

THE LEGEND OF RAWA PENING
Legenda Rawa Pening

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THE LEGEND OF RAWA PENING

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Legenda Rawa Pening



CERITA RAKYAT DARI JAWA TENGAH

Ditulis oleh
Tri Wahyuni



LEGENDA RAWA PENING

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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 human life also affects to the diversity of literature work because the contents are inseparable from civilized and dignified human 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

All praises be to Allah Swt. because of His grace and blessings, *The Legend of Rawa Pening* can be finished in a well-organized manner. The results of this work are one of the concrete manifestations of language and literature development, especially in the Central Java region. *The Legend of Rawa Pening* is a folktale from Central Java that exists and develops in the midst of society as part of its supporting community culture.

The writing of the folktale *The Legend of Rawa Pening* was carried out with the initial intention of maintaining the integrity of the story of the community so that the younger generation does not lose the values of local wisdom contained in existing folktale. In addition, this effort was carried out as a bastion so that the local culture does not increasingly eroded by foreign cultures that seep through various media nowadays. With that in mind, documentation must be staged gradually and continuously. For this reason, our gratitude goes to all those who have helped compile this folktale. May God bless this effort.

The author has made every effort to finish writing this folktale. All critics, opinions, suggestions, and input will be happily received by the author for future improvement. I hope that the results of this work is useful and can be one of the documents to preserve the local culture which is a marker of national identity.

Tri Wahyuni

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THE LEGEND OF RAWA PENING

Rawa Pening is a swampy area (*rawa* means ‘swamp’) that is popular as a tourist attraction in Central Java. This area has become an ecosystem of water hyacinth (*enceng gondok*). Evidently, there one can clearly see how water hyacinths grow fertileley on the swamp, forming an overlay of green tapestry. This tourist attraction offers a natural beauty wrapped in mystical myths and tales.

There is a story of Love Hill (*Bukit Cinta*) which is believed to possess a power that can ruin the relationship of lovers who visit the place. There is also a story about the appearance of an old lady on a mortar-like boat. These stories, undeniably, have become another aspect that attracts tourists to visit Rawa Pening. Rawa Pening can be found in Semarang District, specifically somewhere between Ambarawa Subdistrict, Bawen Subdistrict, Tuntang Subdistrict, and Banyubiru Subdistrict. Located in the lowest basin of the slope of Merbabu Mountain, Telomoyo Mountain, and Ungaran Mountain, it never ceases to offer natural scenery at which you can freshen your eyes just by looking. And, behind those allures is a story about how it all started. Once upon a time, there was a beautiful village within the territory of Mataram Kingdom called Ngasem Village. The headman, Ki Sela

Gondang, was wise and prudent, leading his people to living harmoniously and peacefully.

The villagers mostly worked as farmers. That was why an outlay of farms and fields spread out like a green carpet covering the village. Every morning, the farmers went to the farms and fields, working the crops and plants that grew fertile in Ngasem Village. The old saying *gemah ripah loh jinawi*¹ had truly motivated them to work hard and diligently. Aside from working on farms and fields, people of Ngasem Village also fished at rivers that were running through the village. The fish they caught from the rivers were sufficient to fulfill their daily need. The villagers brought crops and fish to the market to be traded with their daily needs. Indeed, the soil of Ngasem Village always helped the people to produce abundant crops; some portion was consumed by the local villagers, and the rest was given to the *Kadipaten* or dukedom as a tribute. Under the leadership of Ki Sela Gondang, Ngasem Village was known to be affluent, safe, and prosperous. He was a leader of hope. He was wise, just, and well mannered.

All these qualities had made people not only respect him, but love him. Ki Sela Gondang was a figure of exemplarily good leader. He did not see himself as a master that wanted to be served, but as

¹*Gemah ripah loh jinawi* means ‘a peaceful and prosperous society living in a fertile and rich land’.

a servant that was willing to serve others. Thus, he was often seen to work together with the villager to build a bridge or the village hall. He had a wife and a beautiful daughter named Endang Sawitri.

One day, villagers of Ngasem Village planned the *meriti desa* and offerings ritual. *Merti desa* was an event to commemorate the village's anniversary, which included making offerings to express their gratefulness for the abundant crops, safety, and prosperity. Therefore, fifteen days before the event, the villagers were busy preparing and organizing all things to welcome and enliven the event. It was a common practice that the offerings would be given for seven days and seven nights before the peak of the event. The girls would be busy practicing beautiful dances to perform at the event night; the boys and the family heads would help each other decorating the terrain with various ornaments from bamboos and coconut leaves; and the mothers would prepare all good food to serve during the long event. All those preparations were centered at an area near the house where Ki Sela Gondang lived. Unsurprisingly, the house became very crowded with villagers. One night, Ki Sela Gondang gather all village officials in an outdoor pavilion to his house. As a custom, the anniversary event would include a special ritual to dispel any possible dangers and disasters. The ritual required offerings and a magic relic owned by a rishi that was considered famous at the time. For that purpose, the Headman sent his daughter to go borrowing the

magic relic from his best friend, a famous rishi named Ki Hajar Salokantara. Such relic was intended to be used as the requirement for the ritual to ensure the smooth event operations. Ki Sela Gondang also ordered the village officials to prepare all things including determining headmen, dukes, or dukedom officials to invite. Nyi Mentik Bestari, or more popularly known as *Nyai Sela Gondang*, and Endang Sawitri were seen sitting at the corner of the pavilion, listening to the meeting chaired by Ki Sela Gondang that night. Eventually, when she had the chance, Nyai Sela Gondang asked a question to his husband as the chairman of the meeting.

“Excuse me, Dear Husband. Don’t you think you should send an official to accompany our daughter?” asked Nyai Sela Gondang to her husband.

“Don’t worry, My Dear Wife. I’m sure Endang Sawitri is capable enough to take this journey by herself to my best friend’s school. Her magic skills were good enough already. Ki Sanu Amerta, his magic teacher, told me that our daughter has mastered some of his ultimate techniques,” Ki Sela Gondang wisely answered.

“Isn’t that so, Child?” Ki Sela Gondang asked and looked away to Endang Sawitri, his only daughter. Endang Sawitri smiled and nodded his head affirmatively in response to his father’s question.

“See, Dear? Our daughter is now capable enough to do a mission for his father,” said Ki Sela Gondang while smiling to his wife.

“Alright, then. *Nimas Ayu* Endang Sawitri, my daughter. I can only bless and pray for you, wishing that the God Almighty will protect you,” said Nyai Sela Gondang while hugging his beloved daughter. Her eyes showed a hint of doubt. As a mother, she could not help but feeling worry. However, her obedience to her husband and her love to her daughter forced her to let her go do what she was told. Endang Sawitri agreed to carry out his father’s order to borrow the relic from the Rishi, his father’s best friend. She went to the slope of Telomoyo Mountain where the Rishi lived. Endang Sawitri rode a horse that was already trained to run across steep and rocky roads and lovely canyons. She occasionally stopped by a river to quench her thirst while taking a short rest and recovering from her fatigue. Sometimes her adolescent turmoil bubbled up and took control. She was so happy; her heart was filled with pure and genuine joy. She played ripples on the river, ran around by the river once in a while to chase a butterfly with pretty wings, and caught fish and frogs from the river only to let them go again. She really enjoyed her journey, and secretly admired the natural charm of her village. It made her so proud of his father, Ki Sela Gondang, who had been doing a really great job in leading the lovely village. She prayed in her heart so the peace and happiness in her beloved village would last forever. After she went through a quite exhausting

journey, Endang Sawitri arrived in Ki Hajar Selokantara's monastery.

"Greetings, excuse me, Sir," Endang Sawitri gave her greeting respectfully while knocking on the gate of monastery. No response from the inside. Endang Sawitri repeated her knocking and greeting several times. Still no response. Finally, while knocking and calling out her greeting for the sixth time with louder voice, Endang Sawitri heard a footstep and someone replied from inside the monastery.

"Welcome, wait a moment, Young Lady," a man replied her greeting. The gate creaked and opened. Wearing a respectful smile on her face, Endang Sawitri bowed to salute to the man who opened the gate.

She immediately introduced herself and explained the purpose of her visit to Ki Hajar Salokantara's monastery. Apparently, the big, dark-skinned man who opened the gate was Ki Hajar Salokantara's disciple. He politely invited Endang Sawitri to come and sit in the pavilion to the monastery, and rushed inside as if he needed to immediately inform the Rishi about the guest. Endang Sawitri sat politely inside the pavilion and looked around. She noticed how large and clean the pavilion was. A teakwood partition was seen there, charmingly engraved. At the corners of the room were very large brass cups with sharp spears in them. There was also a set of traditional instrument neatly organized at

a part of the pavilion. Endang Sawitri was made believe that the owner of this monastery had to not only be very skilled in magic, but also be very elegant and loved traditional cultures. She kept goggling at the whole pavilion with her lovely eyes. A thin smile flickered on her lips. She nodded her head off and mumbled.

“Hmmm, this Rishi must be a very wise and cultural man. There’s no way he could have this neat and beautiful pavilion otherwise,” she mumbled, still with her head nodding off and her eyes wandering around the room. She had not finished enjoying the pavilion’s view when a thin man, wearing a complete set Javanese traditional clothing and a black headband, appeared.

“Enjoy the tea and the food, Miss, and please wait for a moment. My friend, Driya, was just calling the Master,” the man, who turned out to be the cook of the monastery, said in a polite tone. His politeness made Endang Sawitri feel awkward.

“Yes, thank you, Sir,” Endang Sawitri replied and sat back on the floor. The cook served her food and a pot of warm tea.

“Please enjoy, Miss,” the cook said while asking permission to leave and continue his work at the kitchen. Not long after, from inside the monastery, appeared a tall and strapping middle-aged man, wearing a black robe and black headband. He had a long, white beard. Endang Sawitri was flustered by his charismatic smile and she instantly stood up to pay her respect.

“Greetings, Ki. My name is Endang Sawitri. I am the daughter of Ngasem Village Headman,” Endang Sawitri greeted him, with full of respects.

“Welcome, Young Lady. Apparently the daughter of *Kakang Sela Gondang* has become a beautiful young lady,” said the man, who was none other than Ki Hajar Salokantara himself.

“What made Sela Gondang send you here, Young Lady?” the Rishi asked, charismatically.

“It’s unusual for him to send his own daughter. He usually sends his officers here,” he continued while stroking his beard.

“Here’s the thing, Sir. Ngadem Village is conducting the *merti desa*. Father as the headman would like to organize a people’s party and warding ritual, which requires offerings and *ubarampe merti desa*². One of the requirements is your magic relic. So, Father has sent me here to borrow the relic,” explained Endang Sawitri. The Rishi nodded his head while listening carefully to the fine-bright-skinned girl in front of him, which was wearing a traditional blue camisole and a small but charming bun on her head. After pausing for a moment, the Rishi went inside and Endang Sawitri waited for him in the pavilion while enjoying the food served by the cook. Not long after, the Rishi went out again,

²*Ubarampe merti desa* is a thing that is obligatorily presented in the *mertidesa* event.

bringing something wrapped in a brown, worn-looking cloth. The Rishi fondled that thing carefully and unwrapped it after a while. It turned out to be a kris, still in its scabbard. Delicately, he drew it out of the scabbard.



“This kris³ is an invaluable magic relic, My Child,” Ki Hajar said while holding and staring at the kris. Endang Sawitri’s round and greyish eyes were wide-opened, being amazed upon seeing the kris in the Rishi’s hand. She really could not hide her astonishment at the seemingly sturdy relic.

“My Child, this kris is not an ordinary kris. I would never lend this to your father if he weren’t my best friend,” he continued. Endang Sawitri was still stunned.

“Bring this magic relic back to your father, My Child. But there is an important thing that you must remember while bringing it with you,” said the Rishi, while scabbarding the kris. The kris was then wrapped with the brown, worn cloth.

“Pardon me for asking, but are you in a clean state?” asked Ki Hajar Salokantara in a probing tone. “What do you mean, Sir?” Endang Sawitri asked back. She looked confused by his question. “Are you having your period?” Ki Hajar rephrased his question. “No, Sir. I am clean, physically and spiritually,” Endang Sawitri answered with a sweet smile.

“That’s good. Now bring this relic carefully with you. Just remember one thing, don’t ever put in on your lap,” the Rishi instructed and then gave the kris to Endang Sawitri.

³Kris is a type of traditional Indonesian dagger that has wavy double-edged blade.

“I understand, Sir. I will remember your instruction well,” Endang Sawitri replied. Then she kneeled down, holding out her both hands to receive the magic kris.

Upon receiving the magic relic that her father needed, Endang Sawitri asked permission to leave. She agilely mounted her horse, pulled on the reins, and spurred the horse carefully. On her way home to Ngasem Village, Endang Sawitri felt very weary and sleepy. At the foot of the mountain, she decided to stop and look for a comfortable place where she could unwind and sleep for a while. She took a rest under a shady tree. The breeze of the wind lulled her to sleep soundly. The heavy weariness made her forget about the Rishi’s instruction, and she put the relic on her lap. In her sleep, she dreamed about coming into a magnificent palace. Unlike any other palaces that were securely guarded, the gate of this palace opened by itself when she came, as if it were welcoming her. No armored guard with unsheathed spears welcome her at the gate, no watchmen were ready to interrogate any intruders, not even a single soldier patrolled to protect the palace. Endang Sawitri was astounded by the view inside the palace. There was a fish pond decorated with a fountain and colorful flowers, there was a playground with various games, and there were some white, winged horses at the corner of the palace.

“What is this place?” she silently muttered in her heart. She was even more amazed when her feet stepped further into the palace.

There was a grand throne studded with gold and gems, a large hall ornamented with gem-like crystals, and a thick, clean, soft, red carpet spread along the way to the throne. Strangely enough, no one was there, only the sound of rustling water and the chirps of birds in the calmness of the room. Shortly after, she was startled by a gentle tap on her left shoulder.

Trembling, she turned around slowly and was amazed to see a handsome man in front of her. Without words, the handsome man gave her a piece of kris then suddenly disappeared. Endang Sawitri was very confused.

She looked all over the room, but could not find the man who just gave her the kris. Feeling uneasy, she stared at the kris in her trembling hand. But then she suddenly woke up from her sleep.

“O My. It was just a dream, apparently,” she mumbled and smiled. The rustling leaves sounded like a beautiful harmony that could awaken his spirit to continue her journey back to Ngasem Village. But she was so startled when she found out that the magic relic she borrowed from Ki Hajar Salokantara disappeared. She looked around the place where she slept, but failed to find it. She just remembered that she had disobeyed the Rishi’s words. Endang Sawitri felt so bad. It was all so dilemmatic for her and she did not know what to do. If she came back to the monastery, the Rishi would certainly be furious to find out the she had disobeyed him. And, if she decided to go back to Ngasem

Village, she did not dare to imagine what would happen with the *meriti desa* and ritual that they had planned and prepared. “O God, Sang Hyang Widi Wasa, how careless I was! I was so sloppy, O God,” she cried bitterly and cursed her own sloppiness.

“Maybe this is why Mother doubted me,” she kept cursing herself.

“But I must be responsible for what I’ve done. I must tell Father about this. I must go home, whatever happens,” she continued while guiding her horse through the moor. She was feeling bad and her steps were sluggish, but she still decided to go home to Ngasem Village. She was committed to tell her father about what she just experienced. She was ready for any of the consequences, even if she had to face her father’s anger. Upon her arrival in Ngasem Village, Endang Sawitri was welcome by the villagers and both her parents, Ki Sela Gondhang and Nyi Mentik Bestari. They were so confused to see their daughter kneeling down and crying pathetically under their feet. Assisted by villagers, they both supported Endang Sawitri and helped her walk to the porch of village hall. She kept crying, but Nyi Mentik Bestari patiently hugged her and gently caressed her hair. After her cry had ceased, Ki Sela Gondhang asked her daughter cautiously.

“Endang Sawitry, My Girl, what is it that made you cry so hard like this? How was your trip to borrowing the relic from my best

friend, Ki Hajar Salokantara?” asked Ki Sela Gondhang while rubbing her cheek affectionately.

“I... I’m sorry, Father. I... I... I was careless,” Endang replied stammeringly.

Nyi Mentik Bestari hugged her daughter again to calm her more. “It’s okay, Child. This is the God’s wish. No wonder I felt so worried about your departure,” Nyi Mentik Bestari said while gently caressing her daughter’s hair. When she felt calmer, Endang Sawitri started to tell all things she experienced, including her dream, to her father. Ki Sela Gondhang could not hide his disappointment, but his love and affection to her only daughter beat his upset. He wisely said to her to calm her.

“It’s okay, My Child. It was all written in fate by the Mighty Hyang Widi Wasa. You have some rest for now. I will go see Ki Hajar Salokantara to find out the solution,” said Ki Sela Gondhang while starring affectionately at her daughter.

“But what about the *merti desa*, Father?” Endang Sawitri asked, uneasily.

“You don’t need to worry about that, Kid. Let me explain to the villagers and ask them to postpone the event,” the father said while caressing the hair of Endang Sawitri, which was still tightly hugging her mother. On the same day, Ki Sela Gondhang left for Ki Hajar Salokantara’s monastery to find a solution for the

trouble. The Rishi did not say a word while listening to Ki Sela Gondhang's news. After a short pause, he said Endang Sawitri would be conceiving in no time.

“My best friend, Sela Gondang, I already warned your daughter to take care of the kris carefully. But perhaps this is the fate written by the God,” he snuffled while stroking his long, white beard.

“That's right, My Brother, Salokantara. I know my daughter has been careless and disobeyed your instruction. Please forgive her, Brother,” Ki Sela Gondang begged.

“My Brother, Sela Gondhang, I've already forgiven her. Actually ...,” the Rishi's words as he took a deep breath.

“Actually, what, Brother?” asked Ki Sela Gondang. He could not wait to hear what Ki Hajar Salokantara had to say.

“Actually, the relic is not missing, but went inside your daughter's womb. Your daughter will be conceiving in no time, Brother,” replied Ki Hajar Salokantara.

Like being struck by lightning, Ki Sela Gondhang was overwhelmingly shocked to hear this news. In panic, he begged his best friend to find a way to keep his family from disgrace.

“O God, what have I done so bad that I have to bear this great embarrassment,” Ki Sela Gondang shouted while holding his head.

“Salokantara, My Brother, is there any way to lift this curse from my daughter?” Ki Sela Gondang asked in panic. “Brother, I’m begging you. What should I do to save my daughter and family from this disgrace?” he said asked again in a half-whining tone. Ki Hajar Salokantara just shook his head. He felt sorry for his best friend, but there was nothing he could not to help him. The two old friends fell into silence, being drowned in their own thoughts. Ki Sela Gondang suddenly said, “Brother, what do you say about you marrying my daughter, Endang Sawitri? Who knows that by marrying him, you can break her curse,” said Ki Sela Gondang, looking hopefully at Ki Hajar Salokantara’s face. Ki Hajar Salokantara paused for a moment, while Ki Sela Gondang kept persuading him to agree to his idea. Seeing utter panic in his best friend’s face, Ki Hajar Salokantara finally agreed to marry Endang Sawitri. They deliberately hid their marriage from the villagers. “Alright, my brother, Sela Gondang. I agree to marry your daughter. However, this marriage was only a cover-up to hide the scandal. After your daughter delivers, this marriage also ends,” said Ki Hajar Salokantara.

“Sure, we’ll do it your way,” said Ki Sela Gondang. “Thank you for helping me on this, Brother”, he continued again. The

marriage between Ki Hajar Salokantara and Endang Sawitri was hid from the villagers. There was no lavish wedding party with dances and other entertainments, but only a solemn and touching ceremony. Nyai Sela Gondang cried as she was unable to hold back her emotion. She hugged her daughter who had just been Ki Hajar Salokantara's legitimate wife. Endang Sawitri also sobbed in front of the marriage officiant and her two parents.

"I'm so sorry, Father, Mother," said Endang Sawitri.

"It's okay, Child. Now that you've become Ki Hajar Salokantara's wife, you have to follow and obey him," the mother said and caressed her affectionately. Meanwhile, Ki Hajar Salokantara and Ki Sela Gondang were seen to have a conversation at another corner of Ki Sela Gondang's house.

"Don't worry, Brother. Although your daughter has become my wife, I will not touch her. But I will still love her," said Ki Hajar Salokantara.

"I give my daughter to you, Brother," replied Ki Sela Gondang. He patted Ki Hajar Salokantara's shoulder.

"I am sorry, Brother. Perhaps, after I bring your daughter to the place I've prepared, I will have to leave her and the baby and her womb to meditate in solitude. I will ask Sang Hyang Widi Wasa to lift the curse from her," Ki Hajar Salokantara explained.

“It’s okay, Brother. I don’t know how to thank you for all your kindness to me and my family,” Ki Sela Gondang replied while hugging his old friend that had now become his son in law. After the wedding, Ki Hajar Salokantara intended to bring Endang Sawitri to live in a place he had prepared. With a broken and crushed heart, Nyi Mentik Bestari let go of her beloved daughter with Ki Hajar Salokantara.

Unlike any other newly-wed couples, Ki Hajar Salokantara decided to continue his retreat after his marriage, in attempt to help Endang Sawitri removing the relic’s curse. Before leaving, he said to his wife.

“Ni Ayu Endang Sawitri, I marry you merely for a formality, and I will not touch you. But I have to go meditating in solitude to release you from the curse of my magic relic. Take care of yourself and your womb. When you deliver someday, put this sleigh bell on the baby’s neck as a proof that he or she is your child. Send him or her to look for me to remove the curse,” said Ki Hajar Salokantara to Endang Sawitri.

“I understand, Sir. May the God protect you, me, and the baby in my womb. Take care,” replied Endang Sawitri while kissing her husband’s hand and sending him off.

Days went by so quickly, Endang Sawitri’s womb got bigger and bigger. She carefully took care of the womb. She made a living



from catching fish from the river and growing vegetables on the garden by her hut. Near the hut where she lived was a small village inhabited by a small number of people. To meet her daily needs, Endang Sawitri often went to the village.

No one in the small village knew that Endang Sawitri had a husband, as their marriage was deliberately covered up. However, one of the villagers recognized Endang Sawitri that was in her last term of pregnancy.

Eventually, the news about Endang Sawitri's pregnancy reached Ngasem Village and caused a big fuss. They thought Endang Sawitri had damaged the reputation of the village with her indecency. However, Endang Sawitri did not care about the villager's rude swearing. Instead, she chose to dedicate herself to taking care of the baby in her womb, although she was eventually alienated by the people of Ngasem Village and small village near where she lived. She always held on to her belief that she never did anything wrong. The only thing that worried her was the damage she might have made to the reputation of her parents, which were considered elders in Ngasem Village. However, the situation did not last long as Ki Sela Gondang successfully explained to the villagers about what really happened. After nine months of expecting, Endang Sawitri finally delivered her baby. No one from the small village near her hut was willing to help her. The villagers still thought her as an indecent woman as she

was pregnant without a husband. They still did not believe the explanation from Ki Sela Gondhang, the headman of Ngasem Village who was none other than Endang Safitri's biological father. No one told any news about Endang Sawitri giving birth to the people of Ngasem Village, especially to Ki Sela Gondhang's family. Thus, Endang Sawitri gave birth without anyone's help. However, something highly unexpected happened. Instead of a human baby, Endang Sawitri gave birth to a dragon. Even stranger was that the dragon could talk like a human. "Aaaiieeee...! Who are you? Why did I give birth to a dragon?" Endang Sawitri screamed like crazy.

"Mother, don't be afraid. I am the child you just bore. This is the God's wish. Please, don't be afraid, Mother," the dragon replied and slithered his body to Endang Sawitri. She was shocked, undeniably, and her heart was crushed, but her maternal instinct kicked in, and she started to rock her baby dragon. She then named him Baro Klinting.

"You're right. Perhaps this is what the God plans for me for my mistake. I am sorry, Son. I recall your father left this sleigh bell for you to wear. Therefore, I'm naming you Baro Klinting," she said, affectionately.

The birth of Endang Sawitri's child was known by some of the villagers who happened to walk past her hut on their way to the

farms and fields. Witnessing that Endang Sawitri giving birth to a dragon, they instantly ran away in fear.

“Heeeelp, a dragon! That woman bore a dragon. Heeeelp!” they shouted and ran away to the village. Their scream was heard by all people in the nearby village.

“Be careful, that woman must be a witch. She bore a dragon. Our village is in danger!” shouted a villager.

“This is urgent. Let’s just expel her from here. If not, I’m afraid that which and her baby dragon will destroy this village,” another villager shouted.

“Yeah, let’s just get rid of her! Go!” shouted all other villagers, one after another.

The birth of the dragon was obviously perceived to be dangerously bizarre. The nearby villagers afraid it would threaten them, so began to sneer Endang Sawitri more cruelly. They became more convinced that she was indecent. Finally, the villagers agreed to expel her and her baby dragon, as they worried that both of them would anger the God. Fortunately, the unrest was suppressed by a villager who knew Ki Sela Gondhang. He believed that the presence of Endang Sawitri and her child in the village would not put them in danger. He even guaranteed that should something happen, he would report it to Ki Sela Gondhang, Endang Sawitri’s father.

Thus, Endang Sawitri did her best in raising her child with love and affections. She did it herself without anyone's help. Years went by, Boro Klinting, now in his adolescent period, asked his mother if he ever had a father.

"Mother, do I have a father?" asked he curiously, to which Endang Sawitri answered with her tears.

"Of course, Son," she answered while wiping the tears on her cheek.

"Then, where is he now? Why doesn't he live with us, Mother?" Baro Klinting continued asking interrogatingly.

"Baro Klinting, My Son. Listen to me carefully. Your father is a great and mighty man. He is now meditating in Telomoyo Mountain to release us from our magic curse, Son," Endang Sawitri explained and pointed her finger to Telomoyo Mountain where Ki Hajar Salokantara was meditating. Baro Klinting frowned, thick eyebrows were wrinkled. Driven by his strong curiosity and so many questions in his head, she slithered around his mother's body.

"Magic curse? What do you mean?" he started interrogating his mother.

"You'll understand later when the time comes," the mother answered and hugged his dragon child. Baro Klinting stopped his

interrogation. He did not want to sadden his mother even more. But his curiosity was so great that he eventually stated his intention to look for his father. He cautiously asked his mother.

“Mother, may I ask your permission to go look for father?” said he.

Endang Sawitri looked intensely at the eyes of the dragon in front of her. She clammed up for a moment, and then looked down.

“You won’t let me, Mother?” asked Baro Klinting again cautiously. He really did not want to hurt the woman that had given birth to him. Ultimately, Endang Sawitri took a deep breath and gently said.

“Go, Son. I give you my permission. You’re big enough to make a journey to look for your father. But remember, My Son. Always be careful and remain alert. There are many things that could hurt you out there,” said she while caressing the head of the dragon. “Thank you, Mother. I will always remember your advice,” Baro Klinting replied happily.

“Baro, leave when the day is dark so you won’t scare the villagers off. Bring this sleigh bell with you,” said Endang Sawitri while tying a necklace around his neck. The necklace had a sleigh bell as the pendant, which made a loud sound when shaken.

“Pardon me asking, Mother, but what is this sleigh bell for?” Baro asked curiously.

“This sleigh bell is your father’s gift. Before he left, he instructed me to put this thing around your neck to identify you as my son,” Endang Sawitri explained.

“May Sang Hyang Widi Wasa always be with you, My Son. Remember what I said,” said she again.



“Alright, Mother. I will remember your advice. Pray for me so I can find father,” said Baro Klinting asking permission to leave. Actually, it was hard for Baro Klinting to leave his mother alone at the hut. But, his curiosity about his father made him determined to look for him. With a heavy heart, he left his mother and went to find Ki Hajar Salokantara in a cave on the slope of Telomoyo Mountain. He left when the day is dark, passionately sliding through the steep roads full of challenges and obstacles.

On his way, Baro Klinting had to face some challenges, as he was attacked by many astral creatures. Apparently, these creatures were attracted by the sound of sleigh bell on Baro Klinting’s neck. These creatures tried to grab the bell, but with the magical ability that he possessed since he was born, Baro Klinting was able to defeat and get rid of them. He always remembered his mother’s advice that he had to always pray to the God, the owner of the universe. He believed that a mother’s prayers were the most powerful weapon that would protect him. After a long and exhausting journey, Baro Klinting arrived at the place that his mother mentioned. He saw a cave with abundant vines covering its opening. He carefully entered into the dark, damp cave and scanned every niche inside with his sharp eyes. The dripping sounds of water flew through the cave wall, creating a natural harmony with beautiful clinks to ears. The ornamenting stalactites and stalagmites made the inside part of the cave even more magnificent. Baro Klinting tried to enter deeper inside the cave

until he finally found a quite ample space. In the middle of it was a big rock surrounded by a puddle. He then vaguely saw a man sitting in a meditation pose on the top of the rock. He kept slithering while carefully observing that man. After a while, Baro Klinting started to believe that that man was none other than his father, than Ki Hajar Salokantara.

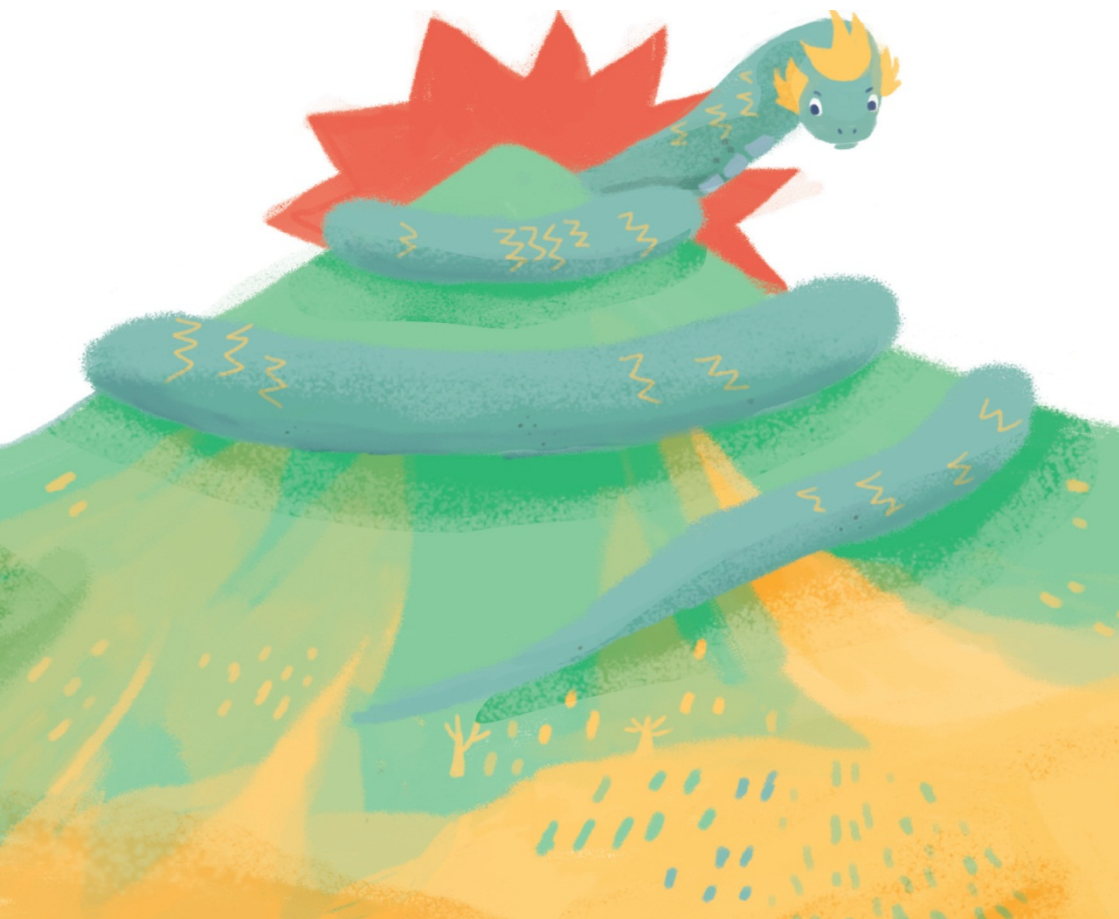
Politely and respectfully, Baro Klinting said his greeting.

“Excuse me. Is this the place where Ki Hajar Salokantara is meditating?” asked Baro Klinting very cautiously. After a while without any response, Baro Klinting repeated his greeting, still very carefully. Not long after, the man answered, “That’s correct. Indeed, I myself am Ki Hajar Salokantara. Who are you, and what are you doing here interrupting my meditation?” asked Ki Hajar Salokantara with a deep and charismatic voice. Baro Klinting was very happy to finally find the man he had been missing. While kneeling in front of Ki Hajar Salokantara, he said, “Forgive me, Sir. I am Baro Klinting, the son of Endang Sawitri from Ngasem Village”.

“Ngasem Village? Endang Sawitri? Could he be my son?” mumbled Ki Hajar Salokantara. Slowly, Ki Hajar Salokantara started to open his eyes and looked at Baro Klinting. He was so shocked to see a dragon in front of him.

Ki Hajar Salokantara was still unable to control himself when Baro Klinting explained that he was searching for his father that was meditating in solitude. Ki Hajar Salokantara hesitated at first, but he recognized the sleigh bell on Baro Klinting's neck. He started to believe that maybe this dragon was really his son.

However, he still had a doubt about the dragon that suddenly claimed to be Endang Sawitri's son, the incarnation of his magic relic. To clear up his doubt, Ki Hajar Salokantara demanded one more proof that the dragon was really his son. He asked Baro Klinting to circle Telomoyo Mountain with his body.



“Yes. I recognize the sleigh bell on your neck. Perhaps you really are Endang Sawitri’s sone. But I want you to give me another proof to clear up my doubt,” said Ki Hajar Salokantara to Baro Klinting.

“What proof must I give you to make you believe that I am really your son, Father?” asked Baro Klinting in confusion.

“I want you to circle this Telomoyo Mountain with your body. If you can do that, I’ll admit that you are really my son. But, if you fail, I’ll take it that you are a liar,” Ki Hajar Salokantara continued.

“I understand, Father. I’ll carry out your command,” Baro Klinting replied firmly.

Then, in order to proof that what he said was true, Baro Klinting rushed to the foot of Telomoyo Mountain. He tried so hard to wind the base of the mountain with his body. It was so close, but still he could not touch his tail with his head. He started to panic, but refused to give up and kept thinking. He stuck his tongue out and successfully touched it to his tail. With the God’s bless, Baro Klinting succeed to circle Telomoyo Mountain with body, as instructed by Ki Hajar Salokantara. Finally, Ki Hajar Salokantara admitted Baro Klinting as his son whom he had left to meditate.

Ki Hajar Salokantara ordered Baro Klinting to meditate by winding Telomoyo Mountain. Ki Hajar Salokantara explained



that Baro Klinting had to do it to remove his curse and transform back into a real and whole human. In complete obedience, Baro Klinting followed the instruction from the father that he had been longing for. On the other side of Telomoyo Mountain, there was a village called Pathok. One day, the villagers of Pathok Village planned to have a people's party and offering ceremony following their harvest season. Various dances would be performed.

To spice up the party, the young men worked side by side, hunting for animals in the forest for their meat. The meat would later be cooked to be served at the party. However, they failed to get anything in the forest. Upset and desperate, they decided to come back to the village and on the way home they rested on the foot of Telomoyo Mountain.

One person from the group stuck his blade to the ground on the cliff where they were resting. But shockingly, fresh blood oozed from the spot where he stuck the blade. This incident created chaos and panic among the boys. But, driven by curiosity, they tried to stick each of their own blades to the spot that shed the blood. It turned out that the cliff ground they stuck with blades was actually the body of a dragon that was winding the base of Telomoyo Mountain. And, like bringing grist to their mill, they were so happy to finally find the meat for the upcoming party. Finally, the harvest party went on. The dragon meat brought by the boys had already been cooked into several dishes for the

party. The villagers cheered, sang, and danced, accompanied by lively traditional music. In the middle of the party, appeared a young boy who was none other than the incarnation of Baro Klinting. The boy was about ten years old. He looked shabby and his body was full of wounds. He begged for food from the villagers, but they gave him neither food nor drink. Instead, they berated him and drove him out. But he did not move an inch, and kept begging for food and drink from the partying villagers. The boy was forced to leave the party arena. He cried and, with great resentment, he left the village. He wandered around without destination while crying. Finally, he arrived at an old hut that was apparently owned by an old widow named Nyai Latung. In front of the wobbly hut, Nyai Latung was pounding rice in a mortar.

“Granny!” the boy addressed her. “I’m very thirsty. May I have some water, Granny?”

Nyai Latung stared at the shabby boy who was standing in front of her. Seeing his miserable condition with fishy-smelling scabs all over his body, Nyai Latung pitied him. She immediately went inside her hut to bring the boy some water.

“Here, Child. Drink it!” said Nyai Latung in a soft voice. The boy quickly gulped the water, and Nyai Latung kept looking at him compassionately.

“Do you want some more? Are you hungry, Child? But, I only have rice, no side dish,” she asked.

“I want some, please. Rice is enough. I’m starving,” the boy replied.

Nyai Latung immediately went inside her hut again to bring him some rice and vegetables that she had left. The boy ate them ravenously, not leaving even a grain of rice.

“What’s your name, Child? Where are your parents? Nyai Latung asked and sat near the boy.

“My name is Baro Klinting, Granny. I don’t know where my parents are,” he replied.

“O my God. Just stay here, then. Keep me company,” she offered.

“Thank you, Granny. But, I think I think I’ll leave. People here are bad. Only you are so kind to me.” Baro Klinting then told her about how the villagers were rude to him. After telling her about his bitter experience, Baro Klinting said his farewell. But before leaving, he told Nyai Latung that when she heard the sound of a slit drum, she should climb up the mortar.

“Granny, later when you hear the sound of a slit drum, please climb up the mortar so you will be safe,” said Baro Klinting while pointing at the mortar in front of the hut. Although she did not really understand what Baro Klinting meant, Nyai Latung agreed.



A while later, Baro Klinting ran from Nyai Latung's house to the crowd of party. He tried to beg some food and dish from the people of Pathok Village who were having a party, but they still refused his presence. Angrily, Baro Klinting ran to the middle of the arena. He stood there with his hands on the hips and held a challenge. He stuck a wooden stick to the ground and dared everyone to try pulling it out.

“Come on, who can pull this stick out?” he challenged.

Everybody laughed at him. They mocked him, thinking that he was going mad.

“Come on, who can pull this stick out?” Baro Klinting repeated his challenge. The villagers started to get angry at Baro Klinting's behavior. They just wanted to get rid of him from their village. A big, tall man came forward to be Baro Klinting's first challenger. With his sturdy posture, the man tried hard to pull the stick out of the ground, but it did not move. Instead, the man was thrown out of the party arena.

Everyone that flocked the spot where Baro Klinting stuck the wooden stick was astonished by the incident. They could not believe how the big, tall man could not pull the fragile stick. What a magic stick, they thought.

“Look at that, all of you. You are so arrogant, but really you're just weak!” yelled Baro Klinting upon seeing that the big, tall

man was unable to pull the stick he struck to the ground. The villagers felt underestimated. They got angrier to the thin and shabby boy in front of them. Next, a tall, dark-skinned man came forward to the arena and shouted fiercely.

“Don’t underestimate us, you filthy kid! Look here, I’ll pull this stick out and I’ll break it right in front of your eyes,” he said and glared at Baro Klinting who was still standing there with his hands on the hips.

“No more words. Just do it if you can,” Baro Klinting shouted back, equally fiercely.

The man met the same fate as the first challenger. His lean body was thrown out far from the spot where the stick was stuck. Then, one after another, every villager tried to pull the stick that Baro Klinting stuck. The harder they tried, the more firmly the stick was stuck. They started to gather people with bigger shape, and tried to pull it out at once. But, they still failed.

“Your ability doesn’t match your arrogance!” Baro Klinting said while watching them trying.

“You will pay a high price for your arrogance!” He continued ferociously. “Watch this closely!”

Finally, Baro Klinting walked towards to stick he stuck. The villagers approached. They were curious to see what would



happen. Baro Klinting's eyes gazed at every villager that flocked at him. Then, slowly, he held the stick that was firmly stuck to the ground. The villagers were startled to see that with only one hand, Baro Klinting managed to pull the stick out. Then, a miracle happened. The hole where the stick was previously stuck spurted water out of the ground. The spurt got more and more profuse and started causing a flood of water. Seeing this, the villagers became chaotic and panic; some started to hit the slit drums to alarm danger. The flood started to inundate Pathok Village. All villagers ran away to save their lives. At the other place, Nyai Latung heard the sound of slit drum from afar. She was puzzled that suddenly there was a flood coming, but she remembered Baro Klinting told him to immediately climb up the mortar. In her confusion, Nyai Latung witness the flood kept coming and the water got higher.

The mortar that she stood on started to float away. The flood was getting greater and quickly inundated the whole Pathok Village. The chaos happened so fast, Nyai Latung was only stupefied in a total confusion. After a while, the mortar Nyai Latung stood on floated aside so she could ascend on land. She still could not believe with what she experienced and saw with her old eyes. Pathok Village where she lived all this time had been swamped along with all the inhabitants. Only now did she realize that she was the only one surviving from the flood.

The other villagers die, drowned by a flood that she still did not understand where it came from. Nyai Latung tried to recall everything that happened before the disaster, and she remembered of Baro Klinting.

“Who is that kid actually? Is he an incarnation of the God that unleashed his wrath to the villagers?” she mumbled with deep curiosity. She was stunned as she saw that the flood in front of her transformed into a large swamp. With her own, old eyes, Nyai Latung witnessed her whole village drowned and became a large swampy area.

“Ah, this swap is so large, but the water is so clear. A swamp with clear water, of course, that name is appropriate for this place,” she mumbled again. In the end, Nyai Latung decided to live on the side of the swap. She called the drown village *Rawa Pening*. The name was taken from the word *bening* ‘clear’ as the area was covered by a large amount of clear water, transforming into a swamp.

Days went by, the place became more and more crowded as many people came and stayed there. Meanwhile, Ki Hajar Salokantara had now believed that Baro Klinting was indeed his son, which was the incarnation of his magical relic. After his curse was released, Baro Klinting has incarnated into a human boy and he went see his father in the slope of Telomoyo Mountain.

Together, they came home to see Endang Sawitri.

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