

THE LEGEND OF TANJUNG PENYUSUK
Asal-Usul Tanjung Penyusuk

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THE LEGEND OF TANJUNG¹ PENYUSUK

In a garden full of flowers and grasses, the twilight sky glowed gold. There sat a man and a woman. The man was handsome and his face showed wisdom. He was none other than Baginda² Hasyim, the ruling king of north Bangka. Next to him sat a very beautiful woman.

Unfortunately, no smile shaped her lips.

*“Emas perak tilam beludru
Sungguh banyak orang berdagang
Jangan Dinda berhati sendu
Kasih Kanda padamu seorang”
(Gold and silver on a velvet bed
How many people there go trading
My dear, do not be sad
My love is only for you, darling)*

Baginda Hasyim recited a *pantun*³ to get Queen Malika’s attention, his most beloved queen. Alas, Queen Malika’s face

¹A headland or a promontory of large size that extends into a body of water

² A title or an address to the king, which means “the happy and noble”

³ Traditional Indonesian poetry genre with even number of lines (mostly four) and certain number of syllables on each line; the first two lines serve as a kind of prelude and the last two lines contain the message

remained gloomy. No smile formed her lips to make her beautiful face even more beautiful.

The queen immediately responded to the King's *pantun*:

*“Tanjung Katung tempat berburu
Orangpun banyak bernaik sampan
Hamba rindu berharu biru
Meminta putera kepada Tuhan”
(Tanjung Katung the hunting ground
Many people thence ride their boats
I have been longing for a son
I beg God to give me one)*

Queen Malika gazed at her husband with teary eyes. She could not prevent tears from streaming down her cheeks. The king and the queen had indeed been married for a long time, but they had not been blessed with any child by God. This, sometimes, made Queen Malika dejected.

“My dear wife, the jewel of my heart, we should remain patient. Don't be so gloomy! I can't stand seeing you like that,” said Baginda Hasyim while gently patting Ratu Malika's shoulders.

Ratu Malika just stayed silent. Once in a while she cast a glance at the sky far above her.

“My dear husband, why haven’t we been blessed with a child until now? Who will later continue the rein of leadership of this Kingdom when we are no longer in this world?” Ratu Malika asked in a low voice.

Her round face looked tired and gloomy. Baginda Hasyim cleared his throat, but no words came out of his mouth to answer his wife’s question. Both of them could only remain silent while looking toward the distance.

“My wife, we should stay patience in this situation. Certainly God will not test us with problems beyond our ability to solve them. I do hope you can continue to be patient, my dear Queen.” Baginda Hasyim continued trying to calm Ratu Malika down, as he noticed how anxious and worried his wife was.

That evening was somehow gloomier than usual. Silence befell the two of them. The king and the queen finally sank deep in their own thoughts.

Bangka was a very beautiful place. The vast oceans and the lovely hills surrounding this place enhanced the beauty of this land. The sea produce was abundant, so was the produce of the earth. Many merchants came to the land to trade and expand their business.

The incoming merchants made the land increasingly busy. Sometimes, the immigrants were captivated by the beauty of the

native girls of Bangka Island and eventually married them. With this intermarriage, the population increasingly grew.

Baginda Hasyim was the seventh descendant of Sultan Usman Hamidi, a ruler of Bangka that was well-known throughout the archipelago.

Since the reign of Sultan Usman Hamidi, Bangka had become famous as a port city and a trading center under the influence of Sriwijaya Kingdom.

Since his appointment as the king and ruler of North Bangka, Baginda Hasyim had been ruling with great wisdom. He put the interests of the people above his own. His wisdom made him very dear to everyone. The government ran very smoothly under the control of Baginda Hasyim.

The people of Bangka comprised of diverse ethnicities and with various kinds of livelihoods. Those who lived by the sea earned their living by being fishermen. As fishermen, they ought to carefully take into account the weather conditions and prepare everything before leaving for fishing. When the season of strong winds and big waves came, most fishing boats leaned on the beach because they could not go to sea. Of course, there was nothing they could do but to wait for the wind to subside and the raging waves to stop.

The other majority of the people who lived far from the ocean would open fields in the forests and plant them with various crops. Various kinds of plants such as pepper, rubber, cassava, and many types of vegetables adorned their fields.

In addition to staple crops, Bangka people also often planted fruit trees such as durian, mango, guava, *rambutan*⁴, and jackfruit that could be harvested in a quite short time. The land on which such fruit trees are planted is commonly called *kelekak*.

Under the leadership of Baginda Hasyim, the people lived a very prosperous and safe life. The fishermen lived by relying on the sea for their livelihoods. Likewise, the farmers of both dry and wet farming worked on their land properly.

There had never been any crime because everyone cared for and respected each other. Harmony seemed to be an important foundation for the communal life of the people of Bangka.

In addition, the spirit and practice of mutual aid was consistently maintained and nurtured. Although the people were diverse, there was never any chaos and dispute that sparked the flames of anger. The traditional customs and hospitality were still well-maintained in the land of Bangka.

⁴ Oval-shaped fruit with furry skin and white flesh with sweet and sour taste

The Queen's Sadness

Once, in North Bangka, a traditional ceremony was held seven days after the great harvest. This ceremony was an expression of gratitude to God Almighty for the blessing of the abundant harvest.

The whole people welcomed the coming of this celebration. They were happy because this traditional party would be a medium for the people to convene. All members of the community would flock to an open field to watch miniatures of traditional houses being made before the day of celebration.

The traditional houses would be filled with several kinds of farming equipment, such as axes, sickles, machetes, and hoes. In addition to farming tools, there were also stone mortars along with pestles commonly used to pound rice, coconut shells as food containers, and *suyak* to store harvested rice.

On the day of the celebration, plenty of food would be served and everyone would be free to eat. The female elders and teenage girls would serve the best cuisine for the guests who attended the event.

Baginda Hasyim took a look at the preparations a day before the traditional ceremony took place. He actually wanted to invite Queen Malika to come along. However, it seemed that the queen

wanted to be by herself. She still looked gloomy after their last conversation in the palace garden.

Finally, Baginda Hasyim left Queen Malika at the palace with the reliable palace maids. The palace was silent. Only a few soldiers were spotted to be in their guard. Most of the soldiers escorted the King who was visiting the venue for the traditional ceremony. Queen Malika sat in her room with her chin resting on her palms. She sighed deeply. Around her, all of her favorite *dayang*⁵ kept her a company.

The king had left the palace for quite a while to check the preparations for the up and coming traditional party.

“So, what should I do, oh, *dayang*? What should I do?” Queen Malika was gloomy again.

She refused all the dishes served by the *dayangs*. “To eat, I have lost my appetite. What should I do now?”

Hijau nian si daun suji

Guna mengharum bubur berwarna

Makanan lezat telah tersaji

Semoga Tuanku terbit selera

How green the *pandan*⁶ leaves are

⁵ Palace maids

⁶ Long, narrow, bright green leaves commonly used as to improve color and flavors in food

To add fragrance to the colored porridge
Delicious food has been served
May it raise my Lady's appetite

Dayang Biru looked at Queen Malika and then said gently to her, "Pardon, my lady. This is your favorite food, what a waste if this food is not eaten."

Dayang Biru put trays of delicious food on the teak table. She stared at the food, and then turned her gaze to Queen Malika who did look pale. Dayang Biru was very close to the queen. She was the one with whom Queen Malika often shared her distress.

"Say, my lady. How about tomorrow, when the traditional feast is being held, you attend the event. Who knows, by hanging out with many people, your feelings will change for the better," Dayang Biru advised the queen with caution. She only hoped that Queen Malika would not mourn all day and agree with her suggestion. Queen Malika looked at the mirror in her room. She could see that her face was full with lines of sadness. She thought her husband might not want to see her stay like that. What if she followed Dayang Biru's suggestion? After all, there was no harm to it. Various thoughts crossed the queen's mind.

A few seconds passed until finally Queen Malika smiled while nodding her head, "Alright, tomorrow morning come with me to the event, what do you think, Dayang Biru?" A smile broadened

on the lips of Dayang Biru. “Of course, my lady, I am very glad that my lady is willing to take part in the traditional feast of tomorrow. Everything you need for the event will soon be prepared.”

Queen Malika smiled back at Dayang Biru. She was grateful to have someone she could trust and who loved her wholeheartedly. She hoped tomorrow would be brighter than yesterday.

A Mysterious Message from an Old Man

The queen’s wish seemed to have come true. A sunny day appeared to have been waiting for everyone in North Bangka. The traditional feast was likely to take place very lively. The event had started since early morning. Baginda Hasyim was getting ready to attend the event. He wore the best outfit he had. In front of him, Queen Malika stood gracefully. She fixed the collar of the robe worn by the King.

Baginda Hasyim looked thoughtfully at his wife’s face. He then asked her.

“Say, my Queen, do you want to come with me to attend our country’s traditional feast?” Baginda Hasyim asked Queen Malika with a smile.

The queen put a smile on her face.

“Yes, my King, I’ll come to the feast, but I’m not coming with you. I’ll catch up with you later with Dayang Biru. I want to take a walk first, maybe see the people in the market or village.” Holding her husband’s hand, Queen Malika walked towards the mirror. They looked at each other with happy faces.

Her husband seemed pleased with Queen Malika’s answer. “All right, if you want to go without me, it’s okay. Dayang Biru will be able to take a good care of you,” the king said to his wife.

Queen Malika smiled at Baginda Hasyim’s answer. She always appreciated everything her husband did for her. She would never forsake her husband who loved her so sincerely. Queen Malika always prayed for her and her husband’s happiness.

Soon after, the king said goodbye to the queen. He and his entourage departed first, leaving the palace and headed to the open field where the traditional feast was held.

The day was pleasant when Queen Malika took a walk with Dayang Biru to the place of the traditional feast. She deliberately walked from the palace and greeted people who happened to pass her on the street. Everyone nodded respectfully to the queen who looked very friendly. Before arriving at the destination, they passed a village and a market that sold a variety of daily necessities.

The market was not too crowded. Many merchants opted to close their vendors to attend the traditional feast in the village square.

While looking at some traders who still opened their vendors, Dayang Biru paused and then looked at Queen Malika and said something to her.

“Pardon me, my lady, I saw that there was a fruit crop in the corner there that can be used to reduce fever. My uncle is sick and I want to buy some of the seeds of this fruit as a medicine. My lady, could you please wait here for a while? I promise I will not be long.”

Queen Malika nodded and approved the request of Dayang Biru. Her eyes followed Dayang Biru, while she remained standing still in her place. Suddenly, someone patted her shoulders from behind. Queen Malika turned around and found an aged man smiling at her.

“Excuse me, who are you, old man?” asked Queen Malika, looking at the old man in front of her from head to toe.

The old man was slightly bent, and he wore a stick to support his walk. His hair and beard were white. He also wore a white cloth from top to bottom. Queen Malika felt that she never met this old man before.

The old man laughed as he stroked his beard, “I am glad to see Queen Malika walking around to get the fresh air instead of always moping, which is certainly not good for your health.”

The queen was amazed. He had never met this old man before. Queen Malika did not immediately respond to the old man with a smile. She cast a probing look at him.

“How can the old man know that I often mope? After all, who is this old man? I don’t think I’ve ever met this old man before.” The queen wondered.

“Serapah disembur mengobat luka

Tuk Bayan membaca jampi

Sebelum tidur menyeru nama

Bertemu putera di dalam mimpi”

(The potion was put on the wound for treatment

Tuk Bayan read the spell

Before going to bed a name was called

To meet the son in the dream)

The white-haired old man just smiled, “My lady, anybody knows the sadness you feel. God willing, all illnesses will have a cure. It all depends on how hard we endeavor to find the cure.”

The old man dressed in white took a deep breath before continuing his speech.

“If the King and Queen really want a child, I can show you a way. Maybe my lady has to exert all of your might and efforts.”

Still wondering about this old man, now Queen Malika was taken aback to hear what the stranger in front of her just told her. “Old man, how can you know that we really want a child?” Queen Malika replied to the old man with a question. She felt that this old man could read what was in her heart and mind.

The old man again just smiled a little, “Go look for a green turtle in the northern sea of Bangka. The turtle is a magical turtle capable of granting the request of my King and Queen.”

Queen Malika froze at the old man’s words. At the same time, someone called her name softly, “My Lady ... my Lady...”

Queen Malika turned to the source of the voice and found Dayang Biru was looking at her with a questioning gaze.

“My lady, why are you standing still?” Come on, let’s continue our trip. “I have got the fruits that I needed.” Dayang Biru took the arm of Queen Malika, but she was stopped immediately by the queen.

“Wait a minute. Let me say good-bye to the old man,” Queen Malika said as she looked for the old man. Her face showed a puzzled expression.

Dayang Biru looked inquiringly. “Who are you looking for, my lady? I have not seen anyone here besides my lady who has been standing still.”

“Here, there was an old man dressed in white. I talked to him. Did you not see him, O, Dayang?” Queen Malika asked while looking at Dayang Biru with disbelief.

“Nobody was here except you, my Queen, I can be sure of that.” Dayang Biru said with confidence.

Queen Malika looked bewildered. So, whom was she talking to? Something was not quite right. She had to tell her husband about this as soon as possible. The queen and her *dayang* finally left the market and headed for the traditional ceremony.

The atmosphere of the field where the traditional ceremony took place was very festive. The ritual of rice pounding was about to commence as a sign that the traditional ceremony would begin in a moment. The yellowish rice would be placed in a mortar and pounded by the traditional elders.

Queen Malika seemed to be hurrying to approach her husband. Unfortunately, the crowds of people prevented her from progressing to the throne area. Many people were seen trying to move forward to see more clearly the process of the traditional ceremony to be held.

Queen Malika and Dayang Biru were still trying to penetrate the crowds of people. Meanwhile, in the middle of the field, there were two boxes containing pestles and a mortar and rice wrapped in golden cloth. The equipment had been previously paraded from the village hall to the middle of the field that was packed with people.

The traditional ritual then began with a chanting by the traditional elders. After that, the rice that had been placed in the mortar was pounded by using two long pestles in turn. During the pounding, a silent hush was created in that place.

Queen Malika and Dayang Biru made use of the silence to try to advance through the crowd. From a distance, she could see Baginda Hasyim sitting on a prepared throne. Beside him sat the King's advisers, as well as some elders. Queen Malika had seen her husband from a distance, and then half-running rushed toward her husband.

Baginda Hasyim frowned when he saw the arrival of Queen Malika. He could not help but wondering, "What is going on, my dear? Why do you appear to be in a hurry and with such a confused look on your face?"

Queen Malika then recounted her encounter with a mysterious old man in the middle of the market.

“My husband, when I was in the village market, Dayang Biru had left me for a while because she wanted to buy something. I just stood looking at Dayang Biru from a distance when suddenly someone patted me on the shoulder.

When I turned around, I saw an old man dressed in white. He was also white-haired and bearded. I don’t think I’ve seen that old man before.”

Baginda Hasyim listened attentively to all the words of his wife, looking curiously.

“Then, what happened next? My wife, what did he tell you?”

“Well, my dear, I also don’t know how he could have so much knowledge about all of our current problems. The old man out of the blue suggested that we search for a magical green turtle in the sea of North Bangka. He said that the turtle can grant our wish.”

“Granting our wish? What request do you mean, my Queen?”

Queen Malika then looked at Baginda Hasyim with a glowing face. She immediately replied her husband’s question.

“My dear king, the wish that the old man referred to was that of a child that we have always asked to God. What if what he said is true? Certainly it will not harm us to try his suggestion, will it?”

Queen Malika looked at her husband’s face with sparkling eyes.

Baginda Hasyim looked at his wife's face and tried to weigh the good and the bad of her request. Because of the strong love for his wife, though, Baginda Hasyim could not refuse the request.

“Well, we'll try to find that magical green turtle. If necessary, we can send the best soldiers in the palace to search for the turtle in the place that the old man referred to. We will try our best to find the green turtle that can help us get an offspring.”

Queen Malika smiled happily hearing what her husband said. She then imagined that she would soon get a descendant, one whom she had been waiting for.

The Green Turtle's Gem

The search for this magical green turtle was really done as well as possible by Baginda Hasyim. To gain the trust of his wife, he mobilized his best soldiers to search the ocean of the northern part of Bangka. Queen Malika looked very hopeful that the soldiers could bring home the magical green turtle.

Before the departure, Baginda Hasyim was seen in the palace hall to give the soldiers a word.

“Venture all of you to the ocean in the north. Find a magical green turtle that might be swimming there. You must take him back to this palace. That is my command that you must obey,”

Baginda Hasyim addressed his audience firmly before releasing his five best soldiers to search for the green turtle.

Thus, the five best soldiers departed from the palace to the ocean in the northern Bangka. Two days passed. On a shady afternoon, one of the king's advisers rushed to meet Baginda Hasyim. Apparently he brought the news that the soldiers had managed to bring the magical green turtle coveted by the queen. The king and the adviser immediately headed to the main hall of the palace because the soldiers had been waiting there.

Arriving at the court ward, the soldiers offered the green turtle to the king and queen. The turtle was medium-sized with light green color and a very strong shell. Queen Malika tried to take the turtle, but she was surprised when suddenly the turtle could speak like a human to her. Queen Malika immediately put the turtle into its original position.

“Forgive me, my lady. I am not a mere turtle. I can fulfill your wish for a descendant,” the green turtle talked gently to Queen Malika. The queen was amazed, but she immediately responded to the turtle's words.

“How, Green Turtle? How?” Queen Malika asked impatiently. Baginda Hasyim tried to hold Queen Malika's hands to calm her down.

The green turtle was silent for a moment. A few seconds passed and suddenly a green light emanated from its body. Everyone was amazed to see the light. Once the light subsided, the magical turtle was seen holding a very beautiful gem.

“My lady, take this green gem! If you put it on your hands, surely all your wishes will be granted by God. Do not forget to always pray to Him in order for your wish to have a child be granted soon!”

The green turtle presented the bright green gemstone to Queen Malika. Seeing that, happiness radiated on the face of the king and queen. They were very happy to find the magical green turtle and to accept a charm in the form of a very beautiful green gemstone.

The green turtle then resumed his words, “My Queen, if someday, your child is born into the world, you must hand the green gemstone to him/her. S/he must wear the necklace.

“In addition, educate the child to be a virtuous child with noble characters. One more thing, you cannot tell this secret to him/her. You cannot let him/her know about the origin of this necklace.” The green turtle’s advice was carefully heeded by Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika.

“That’s it all I can tell you. My job is done now. I will excuse myself and return to my place of origin,” excused the green turtle.

Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika seemed unable to prevent the green turtle from leaving the palace. It happened very quickly. White light enveloped the green turtle, emanating from the shell to its entire body.

Before the king and queen could say thank you, the magical turtle had disappeared from everyone's sight. Queen Malika could only look at the green gemstone that was now in her hands.

Time passed. The good news long awaited by the royal families had finally arrived. Queen Malika had now conceived and would soon give birth to the successor to the royal throne in northern Bangka. This was of course exciting to everyone. During his wife's pregnancy, Baginda Hasyim really took good care of his wife. He never left his wife even if only briefly.

Several months passed, Queen Malika's pregnancy was nearing the labor time. The long-awaited time finally arrived. While preparing to visit the village that was struck by a flood, Baginda Hasyim heard a loud scream from the bedroom. All the inhabitants of the palace panicked and a traditional midwife was immediately called to carry out her duties to help the process of the queen's delivery. The palace became lively as its inhabitants heard the baby's cry for the first time.

After the delivery, the midwife looked at Baginda Hasyim as she exclaimed happily, “Your Majesty, Queen Malika has given birth to a beautiful princess.”

She gently put the little creature into the arms of Baginda Hasyim. Upon hearing that, the king blushed with happiness.

“Gratitude to the Almighty, my little daughter has been born into the world.” Baginda Hasyim looked teary as he carried the beautiful princess whom his wife had just given birth to.

Baginda Hasyim then quickly turned to his wife to make sure that Queen Malika was fine.

Queen Malika looked exhausted, but a sweet smile never left her lips. She looked at her husband as she said, “My dear husband, now we have been blessed with a beautiful princess. Of course, you still remember the message of the magical green turtle. We have to put the green gemstone on our daughter.”

The husband looked at his wife while nodding understandingly, “Yes, my Queen. I still remember the green turtle’s message. Of course, we will not forget about it.”

The queen who had put on the green gemstone since her encounter with the magical turtle tried to release the chain of the necklace.

With the help of her husband, she then put the necklace on her beautiful daughter. The beautiful princess writhed in her mother's arms.

“May our children grow up to be dutiful and well-behaved to others! May she be our hope for the future!” Queen Malika prayed quietly, which was then approved by her husband. The beautiful princess was later named Princess Komala Ratna Juwita. No sight could make one happier than the glowing faces of Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika at that time.

Putri Komala's Attitudes

Time passed so fast. The wheel of time spun so fast that now Princess Komala had grown into a beautiful girl. Unfortunately, her beauty was not paralleled by the beauty of her heart. She had bad temper. Unlike her father and mother who were deeply loved by the people for their good attitudes, Princess Komala was very impolite to others. She was full of pride for being born as the king's daughter and did not have any respect for others. As a result, many people were not happy with her.

“*Dayang!* Where did you put my purple silk scarf? Why is it not in my room?” Princess Komala shouted as she walked to the *dayang's* room. Her loud voice broke the silence of the palace.

As usual, Princess Komala would shout angrily if she did not get what she wanted. The princess lunged at the door of the *dayang's*

room, “My purple silk scarf, Dayang Biru, my favorite scarf,” she whined. “I want to wear it today.”

Dayang Biru approached Princess Komala who looked very upset. “Pardon, Princess. Yesterday I placed the scarf in the corner of your room. Did you not see it?”

Princess Komala glared at her, “If I had seen it, why would I have to shout to and fro. Ah!”

“Pardon, my lady. Let’s go back to your room and look for it together,” Dayang Biru tried to calm Princess Komala down who still looked angry.

Dayang Biru was tired of facing the stubborn Princess Komala. However, she still invited Princess Komala to the room. Dayang Biru was taken aback as she looked at the inside of Princess Komala’s room. Perhaps the most appropriate analogy to describe the state of the shattered chamber was that of a broken ship.

Blankets were scattered on the floor of the room. The stacks of clothes that the maids had folded up tidily were messed up. Similarly, the cushions were disheveled under the bed. Perhaps, Princess Komala had dreams of wars every night that her room looked so terrible, so Dayang Biru thought.

“Pardon me, Princess. Let me help you find the purple silk scarf,” Dayang Biru tried to tidy up the scattered items on the floor of the

room. Princess Komala only stood while crossing her arms on her chest and looking at Dayang Biru working.

Not long after, Dayang Biru managed to find the silk scarf in question. Apparently the scarf was covered by a pile of clothes that had already been folded up neatly by the maids, but then ransacked by Princess Komala.

“Princess Komala, this is the scarf my lady is looking for. It’s in this very room, is not it?” Dayang Biru tried to smile at the beautiful girl in front of her. Without expressing any gratitude, Princess Komala picked up the scarf that Dayang Biru handed over and left. Dayang Biru could only touch her chest and sighed deeply seeing the Princess’ behavior, the child whom she had nurtured since she was still in a cradle. It seemed the gentle manner of Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika was not inherited to their child.

Princess Komala and Her Dreams

Moonlight spilled over the entire northern country of Bangka. The trees were swept by the night breeze. The sky was full of stars and the clouds formed patterns that further decorated the night. It was so serene.

However, the serenity was not felt by Princess Komala. She woke up and felt breathless after dreaming. The dream had awakened her and made the sweat pour down on her forehead.

In her dream, Princess Komala was swimming in a blue sea. Suddenly from a distance, she saw a green turtle swimming not too far from where she was. Its conspicuous bright green color made the princess curious. She tried to swim over to the turtle. However, the more she tried to get closer to the animal, the further the animal got away. The animal seemed to be unreachable. Princess Komala appeared to be unconsciously flapping her legs and arms while sleeping. That was what made her tired and wake up bathed in sweat.

Princess Komala wiped her sweats. She thought hard to find out what the meaning of the dream she just had. The more she thought, the more she got annoyed.

She concluded that the green turtle would be great to be her pet. From that moment on, she wanted the green turtle.

“Ah, I think I must get the green turtle for my pet,” Princess Komala thought to herself and decided to talk to her father and mother. She was really determined. She wanted the green turtle. She ought to get what she wanted no matter what. Princess Komala resumed her sleep and hoped to dream about the green turtle again.

In the calm morning the next day, Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika were chatting when Princess Komala barged in and enthusiastically told her mother and father about her dream.

“Father, Mother, I want to tell you something,” Princess Komala opened the conversation very seriously. Baginda Hasyim cast a glance at Queen Malika, and then directed his gaze to the princess. Both the king and the queen caught a glint in Princess Komala’s eyes, like a puzzle to solve.

“Hmm, what’s the matter, my dear? What are you trying to talk about? It seems very serious,” Baginda Hasyim cleared his throat and began to focus on Princess Komala. Queen Malika seemed to be doing the same thing.

The princess said aloud, “I want to keep a green turtle for a pet, Father. I dreamed of seeing a green turtle swimming in the ocean. It has a beautiful color. I want to have it and make it as a pet.”

Baginda Hasyim looked surprised to hear his daughter’s words. He had no idea that Princess Komala was craving a green turtle. Baginda Hasyim certainly refused the request of Princess Komala.

“It’s weird of you, my daughter. Your request is so difficult. Where can we find the green turtle like the one in your dream?” Baginda Hasyim strictly refused the Princess’ request. He turned his face and gazed at Queen Malika.

Queen Malika smiled palely and agreed with the words of her husband, “Yes, my daughter. The green turtle is in the vast ocean, and of course a turtle is not a pet.”

The queen approached Princess Komala and stroked her daughter's head. "You can ask other animals for you to take care of. Anything but a turtle will be fine. We don't know where to get it."

Princess Komala frowned and pouted. She had no idea that her father and mother would refuse her request.

She thought hard how to melt the hearts of both her parents. Princess Komala then whined and persuaded Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika.

"Mother . . . Father . . . oh, come on! I want a green turtle, please. I *want* a green turtle. I *want* a green turtle." Princess Komala's voice turned a little louder, "I just *want* the turtle. I don't want anything else. Anyway, it *should* be, *must* be, a green turtle!"

The princess then left her father and mother who just sat there silently watching their daughter's behavior. Queen Malika looked worried and said to her husband in a hush, "My dear husband, is it possible that the turtle meant by our daughter is the one who has given us the green gemstone and granted the wish we have had for so many years?"

Baginda Hasyim looked at his wife with the same confusion, and he, too, seemed to have lost words. A few seconds of silence passed, and the king then said, "Your worries are exactly the

same as mine. Perhaps, the green turtle meant by Princess Komala is really the green turtle that has helped us.”

Queen Malika nodded. Before she could think more deeply, Baginda Hasyim had continued his words, “No, my Queen! We must not tell where the turtle is to our child. It will harm us all. Besides, we promised the turtle to keep this secret, didn’t we?”

There was no other way but to keep this secret from Princess Komala. Still, Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika did not know what inside Princess Komala’s head was.

Princess Komala stayed silent in her room. Hours after talking to her parents, she locked herself up and had not left her room for once. She also refused all the food served by the *dayang*. Dayang Biru who delivered her favorite food was harshly rejected. The plate of food was pushed aside and a noise was heard as everything was scattered on the floor.

Princess Komala shouted, “I do *not* want to eat. I do *not* want to eat. I just want the green turtle!”

Dayang Biru felt confused and decided to go to Queen Malika and Baginda Hasyim. He told of how Princess Komala would not eat anything and scream hysterically in her room.

Queen Malika was confused. She began to get worried if the princess would continue refusing to eat.

Queen Malika then persuaded her husband, “My husband, what should we do now? Our children will not eat. Let’s look for the green turtle.”

Baginda Hasyim shook his head, “My wife, we have promised not to reveal the turtle’s secrets to anyone. If we have promised, we must keep it, mustn’t we?”

Queen Malika turned gloomy. Her face looked paler than before. She thought about the fate of the daughter she loved so much. She knew Princess Komala was a very spoiled child. All her wishes were always fulfilled by both of them. If her request for the green turtle was not granted, Princess Komala would prefer not to eat. What would happen to her if she still could not be persuaded to eat? Queen Malika stared out of the window, thinking of the princess.

Princess Komala Searching for the Green Turtle

The princess was still strongly determined not to eat. She had spent the whole day locking herself up and refused to see her mother and father. Queen Malika was getting worried. She tried to persuade Baginda Hasyim once more to immediately find the turtle. Finally, unable to bear to see the condition of Princess Komala, Baginda Hasyim decided to grant her daughter’s request. Later that night, they hurried to Princess Komala’s room and delivered the news that the princess had been waiting for.

Baginda Hasyim knocked on Princess Komala's room, "My daughter, we want to talk to you now. Open the door, my daughter!" Next to King Hashim, Queen Malika stood with a look of concern. She hoped her daughter would immediately open the door for them.

Before long, the door opened. Behind the door, Princess Komala stood with a rather pale face. She invited her parents into the room.

"Well, my daughter, we have decided on something," said Baginda Hasyim, opening the conversation that night. "We'll find the green turtle together. I know where to find the green turtle. However, there is a condition that you must fulfill."

Princess Komala's face beamed hearing her father's words. "Is that right, Father? Is that what you say? Can we find the turtle together?"

Queen Malika nodded, "Right, we can look for it together, but on one condition. You must be a good and obedient child. You have to eat regularly. Tomorrow morning, we will head for the sea to look for the green turtle." Queen Malika stroked her daughter's head gently.

"Awesome! Hooray! I will soon get the green turtle. How exciting!" Princess Komala immediately embraced Queen

Malika. That night, the princess was able to sleep peacefully after getting good news from her parents.

The sun shone brightly that morning. The golden stripes slowly dyed the trees. At that time, Baginda Hasyim, Queen Malika, Princess Komala, as well as an entourage of soldiers were preparing for the sea where the magical green turtle was located. They had to walk since early morning because the distance to be traveled was far enough. They had to cross the forest before they could reach the beach. They had to pass a long and winding path.

Princess Komala seemed the most energetic of the group. She strode with much vigor. She felt as if she could quickly find the green turtle. She muttered to herself, “If I cannot find the green turtle there, I will not go home. I’ll keep looking until I find you, green turtle.”

The journey took about an hour of walking. Along the way, Princess Komala seemed to sing merrily. Although sometimes annoying, Princess Komala was basically a cheerful child.

Sometimes, the group ought to stop at some places because Princess Komala was tired. Indeed, Princess Komala had never walked this long before, so she felt tired easily.

Before actually reaching the coastal area, Baginda Hasyim’s entourage had to pass through the jungle and part of the bushes of abandoned fields. Many fruit trees were planted there. Many

people of Bangka called it *gamelan*. After a long walk, they arrived on a vast land. It was called a land, while in fact it was a vast cape.

The cape in the north Bangka was characterized by a fairly sharp curve of land on the left before the river formed a body of water that flowed quite swiftly. This river emptied into the sea. Princess Komala was amazed at the landscape, as this was her first time seeing the vast seas.

The beach was very fascinating. Everyone was amazed looking at the waves that hit the coast in turns. Princess Komala could not hide her feelings of joy.

She immediately ran towards the ocean. Fortunately, the warriors were quite alert to prevent Princess Komala from getting into the water by herself. Baginda Hasyim immediately scolded his daughter.

“Princess Komala! No need to go down to the sea. Looking for the turtle is not your job. Father had already told the soldiers to look for the green turtle. We’d better wait quietly here.”

Princess Komala showed an annoyed expression for not being allowed to play in the sea. She knew she could not deny her father’s words, though. Without lingering, Baginda Hasyim gave orders to the soldiers to immediately find the green turtle.

The search was done immediately. Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika deployed the best soldiers to find the green turtle. Time rolled so fast that without anyone realizing it the sun had moved to the western horizon.

Princess Komala was annoyed that she still could not get the green turtle. In fact, there were no signs of it. The soldiers looking for the turtle were overwhelmed by the hardship in finding the magical animal.

Although she could see the faces of the exhausted soldiers, Princess Komala cursed them, “Weak soldiers.

You can’t even find a mere turtle! All you can do is just sit back and relax.” She put her hands on the waist while cursing at several soldiers who were resting after exhausting themselves from swimming to and fro.

Queen Malika who saw the incident then advised her daughter, “My beautiful daughter, they are resting for a moment. Let them be. You have to rest as well. We’ve been looking for the turtle for a while. If there is no sign of it, it would be nice to return to the palace and continue the search tomorrow.”

The beautiful girl shook her head and shouted at her mother, “No, Mother. I will not leave this cape until I find what I want. The green turtle should be mine. If you want to go home, go by yourself then!”

Queen Malika could only shake her head in response to her daughter's attitude. Baginda Hasyim could not say anything as well. Princess Komala was outrageous. She was really determined to get what she wanted.

Suddenly, a green light burst through the edge of the ocean. Princess Komala gasped and realized that the green spark came from the green turtle she had been looking for since the morning. The princess screamed loudly as she ran toward the sea.

Realizing that their daughter was running towards the open sea, Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika immediately rose and chased Princess Komala, so did the soldiers who had been resting for a while. Princess Komala shouted at the turtle, "You rotten turtle! I have been looking for you for a long time, where have you been?" Princess Komala ran with full force to try to swim toward the turtle.

"My daughter! My daughter! Don't, my dear! Don't swim there!" Queen Malika almost cried to see Princess Komala touching the water and starting to swim towards the source of the green light. She ran after the princess with Baginda Hasyim and other soldiers.

The situation in the beach turned chaotic and frenzy. The soldiers were divided into two, some were trying to jump into the water to pull Princess Komala back to the mainland and some guarded

Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika to stay away from the ocean waves that crashed the beach many times.

From a distance, the princess was still visible. However, over time her voice shrank away, “You, rotten turtle! Rotten turtle! I have to get you. Come here, you rotten turtle! Rotten turtle! Rotten turtle...! Argh...! ”

It happened so fast. The waves burst forth in full vigor and might and swept away the tiny body of Princess Komala. The heartbreaking wail of the princess could be heard piercing the air. Her body was no longer seen swimming in the ocean. Baginda Hasyim and Queen Malika screamed hysterically calling their daughter’s name.

“My daughter, my daughter, Princess Komala...!” Queen Malika’s cry broke after seeing the incident. She rebelled and tried to unleash the grip of the soldiers who had been holding her from running to the sea. Baginda Hasyim immediately pulled the queen’s hand and hugged her tight. They then sat on the beach and could only regret what had happened. The dusky afternoon suddenly turned dark. Really dark. In the distance, the sea eagle whimpered painfully.

The sky became empty at the time. From that time on, the beautiful cape is named Tanjung Penyusuk, derived from the phrase “rotting turtle”.