

**DARMAN AND DARMIN**

*Darman dan Darmin*

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## **DARMAN AND DARMIN**

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## **DARMAN AND DARMIN**

Once upon a time, there lived a rich merchant in Jakarta called Mr. Salim. He was known as a landlord and owner of many rent-houses. His property was not limited to Jakarta. He owned lands in Karawang area too. Mr. Salim earned his living not only from people paying rent to him but also from selling fruits. His wife had passed away years before due to typhus. At the time, the family had not taken the appropriate actions on time because they had thought that it had just been a common fever. After his wife passed away, Mr. Salim raised his children alone. His family and relatives had often suggested that he find another wife, but he refused.

Mr. Salim had two sons. The older one was called Darman and the younger one was named Darmin. They had different, if not opposing, traits. Darman loved martial arts, even since he was a little boy. To improve himself, he went to various martial artists and martial art training centers. However, he did not use his skills to do good things. More often than not, he was involved in fights with other youngsters in the surrounding areas.

Every day, there would be someone coming to Mr. Salim and telling on Darman. Mr. Salim had tried to force Darman to go to school, but he often skipped classes. In the end, Mr. Salim gave

up and let him do whatever he wanted to do.

However, it was not the case with Mr. Salim's second son, Darmin. Since he was little, Darmin continuously attended religious gatherings, such as Quran reciting and religious preaches, around the village. He was also one of those kids who loved to help other people. At school, he was known as a smart student. That had made his father put a lot of confidence in him and asked Darmin to help with accounting and financial reporting for the family business.

In addition to his two sons, Mr. Salim also adopted a girl named Amini. Her father was one of Mr. Salim's relatives. Amini's parents were very poor. That was the main reason for them to let Mr. Salim to take care of her. They wanted Amini to have good education and it was possible under Mr. Salim's care. Since the day Amini moved to Mr. Salim's house, she had been very close with Darmin. It was because the two of them shared many things in common.

Days turned to weeks, months turned to years, and Mr. Darmin's three children grew up. Amini grew to be a beautiful, smart, and nice girl. Darman and Darmin quickly turned to be strong, handsome teenagers. At the same time, Mr. Salim got older. There were crow's feet around his eyes. There were more white hair on his head. He could not move as swiftly as he used to.

One afternoon, Mr. Salim was relaxing on his favorite bamboo couch on the terrace of his house. A cup of coffee and a plate of steamed cassava were on the table beside him. Every once in a while, he looked at the children playing marbles and hide and seek in the yard. Watching them always made him smile.

They reminded him of his own children when they were little. Suddenly, a voice startled him from his reverie.

“What are you thinking about? I see *Babe* smile so wide,” said Emed, taking a seat beside Mr. Salim. Emed was Mr. Salim’s right hand man. He had been working for Mr. Salim for several years. The fact that he called Mr Salim *Babe* (pronounced *bah-beh*), which literally means ‘Father’ or ‘Dad’, showed just how close they were.

“Where have you been, Med?” Mr. Salim asked.

“I have just checked on the fish farm back there. The fish are big enough now. I can’t believe it. It seems like it was just yesterday we put them in the pond,” Emed replied.

“If you want some, feel free to take them. They taste the best if cooked with a lot of chili pepper.”

“It’s alright, *Be*. I’ll get some later.”

“Well, Med, could you help me find the boys? Tell them to I want to see them here after *Magrib*. And Amina, too, okay.”

“What is it about, *Be*? You seem so serious.”

“You’ll see,” Mr. Salim said enigmatically.

Emed did not pursue the topic. He knew his place. He reached a piece of steamed cassava and enjoyed it. A few moments later, he left to do what Mr. Salim had asked.

After *salat Magrib*, the dusk prayer, Mr. Salim sat on the same bamboo couch on the terrace, waiting for his children. In the kitchen, Emed was frying some *dodol* and banana. He had also prepared *bajigur*, a refreshing beverage, for everyone.

From afar, Mr. Salim saw Darman walking towards the house. His clothes were muddy.

“Eh, *Babe!*” Darman greeted his father, a little surprised that his father was watching him.

“Anytime you come to a house, say *assalamualaikum, Tong!*” Mr. Salim reminded Darman. *Tong* or *Otong* was similar to ‘Boy’ or ‘Kid’ in English, used for addressing a young boy.

“Yes, *Be*,” Darman said, reaching his father’s hand and kissed it.

“Where have you been?”

“The usual, hanging out with the boys. Why did *Bang* Emed call me home?” Darman asked with a pouted mouth. He was having a

good time playing when *Bang* (Big Brother) Emed called him.

“I just want to talk with you guys. There is something I need to talk about.”

“Is it that urgent? Can we do this another day? I am having a good time.”

“Shut up! Learn to listen to your elders! Now, go in, take a shower and *salat*! After that, come back here.”

“Emed! Bring the food out!” Mr. Salim called Emed. While waiting for his children, Mr. Salim enjoyed his favorite food, fried *dodol*.

“*Assalamualaikum*,” Amini and Darmin said in unison, greeting their father.

“*Walaikumsalam*. I and your brother have been waiting for you!”

“We’re sorry, *Be*! We had planned to come straight home after reciting Quran, but we figured that it would be better if we performed *salat Isya* first,” Darmin replied.

“Come here, sit with me,” Mr. Salim invited them. They all sat on the couch and eating the snacks.

“Why do *Babe* call us all?” Darmin asked.

“I want to talk to you all. There is something I need to ask you. Now that you three are adults, what is your plan for the future?” Mr. Salim asked them.

“Actually, I have been offered to be *centeng* in Tanjung Priok. I will be a guard and regulator there. Wouldn't it be cool if I am able to conquer and master Tanjung Priok and its surrounding areas?” Darman replied excitedly. Mr. Salim only smiled when he heard his firstborn's plan.

“And you, Darmin. What is your plan?” Mr. Salim turned to his second child.

“I want to continue my education, *Be*. With higher education, I believe I can be successful and can help many people in the future,” Darmin replied.

“You talk big, Min!” Darman mocked him.

“Just look at our ignorant neighbors. Every day, they just hang out and do nothing. I don't want to be like them,” Darmin rebuked him.

“Stop it! You are brothers. If you disagree with each other, talk it out!” Mr. Salim broke their quarrel.

“Amini, what about you?” Mr. Salim looked at Amini who was still surprised seeing her brothers quarreled.



“Yes, *Be*. Excuse me!” Amini stuttered. “I really want to pursue my education, like *Bang* Darmin. But I think it would be better if I accompany *Babe* at home. You are getting old, and I think it’s just right that I begin to take care of you. Besides, I am a girl,” Amini replied.

“Now listen carefully,” Mr. Salim said.

“I have listen to all of you and respected your wish. However, I have made my decision. Darman, you can go to Tanjung Priok and be a *centeng*. I will send Darman to Bandung to study with Amini. Even though you are a girl, you should have education as high as you can, Amini. You have to be as smart as *Bang* Darmin, or even smarter. Tomorrow, Emed will take care of your provisions and whatever you need,” Mr. Salim concluded.

“But, *Be*! What about you?” Amini asked. Her voice trembled with sadness.

“Don’t worry about me. *Bang* Emed is here to help me. You have to be successful!”

That night, it became so gloomy in Mr. Salim house. Amini was the saddest of them all. She felt it so hard to leave her adopted father alone because she was so close to him.

The three children of Mr. Salim finally went to pursue their dreams, leaving their father in the care of Emed’s. Years went

by, Mr. Salim could no longer take care of his business alone. He decided to call all his children home once again.

Upon receiving the call, Darmin and Amini immediately came. Meanwhile, Darman was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Salim had to send Emed to Tanjung Priok to take Darman home. Reluctantly, Darman came. He really did not want to come home because it would mean he had to leave his work and suffered certain loss.

“*Assalamualaikum!*” Darman greeted his father and younger siblings.

“*Walaikumsalam!*” The three of them replied in unison.

“Darman, where have you been? I miss you. It has been so long since the last time I see you,” Mr. Salim asked cheerfully. He was glad that he finally met his firstborn again.

“I have been busy, *Be!* In fact, I am busy. Why do you call me home?”

“Sit down! There’s something I need to tell you. I am old now and my properties are still growing. I am no longer able to handle the business alone, so I would like to distribute my properties, my inheritance, to all three of you.”

“Why now, *Be?* You are still alive and well.” Darmin asked, confused. Usually, a parent’s properties or inheritance were distributed and shared by their heirs when they had passed away.

“It’s okay. I want you to learn to be responsible. Giving you my businesses is a good way to prepare you,” Mr. Salim replied. He then continued, “Before I give you my properties, my farms and rent-houses, I want to see how you manage them. If you do well, I will bestow them to you in the end.” Hearing that, Darman began to feel nervous and worried. He was afraid that he would only get a small portion of his father’s wealth.

“I would like Darmin and Amini to handle financing, collecting the rent, and manage the rent-houses. In addition, you two are also responsible to manage the products of my farms in Bekasi, Karawang, and Bogor.”

“I hope we can make you proud, *Be*,” Darmin replied.

“Darman, you will be responsible to manage my lands and storage units in Jakarta and Banten,” Mr. Salim said to Darman. Darman was disappointed. He felt that his father was unfair because his siblings were given more properties than him.

A few months after that night, Darman secretly met his father.

“What brings you here, *Bang*? You don’t come home often.” Emed greeted Darman with a hint of confusion in his voice.

“What’s so strange? I want to see my father. Is that a problem for you?” Darman retorted a little harshly.

“Darman! You are too much! Speak politely to anyone, even

those working for you!” Mr. Salim snarled at him.

Darman did not say anything, even though he was raging inside.

“To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?” Mr. Salim asked.

“I just miss you, *Be*,” Darman said nonchalantly.

“You have never shown up just because you miss me. Even when I was sick, you didn’t visit,” Mr. Salim said, a little suspicious.

“Well, to tell the truth, I come here to report something. The works you entrusted to me have been done to perfection. The storage units in Tanjung Priok are safe. The rents for houses and lands are all collected. No one dares to owe us rents anymore,” Darman said proudly.

“Good, you have done well and make me proud,” Mr. Salim commended him.

“Of course, *Be*. I am trustworthy, unlike Darmin and Amini.”

“What did you say? What about Darmin and Amini?”

“Darman and Amini are not studying in Bandung. They are just wasting your money.”

“Don’t talk rubbish, Darman!”

“I’m telling the truth, *Be*. I wouldn’t dare to lie to *Babe*.”

“Who told you that?”

“A lot of people did, *Be*, both my friends and theirs!”

Mr. Salim was enraged hearing what Darman told him. He decided to write off Darmin and Amini from his will. He bestowed all his wealth and properties to Darman, instead. Mr. Salim even sent Darman to deliver the annulment letter to Darmin and Amini.

Darmin and Amini were very devastated hearing the news from their brother. That very night, they immediately went home with an intention to explain everything to their father. With hearts heavy with worry, the three of them went back to Jakarta to see Mr. Salim.

Heart pounding hard, Darmin and Amini approached their father. They each kissed Mr. Salim hand with respect.

“How are you, *Babe*?” Darmin asked.

Mr. Salim did not said a word. His face was sour.

“*Be*, what is it all about?” Darmin asked again, holding his father’s hand.

“How dare you coming back here!” Mr. Salim exploded.

“What is it, *Be*? If we made a mistake, we beg your apology,”

Amini said sincerely, trying to calm Mr. Salim down.

“I sent you to study so you can be smart, successful people! But you disappointed me! Wasting all I gave you and partying all the time! Ungrateful!” Mr. Salim snarled with rage.

“*Be*, who told you that? We never did that!”

“I don’t want to hear your excuses and denials. Get out! I cannot take back what I gave you but I’ll be damned if I give you anything else! Darman, kick them out!”

Darman immediately ushered them out. He was glad that his plan to get rid of his siblings worked. Now his father entrusted all his wealth and properties to him.

Darmin and Amini could do nothing but walked away from the house.

“*Bang*, I’m hungry!” Amini said when they had been walking for a while. She clutched her empty stomach. Both of them had not eaten anything since lunch.

“Be patient, Amini!”

“But I’m starving, *Bang*!” whined Amini. Her eyes were teary.

“Just be patient!”

“You always say that. Be patient. I am starving and it hurts!”

Amini started to cry.

“Come on! Don’t cry. We’ll find something to eat,” Darmin said and took her arm in his hand. They kept walking from one village to another, having nothing on them. It was early when they found a hut in the middle of a paddy field. They stopped there and rested. The sound of trickling water from a river near the hut made them feel drowsy. Darmin and Amini fell asleep.

The rising sun awoken Amini. She shook Darmin’s shoulder, trying to wake him up.

“*Bang*, wake up! We have to move on!”

Darmin slowly opened his eyes. He was not fully awake.

“Where are we?” he asked.

“Hahaha... are you dreaming?” Amini chuckled seeing her confused brother.

“Are you sure you want to go now?” Darmin asked. Amini nodded.

They continued walking without nowhere to go. All they knew was they needed to find something to eat, anything. They decided to look for an eatery. Who knew how it’d turn up. There might be someone generous enough to give them food, even if it was the leftovers. However, they were always kicked out even before they entered. It happened in every eatery they tried. The owners

thought they would annoy the customers.

They did not despair. They tried another eatery.

“A plate of rice and a chicken, *Mpok!*” a customer ordered. *Mpok* was what people used to address older woman.

“One *gabus pucung, Mpok!*” another customer called impatiently to the owner.

“Wait a minute, okay. I only have two hands,” the middle-aged woman said to them half-jokingly. She was busy serving another customer.

Seeing that the owner was a little overwhelmed, Amini decided to lend a hand, serving food to other customers. The woman only gave her a quick glance but said nothing. She had no time to talk to the girl and she was glad for the help.

Darmin did not just watch. He saw a middle-aged man was washing plates and glasses in the back.

“Excuse me, Sir!” Darmin said.

“What, *Tong?* Please don’t bother me! I’m busy,” the man replied.

Without asking for his approval, Darmin helped the man doing the dishes.



“Thank you, *Tong!*” the owner of the eatery thanked Darmin.

“What’s your name?”

“Darmin, Sir.”

“*Nyak*, come here!” The owner called his wife. *Nyak* was Betawi language for ‘mother’.

“Yes, *Be*, what is it?” she called back while waited on customers. When she had served all customers, she went to the back.

“Darmin here has helped me doing the dishes.”

“And Amini helped me.” She informed her husband happily.

“Where are you from and where are you going?” she asked Darmin, clearly curious.

Darmin told them what had happened the previous day. The couple were touched hearing the story.

“Let’s get you something to eat. Then you can rest. If you need a place to stay, don’t worry, you can stay with us,” the wife offered.

“Thank you, *Nyak*, but we can’t stay.”

“Where are you heading, anyway?” the husband asked.

“We’re going to find a better living,” Darmin replied confidently.

“If you’re sure, let me at least give you something to eat on the

road.”

The owner of the eatery packed them some rice, soup, and side dishes.

“Thank you, *Nyak, Babe*,” Amini said, beaming with happiness. She was glad that at least they would not be hungry for a couple of days.

“Don’t mention it. You have to be strong, okay,” the wife said.

After saying farewell to the owners of the eatery, Darmin and Amini hit the road again. They walked until they arrived in a field. There were bananas, mangoes, langseh, guava, and many other trees there.

“Wow, there’re so many fruits!” Amini exclaimed excitedly.

“There are not ours to take, don’t forget that,” Darmin reminded his sister. Amini nodded, embarrassed.

“Let’s get under the shade of that tree and eat. I bet you are hungry,” said Darmin.

“Thank God there are still good people in this world. They were very kind to us, weren’t they, *Bang?*” Amini said while enjoying their delicious provision.

“Yes, they were. We finally don’t have to go hungry,” Darmin

replied.

While they were eating, they heard footsteps approaching. Darmin stopped eating and cocked his ear to the direction of the sound. A moment later, Amini and Darmin saw a dark shadow with long hair walking slowly towards them. Amini gripped her brother's arm tightly. She was terrified.

"Amini, not so tight, will you," Darmin whispered.

"I'm scared, *Bang*," Amini replied. Her face was white.

"Relax. I'm here! There's nothing to worry about," Darmin tried to calm her down.

The shadow was getting closer and they could see it more clearly. It was an elderly woman.

"Excuse me, who are you?" Darmin asked.

"I'm the owner of this field," said the old woman. She was surprised and curious to find two young people in her field.

"Can we rest for a while here?" Darmin asked politely.

"I swear we're not stealing your fruits," Amini chimed in. Her voice was shaky.

The old woman chuckled, "I'm not accusing you of stealing. Finish your meal and come with me!"

Darmin began to feel anxious. Amini was flat out scared. They were worried the old woman would do something awful to them. They tried to refuse her, but she was adamant that they follow her.

“*Bang*, what if she is a bad woman,” Amini whispered under her breath.

“Shush, don’t say things like that!”

“What are you whispering about?” the old woman turned around and glared at them.

“Nothing. We’ll follow you. Where are we going?” asked Darmin.

“Just follow me!” she retorted.

Apparently, they were taken to the old woman’s house. There, she laid out several bowls of fruits and snacks. The siblings did not expect her to be so kind and they felt ashamed for thinking bad things about her.

“I think I have seen you before,” the old woman said calmly, drinking her tea.

“Have you?” Amini asked cheerfully. She wondered if this old woman truly knew them.

“Aren’t you the children of Mr. Salim, the landlord from Jakarta?” the old woman asked.

“Yes, we are. Do you know our father?” Darmin said curiously.

“Well, you can say that. He once purchased a piece of land from me. Mr. Salim is a good man and I know he often helps the poor.”

“You really know our father? It is fate that we meet you!” said Amini.

“So, how come you are here, so far from home?”

“*Bang* Darman slandered us, and *Babe* just believed him. We are kicked from home.”

“You didn’t explain the truth to your father?”

“We tried, but he did not believe us.”

“Well, why don’t you just stay with me? I live alone and I really could use your help managing my field.”

Darmin and Amini considered this for a while and finally accepted the offer. Every day, they helped the old woman in the field. Darmin was assigned to monitor the produce while Amini took care of the harvest and labor’s wage. They both worked hard and the old woman’s business grew. She became Darmin’s

and Amini's adopted grandmother.

Meanwhile, Darman lived in prosperity. He had acquired and owned all his father's lands, fields, and rent-houses. However, he did not use his wealth well. He used his money to drink and gamble. In addition he no longer cared about his father. Let alone taking care of him, Darman never even visited him once, particularly after he married his sweetheart, Sukenah.

At the early years of their marriage, Darman's family was a harmonious one. Sukenah was a good wife who took care of her husband. However, as time flew, Sukenah changed. She began to follow her husband's examples. She began to also waste their money and gamble. Until one time, she decided that she wanted to control all her husband's wealth.

Sukenah convinced Darman to draw up a letter transferring all his wealth to her. With the money she now owned, Sukenah was free to buy anything she desired.

It had been years since the last time Mr. Salim heard from his eldest son. He was really worried. The son that he entrusted with all his businesses and properties never came to see him anymore. He finally decided to send Emed to find Darman in Tanjung Priok.

Emed immediately went to Tanjung Priok to search for news about Darman. However, he failed. He could not find anything

about Darman's whereabouts.

That made Mr. Salim wonder. He wanted to know what happened and felt that he had to prove it himself. He went to Tanjung Priok, but it was in vain. He did not find Darman, nor any news about him. In his desperation, a young man approached him.

"Are you looking for Mr. Darman?" he asked.

"Yes, I am. Do you know him?"

"He's not working here anymore, Sir," the boy replied. The boy worked as a porter in the port and he said that it had been a while since Darman was seen in the port.

"Do you know where he lives now?" Mr. Salim tried not get his hopes up.

"Yes, in fact I do. I'll take you there if you want."

Mr. Salim eagerly said yes and followed the boy to Darman's house. Even though he was weak with illness, he pushed himself to walk there. The trip was long and Mr. Salim was tired, but he kept going until they finally arrived in a front of a big house.

"Here we are, Sir. I'm sorry I can't accompany you any longer because I have to get back to work."

“Thank you very much, *Tong*. May Allah repay your kindness.”

“You are very welcome. Good bye, Sir,” the boy shook Mr. Salim’s hand and walked away.

Mr. Salim knocked on his son’s door and a beautiful woman answered the door. Mr. Salim craned his neck to see if Darman was in the house. He was sitting on a beautiful brown couch.

“Darman! Where have you been? It’s been so long,” Mr. Salim greeted his son cheerfully.

“Who are you?” Darman pretended that he did not know his father. He was ashamed to acknowledge the old, skinny, and rugged man in front of his wife.

“How can you forget your own father, Man? It’s *Babe!*” Mr. Salim said, shaking Darman’s hand vigorously.

“Who is he, *Bang?*” Sukenah confusedly asked her husband.

“I don’t know either,” Darman said coldly, taking his wife’s hand and pulled her away from Mr. Salim.

“O, my God, *astagfirullah!* It’s *Babe*, Darman, your father!” Mr. Salim snapped angrily. “How dare you disown your father!” he cried.

Mr. Salim stormed out of Darman’s house. He was really



disappointed. He could not fathom how his son could break his heart like that. Even though Darman had disappointed him, Mr. Salim still prayed for the best. He sincerely hoped that Darman would realize his mistakes and repent.

All the way back home, Mr. Salim thought about a lot of things. He remembered the two children he had kicked out of his house. He missed them very much. He wished he could see them, but he had no idea where they were.

A few months later, a huge change happened to Darman. He spent most of his time daydreaming. He often talked to himself and then cried. He also frequently exploded in anger, without any apparent reason. The longer it went on, the worse it got. Darman became even more worrying, almost a danger to his surroundings, because he often attacked anyone around him without reason.

Seeing that her husband was getting worse, instead of helping him, Sukenah decided to divorce Darman. She kicked Darman out of the house and took over all his wealth.

Far away from Darman's house, Darmin and his sister was harvesting their fruits. Several workers helped them collecting and packing the fruits. The fruits would be sent to other cities or sold to fruit sellers. By that time, everyone knew that the fruits from Darmin's adopted grandmother's field were of high quality.

*"Bang, come take a rest!"* Amini shouted, calling her brother.

She washed her dirty hands and prepared their lunch.

“Later! Let me finish this first!” Darmin shouted back. He was high up a langseh tree. The basket on his back was almost full with langseh fruits.

From up the tree, Darmin saw a man walked towards Amini. At a glance, the man reminded him of his brother, Darman.

The man looked a lot like his brother, but Darmin could not be sure. He saw the man stood in front of Amini and their adopted grandmother. From where he was sitting, Darmin could not see that the man shot a sharp glance at the two women. He only saw Amini ran away, clearly afraid. The old woman stayed where she was, however.

“Do you want something to eat?” the old woman offered some food to the man.

He said nothing, but the way he looked at her and at the food clearly indicated that he wanted them. The old woman gave him *lontong* and *bakwan*, the provision she brought from home. The man voraciously ate them.

Darmin, who had been watching the man from up the tree, climbed down. His eyes were fixed at the man. The closer he got, the more certain that he knew the man.

“*Abang!*” Darmin called him.

It was indeed Darman. He turned around and saw Darmin. However, instead of being glad to finally meet his brother again, he quickly ran away. Darmin ran after him, but Darman was faster. Darmin told the workers to stop Darman, he kept running as fast as he could. Knowing that many people now pursuing him, Darman sprinted even faster.

One of the workers was getting close to Darman. He stretched out his hands, trying to capture the man. Darman bent down and grabbed a long log from the ground. He swung the log and hit his pursuer on the shoulder.

“Catch him! Don’t let him go!” Darmin shouted. More workers were on Darman now. They jumped at the same time, but Darman dodged them. Darmin was still way behind, but he kept shouting, trying to talk sense to Darman. Suddenly, Darman fell and fainted. He had just hit a low hanging branch while running, knocking the breath out of him. Darmin asked the workers to help him taking Darman to the house. Darman decided it would be better if they tied him up in case he woke up and ran away again. Even though he felt bad, he had to do it.

At the house, Darmin laid his brother on the couch. He cried because he did not have the heart to see his brother in this state. Amini, who had been hiding, finally went out and approached him.

“*Bang* Darmin, what happened to *Bang* Darman?” she asked. She too was crying.

“I don’t know.”

“What should we do, now?” Amini asked.

“I guess we’ll have to take care of him here.”

When he regained consciousness, Darman struggled to free himself. However, he was tied tightly to the couch. It was impossible for him to get away.

“*Bang*, I think we should bathe him,” Amini suggested. Amini was sad to see Darman in such an awful state. He was dirty and smelled bad. His clothes were in tattered.

They cleaned Darman up. Amini also cut his long and dirty hair. They gave him new clothes and nutritious food to get him better.

A few days later, after eating healthily, Darman slowly got better. He was calmer. Darmin and Amini loved their brother so much, even though he had lost his mind. They treated him like a normal person. Amini talked to him every day, trying to restore his mind. Sometimes, Darman would reply to her. However, whenever Amini brought their father to the conversation, Darman would get restless. He even cried at one point.

One day, Amini told her adopted grandmother about Darman’s

reaction. She was confused and did not know what to do. The old woman suggested that they took Darman to see their father. She believed that Darman lost his mind because he had been disrespectful to his father. He had broken his father's heart. The only way to restore his health was by asking for his father's forgiveness. If Mr. Salim forgave him, he would most likely be healthy again.

Darmin and Amini did not waste any time, they immediately took Darman to Jakarta.

"Please pray for us, Grandma. Please pray that *Bang* Darman gets better," Darmin said when they were about to leave.

"Go! My prayers are with you!"

"Thank you, Grandma. Don't worry, we will come to see you again. You have been so kind to us, you are like our parents," Darmin promised her.

After saying farewell to the old woman, Darmin, Amini, and Darman set out to Jakarta. When they arrived at their childhood home, Darmin cried. He was so sad seeing that the house looked unattended. It was the first time he set foot here after that night.

Emed was sweeping the yard when they arrived. He was taken aback seeing the three of them.

"*Alhamdulillah, Abang and Mpok* finally come."

“What is it, Emed?” Darmin asked him, following Emed to the house.

“It’s *Babe*, *Bang*. He has been sick for so long. He always says that he misses you.”

“What ails him, *Bang* Emed?” Amini asked.

“The usual, *Mpok*. His asthma is getting worse, particularly when there is a lot on his mind.”

Darmin and Amini shed their tears. They were sorry that they had left Mr. Salim alone.

“*Bang* Emed, please hold *Bang* Darman. Don’t let him go. I will see *Babe*,” said Darmin.

“What’s wrong with *Bang* Darman?” Emed was confused.

“You’ll see. Just hold him tight and don’t let him out of your watch.”

Darmin and Amini, with the help of Emed, took Darman to the house. Darman fought them hard. He did not want to be there. Darmin and Emed tried to restrain him. Amini caressed his head and back to calm him.

Darmin entered the house. He saw Mr. Salim in his room.

“*Assalamualaikum*,” Darmin greeted his father.

“*Waalai kumsalam,*” Mr. Salim replied. It took a lot for him to breathe normally.

“*Be,*” that was the only thing coming out of Darmin’s mouth. He was speechless seeing his father lying weakly on the bed.

“*Be,* please forgive Amini. I did not know that you are sick,” Amini said. Her voice was shaking because she began to cry. She holds her father’s hand tightly. She wouldn’t let it go again. Mr. Salim tried to sit up straight, but Amini told him to stay lying.

“Where’s Darman?” Mr. Salim asked them.

“Emed, bring *Bang* Darman in!” Darmin called Emed.

Mr. Salim was taken aback when he saw Darman. He did not expect that he would be that awful. Mr. Salim prayed to God, grateful that he could see his children again. Mr. Salim asked for his children’s forgiveness. He was sorry if what he had said had made them live in hardship.

In the end, Mr. Salim was reunited with his children. They lived happily, taking care of each other. Darman gradually got better. He could remember his family, now, especially his father. Darmin told his father their adventure, and Mr. Salim told him to take his adopted grandmother to live with them. They finally lived together as a happy family.