

SAMBA PARIA
Samba Paria

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SAMBA PARIA

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Cerita Rakyat Sulawesi Barat

SAMBA PARIA

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SAMBA PARIA

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Foreword

Literature work is not only series of word but it also talks about life, both realistically and idealistically of human. If it is realistic, the literature work usually contains life experiences, good model, and wisdom which have been added various style and imagination along with it. Meanwhile, if it idealistic, the literature work contains moral lecture, good character, advices, philosophical symbols, culture and other things related to human life. The life itself is very diverse, varies, and full of various problems and conflicts faced by humans. The diversity in humans life also affects to the diversity of literature work because the contents are inseparable from civilized and dignified humans life.

The literature works that dealing with life utilizes language as medium of deliverance and imaginative art as its *cultural land*. On the basis of the language medium and imaginative art, literature is multidimensional and multi-interpretative. Using language medium, imaginative art and cultural dimension, literature deliver messages to be reviewed or analyzed from various perspectives. The outcome of that perspective depends greatly on who is reviewing and analyzing with various socio-cultural and knowledge background. There is a time when a literary reviewer reviews from the point of view of metaphor, myth, symbol, power, ideology, economy, politics, and culture can be refuted by other reviewers who see from perspective of sound, referent, or irony. Even so, Heraclitus said, "However opposite they work together and from different directions, the most beautiful harmony emerges".

There are many lessons that we can get from reading literature, one of which is reading folktales that are adapted or reprocessed into children's stories. The results of reading literature always inspire and motivate readers to be creative in

finding something new. Reading literature can trigger further imagination, open enlightenment, and add insights. For this reason, we express our gratitude for the processors for the story. We also express our appreciation and gratitude to the Head of the Coaching Center, Head of the Learning Division, and Head of the Subdivision of Modules and Teaching Materials and staffs for all the efforts and hard works carried out until the realization of this book.

Hopefully this storybook is not only useful as a reading material for students and the community to foster a culture of literacy through the National Literacy Movement program, but also useful as an enrichment of our knowledge of past life that can be utilized in addressing current and future life developments.

Jakarta, June 2016

Regards,
Prof. Dr. Dadang Sunendar, M. Hum.

Preface

Dear my younger readers, *Samba Paria* is an orphan girl who lives in a forest with his younger sisiter. This story comes from West Sulawesi, as told by Adil Tambono, a cultural theater activist at Mandar, West Sulawesi.

Because of her beauty, the king hunting who was in the forest hunting, wanted to marry her. In the end, Samba Paria could defeat the king and put the tyranny to the end the end. She also managed to save the life of his sick sister because she was captured by the king. Samba Paria has presented herself as a loving and brave girl figure.

Jakarta, June 2016
Suyono Suyatno

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SAMBA PARIA

The Despotic King

The land of Mandar was endowed with tremendous gift from The Most Benevolent. There were rice fields with yellowing ripe rice and dense forest on the hill and mountain. The sea on the coast of Mandar was also rich in fish. Nature has sufficed the needs of human inhabiting the land of Mandar.

The people of Mandar showed their gratitude by working on the gifts. The farmers worked hard on the rice field under the prickly hot sun. The men ploughed the field, while the women planted seedlings. The fishermen worked as hard as the farmers. They left early in the morning to cast net and catch fish in the sea. In the afternoon they returned from the sea and sold the fish in the market.

In addition to abundant rice and fish supply, the land of Mandar which had tropical climate was also rich in cloves. Many merchants from foreign land came to the land of Mandar to purchase the cloves and trade them in their origin land. The fragrant and exotic aroma of cloves was mainly used as a mixture of tobacco.

For that reason, cloves were always in great demand. Mandar Port was getting busier due to the arrival of foreign merchants from the UK, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, India, and China.

Having knowledge that the cloves were in great demand and profitable, the king of Mandar forbade the commoners to trade cloves. King and his relative were the ones allowed to trade. The commoners could only plant the cloves. The king also used his power over people in a very unfair way. They were not allowed to set price. The price was determined unilaterally by the king and his relatives. They bought from the people at low cost and then sold the cloves to foreign merchants at high price.



The king was such a despotic tyrant. He cared little for the welfare of his people. He was unhappy seeing his people lived in affluence. So he arbitrarily levied high taxes. Finally, the people felt all their hard work was in vain. The king and his family lived in wealth. Meanwhile, the people continued to live in poverty no matter how hard they had worked to cultivate the land.

Those who had had enough of the king despotism finally organized resistance individually or in group. That was all in vain. The king became more despotic and arbitrary. Every time there was resistance from the people, the king ordered the royal army to reward those who were involved with death penalty.

For that reason, the people lived in fear. Some of the people preferred running away to another kingdom ruled by fair and wise king to get a more comfortable life. They sailed to the kingdom with boats. Their effort, however, was not paid off. Some boats were sunk being crashed by violent waves, while some others developed a leak in the middle of the ocean and it quickly sank the boat.

“It’s better for us to remain silent and resign,” said one woman to her husband one evening. “It’s useless to fight because we will end up died. And it is much too risky to refuge to another kingdom. We could be drowning in the middle of the sea being crashed by the waves.”

“Yes, we better surrender ourselves to the Almighty,” said her husband resignedly.

“Don’t forget, we must take care our only daughter.”

The king’s reputation was not only unjust and greedy. He was also known as a womanizer. He couldn’t keep his eyes off every young beautiful woman whom he saw. He would forcibly take her from family and made her his wife.

He had already had thirteen wives, but he was far from having enough. The king even once boasted, “I’ll show the world that I am the one and only most powerful king. I shall have forty wives to prove my supreme power!”

The people lived in fear and lost hope. The girls never went out afraid of being kidnapped by the king. Fishermen and farmers were no longer eager to fish and work in the field and plantation. Many clove plantations were abandoned. Merchants who wanted to buy the cloves from outside Mandar Kingdom were disappointed because they failed to obtain cloves.

They worked just to make ends meet. “What’s the use of working hard?” so did they thought. “What we earn from it will only be taken by the palace.”

Meanwhile, in a village at a mountain slope there lived a very old woman. Despite her age, she still had a clear mind. She also had

the ability to see the future. So, people sometimes came to her asking for advice.

“Grandmother, how long are we going to live like this under pressure and in fear?” asked some people who came to her house.

“Be patient, son!” said the grandmother softly. “Nothing is eternal. Life is like a ferris wheel, sometimes you’re on top and sometimes you’re at the bottom. It’s just like the morning that comes after the night.”

“So when will the despotic king go down?” asked one of the onlookers impatiently.

“Everything has its own time, son! One day I will die and return to Him. Likewise, a king will not rule forever. Last night I had a dream, that despotic king would someday be overthrown by his own cunning and greed.”

“What is your dream about?”

“No man has ever been able to conquer the cruel and despotic king. Someday, however, an unknown and underdog young woman will conquer and end his power.”

“Who is she, grandmother?” asked several people almost simultaneously out of curiosity.

“Never mind, you will know in time. Never mind. It’s late, off you go now. Your family must have been waiting at home.”

Some men walked home in tandem through the darkness of the night with torch to light their way. They were still intrigued by what the old lady had just said.

“I’m not so sure of what the old lady said, even though her prophecy has never missed,” said one of them.

“How could a young woman conquer the king? Even the champions who are men could not defeat the king,” added another.

“Do not underestimate women! Aren’t we born through a woman? Our wives are women either,” said someone who had been silent.

“Yes, we will see. We shall know the truth someday. Who knows the young woman whom the old lady talked about has unexpected strategy.”

The King's Dream

The king was passionate about hunting. Riding his favorite white horse, the king used to hunt down several kinds of animals in the wilderness, such as snakes, wild boars, and anoa. Whenever he went for a hunt, some trained hunting dogs and a squad of guards came along.

The king used his arrow to target and hunt down his prey. Some preys obtained were cooked in a bonfire and eaten on the spot with his entourage. Some others were taken to the palace as a royal family feast. The people usually chose to avoid the king and his entourage. They were afraid of the king who liked to behave arbitrarily such as taken by force any beautiful girl she encountered along his journey. The king also had no hesitation to seize the property of his people. He was not reluctant to confiscate gold jewelry from his people who were caught wearing it.

“But how long will we live like this because of the greed of the kingdom?” the wife just paused with blank eyes.

Then, one night, the king had a dream of discovering a fragrant flower in the forest where he used to hunt. After waking up, however, he could no longer remember where to locate the fragrant flower. He was curious about the meaning of his dream.

“Is it a good sign or a bad omen?” mumbled the king.

The next day the king called a clairvoyant to explain the meaning of his dream. “What is my dream cue, uncle? I dreamed of discovering a fragrant flower in the wilderness.”

“It means Your Majesty will get a new wife from the wilderness. She’s still young and beautiful,” the clairvoyant explained.

“Is that so?” asked the king ecstatically.

“Yes, but you have to be cautious in picking out this flower for she’s not only fragrant but also poisonous. She won’t hesitate to use the poison as a weapon to protect herself.”

“What do you mean?”

“She’s a beautiful intelligent girl. Her intelligence shall put an end to anyone who harms her.”

“You talk rambling, uncle! I only want to make it clear, is it true that my bride-to-be is somewhere within the forest?”

“That is right, Your Majesty,” said the clairvoyant. Since then the king went for hunting in the forest more frequently. He always had some troops of guards and hunting dogs to accompany him hunting. He claimed the forest as his territory. No ordinary people dared to penetrate into the forest area. Even only collecting dry twigs would bring about a terrible consequence if being caught by

the king and his royal army who often patrolled. The penalty for the people who were caught red handed entering the forest area was force labor to clean the palace unpaid.

To be honest, most people in the royal army were in pain when they had to carry out the cruel king's order. They had relatives among the commoners. To oppose, they were hopeless. It was because they were being paid by the palace. They also did not want to lose their job, their only family income.

They could only oppose when there was a chance but they should do it secretly. The king, however, was surrounded by intelligent agents. These agents were supposed to spy on the royal army. Any member of royal army who did not carry out duty properly would be reported to the king and be punished severely by the agents. Many agents also deliberately looked for faults in order to get king's acknowledgement.

Slowly but sure, most members of the royal army felt they were just puppets or robots being controlled with money. They felt like being forced to let go of their conscience, to do wrong to their own relatives to secure the king on his throne.

“What kind of life is this?” complained one army soldier to his friend in the barrack.

“It's like we sell our soul to demons,” replied his partner.

“We sell ourselves at very low cost. We are nothing but a shield of the despotic king.

“The problem is there is no one who is capable enough to counter and uproot the despotic king.”

“One day we better be a turncoat than selling ourselves. I feel nasty, selling myself to the wrongdoer, to the unwanted king.”

“Indeed, my friend! Money is not everything. We don’t have to sell our soul to the devil for money. Allah is the One who determines our *rizq* (sustenance). It is not the human, not the king!”

“I’m willing to fight unpaid, provided that I have faith I’m defending something right. You don’t know how depressed I am being paid to defend injustice. I struggle hard to numb my own conscience.”

“You’re right, my friend! We are all in a situation we do not expect. We’ll use the right time in the future to stand up. Nothing lasts forever in this world but Allah.”



Samba Paria

Somewhere hidden deep in the forest, there was a house on stilts. It was surrounded with trees that grew bushy and fully covered with the green leaves of *paria* (bitter gourd) plant. Two orphan siblings lived in the house. The elder one was a sixteen-year-old girl. Her name is actually Samba, but people who knew her called her Samba Paria because she lived in a house covered with bitter gourd plant. Samba had a ten-year-old brother. They lived in harmony and cared about each other.

Around five years ago, when Samba was still a child, both her parents stood up against the ruthless royal army that were about to seize their gold jewelry. They were persecuted. They suffered fatal wounds and because the wounds incurable they finally died in adjacent time. Their father died first, and then her mother. Before dying, her mother left her a message, “Samba, my daughter, take care and love your brother the way we love you both.” Samba could only nod whilst crying.

Time rolled and Samba grew up into a beautiful young girl. She liked to cook vegetables that were readily available. Her bother deftly assisted her picking vegetables and tubers from around the house.

One afternoon Samba Paria and her brother were having taro as lunch meal at their stilt house.

The hot taro was slipped out of hand and rolled down the stairs out of the house when Samba's brother was about to eat it. The taro must have been full of dirt so they did not fetch the taro up.

At about the same time, the king's entourage from the Mandar coast was hunting. They came riding horses and taking several trained hunting dogs along. When they reached the center of the forest, not far from Samba Paria's house, they unleashed the hunting dogs and let them go on the prowl. After waiting for some time, they heard the dogs were barking breaking the silence. Not long after the king's favorite dog returned carrying something with its mouth.

"Guard! What is the thing that the dog carries? Get me that quick!" ordered the king while he was resting under a tree.

"Yes, Your Majesty," replied one of the guards as he was approaching the dog. He submitted the taro to the king. "Your Majesty, it is a taro and it is still warm," reported the guard.

"What did you say? That's a warm taro? Where did the dog get that in this deep forest?" asked the king curiously.

The king was certain that anyone who cooked the taro must be lived nearby. Intrigue by curiosity, he gestured to the dog to take him to where the dog had found the warm taro. The dog understood his master's intent. It barked and then ran back to



where it had found the taro. The king trailed the dog on his white horse alongside with some of his guards.

They finally arrived in front of Samba Paria's house. The king could hardly believe there was a house in the middle of the wilderness. Aroused by curiosity, he climbed the stairs.

"Is there anyone inside?" asked the king while knocking on the door.

A moment later the door opened slowly. The king was stunned as he saw a beautiful girl standing in front of him.

"Oh my, she's very pretty." The king mumbled in amazement. He felt his heart was beating faster. He undeniably fell in love with the girl. Suddenly he remembered of what the clairvoyant had said a couple of days ago. "She could be the girl whom the clairvoyant said my future wife," so the king thought. "Such things bring gist to his mill. She has to be my wife no matter how."

At the same time, Samba Paria's heart also trembled irregularly. It was not because she was falling in love, but because she knew it was the king who stood before her, judging by the outfit that he was wearing full of shimmering gold jewelry.

Samba Paria was even more convinced when she saw a white horse. A white horse was a special horse at that time especially in Mandar area. It was only ridden by kings and the royals.

“Please come in, Your Majesty!” Samba Paria invited the king in with respect.

”Thank you, pretty girl! May I know your name and who do you live with here?” interviewed the king.

“I am Samba Paria. I live here with my ten-year-old brother.”

“I am the king of this kingdom. I am with some of my guards hunting animals in this forest,” the king introduced himself. “I am very thirsty. May I have some water?”

Samba Paria immediately asked her brother to take some water for the king. Returning from the kitchen, her brother reported that there was no water to drink.

“Forgive me, Your Majesty! I am running out of water. If you mind to wait, I shall ask my brother to get water from a river behind the mountain,” said Samba Paria.

“I shall wait here with pleasure, moreover being accompanied by such a beautiful girl like you.”

The king had a sudden bad intention to take Samba Paria by force and made her his wife. He had made punctured on a container



used to take water before Samba's brother left for the river. He deliberately did it, so that the boy failed to take water at once and stayed by the river longer looking for ways to take the water.

Just shortly after Samba Paria's brother went to the river, the king did not waste the opportunity. He immediately ordered some soldiers who had been waiting at the front house to abduct the girl.

"Forgive me, Your Majesty. Please don't take me to the palace. Poor my brother if he must stay here alone," pleaded Samba Paria to the king.

"Ah, let him alone here and be eaten by wild beasts," said the king in a sly tone. Samba Paria could only remain silent with tears flooding her eyes.

"Guard! Take my future bride!" ordered the king.

"Yes, Your Majesty," responded the guards simultaneously.

Samba Paria was in confusion because her brother had not returned from the river. Her brother would be looking for her if she was not around. She quickly planned a strategy to leave some trace behind so that her brother could figure out where she was taken and then followed.

"Forgive me, Your Majesty! Before I go, allow me to have just one wish," pleaded Samba Paria.

“What is it? Speak out!” demanded the king.

“May I bring along a few leaves of bitter gourd? I like bitter gourd leaf dish,” reasoned Samba Paria.

The king granted her request. She picked some leaves of bitter gourd before she was taken to the palace on horseback. Towards the king’s palace, Samba Paria tore the bitter gourd leaves and threw the pieces along the way. She wished it could be traced by her brother. After taking a half-day journey, Samba Paria arrived at the palace.

Meanwhile, Samba’s brother had just returned from the river carrying a little water for drinking. As he arrived at the front porch, he saw the door was closed.

Slowly, the boy climbed up the stairs. He stood in front of the closed door and shouted calling out his sister.

“Sister! Sister Samba! I’m home.”

He called his sister many times but he didn’t get a single reply. So he opened the door and was shocked knowing his sister was not there. He tried to look for her around the house, but she was nowhere to be found.

“Sister, where are you, sister?” the boy burst into tears while sitting in front of the house.

A moment later, his eyes caught pieces of bitter melon leaves scattered along the path in front of the house. It made him realize that his sister was taken away by the king and his entourage.

Without further thinking, he followed the trace his sister had left behind. After walking for two days, he finally arrived at a magnificent stilt house palace.

“Sister! Sister Samba!” shouted the boy from the side of the palace.

He shouted repeatedly, but there was no answer. The boy finally said, “If you wish not to see me, show me half of your face at the window!”

From above the palace, the king showed Samba Paria’s brother a cat’s face, while Samba Paria was held inside a chamber so she could not see her brother. Then the boy said again, “If I cannot see your face, show me your hand!” The boy was more depressed as the king showed him the front leg of a cat. The boy, however, had not given up yet, he shouted, “If you still love me, show me your foot!”

The king truly manipulated Samba Paria’s brother. This time he showed him the back leg of the cat.

Thinking his sister would not want to see him anymore, the boy finally said, “Alright, then, if you wish not to see me anymore, I

shall return home. I plant a moringa tree here. If it is wilted, then it means I am terribly ill. And if it died, then I am also died,” said the boy who left in rush with a deep sadness and disappointment.

Upon hearing her brother’s last message Samba Paria could do nothing but crying. She was always concerned about what would happen to her brother living alone in the middle of the forest. Every day she glimpsed at the moringa tree through the window. Days passed and the moringa tree withered. It told her that her brother was ill.

A feeling of panic grew in her. She began thinking of a way to escape from the palace. When the king was gone for hunting, Samba Paria cooked a lot of rice and side dishes because she had planned to escape. After finishing cooking, she asked the royal maids to join her bathing on the river not far from the palace. When the maid was joyfully bathing, Samba Paria deliberately threw the ring given by the king into the river.

“Help! Help! I lost my ring in the water!” cried Samba Paria.

The maids soon jumped into the river. They must find to find the ring otherwise the king would punish them if they failed. When the maids were still looking for the ring, Samba Paria immediately put her clothes on, grabbed her food package, and then rode onto the horse going to meet her brother whom she thought was dead. Arriving at her home, Samba Paria found her brother lying

helplessly with his eyes closed. With a feeling of panic, she opened the food package and fed her brother. Her brother chewed and swallowed the food, albeit slowly, with eyes half closed. Her brother gradually recovered and could be invited to speak. Samba Paria was relieved that her brother could still be saved.

“Sister,” whispered Samba Paria’s brother as his eyes shone a longing for his sister. “I thought after you have become a queen, you have forgotten me and does not want to know me anymore.”

“Never think so, brother,” said Samba Paria, holding him lovingly. “Who is willing to be the queen of such a cruel king? I won’t. He locked me up and prevented me from seeing you. All I



could do was crying. Every day I looked at the moringa tree that you had planted to know how you were doing. I was lucky to have escaped from the cruel king at the right time.”

“Yes, sister. What the cruel king has done is unjustifiable. He had intentionally separated us. Sister, what if the cruel king comes after you and kidnaps you again?”

“Take it easy, brother. I have a plan. You stay here, okay, I have something to do.”

“Okay. Just be careful, sister.”

Conquering the Despotic King

A feeling of anxiety still troubled Samba Paria although her brother had been saved. She had a strong feeling that the despotic king would soon follow her, and force her back to the palace.

Racing against time, Samba Paria immediately mixed and smoothed a large quantity of cayenne pepper seeds, moringa leaves, and pepper. She then added water and kitchen ash so the mixture had a consistency of a batter.

Just as Samba Paria had expected, the despotic king finally came looking after her. The king went straight up to the house and knocked on the door by force.

“Hey, Samba Paria, open or I’ll break the door!” shouted the king who was standing at the door grimly.

Samba Paria had prepared a coconut shell container filled with a mixture of cayenne pepper, ash, moringa leaves, and pepper. She immediately opened the door and threw the mixture towards the king’s eyes. The king spontaneously screamed in pain while rubbing his eyes. He could see nothing. He kept on rubbing his eyes as he walks indiscriminately. Unaware of the surrounding, the king slipped his legs and fell tumbling to the ground.

The despotic king died instantly due to broken collarbone neck as a result of crashing against a large rock sitting beneath the steps of Samba Paria's house.

The news of the despotic king's death and that he lost his life in the hand of a young girl named Samba Paria quickly spread throughout the kingdom. Everyone was hailing and lauding Samba as a hero that had saved the whole kingdom from fear and arbitrariness. Samba Paria, however, was not vainglorious. She was still the same person people knew before the incident.

"I just want to live quietly in this house with my brother," Samba Paria said softly. Even when some people urged Samba Paria to reign in the palace to succeed the deceased king, Samba Paria just smiled softly and said, "I don't crave power or sparkling palace. I just want to have a peaceful life with my brother in our parents' inheritance house."

Some people who were still unsure of Samba's explanation asked, "Why did you fight the king until he died?"

"It's because he was out of limit, acting arbitrarily to my brother and I," explained Samba further.

"He was cruel when he abducted me to marry me and separate me from my brother by force. I did that for my self-defense, thriving for my brother and my own safety."

Upon hearing Samba's explanation, everyone who was huddling around Samba Paria's house was moved. Though the king was died in her hand, none of the royal soldiers arrested Samba Paria to be punished. They regarded her as a hero, instead. Two royal army members who talked about the despotism of the king some time ago were also there.

"This confirms what I had said once: nothing lasts forever in this world," reminisced one of the royal army members.

"It is the right time for us to stand up. We have been enslaved by money and despotic power, now it is time to stand up for righteousness indiscriminately."

"Look, my friends! Not a single soldier stand up for the king. The king has died in vain. He died after foolish lust and greed. He was never satisfied for whatever he had possessed." said a commoner. There was a moment of silence falling between the two royal soldiers. Some soldiers joined them.

"My friends, why don't we offer her protection? She deserves to be the new ruler of this kingdom after she has conquered the despotic king," suggested one of the guards. "Come on! Let's meet her," approved the other.

So the troops came to Samba Paria to offer her protection. She, however, gave them an unexpected answer. "I am just an ordinary

girl. I am sorry, but I do not any require protection except from God.”

They all just kept silent upon hearing Samba Paria’s reply. They respected and amazed at how humble she was. She, apparently, had a beautiful face and a noble heart. Now that the despotic king had died, the spy troops fled secretly afraid of being the object of revenge by people and royal army whom they had cruelly treated.

The palace was now without a ruler. Upon hearing the news of the king’s death, dozens of women who were captivated in the palace prepared themselves to return to their families.

“Alhamdulillah (all praise to Allah), my daughter, we are together after so many years apart.” said some mothers and fathers whose daughters came back after being taken away forcefully from home by the king.

All those women were relief and happy for having their freedom back. They were also proud being saved by a heroine. The palace was now almost empty. A few people left would not stay longer either, including the clairvoyant who was packing up being accompanied by some of the remaining royal staffs.

“If the king would listen to me at that time, he could still be alive. I had told him that the girl was like a fragrant but also poisonous flower. She used the poison as protection whenever she was hurt,” said the clairvoyant.



“The king shouldn’t follow his lust, chasing beautiful women. When I told him so, he was half angry at me. He said I was rambling. Here’s the consequence.”

“He was arrogant and out of control,” said one of royal staffs who were packing up to leave the palace. “He thought all the things and power he possessed were eternal. What a shame he was being defeated by a weaponless young woman.”

“On second thought,” continued the clairvoyant, “falling over as the way he died is a reflection of how he lived. He used power to be cruel to others. So they probably wished him to fall over from the throne of power.

He forgot that power is only temporary and that it’s actually God’s mandate that is supposed to carry out for the purpose of giving happiness to others.”

The night got deeper. Silence fell except the sound of rustling leaves and hazy gurgling river water. Samba Paria’s stilt house was dimly lit by the faded moonlight and fluttering fireflies radiating their lights. In the corner of the house Samba Paria and her brother prostrated in gratitude to God for had been saved from cruelty. A peaceful breeze stroked their faces, and the fragrant aroma of orange Jessamine flowers contributed to the peace.

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Peneliti Sastra pada Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa (1986—Sekarang)

Riwayat Pendidikan :

S-1 Fakultas Sastra, UGM, Yogyakarta (1984)

Judul Buku:

1. Jurnal Metasastra (Bandung)
2. Widyaparwa (Yogyakarta)
3. Humaniora (jurnal Fakultas Ilmu Budaya UGM)
4. Uvula (jurnal Fakultas Sastra Unpad)
5. Atavisme (Surabaya)
6. Pangsura (Brunei Darussalam)
7. Citra Manusia dalam Puisi Indonesia (1920—1940)
8. Antologi Puisi Indonesia Modern AnaK (bersama Joko Adi Sasmito & Erli Yetti, Penerbit Obor)
9. Sita dalam Penjara Rahwana 1
10. Robohnya Sang Raksasa dan Tumbangnya Kejahatan
11. Putri Tunjung Sekar, dan
12. Rara Beruk

Informasi Lain:

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Pegawai Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa (2001—sekarang)

Riwayat Pendidikan:

1. S-1 Sastra Inggris, Fakultas Sastra, Universitas Udayana, Denpasar (1996—2001)
2. S-2 Linguistik, Program Pasca sarjana Universitas Udayana, Denpasar (2001—2004)
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Lahir di Denpasar pada tanggal 3 Oktober 1978. Selain dalam penyuluhan bahasa Indonesia, ia juga terlibat dalam kegiatan penyuntingan naskah di beberapa lembaga, seperti di Mahkamah Konstitusi dan Bapennas, serta menjadi ahli bahasa di DPR. Dengan ilmu linguistik yang dimilikinya, saat ini ia menjadi mitra bestari jurnal kebahasaan dan kesastraan, penelaah modul bahasa Indonesia, tetap aktif meneliti dan menulis tentang bahasa daerah di Indonesia, dan mengajar dalam pelatihan dokumentasi bahasa.