

BUU-BUU THE EXEMPLARY
Teladan Si Buu-Buu

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

BUU-BUU THE EXEMPLARY

Translated from
Teladan Si Buu-Buu
written by Zakiyah M. Husba
published by
Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture
in 2016

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

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CERITA RAKYAT DARI SULAWESI TENGGARA

Teladan Si Buu-Buu



Ditulis oleh
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TELADAN SI BUU-BUU

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

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PB 398.209 598 6 HUS t	Katalog Dalam Terbitan (KDT) Husbah, Zakiyah M. Teladan Si Buu-Buu: Cerita Rakyat dari Sulawesi Tenggara/Zakiyah M. Husbah. Penyunting: Ovi Soviaty Rivay Jakarta: Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa, 2016. vii 54 hlm. 21 cm. ISBN 978-602-437-123-4 <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. KESUSASTRAAN RAKYAT-SULAWESI2. CERITA RAKYAT- SULAWESI TENGGARA
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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 his gratitude to Allah Swt that this story can be read by students and literary lovers in Indonesia. Hopefully this story will remain and does not disappear. Southeast Sulawesi is indeed rich in culture, especially about folklore (legend, fairy tales, and myth). All must be passed on to the younger generation who will continue the nation's development.

A folktale will slowly disappear if it is not preserved. For this reason, the author hope that this story can be benefical, as a quench of thirst in this long dry season. The author realizes this book has many weaknesses and shortcomings. Therefore, the author hopes for criticism and suggestions from the readers to make it perfect.

Kendari, May 2016

Zakiyah M. Husba

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BUU-BUU THE EXEMPLARY

1. Buu-Buu and Karoa

In Kulisusu Island, there was a vast forest. Many kinds of animals lived there, including monkeys, Sarere birds, cranes, ants, snakes, and worms. These animals were all friends and often talk to each other.

The island was surrounded by beautiful sea. The sand on its beach was shimmering white; it was so clean. The air was fresh. The sound of waves crashing on the sand was like music. The waves exploded into froths on the beach, before returning to the sea. The sea was blue and so clear that one could see small fish swimming in the water. Some bigger fish often jumped out of the water like an acrobat.

One morning, a monkey was standing on the beach. His name was Karoa. Karoa was enjoying the beautiful scenery in front of him, looking at the sea, the waves, and the fish. The fish darted here and there in the water, as if inviting Karoa to catch them.

Those fish were colorful. They were beautiful. Karoa's desire to catch them was so great. He put one of his feet in the water, but quickly pulled it back. The water was so cold. His thin fur could not protect him from the cold. Karoa tried to think of a way to catch the fish. He knew he could not do it alone. Monkeys in

general disliked sea water. It always made them shudder and shake with cold. Karoa had to find someone else to help him.

Karoa remembered his friend, a small white Sarere bird. She was called Buu-Buu. Karoa and Buu-Buu were close friends, they often played together and raced each other. The last time, they raced to fill their baskets with fruits. The first to fill the basket was the winner. That time, Karoa lost and Buu-Buu won. Karoa was always upset about that.

“I shouldn’t have lost from Buu-Buu,” Karoa thought. He always thought that he was a big, agile monkey with strong arms and legs, while Buu-Buu was just a small, weak bird with tiny beak and legs. Karoa wanted to get her back for that.

When he saw many fish in the sea, a great idea hit him. He wanted to prove that he was stronger and better than Buu-Buu. He had attempted to get Buu-Buu to compete in a few more races, but Buu-Buu had always refused his invitation with various excuses.

Karoa promised that this time he would not fail.

“I’ll ask Buu-Buu to help me catching fish,” Karoa thought.

He immediately went to Buu-Buu’s residence. He was sure that Buu-Buu would not refuse to help him. Small and agile bird like Buu-Buu would not hate the sea. Besides, he knew many birds

living near the beach that loved to catch fish in the sea. Once he arrived at Buu-Buu's place, Karoa tried to persuade and convince the little bird.

“Hi, Buu-Buu, how are you? It's been a while. I've been missing you, you know.”

Buu-Buu was wary because it was unusual for Karoa to be so friendly to her. Even though they were friends, Karoa was always speak rudely to Buu-Buu, particularly since she won the fruit-in-basket race. Karoa seemed to hate her since that day.

Buu-Buu replied, “I'm good. To what do I owe this honor of your visit, Karoa?”

“I just want to visit you, my friend.”

Buu-Buu was still not convinced, “What is it, Karoa? What can I do for you?”

“Well, you like the sea, don't you?” Karoa asked.

“Yes, I do.”

“The froths and the waves?”

“Yes.”

“The sweet smell of the sand?”



Buu-Buu was a little annoyed. Karoa was making fun of her. Buu-Buu did not reply. She just stared sharply at Karoa.

“The point is, my friend, do you like the fish?”

Buu-Buu did not say anything. Karoa knew that fish was her daily diet. His question was pointless.

“Well, I was walking by the sea, this morning. I was the fish was so fresh and so abundant. I want you to help me catch them.”

“Don’t you just eat bananas and fruits? Since when do you like fish?” Buu-Buu asked.

Karoa was startled. He did not expect Buu-Buu to ask a question like that. “Well, I don’t like it that much. But I thought it would nice if we catch them together. We’ll share whatever we catch. You can eat your share and I will sell mine.”

“Alright, but what’s in it for me?” Buu-Buu thought. She could catch fish in the river, the sea, or the lake anytime she liked. She did not need Karoa for that. However, she finally agreed to go with Karoa. Buu-Buu tried to think positive about her friend. Karoa had always been rude to her, but she always thought that it was just how monkeys were. Karoa was a sly monkey. He often tricked his friends. Buu-Buu befriended him with a wish to change his character.

“So, what do you say? Will you catch fish with me?” Karoa asked.

“Very well, I’ll go with you. But I have to ask my mother first. When are we going?”

“Your mother will surely give you her permission. She knows me. We have been friends for so long. Let’s go tonight, right at the middle of the night,” Karoa said.

“Why should it be midnight? Why can’t we go now?”

“I’ve watched the sea and I know that the tide rise at noon and fall at midnight. It will be easier for us to catch the fish by that time.”

“Alright. If I get my mother’s permission, I will see you tonight.”

After Karoa left, Buu-Buu asked her mother for permission.

“Mother, I am going to go to the beach with Karoa this midnight. We are going to catch some fish. May I go?”

“Sure. But be careful. There might be a storm. You have to be wary of huge waves, alright,” her mother said.

“Yes, Mother. We’ll be careful. Besides, we’ll just stay on the side. We won’t get to the middle of the sea.”

Buu-Buu then prepared everything that she might need. Meanwhile, Karoa was just relaxing and eating fruits.

He did not care too much about the preparation for catching fish.

Evening came. Karoa came and fetch Buu-Buu. They set out to Kulisusu Sea. Karoa smiled, thinking about the fresh fish. He did not care whether or not the fish would agree with his stomach. All he cared about was that they caught the fish. Once they arrived, Buu-Buu began to doubt the plan. She saw that the tide was rising and a storm seemed to be coming. The wind blew so fiercely. The waves rose in tall pillars. It all made her afraid. She was afraid that her little body and legs could not stand against the waves. In addition, there were many dangerous animals in the sea. Although Buu-Buu ate fish daily, she seldom went to the sea to catch them. She preferred catching fish in the river or lake.

“I’m sorry, Karoa. I think I’ll just go back home. I can’t do it. I am afraid.” Buu-Buu stopped walking and turned back towards the dry land.

“Wait a minute, friend. What are you afraid of?” Karoa stopped her.

“I won’t be able to stand for long in the sea with such huge waves.”

“Well, you do have wings, don’t you? You can easily fly if the waves get too strong.”

“But what about other sea animals?”

“Don’t worry, they won’t harm you. If they do, I will bite them. I have sharp teeth and claws,” Karoa said, baring his teeth to convince Buu-Buu to stay and continue with the plan.

Buu-Buu gave in. They waited for the sea level to really fall. While waiting, Buu-Buu collected coconut leaves. She would weave a fish basket. Meanwhile, Karoa just sat with his back to the coconut tree. He even fell asleep. Buu-Buu woke him up and asked him to help her weaving the basket.

Later that night, the wind subsided. The waves became calmer and the tide fell.

“Karoa, Karoa, wake up! The tide’s subsided. Let’s go and catch fish,” Buu-Buu tried to wake him up. However, Karoa did not open his eyes. He kept sleeping.

“Hey, Karoa! Wake up!”

Karoa opened his eyes a little and said, “You go first. I’ll catch up with you in a minute.” Then he resumed his sleep.

Seeing Karoa being lazy, Buu-Buu gave up and went to the sea alone. She quickly caught the fish. She went back and forth to put the fish she caught in the fish basket she had left on the beach. Meanwhile, Karoa was still fast asleep.

Buu-Buu said, “What a lazy monkey. How can he get fish if he’s just sleeping?”

Soon, morning came. The sun rose gradually from behind the clouds. Karoa woke up and saw the fish basket beside him was full of fish. He quickly approached Buu-Buu. Buu-Buu had caught a lot of fish. Karoa felt embarrassed and a little upset.

“Buu-Buu, why didn’t you wake me up?” Karoa asked loudly.

“I did, Karoa, but you just would not wake up,” Buu-Buu said.

Karoa then said again, “It must be deliberate. You did not wake me up because you don’t want me to catch many fish.”

“How could you say that? You did tell me to go first. I thought you’s catch up with me,” Buu-Buu defended herself.

“Enough. Clearly you have cheated me, Buu-Buu. Look, your basket is full of fish, while I have nothing.”

“Karoa, don’t say such things. Let’s just share these fish. You can take half of my catch,” Buu-Buu said, smiling.

Karoa was glad that Buu-Buu gave in. However, his evil thought came up with another idea. He did not want to share.

Karoa thought, “No! Half of them is not enough for me! I have to get them all. It is my idea, after all. It’s just fair that I get bigger share!”

Buu-Buu did not know what was going on in his mind. Buu-Buu put the fish in two piles. One for her and one for him. While she was counting the fish like that, she was bitten from behind.

“Ouch... Karoa, what are you doing? I can't breathe!”

Buu-Buu felt she was choked up. She was so shocked when Karoa scratched her back with his long claws and bit on her neck. Buu-Buu struggled to free herself, but Karoa's bite rendered her helpless.

Buu-Buu figured out that Karoa wanted to take all the fish. She quickly said, “Karoa, let me go! If you want those fish, go and take them all! Just let me go. Ouch, it hurts, Karoa!” Buu-Buu screamed painfully.

Karoa pretended that he did not hear. He was mad at Buu-Buu, even though she was innocent. He plucked the feathers on her wings so that she could not fly. Then, Karoa threw her into a hole filled with ants. In mere seconds, those ants attacked and bit Buu-Buu.

Buu-Buu watched Karoa left her. She tried to endure the pain. She groaned weakly, “Karoa! Don't go! Don't leave me!”

However, Karoa did not care. He left with the basket of fish. He did not even look behind. Buu-Buu keep calling him until Karoa was too far away too see.

The cold wind blew. Buu-Buu shivered. Waves still crashed on the beach. The blood from Buu-Buu's wounds rendered the white sand red. Buu-Buu laid helplessly on the sand. She cried. Her tears were not because of her wounds but because of Karoa's betrayal. The morning sun in the sky and the fish in the sea could feel Buu-Buu's desperation.

2. The Revenge of Sarere Bird

Karoa was just climbing the tree where he usually lived when a voice startled him. It was Buu-Buu's mother.

"Karoa!"

"Yes, Mimi? Is there anything I can help you with?" Karoa asked. *Mimi* was how Buu-Buu called her mother.

"Where's Buu-Buu, Karoa? You did go to the beach last night, didn't you? Why hasn't she home? Where is she, Karoa?" Buu-Buu's mother asked. Her voice was filled with concern.

Karoa said, "I'm sorry, Mimi. I don't know. Last night, Buu-Buu did come with me to the beach. We caught a lot of fish together. But then, she left me.

May be she was disappointed with how we share the fish."

"Then, where did she go? Buu-Buu never went this long without coming home or sending news."

"I thought she went home. I didn't see her returning to the beach after she left, Mimi," Karoa explained.

"Oh, where should I go? It's going to rain soon. What if she was hurt?"



“I don’t know, Mimi. You can go and find her yourself. She might still be around the beach. Excuse me, but I’m tired. I’m going to bed,” Karoa said without remorse. He believed that Buu-Buu had been that by this time, so he had no reason to be afraid. Nobody would know what he had done.

Buu-Buu’s mother flew to the beach. The wind was a little fierce that afternoon. Fortunately, she had thick feathers that protected her from cold. Buu-Buu’s mother walked and skipped on the sand, trying to find her daughter. Every once in a while she would look up, trying to see if Buu-Buu was flying up there. She almost gave up and left the beach when she heard a weak groan. The big Sarere bird focused her hearing and moved swiftly towards the sound. Her heart was pounding. She had a bad feeling. Under a coconut tree, she saw Buu-Buu was laying helplessly.

“Buu-Buu, my daughter. What happened to you? Who did this to you?”

“Mother...”



Buu-Buu's mother was heartbroken when she saw the wounds and cuts on Buu-Buu's body. Her wings were featherless. It was fate that had saved her. She had managed to crawl away from the ants and they did not follow her.

"Come on, Buu-Buu. Let's go home. I'll take care of you. But now, let's find a cave for you to stay. You can't fly home in this state. You have to stay in the cave until you are fully healed and your feathers grow back."

"Thank you, Mother. Karoa had done me wrong. I don't know what I did to him to deserve this," Buu-Buu said weakly.

Buu-Buu then told her mother what had happened. Buu-Buu's mother was furious. "We cannot let him go on like this," she said. "If he thought he was getting away with this, he might do it again to other animals."

Buu-Buu's mother found a small cave near the beach. They stayed there for quite some time. While staying in the cave, her mother took care of Buu-Buu. It was warm in the cave, Buu-Buu did not feel cold even though she had no wing feather. Her mother fed him more than usual. Buu-Buu's strength gradually returned, but her feather grew slowly.

Meanwhile, in the forest, the other Sarere birds were looking for Buu-Buu and her mother. They asked Karoa and other monkeys

where the two birds had gone. However, Karoa lied and said that he did not know.

Karoa boasted to his monkey friends that he had learned the secret of fish catching. The monkeys believed him. In the island, there was no monkey ever set foot on the beach, let alone catch fish in the middle of the sea. The monkeys regarded Karoa as a great monkey because he had returned home with a basket full of fish.

It had been more than a month that Buu-Buu lived in the cave. Her wings were covered in soft feathers. She was able to fly again. She and her mother quickly returned to their home in the forest. Since then, Buu-Buu never saw Karoa anymore. Once or twice, she thought about getting a revenge. However, she felt pity towards Karoa.

One day, she overheard a conversation between Sarere birds.

“Karoa the monkey is so cruel. He had done a despicable thing against Buu-Buu. He hurt her and almost killed her. What’s worse, he left her to die. It was lucky that her mother found her and nurture her back to health.”

“That is despicable. Buu-Buu is always kind to others, even to Karoa.”

“I heard that Buu-Buu had agreed to help Karoa catching fish in the sea. However, Karoa returned alone without her. He had hurt her so bad. I don’t know what grudge he bears against Buu-Buu.”

“I think it’s about the race. Buu-Buu had won and he had lost. I don’t understand why he is so angry about that. It was so long ago. Besides, it was not even a real race. We were just playing around.”

“Yes, I heard Uncle Sarere and Buu-Buu’s mother are going to go after Karoa.”

Buu-Buu quickly approached them when she heard that last part.

“What? My mother and Uncle Sarere will retaliate? How did you know?” Buu-Buu asked.

“I heard it from my mother. She said that they will do something to teach Karoa a lesson. My mother forbid me to tell you this because everyone knows that you will not come aboard with the plan.

“Of course I don’t agree. I don’t want any retaliation. I bear no grudge against Karoa.”

“We know, Buu-Buu. We and the monkeys have been living together in this forest for so long. If we make an enemy out of them, it will be bad,” another Sarere said.

“Let’s prevent our parents from retaliating,” Buu-Buu said.

The birds agreed to help Buu-Buu.

Buu-Buu then met her mother and asked about the plan.

“Mother, I have something to ask.”

“What is it, Buu-Buu?”

“Is it true that you, Uncle Sarere, and other Sarere would retaliate to Karoa?”

Buu-Buu’s mother did not reply. She looked at Buu-Buu with her soft eyes.

“Why do you ask, Buu-Buu?”

“I don’t want the birds and the monkeys become enemies, Mother. I am hurt by Karoa, but I don’t hate him. I bear no grudge against him.”

Buu-Buu’s mother then asked, “Let me ask you, Buu-Buu. What if Karoa repeated what he had done? What if he hurt you or other animals?”

Buu-Buu fell silent. She still believed that Karoa was not as bad as her mother believed.

“We can give him a chance to change, Mother. I think, if we forgive him, he would see the true path. He would not do it again.”

Buu-Buu’s mother said again, “How can we make him change, Buu-Buu? It was his character. He is evil and foul. Look at how he treats his friends.”

“Let’s just talk with him, Mother. We can ask him to promise not to do anything evil again.”

“If he does, I will teach him a lesson. He needs to know that what goes around comes around. I forbid you to meet him, Buu-Buu.”
Buu-Buu’s mother said.

“But, Mother...”

“Let it go, Buu-Buu. It’s for your own good. We’ll give Karoa one chance to change. We’ll forgive him this time. But if he does not repent and change, you must not stand in my way to teach him a lesson.”

Buu-Buu finally agreed. Since then, Buu-Buu never met Karoa. Buu-Buu missed him, while Karoa still believed that she was dead.

One morning, Buu-Buu had just returned from flying around Fruit Island with other Sarere birds. They were looking for a new place to settle. When she was flying, Buu-Buu looked at Kulisusu Sea

below her. She noticed many birds gathered there, along with her mother and Uncle Sarere. Uncle Sarere was the leader of the birds in the forest. Buu-Buu flew down to meet them.

“What is this, Mother?” Buu-Buu asked.

Before Buu-Buu’s mother had a chance to reply, Uncle Sarere said, “We’re going to teach Karoa a lesson!”

Buu-Buu was startled. She did not expect this to happen so soon.

“Why now, Uncle? What happened, Mother? Didn’t we agree to give him a chance?” Buu-Buu asked.

Buu-Buu’s mother fluttered to her daughter and explained.

“Look at that small Sarere,” Buu-Buu’s mother pointed at a Sarere. Buu-Buu looked at the small bird. She seemed weak and sickly.

“What happened to her, Mother?”

“It was Karoa. He asked some Sarere to accompany him picking fruits in the forest and he did what he once done to you. He hurt them. This cannot go on, anymore,” Buu-Buu’s mother explained.

Uncle Sarere said, “We are gathering here to teach Karoa a lesson. He has to feel the pain that these Sarere felt.”

Buu-Buu was shocked. Even though she once thought the same, she could not let it happen. She pitied Karoa and worried about him. However, all the other birds were furious with Karoa. She had to try to stop them.

“Mother, please don’t do this. We don’t have to take an eye for an eye. I have forgiven Karoa,” Buu-Buu lied.

“No, Buu-Buu. Karoa has to learn. He cannot do as he pleases to other animals,” Uncle Sarere said.

“But, Uncle...”

“Enough, Buu-Buu. Let us take care of everything. After today, Karoa will never hurt anyone else.”

Then, the birds flew away towards Karoa’s home.

“Oh, no. What will they do to Karoa?” Buu-Buu wondered. She quickly took off and flew after them.

When she looked down, she saw a raft floating on the sea.

Many birds were perching on its sides. Karoa was on the raft, along with several monkes and two big cranes.

Buu-Buu flew down and asked a bird.

“Do you know where the raft is heading?” Buu-Buu asked.

“Don’t you know? It’s your mother’s idea. We are going to invite the evil monkeys to eat some fruits in Fruit Island.

“What will you do to them?”

“I don’t know the detail, Buu-Buu. I just follow along with everyone else.”

The bird then flew away, leaving Buu-Buu alone. Buu-Buu’s mother and Uncle Sarere had persuaded Karoa to pick bananas and corns in Fruit Island. It was name Fruit Island because there were many fruit trees in it. There were bananas, guavas, corns, apples, and various others. Karoa had believed them and agreed to go. He had asked all monkeys in Kulisusu Island to go with him.

Buu-Buu then flew after her mother. Buu-Buu’s mother, Uncle Sarere, and the cranes jumped to the raft with other birds.

“Mother, don’t do this, Mother.”

“Let it go, Buu-Buu. We have given him a chance. I’ve told you, if he doesn’t change, I will teach him a lesson.”

“But, Mother, the other monkeys are innocent. Why bring them along? What will you do to them?”

Uncle Sarere replied, “We didn’t invite them. We only invited Karoa. It was him who asked them to come. They are as greedy as him. Let them all reap what they sow.”

They began to move the raft. Buu-Buu could only see them sail away. The cranes and other birds flapped their wings to push the raft forward. The raft left Kulisusu Island and headed towards Fruit Island.

Karoa asked Uncle Sarere, “Is it still far, Uncle Bird?” He and other monkeys were restless.

“Be patient. We’ll get there soon.”

“You have said that several times now. But we still haven’t seen the Island. All we see is the sea,” Karoa snarled.

Seeing that Karoa was getting mad, Buu-Buu’s mother asked the cranes to sing. Their singing would calm the monkeys.

“Kambata-kambata la goo-goo teewuwu-teewuwu lombampuheno, kambaata-kambata la goo-goo teebincu-teebincu lombampuheno.”

The cranes repeated the song over and over until Karoa and his friends calmed. Then, the cranes made holes on the raft.

The other birds quickly joined in. They pecked the raft until they made many holes.

Buu-Buu, who suspected what they were doing, immediately flew towards the raft. She landed on it, trying to talk the birds out of doing it. But she was too late. The raft was leaking.

Karoa saw what the birds had done. He yelled, “Hey! What are you doing? Stop making holes. You will sink the raft.”

The birds ignored him. They kept pecking until the raft wobbled. The more they pecked, the more holes they made. The raft began to sink. Karoa and other monkeys were screaming in panic because water began to lap on them. As the raft sink, the birds and the cranes flew away. Half of the monkeys were drowned, while the others tried desperately to keep floating.



Karoa held on to a piece of wood. He spotted Buu-Buu flying overhead. Instead of apologizing, Karoa yelled at her, asking for help.

“Buu-Buu, help me!” Karoa called. “You have to help me!”

Buu-Buu remembered everything Karoa had done to her. He had bitten and scratched her before throwing her into an ant pit. She looked down. If she did not help Karoa, he would surely drown. There will be no more victims of his cruelty. However, if she let him drown, she would be as despicable as him.

Buu-Buu then approached Karoa. She pulled Karoa’s arm with her beak. Even though she was wet and weak, Buu-Buu kept trying to save Karoa.

Buu-Buu tried to lift Karoa, but he was too heavy and her beak was not strong enough. Buu-Buu could only drag him, keeping his head above water. Every once in a while, she stumbled. Her little feet touched the water. All other monkeys had drowned. She could not leave Karoa. She could not let him drown.

After a few hours of dragging Karoa, Buu-Buu reached the shore of Fruit Island. She let go of Karoa and slumped on the sand. She was exhausted.

She then said, “Karoa, I have to leave you here alone.

I have to go. Don't ever come back to Kulisusu Island before you change your behavior!"

Karoa said nothing. He tried to catch his breath. He had swallowed so much water. He did not care about Buu-Buu. He did not apologize nor thank her. Karoa just want to get in the forest and enjoy the fruits.

Meanwhile, Buu-Buu forced tired wings to fly home.

3. Karoa's Evil Plan

After resting for a while, Karoa entered the forest. He had forgotten about Buu-Buu who had helped him. He walked in the forest and climbed a tree. He swung from branch to branch and trying to recognize every tree. The forest was dense. The air was cool. There were some birds living in the forest, as well as several other animals.

Karoa kept moving. He did not care that he was the only monkey in the island. Unbeknownst to him, thousands of ants who lived and protected the island followed him. Karoa swung and walked until he reached the center of the island. His exhaustion evaporated as soon as he saw the ripe fruits in front of him. Banana, coconut, guava, apple, corn, and many other fruits were hanging from their branches. Everything was fresh. Karoa decided that he would rule the island. He would find other monkeys and bring them here. Karoa wanted to be the king of monkeys.

Karoa's appearance in the island had disturbed the ants. In the island, thousands of ants and worms ruled the forest. The ant queen was called Lulu. As soon as she saw Karoa, she knew he was up to no good. Karoa tried to climb another tree, but surprised to see that all trees were covered with thousands of ants.

Lulu asked Karoa, "Where do you come from, Monkey?"



“Oh, kind ant queen. I am cold and hungry. Please help me. I come from Java Island,” Karoa lied.

He hoped that the ants would pity him if he said he came from far away.

“I don’t trust you. Did you truly come from Java Island or were you lying?” Laulu laughed mockingly.

Karoa was furious. No one had dared to call him a liar and now a tiny ant dared to do so.

“Watch it! I’ll stomp and bite you to death,” Karoa thought. He wanted to kill all those ants. He was not afraid of them even though there were thousands of them. However, Karoa tried to rule the island through deceit.

“I saw a Sarere bird pulling you from the sea. What happened?” the ant queen asked.

“She’s an evil bird. She and her flock had killed my friends. I had to let them take over Kulisusu Island, my home, in exchange for my life. I was the ruler there before they came.”

“Very well, you can stay here with one condition. You have to take care of the fruits and trees in this island.”

Karoa was excited. They then walked towards a tree.

“That’s your home. As long as you take care and protect all lives in this island, you can eat any fruit you like,” the ant queen said.

“Ha ha ha, just wait until you all die! I will be the sole master of this island!” Karoa thought.

Karoa had lived in the island for a month. He was ready to execute his plan. He was bored because there was no other monkey. He was also tired of obeying the ant queen. He was bigger than them, he should be the leader in the forest.

Karoa asked Lauulu, “O, Ant Queen, may I bring my monkey friends to stay here?”

Lauulu replied wisely, “Of course, Karoa. This island belongs to everyone. Anyone can stay here as long as they take care and protect the trees and plants. Bring them here, we will live together.”

“Alright, Lauulu. I will bring them some day,” Karoa said. He then ate so many fruits. With full stomach, he slept. Meanwhile, in the air above the island, Buu-Buu was flying around, watching Karoa sleeping on a branch.

“I hope you can change in this island!” Buu-Buu thought.

A week later, Karoa's preparation was complete. He would soon be the master of Fruit Island. He was tired of being a guest in the island. He did not want to share the fruits with the ants and worms. He wanted to bring other monkeys here from Kulisusu Island. He thought that the monkeys could no longer live with the birds.

On a cold night, dark clouds hung over Fruit Island. Everything in the island was asleep. Karoa dragged a jerrycan of kerosene he found on a wrecked ship several days before. He sloshed the content to the ant's hills in the island.

Before the ants could react, Karoa lit a fire and burned them.

In just a moment, thousands of ants died. Fruit Island was on fire. Karoa was not satisfied. He burned every flower, plant, and fruit tree. His greed to rule the island had made him forget that the fruits were the source of life there. All he thought about was that nothing else should live in the island but him.

“Ha ha ha, there are no more little ants. I am the master of this island, now!”

Karoa did not realize that some ants managed to escape and hid underground, behind rocks, and under water. These ants were furious. The ant queen's kindness was repaid with such an evil act. The ants wanted revenge. They immediately launched themselves to attack Karoa.

Karoa panicked. He cried in pain because hundreds of ants were biting him. “Ouch! Ouch!” Karoa swatted several ants, but most of them had entered his nose and mouth.

As he was trying to save himself from the ants, Karoa remembered Buu-Buu. She was the only one who would help him. Karoa called her.

“Buu-Buu, Buu-Buu, where are you? Help me, Buu-Buu!”

Luckily, Buu-Buu was flying around the island. She was keeping an eye on Karoa, trying to see if he had changed. She wanted to take him back to Kulisusu Island. When she heard Karoa crying for help, she flew down.

“Karoa, what happened?” she asked, trying to breathe with so many smoke in the air.

“Help me, Buu-Buu! Get these ants off me!” Karoa swatted and plucked the ants from his face. Buu-Buu helped him.

“Let’s go to the sea. Get away from here. This smoke is choking me.”

Karoa followed Buu-Buu. He was wondering about her. “Is she too kind or too stupid? I have tricked her so many times but she still helps me! But I don’t care. I am safe now.”



Buu-Buu asked Karoa, “What is happening here? Did you burn the island?”

“It’s not your business!” Karoa snarled.

Buu-Buu was so sad hearing that. “I thought you would change to be better if I left you on the island alone! Clearly I am wrong!” she said.

“Cut it out, Buu-Buu! Why are you so stupid? Why do you always help me even though you know how I am?” Karioa said.

“I do that because you are my friend. Friends help each other.”

Karoa was touched. But the feeling did not last. He walked away, leaving Buu-Buu alone.

“Where are you going, Karoa?” Buu-Buu asked.

“Go home, Buu-Buu. My place is here. I’ll wait until the trees grow back.”

“But you can’t survive alone here,” Buu-Buu said.

“Just leave me!” Karoa snarled.

Karoa disappeared in smoke. Buu-Buu flew away.

“I’m sorry, Buu-Buu. You are the best sarere bird I have ever known,” Karoa said.

4. Buu-Buu's Help

Soon after Buu-Buu left Fruit Island, a huge wave crashed on the island. Buu-Buu looked down and saw a giant octopus came out of the wave. The sea rose and began to flood the shores of Fruit Island. Buu-Buu remembered her friend. She immediately turned around and look for Karoa. Karoa was still in the island. He did not know what was happening on the beach.

Buu-Buu flew around over the forest. It was hard because the fire was still burning and the smoke was still rising. She tried to fly lower, but she could not. The smoke got in her lungs and her eyes.

“Karoa! Karoa!” Buu-Buu called him. She was devastated. She hoped Karoa would hear her and come. Meanwhile, half of the island had been claimed by the sea.

“Karoa! Karoa!”

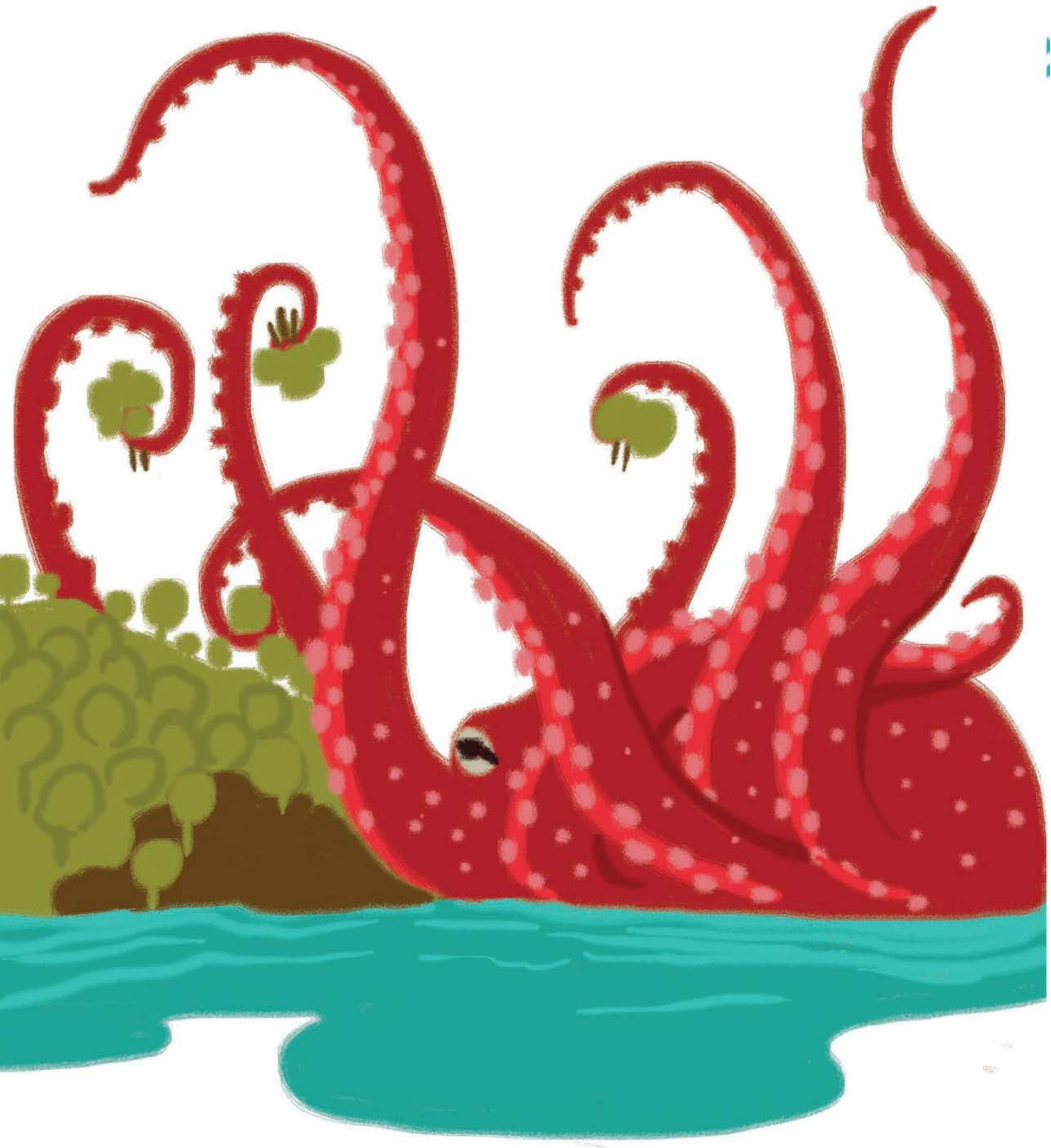
Buu-Buu panicked when she saw the giant octopus was running amok. Its eight tentacles ripped off trees from their roots. Suddenly, she heard Karoa's voice.

“Help me! Help!”

Buu-Buu flew towards him. She stopped in front of Karoa. However, she was too late. Karoa was wrapped in the giant octopus' tentacles.

“Karoa! Oh no! Karoa!”

Buu-Buu darted up and down, left and right, trying to find a weak spot and save Karoa.



“Go away Buu-Buu! Why did you come back?” Karoa yelled. The tentacles dragged him to the sea.

“Oh, what should I do?” Buu-Buu cried. She darted between the tentacles.

Karoa watched Buu-Buu trying to help him. Tears came to his eyes.

“Get away from here, Buu-Buu!” He cried.

Half of Karoa’s body bobbed up and down in the water. Buu-Buu kept trying. Her beak found a grip on Karoa’s arm. She tried to pull, but it slipped. Buu-Buu kept moving, darting in between the tentacles, avoiding them from crushing her little body. Buu-Buu and Karoa were wet from head to toe.

No matter how hard Buu-Buu tried, she could not free Karoa. Karoa just watched her struggling. He could not yell anymore.

Overhead, three sarere were flying. They were heading towards Fruit Island to check why there was smoke rising from the island. They spotted Buu-Buu.

“Look, isn’t that Buu-Buu? Oh my God, what is she doing down there?” a sarere asked.

“Buu-Buu is fighting an octopus. Let’s help her,” another sarere said.

They were flying down to help Buu-Buu. They were surprised to see that Buu-Buu was trying to help Karoa.

“Why is Buu-Buu helping him? Let the octopus take him,” the sarere said.

“Let’s just go home. I don’t want to help Karoa.”

Buu-Buu noticed them and cried for help. “Come on, help me pull Karoa!”

They replied, “What are you doing, Buu-Buu? You don’t need to help him. Just leave!”

“We can’t help you, Buu-Buu. We won’t help Karoa.”

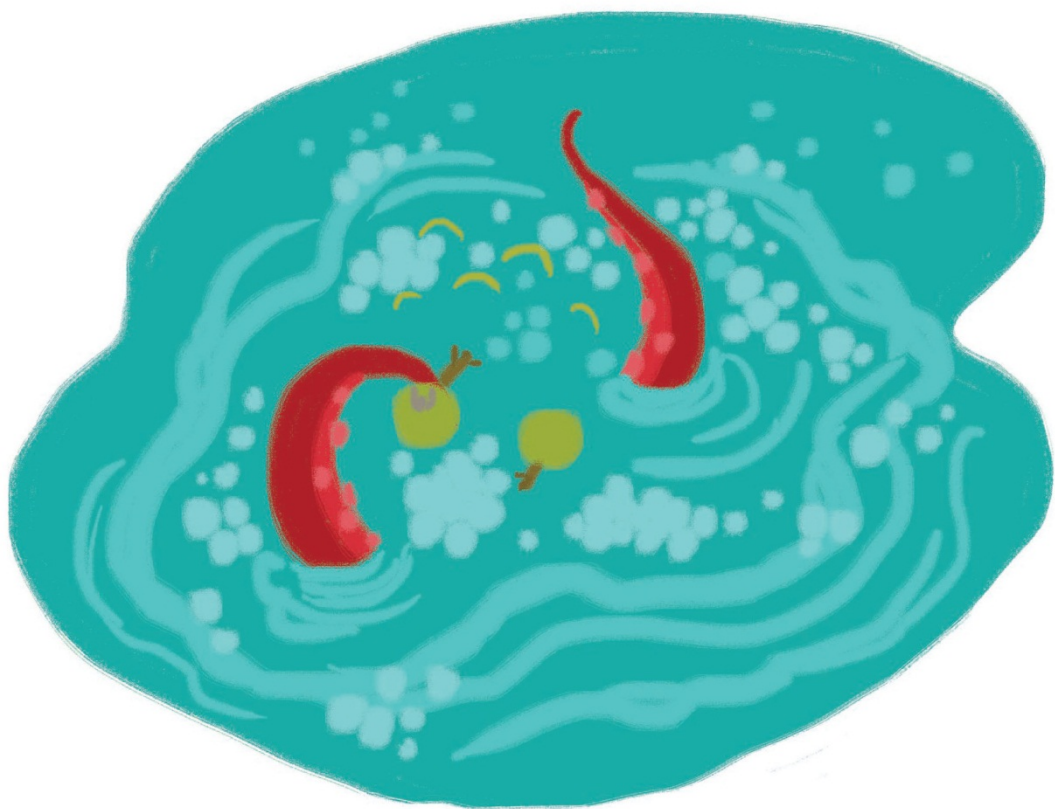
“Don’t say that, please. Look at him. He is helpless. He has repented. Come on, help me.”

One of the sarere felt sorry. He immediately helped Buu-Buu. They pulled and pulled, but the octopus tightened his grip. The other birds joined in, to no avail.

“I can’t do it anymore, Buu-Buu. I don’t want to drown.”

“Don’t give up now! We can’t let Karoa die.”

“You carry on, Buu-Buu. We give up!” the birds said and flew away.



Buu-Buu kept trying even though she had to do it alone. She kept cheering on Karoa, while struggling to free him. “Don’t give up, Karoa! Free yourself. Come on!” she cried.

Buu-Buu pecked on the tentacles. They had reached the middle of the sea.

Buu-Buu kept following Karoa, who was dragged helplessly. Karoa was getting weaker. He shook his head, telling Buu-Buu to let him go.

“Don’t be stubborn. If you keep it up, both of us will die,” Karoa said.

Karoa had to do something. He slammed his arm over and over again, to let Buu-Buu go.

“Don’t do this Karoa!” Buu-Buu yelled.

“Forgive me Buu-Buu. You always help me even though I am so evil. You are a good friend. Now go, save yourself!”

Buu-Buu was slammed against the water. Her grip on Karoa’s fur slipped. She flapped her wings, following Karoa from afar. She saw Karoa was dragged underwater. She saw the last look that Karoa gave her.

Karoa drowned. Buu-Buu was broken-hearted that she could not save her friend. Nothing else was left but the waves and the wind

that took her away from Fruit Island. By the time the sun went down, Buu-Buu arrived at Kulisusu Island. The fish jumped in and out of the water below her. Buu-Buu had no interest in catching them. His friend had gone. Even though Karoa had always done bad things, Buu-Buu never hated him. Before he went underwater, Karoa had apologized to her. She knew he had repented.

Buu-Buu joined other sarere birds. There was no more incident in the island. Every animal in Kulisusu Island loved Buu-Buu because she was kind and caring. They lived happily ever after.

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