leaving father, mother, Aziz, and many of her companions. It was her embroidery products that they could only remember all the time. "My God, Kirana, you are asleep? So nobody has listened to my story," muttered the grandmother." Well I have to continue the story tomorrow. No wonder she did not say anything. She seemed to be fatigue. "

### **Azizah's Letter**

The rooster's roaring greeted the arrival of the sun. A red colour began to appear on the eastern horizon of the village. The leaves began to wriggle from the crib of the morning dew. The morning was very bright, as light as Kirana's heart. Kirana was ready to go to school with a bag stretched over her shoulders

"I am leaving, Grandma," Kirana said, kissing her grandmother's hand. "Be careful, Kirana. After school, you quickly catch up with grandma in the fields. "

"I will, Grandma."

That afternoon after school, Kirana immediately changed clothes and rushed to the fields. "Grandma ...!" Kirana shouted as she ran toward her.

The grandmother who was at the end of the rice field did not see her granddaughter coming. Kirana screamed louder. Grandma

turned her head shaking her head. "Have a lunch first, Kirana. The food is in the hut."

"Yes, but while listening to the story, please."

"Oh girl, If you have a wish you are always like that..., "muttered grandmother.

Grandmother went to the hut to accompany Kirana to eat while continuing the story.

Aziz felt guilty over Azizah's death. He could not help his sister. Every day he always remembered Azizah. To console his heart, Aziz walked alone by the river a little way from his house. The water flowed smoothly through the large rocks at the bottom of the river. The flow of the river was really calm. Small fish swam happily to and fro.

"It's really fresh to bathe in this river. I want to soak to keep my body fresh again. I also want to get rid of my thoughts about Azizah, "murmured Aziz. He then plunged into the river. "Byuuuurrrr ...” Almost all day Aziz soaked in the river. Every now and then he climbed onto the banks of the river to release the cold. Once the cold was not felt again, Aziz again threw himself into the river. He buried his head, then he raised, drowned, poked, and he wagged his hair, shouting at the top, "Azizaaaaah!!!!"

"I do not know what to do," hissed Aziz. All this is the will of the Almighty. Almost dusk he went home. The atmosphere grew darker. Aziz's conscience never faded away. That night Aziz slept beside his father. Inside Aziz's head ran a million thoughts. "O, yes, Aziz, this is a deposit from Azizah when she was sick. This package has not been opened yet. Now try to open, what's in it?"

"Open please, Mother."

Aziz's mother opened the package from Azizah. It turned out that the package contained a letter and handkerchief embroidered with gold thread. "Please read the letter, mom," asked Aziz. "Father, Mother, and my brother, Aziz. Forgive me if all this time I have troubled you all. Thank you for helping me. I am very sad because since childhood I have been left by my own father and mother. Hopefully Father, Mother, and my brother Aziz are happy. Yours, Azizah."

Her father, mother, and Aziz were surprised to read the letter. They did not think if Azizah knew about her origin. Someone might have told her that Azizah was not her real family. It was the letter and handkerchief from Azizah to Persian Princess that made Aziz always take it with him wherever he went. "Incredible Azizah. Her heart is very kind." Kirana was more interested in hearing this Tajul Muluk story.

"Well, the story is getting exciting, Grandma."

"Yeah, but it was late afternoon. I am afraid we get home in the dark. Let's go home," said the grandmother. "Grandma, I'm curious about the further story of Azizah's handkerchief that Aziz always brought."

"Yes, I will continue later at night."

Kirana and grandmother went down the paddy fields to her house. The afternoon air was very bright. Throughout the journey Kirana always hummed occasionally joking with the grandmother. Her little step preceded her grandmother's step.

### **Handkerchief of *Sayyidatuddunia***

Late in the afternoon, the air was very cold. Kirana and her grandmother were still sitting at the dinner table. A few pieces of *tempe* and tofu, grandmother's favourite food, were still left. *Sambal Terasi*, Kirana's favourite paste was still there. Kirana was very edacious that afternoon. She was still finishing her rice.

"Grandma, how many more days will we harvest?"

"Why, Kirana? Are you tired of waiting for rice, huh?" asked the grandmother. Hopefully one more week we harvest. Have you finished eating yet?"

"I have, Grandma."

"So, you just study now."

"Yes, Grandma. I've done my homework earlier in the fields. I just read the lesson for tomorrow. After that, listen to the story."

"Yes, yes. If it's about a story, you never forget."

That night she told about a handkerchief. "Here's the story ...."

Tajul Muluk was surprised to see the handkerchief brought by Aziz. In the centre of the handkerchief there was a picture of two deer.

"Aziz, who makes this handkerchief?" It's incredibly beautiful," said Tajul Muluk.

"This handkerchief was made by my sister, Azizah that was specially ordered by Princess of Persia. Azizah entrusted this handkerchief to me," Aziz replied.

"Princess? What's the princess's name, Aziz? "

"The princess is called Sayidatuddunia, Prince."

"A very beautiful name. Where is the Persian country, Aziz?"

"Far enough from here. I trade there once a month."

Hearing the story, Tajul Muluk intended to propose Princess Sayida. Tajul Muluk asked Aziz to accompany him to go to Parsian country. However, before leaving, Tajul Muluk wanted to ask permission first to his father and mother in the palace. Tajul

Muluk invited Aziz back to the palace. He could not wait to meet the daughter of King Persia, Princess Sayidatuddunia. Arriving at the palace, Tajul Muluk was embarrassed to tell the king about his desire. He decided to cancel his wish to ask permission to his parents. Finally, he just restrained himself in the room. Three days he did not want to eat, he just daydreamed and slept in his room.

"Tajul Muluk hasn't turned up for few days. Where is he?" asked the king to the empress. "I'm sorry. I am also confused. I have not seen him since returning from the forest. Let me see in his room," said the empress.

The empress was surprised to see Tajul Muluk sitting pensively accompanied by Aziz. His face showed no joy at all. His face always bowed. Behind it, the heart of Tajul Muluk was very thundering. He was afraid to express his wish to his father and mother. "Tajul Muluk, my son. What is your wish right now, say it".

"Forgive me, father and mother. I don't want you to be sad because of me. Let me bear it alone," said Tajul Muluk beginning to open his mouth.

"Just tell me, Prince. Let your heart be relieved and get a way out," Aziz said. "How should I say it Aziz. I am ashamed," said Tajul Muluk blushed.

"Come on, say, do not hesitate," said the queen.

Tajul Muluk then told his parents that he wanted to go to Persia. He wanted to marry the daughter of King Persia, Sayidatuddunia. His heart had been captivated ever since hearing Aziz's story about the Princess Sayidatuddunia's handkerchief brought and shown by Aziz.

"What's that handkerchief like?" asked the queen.

"Aziz, please show the handkerchief to my father and mother," said Tajul Muluk.

The king and queen were amazed to see the beauty of the handkerchief. They watched it carefully. They saw the painting in the centre of the handkerchief.

"Yes, this handkerchief is very beautiful. Not all princesses can make this beautiful handkerchief. Not everyone can see this handkerchief.

I just show it to the people I care about," continued Aziz. "What animal image is this, Aziz?" asked the empress, pointing at the picture of the animal in the handkerchief.

"A picture of a pair of deer, Empress," Aziz replied.

The king just shook his head to see Tajul Muluk wanted to meet the customer of the beautiful handkerchief. "No wonder my son is

curious about the owner of this handkerchief. What a beautiful handkerchief it is," said the king. "Well, Father? May I go to Persia?" asked Tajul Muluk.

"Do not worry, my son. Father will send the Prime Minister first to the land of Persia," said the king. "Go to the land of Persia, Prime Minister. Convey our intention to stay in touch, make friendship with King of Persia," he continued.

The next day the prime minister was accompanied by Aziz and several soldiers left for the land of Persia. Some horses lined up neatly. Their steps followed the cue from the riders. "We have travelled far enough," said a soldier.

The prime minister, Aziz, and the soldiers rested at the edge of the forest. The forest was the border to the land of Persia. "I wonder how Aziz can meet Prince Tajul Muluk?" asked the prime minister. Aziz then recounted the journey of his life to meet Prince Tajul Muluk in the forest. Aziz also told about the beginning of his trade until the handkerchief of Princess Sayida was in his hands.

"Oh I see, that's the story," the prime minister said, nodding.

Towards the evening the entourage continued their journey. Some soldiers carried bamboo torches. They crossed the edge of the forest bordering the local villagers. For a while grandmother ended the story because it was already night and her



granddaughter was sleepy. "Well, well, Grandma, this story is fun too. I do not feel like it's late," Kirana said. "Well, now you sleep so that tomorrow you will not oversleep to school," said the grandmother.

### **Trading in the Palace**

That afternoon Kirana did not follow her grandmother to the fields. She must do the homework given by her teacher during the day so that at night she could again listen to the story about Tajul Muluk. She was very curious to know the end of her grandmother's story.

The time kept moving. Kirana was still finishing her homework. Math homework was a bit difficult, so she had to concentrate her mind on the homework. "Oh, yeah, I have not had lunch yet," Kirana murmured. Kirana's body felt a little tired because she forgot to eat lunch. Kirana headed straight for the kitchen to eat. She only got a little rice because her grandmother had brought most of the dishes to the rice fields. Kirana's grandmother thought that Kirana would follow. "Alright. It is enough. The important thing is that my stomach is filled." Kirana ate with gusto. After eating, Kirana felt sleepy. A few moments later Kirana fell asleep until the afternoon, until her grandmother came home from the fields.

"Oh my goodness, Kirana. Why do you sleep on the bench? You must be very exhausted," muttered grandmother as she closed the door. The sound of the door shut was startling to Kirana. Kirana woke up.

"Grandma, you are home," Kirana said, rubbing her eyes.

"Why are you sleeping on the bench?" asked the grandmother.

"Sorry, Grandma. Kirana did not catch you up to the rice fields because I have a lot of homework, Grandma," Kirana said as she moved from the bench.

"Yeah, that's okay, Kirana. But why are you sleeping on the bench?" Grandmother repeated her question.

"Yes, Grandma. I was doing homework then I felt hungry. I ate but. E ..., I felt sleepy and didn't realize to fall asleep," Kirana said shyly.

The day began to creep into the night. The night was a bit gripping. Cloudy slightly covered the moon. After dinner, Kirana asked for her grandmother's promise to continue the story. "Grandma, start telling the story," Kirana said, pulling on her arm. "Well, you are really an impatient child, Kirana," said the grandmother staggered slightly following the hands of her granddaughter.

"Just curious, Grandma, curious," Kirana said with a laugh.

Grandma began to continue the story.

After traveling for two days and two nights the prime minister's troops arrived in the land of Persia.

The prime minister asked the soldiers to wait in a place some distance from the palace. The prime minister accompanied by Aziz entered the palace area. The sun did not look so high. The atmosphere of Persia was also still rather quiet. Therefore, the prime minister and Aziz did not rush into the palace. They walked around enjoying the natural beauty of the palace. They met a courtier of the Persian Empire.

"Excuse me, who are you both?" asked the royal retainer.

"Uh, we're from neighbouring country," replied the prime minister.

"If you don't mind, what is it necessary for you to come here?"

"Look, actually we want to meet the King, but because it is still early we walk around the palace, forgive us," said the prime minister.

"Oh, all right then, let me take you to the palace. The king is on his throne."

"Yes, it's very kind of you, thank you," replied the prime minister, following the retainer's steps.

The prime minister and Aziz walked in lines with the court retainer. They went straight to the throne room of the Persian King. "Please forgive me, Your Majesty. We meet you without being called," said the courtier. "What is it, *Punggawa*?" The king replied. "I am escorting two men who wanted to see you. Those are the guys," replied the courtier while pointing toward the prime minister and Aziz.

"Who are they, where are they from, and why do they come to our country?"

"Please forgive me, your Majesty. I do not know. Please ask them directly," replied the *punggawa*. "Excuse me your Majesty," continued the courtier leaving the palace. "Well. Who are you both? You have arrived early in the morning," The Parsian King welcomed the prime minister kindly. "First of all, I beg for mercy, Majesty. We come to you without giving any news first. We are both messengers of King Malik Zaharsyah from neighbouring country. We were sent to propose your Princess for King Malik's son named Tajul Muluk."

"Oh, I see. Well, I cannot decide this proposal for myself. I will ask my daughter directly," replied the Parsian Sultan as he adjusted his seat position. "Wait a minute, please. I will call Princess Sayida. "

The Parsian Sultan worried that the application might be rejected by his daughter because his daughter, so far, had always refused anyone who came to propose.

"*Dayang*, take my daughter Sayida here for a while," ordered the King to a court lady. "Yes, my lord," the *dayang* replied, begging to leave the palace. She went straight to the Sari garden where Putri Sayidatuddunia was playing.

Not long the *dayang* returned to the palace with Princess Sayida. The King explained the intention of messengers from neighbouring country. He hoped that his daughter was willing to accept the proposal of King Malik's son, Tajul Muluk.

"Sorry, I'm so sorry, Father. I cannot accept this proposal. I do not want to get married yet, " said Princess Sayida. "Please, my daughter. Think again. Hopefully this is your soul mate," the King persuaded.

The King did not succeed in persuading Princess Sayida. The prime minister and Aziz returned to his country with empty hands. The prime minister delivered the news he was carrying. Upon hearing the proposal was rejected, Tajul Muluk was very disappointed. "I have to come there myself," he mumbled. "I ask permission, Father. I will go myself to propose Princess Sayida," said Tajul Muluk to his father.

"Have you thought it carefully, Tajul?" asked the empress. "Yes, Mother. I am curious, why my proposal is rejected by Princess Sayida," replied Tajul Muluk eagerly. "Let the Prime Minister and some soldiers escort you, my son," said the king. "No need, Dad. Let me go with Aziz only. " "Good-bye, Prince. Be careful on the way," said the prime minister.

Tajul Muluk and Aziz continued the journey with no escort. They disguised as merchants. During the trip no one knew that Tajul Muluk was the crown prince. Tajul Muluk and Aziz arrived at the palace market. Tajul Muluk and Aziz traded in the palace market of the Persian Kingdom. Tajul Muluk and Aziz showed off their merchandises. They sold lots of merchandise, ranging from fine clothing to beautiful jewellery. Tajul and Aziz were very friendly to all buyers. Their merchandises were very saleable. In that market they met a court lady. Tajul Muluk offered merchandise to the court lady to wear by the Princess Sayida. "Offer this dress and jewellery to Putri Sayida," said Tajul Muluk to a lady. "You're right, why not. Well, I try to offer these clothes and jewellery to the princess," said the *dayang* while holding the clothes and jewellery given by Tajul Muluk.

The lady then brought some beautiful pieces of clothing, handkerchief, and jewellery into the park. Princess Sayida was very interested to see the merchandises brought by the court lady.

"This outfit is very good," said the princess. "The jewellery is also great, Princess."

"Why ... this handkerchief is just like the one I used to order," Princess Sayida was surprised. "Who sells this, *dayang*?" asked Princess Sayida. "There are two new merchants in the palace market, Princess. Their merchandise was very in demand. I had just happened to go to the market and see the throng of people picking out clothes and jewellery. I saw this jewellery and remembered you, Princess. These clothes and attachments seem to be perfect for you, Princess. How? Are you interested?" said the *dayang* full of vigour. She really hoped that Princess Sayida was interested in the merchandise she carried. The court lady often went to the market just to look at the merchandise of the two merchants. Finally, Tajul Muluk and Aziz were familiar with the *dayang*. Until one day, Tajul asked Dayang Ajus about why Princess Sayidatuddunia was not yet married.

"If I am not mistaken the story is like this. One night, Princess Sayida dreamed of seeing two doves who were making love at the end of a branch. When the male pigeon was feeding and gets trapped, the female pigeon helped him and they flew together. However, when the female pigeon was entangled in her legs, the male pigeon did not come in to help. In fact, he left the female pigeon. That's the story," said Dayang Ajus. "Then, what is the

relationship between the dream and do not want to get married?" asked Tajul Muluk.

"Princess Sayida did not want to share the same fate with the pigeon," said Dayang Ajus. "Oh, I see. Well, I will make Princess Sayida believe that I do not like the male dove," promised Tajul Muluk in the heart. "Why do you look blank, Prince," Aziz said. "Who the hell are you guys? Why do you mention Prince?" asked Dayang Ajus in wonder.

"Here's the story. Actually this is Prince Tajul Muluk, the son of King Malik from neighbouring country," said Aziz. "Then why do you trade and get here?" Dayang Ajus increasingly did not understand.

"The prince was very disappointed when the Prime Minister's proposal was rejected by Princess Sayida some time ago. Therefore, the Prince intended to propose for himself. To realize that desire, Prince Tajul Muluk disguised as a merchant. As a merchant, the Prince can be free from entering a country.

Well, now it's time I ask your help to bring the Prince to meet Princess Sayida. What do you think, Dayang?" Aziz said. Grandma ended the story to be continued in the morning.

"Kirana, that's all for now. The story is almost finished. Grandma will continue tomorrow night. I must repair the broken baskets. Tomorrow morning, I will start harvesting our rice," said the



grandmother. "All right, Grandma. I am also sleepy," Kirana replied. Grandma left Kirana to the kitchen. Kirana turned and slept. The night grew darker. The small lanterns were still faithful to accompany grandmother to fix broken baskets.

### **The Most Awaited Moment**

The morning was still quiet, when the grandmother was ready with a basket in her arms. She would soon go to the fields to start harvesting. She did not forget to put *caping* on her head. That day she brought a little more supplies because she would work harder than usual. "So we harvest today, Grandma?" Kirana asked as she prepared to leave for school. "That's right, Kirana. Today we will harvest. We will be assisted by some neighbours to harvest our rice," replied the grandmother. "Kirana, you will catch up later. Will you?"

"Definitely, Grandma. This is the moment I'm looking forward to. I will catch you up after school. I will come to harvest our rice," Kirana said excitedly. It's almost half a day grandmother and some neighbours were busy harvesting rice. They were so preoccupied that they did not know the arrival of Kirana. Kirana joined them. "Grandma, it means there will be no more stories tonight. You are already busy with these paddy-rice," said Kirana while harvesting rice. "Don't worry, Grandma promised to finish the rest of the story. The important thing is that you should be diligent to help Grandma, promise?" said the grandmother as she

approached Kirana. "Horree, thanks, Grandma," Kirana answered. That night the grandmother kept her promise to Kirana. While tying up the rice that was harvested earlier in the afternoon, she continued the story.

Putri Sayidatuddunia knew Tajul Muluk through a letter tucked by Tajul Muluk into a handkerchief brought by Dayang Ajus from the market. Thanks to the help of Dayang Ajus, Tajul Muluk could meet with Princess Sayida. After knowing and directly seeing Tajul Muluk's handsomeness and kindness, Princess Sayidatuddunia was captivated. Tajul Muluk was very happy to be able to win the heart of Princess Sayidatuddunia.

"What next, Aziz?" asked Tajul Muluk. "You stay calm here until Princess Syidatuddunia really loves you, Prince. After that, we tell your father," Aziz replied. "I am afraid the Sultan knows our movements," said Tajul worriedly.

"If Princess Sayidatuddunia is in love with you, it is impossible for the Sultan to be angry. He will be pleased and he will soon marry his daughter with you," Aziz replied firmly. Apparently it really happened, the close relation of Tajul Muluk with Princess Sayida was known by the Sultan of Persia. The Persian Sultan was pleased to hear the request of Tajul Muluk to marry Princess Sayida. The Sultan was also very impressed with the handsomeness of Tajul Muluk. His face was radiant and his skin

was yellow. In addition to good looking, Tajul Muluk always spoke gently.

"Commander, please see King Malik in the neighbouring country. Tell him that his son is in Persia. He is invited to come to the land of Persia," ordered the sultan to the royal command "Your wish is my command, Your Majesty," the commander answered swiftly.

The commander went to meet King Malik Sulaiman Shah. King Malik was very happy to welcome the envoy from the land of Persia. King Malik hoped there was good news brought by the *punggawa*. The *dayangs* were asked to entertain the courtiers with various food and drink. "How is the Parsian Sultan, *Punggawa*?" asked King Malik. "Good news, Your Majesty, I was sent to pick you up and the queen," replied the courtier. "What happens? Why are we invited to come there?" said the empress. "This is related to your son, Tajul Muluk," the Commander concealed the good news. "Well I will soon go to Persia. I will also bring home Tajul Muluk as soon as possible," said King Malik.

"Prime Minister, prepare enough troops. We are getting ready to go to Persia. Bring the arms as necessary, in case there are disruptions during the trip," said King Malik.

After traveling for several days, King Malik's party arrived in Persia. They were warmly welcomed by the Persian Sultan.

The meeting between Tajul Muluk and his parents was very moving. They hugged each other and crying. Tajul Muluk told all that had happened to him. "Thank you, Aziz. All this is possible due to your kindness," said Tajul Muluk. "All of this is made possible by the omnipotence of the Almighty," Aziz replied.

Finally, Tajul Muluk and Putri Sayidatuddunia were married. All the necessities for the wedding party were immediately prepared. The wedding party between Tajul Muluk and Putri Sayidatudwunia was very lively. The party was eagerly awaited by all the people of Persia. The couple was very harmonious. The handsomeness and beauty of the bride radiated like a twin sun. Tajul Muluk was very happy. He was very proud to have successfully married Princess Sayidatuddunia which had always rejected anyone's proposal.

"This is the moment everyone is waiting for. Thank you, Princess," said Tajul Muluk. The invited guests arrived. They enjoyed the wedding party of Tajul Muluk and Princess Sayida. "Princess Sayida is so beautiful," said an invited guest. "Hopefully they always get along until grandparents," the other guest prayed. After successfully bringing Tajul Muluk to the marriage, Aziz returned to his hometown. He met his mother who was sitting glued to Azizah's grave. "Forgive me, Mother."

"That's the end of Prince Tajul Muluk's story," said grandmother. "Well, you a great storyteller grandmother," Kirana said.

The story about Tajul Muluk has finished along with the completion of the grandmother to bind the rice to dry the next day. The happiness of Tajul Muluk, Princess Sayida, and the whole family was as happy as the grandmother and the neighbours who finished harvesting the rice. The night grew dimmer, when the two generations re-embroidered their dream.