

THE MISTERY OF RAINBOW LAKE
Misteri Telaga Warna

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

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Translated from
Misteri Telaga Warna
written by Eem Suhaemi
published by
Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture
in 2016

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

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Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture, Republic of Indonesia
Jalan Daksinapati Barat IV, Ramangun, Jakarta
Telepon (021) 4706287, 4706288, 4896558, 4894546
Pos-el: badan.bahasa@kemdikbud.go.id
www.badanbahasa.kemdikbud.go.id

THE MISTERY OF RAINBOW LAKE

Dark Clouds Over the Palace

Once upon a time, there was a mighty kingdom in the region of Puncak. The name of the Kingdom was Kuta Tanggeuhan. The kingdom stood on the slopes of Gunung Lemo, in the hills of Mega Mendung. It was a magnificent kingdom, with sprawling gardens around its palace. The garden were lush with thriving green plants, with colorful flower beds weaving their way in between the tall trees – reds, whites, as well as purples.

The Kingdom of Kuta Tanggeuhan was ruled by a king named Swarnalaya. He was a very wise king and also humble, despite his vast territory. He was also close to his people and quick to send his aid whenever they were in need of it. Therefore, he was very loved by his people.

Almost all of the people in Kuta Tanggeuhan Kingdom were prosperous since Kuta Tanggeuhan was blessed with very fertile soil so their fields and orchards always yielded plentiful harvest. The people worked very hard and thus never lacked of anything.

Despite his prosperity and the love of his people, King Swarnalaya was unhappy. He had a very beautiful wife named

Queen Purbamanah who loved him very much and yet his life still felt empty.

One afternoon, Queen Purbamanah was surprised to see her husband sitting alone in pensive silence. He was sitting by himself in a corner of the gardens that was in full bloom. His eyes were staring blankly and his face was spiritless. The beauty of those flowers in the gardens did not seem to offer any consolation. Queen Purbamanah grew sad as she watched her husband from a distance. She walked to his side. “Dear Husband, why do you look so sad? What is it that disturbs your mind?” asked Queen Purbamanah tenderly.

King Swarnalaya turned and flashed her a forced smile, which could not mask his sorrow. “May I ask what are you thinking about?” pressed his wife.

“My Dear Queen,” answered King Swarnalaya, “it is nothing. I’m just resting since I’m so tired from the day’s work,” replied King Swarnalaya.

Queen Purbamanah pursed her lips. She was not content with the answer, knowing that it was not true. After almost ten years of marriage, she knew her husband too well. She could find out whenever he was not being truthful.

Queen Purbamanah had in fact often wondered why her husband had been despondent lately. She tried to introspect herself. Was there something wrong with her? She had always tried her best to serve him and even obliged to people's suggestion that she always look beautiful. But she could not understand why her husband spent so much time sitting alone in the gardens.

“My Dear Wife...” her husband's soft whisper quickly dispersed her deep thoughts.

“Yes, My Dear Husband,” stuttered Queen Purbamanah.

“Now it is you who seems to be in pensive thoughts,” teased the King.

“Oh, no, it's just... I was just wondering why you look unhappy these days. Is there something wrong with me?” asked the Queen.

“Not at all. Everything is fine, it's just...”

“Tell me, is it because you don't find me beautiful anymore?”

“No, that's not what I meant.”

“Then what is it, My Dear Husband?” insisted the queen.

Seeing her insist, King Swarnalaya grew quiet, trying to find the right words as to not hurt his wife's heart. After a while, he took a

deep breath and started to stare at the queen's lovely face, making her blushed right away

“My Darling, this is what I meant,” King Swarnalaya tried to arrange his words with great caution. “We have been married for quite a long time. Almost ten years. Our life is also fine as we never lack of anything the way we used to. But how come God has not been willing to make our joy complete.”

“What do you mean? I don't think I fully get what you mean,” asked the curious queen.

“I mean, most of other married couples have children. We have been married for almost ten years, but we don't have any son yet,” King Swarnalaya's voice sounded sad.

The queen's heart was stirred with sadness as well when she heard it. She herself had been thinking about it for a while, though she had never expressed it to her husband. She had never thought that her husband was also thinking about the same thing.

“Husband, I have been thinking about it as well. I have even asked many of my maids and the wives of the royal officials for their suggestions and followed them all. But nothing seems to work,” she answered sadly. “What should we do, then?”

“The best thing to do is that to never stop trying and praying to the Almighty.”

“We have done it faithfully. Are there some other ways we can do in order to have a son?”

Queen Purbamanah tried to think, and so did the King. What would be another way to make their wish come true? After a while, Queen Purbamanah came up with an idea.

“Husband, maybe we should try to solve this problem alone. You could ask about the royal relatives and the palace fortune-tellers to help us. Who knows any of them could seek a way out for us,” she suggested.

“I think it is a good idea. How come it never crossed my mind before? Thank you, Darling. I will invite several royal relatives and the fortune-tellers of this palace as soon as possible.”

It was getting dark and so King Swarnalaya and Queen Purbamanah left the gardens and hurried back to their palace. In the meantime, the lights in the palace garden were switched on, sparkling like the stars in the sky.

As he had promised, on the next day King Swarnalaya summoned all of the royal relatives and also the palace fortune-tellers. The summoned people immediately prepared themselves. They looked

curious. Nobody knew why the king called for them so suddenly. They could only whisper to each other.

After all of the invitees gathered, the King started to speak. His face looked gloomy, just as the dark clouds over the palace. His voice sounded heavy and trembling.

“Uncle Chief Minister Sonyarangi, my relatives, and fortune-tellers, come closer. This meeting might seem unusual since it is not held at the usual time. I decided to have this meeting since I would like to inform you about an emergency issue,” the King started his speech.

With growing curiosity, Chief Minister Sonyarangi, the royal relatives, and fortune-tellers came closer to the King. “Yes, Your Majesty. I myself, along with the royal relatives and fortune-tellers have been wondering. What is so urgent that you would summon us so suddenly?” Chief Minister Sonyarangi encouraged himself to ask the King. “Nothing dangerous, My Chief Minister. Everything is under control,” replied the King.

“If so, what is the important matter that you would like to inform us about?”

“It is not an important matter either. This is just a small problem, but it might have a big impact on this kingdom if we do not find any solution to it.”

“I beg your pardon, Your Majesty. I am not sure I understood you well.”

“My Chief Minister, royal relatives, and fortune-tellers, as you might have known, I am getting old. Of course I will not be able to take care of this kingdom forever. Meanwhile, I do not yet have a crown prince I have been longing for. Therefore, My Chief Minister, I would like to hear your advices. What should I do so that the Almighty God would grant my wish to have a crown prince soon?” asked the King.

Chief Minister Sonyarangi and all present guests were quiet for a while. They could understand the concerns of the King. The kingdom in fact needed a crown prince to replace the king one day, but he did not have any son yet. The court officials of Kuta Tanggeuhan kingdom could sympathize with the King.

“Forgive me, Your Majesty,” said Chief Minister Sonyarangi after a while. “I do not have any good opinion. I can only suggest you to ask the advice of the palace fortune-tellers. They are the chosen people with excellent knowledge. They surely will be able to find a way out to solve your problem.”

“Thank you, My Chief Minister,” replied King Swarnalaya.

After a brief silence, King Swarnalaya immediately instructed the palace fortune-tellers to come forward, closer to the King's throne.

"My fortune-tellers, come closer. I need your advice," implored the King.

Having expressed their reverence, those palace fortune-tellers shifted forward. The one sitting in the front was the eldest of them.

"Alright, Your Majesty," said the eldest fortune-teller while prostrating in front of the King, "My friends and I are ready to receive your order."

"Uncle Fortune-Teller, as you have heard, I have a problem. What should I do to beget a son? We have done various ways, but nothing seemed to work out until now." "Forgive me, Your Majesty. You do not have to be sad. According to my humble opinion, there is still a way you can do to have an offspring."

"Is that true, Uncle?"

"Yes, Your Majesty, but the requirements are kind of heavy and shall be fulfilled only by you. It means, you cannot delegate them to someone else."

"What are the requirements, Uncle?"

“Your Majesty, do you still remember when you hunted around the Golden Mountain several years ago? How many deer did you shoot dead with your arrows?”

“I don’t remember, Uncle. What does it have to do with my current problem?”

“Forgive me, Your Majesty. It does have something to do with it. Do you remember that once I had warned you to not hunt at the Golden Mountain? It is a forbidden mountain where nobody should go hunting. But you have violated that prohibition. Know that each deer shot dead by your arrow was actually a symbol of your missing opportunity to beget your offspring. This is according to the divine clue I have obtained.”

Having heard the explanation of the palace eldest fortune-teller, King Swarnalaya remained speechless. He bowed his head languidly as deep regret was reflected on his face. However, it was too late. The milk had been spilt. There was no use in crying over it. He tried to be strong and was willing to pay for his mistake. The King was willing to do anything to make amends because he truly regretted what he had done.

“What should I do, then, Uncle?” asked the King sadly. “Do I still have a chance to pay for the sin I have committed?”

“As I have told you earlier, Your Majesty, you still have a chance to be forgiven by the Creator.”

“What should I do, Uncle?”

“You have to go back to the Golden Mountain. There is a small cave at the foot of its hill. It is located under a big tree. You have to meditate inside the cave, Your Majesty.”

“Alright, Uncle. When should I do it?”

“You have to wait for the full moon, Your Majesty. Only then you can start your meditation. While meditating, you shall not wear your royal robe. You have to wear a clothing of the common folks. You have to set out at midnight without anyone knowing.”

“Thank you, Uncle, I will fulfill all those requirements,” said the King. “How long should I mediate there, Uncle?”

“Forgive me, Your Majesty. I myself do not know how long you should do it. It all depends on your earnestness and the will of the Almighty.”

“Alright, Uncle. Thank you very much for your advice and direction,” answered the King.

Having heard the explanation of the palace fortune-teller, King Swarnalaya was relieved. His current issue was not yet solved,

but there was already at least a clue of how to deal with it. Therefore, he soon dismissed the gathering. Slowly the fog which had been covering the Kingdom of Kuta Tanggeuhan started to clear off.

While waiting for the full moon to come, King Swarnalaya started to prepare himself. The requirements he had to fulfill were indeed heavy. However, he already made up his mind to do it. He began to prepare all of the necessary things one by one. Nobody knew about this, not even the queen. When the time came, under the full moon, King Swarnalaya sneaked out of the palace without anyone noticing.

Making Amends

Outside the palace, the moon shone brightly, making the trees around the palace visible. Under the moonlight, the King walked carefully, moving forward with steady steps. He did not look back even once while his feet kept walking. Having passed the slope of a hill, he arrived in a dense jungle. Nevertheless, the King was not fearful at all. His hope in reaching the Golden Mountain as soon as possible surpassed all of his fears.

A little bit later, in a fairly comfortable place, the King decided to take a rest. His feet felt tired so he decided to sit under a big tree. His back leaned on a stretch of protruding root on the ground.

He stretched out his feet and folded his hands in front of his chest to calm his breath. Soon drowsiness overwhelmed him, and the King fell asleep while leaning on the big tree's root. Due to his fatigue, he slept soundly.

The next morning, the King awoke to a shocking sight. In a bright patch of sunlight, he saw a giant cobra. He then realized that the previous night he had not leaned on a root, but on the body of a cobra.

And now the cobra was staring at him intently with an agape mouth. His tongue stuck out as if it wanted to swallow him.

"Hey Cobra, I am sorry if I have disturbed you," said King Swarnalaya. "I didn't mean to. Please, let me pass by."

"Ssh..., ssh..., " hissed the cobra, sticking out his forked tongue.

The King tried to avoid the cobra, but it kept standing in his way.

"Cobra, do step aside. Do not hinder my steps. I am sorry if I have disturbed you," said the King while trying to move forward.

"King, drop your plan. Go back to the palace. Do not move forward. I don't want to see you die in vain," warned the cobra.

The King was startled to know that the cobra could talk like a human being. However, the King of Kuta Tanggeuhan was not afraid at all. He was determined to keep going with his plan.

“No,” refused the King, “whether you let me or not, I will keep going.”

“Alright then, if you refused to heed my warning, I’d rather swallow you myself. Be prepared, King.”

While uttering those words, the cobra attacked the King who swiftly jumped to dodge it out. With rapid movements, the King hit and kicked the cobra repeatedly. Surprisingly, the cobra seemed to feel nothing at all. With its tail, the cobra counterattacked several times, but the King could dodge each of its blow.

The cobra got more ferocious at the agile King. However, when he was off guard, the cobra’s tail managed to coil around his body.

The King tried to survive in its deadly tight coil, gasping for breath. It was almost impossible to set himself free. A minute later, the cobra threw him with its tail against a tree trunk.

The tree immediately collapsed due to the tremendous blow. The cobra quickly ran after the King of Kuta Tanggeuhan who swiftly

rose to his feet as the animal was ready to swallow him. But the King was too slow and so he was once again helpless as the snake managed to coil around his body. Nevertheless, his robust left hand was quick enough to resist the cobra's jaw. With his right hand, he rapidly snatched a dagger out of the belt around his waist and stabbed the animal's neck.

“Dabbb!”

A minute later, the cobra was already lifeless. King Swarnalaya was startled when he saw the snake's dead body grew smaller and all of a sudden was transformed into a glistening golden dagger. The King reached for it quickly.

“I thank you, God for blessing me with this golden dagger,” said the King while stroking the weapon in his hand. Then he inserted it inside the belt around his waist.

“King, listen to me,” suddenly King Swarnalaya heard a voice from the skies.

The King looked up, then turned his head to the right and to the left. However, he did not see anyone nearby.

“King Swarnalaya,” the voice was heard again, “take that dagger. Use it when you find yourself in peril,” continued the voice.

“Alright, I will follow your advice. Thank you,” said King Swarnalaya as he started to continue his trip. He began to step forward carefully.

King Swarnalaya went in and out some jungles and climbed and descended some hills several times. By night he reached a very high hill. The wanderers and hunters who often ventured to that place called it the Golden Mountain.

Near dusk, King Swarnalaya arrived to a small cave in a slope of the hill which the palace fortune-teller had mentioned about. There was a big tree on top of it. Sheltered by a leafy tree, the cave looked shady and refreshing. A green gorge rolled out in front of it with many trees that looked as if they had been neatly arranged.

When he was convinced that it was the place that had been pointed by the palace fortune-teller, King Swarnalaya entered the cave. Having cleansed it a little bit, he then sat cross-legged, facing outside. His hands were folded in front of his chest with palms stuck to it in a reverent posture. He straightened his face and closed his eyes. His lips quivered, mumbling a prayer to the Creator. He kept praying solemnly.

On his first day of meditation, King Swarnalaya did not experience anything bad. Everything went smooth. So was the second day. However, on the third day, the King started to hear

some weird voices around the cave. At first he heard a sound of child, crying and shouting. Nevertheless, the King remained imperturbable by it.

“Don’t! Don’t!” the voice yelled.

The voice was indistinct so the King tried to sharpen his hearing. However, it remained unclear, and shortly after, it was no longer heard at all.

The King tried to regain his concentration. He focused his mind on the Creator. Through the prayers he uttered, he tried to communicate with the Creator. He kept praying to Him even though his prayers were not yet answered. He wanted the Creator to grant his wish.

On the fourth day, once again the King heard those strange voices. Those voices were also heard around midnight, once again in form of children’s voices. They seemed to be playing together. Once in a while their laughter erupted, but sometimes it turned into a sad weeping voice.

“Don’t! Don’t!” shrilled that voice once again at midnight.

The King did not open his eyes. They remained closed. Though those voices disturbed him, he tried to keep concentrating. Little

by little the laughing and wailing voices started to grow faint, and ceased to be heard. The King still did not heed them.

On the fifth day, the King felt a cold air blowing through all of his body. It was so strong that he started to tremble. The cold air spread to various parts of his body but he kept concentrating and praying earnestly. He did not open his eyes either.

If only he had opened them, the King would have been shocked because the cave was filled with snakes. Some of them had even crawled onto his body.

On the sixth day, the disturbance for the King was even greater. That night he was visited by hundreds of animals. Some were ramming him, some were goring him, some were winding around him, and some were pulling him with their trunks. Some other animals even tried to bite him. Nevertheless, the King did not budge from his meditation. Having failed to make King Swarnalaya waver from his meditation, the animals went away one by one. There was only one animal which remained to perturb him.

The animal was big with sharp claws and yellow strips. Its face looked ferocious. When staring at the King, the animal roared, showing off his cutting teeth. The King remained seated in his meditation, but it was actually only his physical state remained that way, while descended from the cave to face the tiger.

“Oh King of the Jungle,” said the King later, “why are you disturbing my meditation? I haven’t done anything wrong to you.”

“Listen, Stranger,” said the tiger, as it inched forward, closer to King Swarnalaya, “you should know that your meditation has caused such hot air that affects the whole inhabitants of this jungle. Therefore, stop it immediately,” growled the tiger.

“No,” refused the King, “I will not stop before the Creator grants my wish.”

“If so, face my sharp fangs now,” threatened the tiger, starting to attack the King.

King Swarnalaya dodged the attack by jumping up. He swiftly took out the dagger from his waist, then stabbed it to the tiger’s body. The tiger collapsed, lifeless. However, a minute later the animal rose to its feet and attacked the King again. He stabbed the dagger in his hand once again, but he was startled to witness dead animal resurrected again and split itself into two, each time he had managed to stab it to death. It continued that way that before long, the place was filled with hundreds of tigers.

When the King was cornered by the attack of the tigers, he remembered the dagger out of the cobra’s body. He nimbly took it out of his belt, and stabbed it to the biggest tiger.

The animal was killed at once and shortly afterward, its corpse disappeared from the sight of the King. Along with that, the other tigers also vanished into thin air one by one.

King Swarnalaya hurried to the cave to continue his meditation. He returned to his prayer and focused his mind to the goal he was determined to achieve.

On the seventh day, King Swarnalaya was startled by a charismatic male voice from the skies.

“My Son, get up,” said the voice.

The King remained earnest in his prayer. He did not want to open his eyes. He was already upset with the previous disturbances.

“My Son, get up. Open your eyes, Son,” pressed the voice, “what is it that you desire that you are willing to suffer that way?”

The voice felt familiar to the King that he slowly opened his eyes and saw a white shadow standing in front of him. The shadow became clearer gradually, taking a form of an old man with a wrinkled face and white eyebrows. His moustache and beard were white as well.

“Forgive me, My Dear Father, I am so miserable. Please help me,” implored the King, kneeling in front of the white shadow’s

feet, who turned out to be the father of the King who had deceased long time ago.

“My Dear Son, what kind of torture is tormenting you?” asked the father of the King.

“As you might have known, Dear Father, I have been married for quite some time. However, until today I have not begotten any child. If this continues, what will happen to our kingdom? Who will reign when I get older? Will we let our kingdom be ruined?” the King poured out his heart.

The father of the King only smiled when he listened to those words.

“Is that why you are here?” asked the father of the King, stroking his long dangling beard.

“Yes,. I would like to have a son to be my successor.”

“Very well, then, if that is your wish. I will help you out. Now put an end to your meditation and go home.”

“Thank you, My Dear Father. I will follow your words.”

Having heard his response, the white shadow of the King’s father then disappeared. After that, the hills that looked green under the moonlight were the only thing that could be seen.

His father's words and advices made King Swarnalaya relieved. He hoped that what his father had said was true. He also hoped that his father could help him in making his wish come true. Now his hope soared again and boosted his energy to return to the palace with high spirit.

Without waiting for the afternoon to come, the King started to get ready to go home. He gathered all of his belongings which he had brought with him there. He changed the white clothes he had been wearing during his meditation into the black ones which he had worn during his trip. He rolled the white clothes and put them in a bag made of sackcloth. He then draped the sack containing the bundle of his clothes over his shoulders and when he was ready, the King left his meditation place. Slowly he started to walk towards the palace.

The Most Beautiful Blessing

When he arrived at his palace, King Swarnalaya was welcomed by his beautiful queen who showered him with her warm affection. She hugged the King with tears flowing from her eyes. The King hugged her back tenderly.

“My Dear Husband, where have you been all this time? Why didn't you come back earlier?” asked his queen amidst her sobs.

“My Dear Queen, do not cry anymore. Now I am home again,” the King consoled her.

“Where have you been? I missed you so much,” repeated the queen, still sobbing.

“It’s a long story. Let us sit down together and I will tell you everything,” the King invited his queen to sit down with him.

As they were taking their seat, Queen Purbamanah could not take her eyes off the King since she had truly missed him very much.

“My Dear King, if I may know, where have you been all this time?” asked the queen.

“My Dear Wife, do you still remember our last conversation? Didn’t you suggest me to seek the advice of the palace fortune-tellers to overcome our problem?” replied the King. “That’s correct, Dear Husband.”

“Well, the eldest fortune-teller suggested me to meditate in the Golden Mountain. Therefore, I went and stayed there all this time.”

“Oh, so you went to meditated there?” “That’s true, Darling.”

After they chatted to their hearts’ content, Queen Purbamanah called for her maids and instructed them to prepare a dinner. The

maids obeyed the queen's request. One by one, the dishes were served at the dining table. After everything was complete, King Swarnalaya and his queen enjoyed the meals that had been prepared on the dining table. After dinner, King Swarnalaya and his queen took a rest.

Since the King returned to the palace, day by day the life of the people in Kuta Tanggeuhan kingdom became more colorful. King Swarnalaya and his queen also lived their daily life with a lot of joy. Month by month passed without any significant obstacle.

Until one day, the whole palace was in an uproar. The cause was the fact that the queen passed out all of a sudden while taking a walk in the garden. Her personal maids were in panic. They reported it immediately to the King. Having received the news, the King had a traditional healer come.

Soon after his arrival at the palace, the healer immediately checked the condition of the queen. At first he controlled her pulse and then he asked for a glass of water. His lips quivered as he was chanting a prayer in his heart. The water he received was then given to the queen. Not long after drinking the water, the queen started to move her limbs. A minute later, her eyelids fluttered open.

“Thank God, the Queen has come round,” mumbled the healer.

Having attended to the queen, the palace traditional healer reported to the King.

“Allow me to inform Your Majesty that the Queen actually does not suffer from any illness,” explained the healer.

“If that is so, how come she passed out like that, Uncle?”

“Her physical condition is weak, Your Majesty. She has to take a lot of rest. Other than that, she also has to eat a lot of healthy foods. This is because she is expecting.”

“Expecting? What do you mean, Uncle?”

Seeing the King was taken in a sheer panic, the healer smiled at him.

“Allow me to inform you that the Queen is now pregnant, and that is why her physical condition is weaker now.”

“Pregnant? Is that true, Uncle?” “Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Thank you, Uncle, for delivering such great news for me and also for the Kingdom of Kuta Tanggeuhan. I have been waiting for this news for so long,” said the King with a beaming face.

It was true. King Swarnalaya was so happy to find out about the queen’s pregnancy, and so was the queen herself.

The news of the queen's pregnancy quickly spread to the whole palace. Before long, it already spread to every corner of the kingdom. The people of Kuta Tanggeuhan were overjoyed to hear this news.

Within months, the queen's pregnancy was already showing. Her stomach, which used to be flat, now looked a bit protruding, making her even more beautiful. The King loved her even more.

Week by week, the baby bump of Queen Purbamanah got bigger. Following the suggestion of the maids, the queen often took a walk in the morning since according to the maids said, walking in the morning could ease the giving birth process. Therefore, almost every morning the Royal Queen took a walk around the palace garden with the King.

When her pregnancy entered the ninth month and a week, Queen Purbamanah moaned because her stomach hurt. The moon was full that night. The King, who heard her moan could not bear it anymore. He did not have a heart to see the queen continue to whimper.

"Maybe it's time for her to give birth," thought the King. Therefore, he then asked the maids to call the midwife. A moment later, the midwife arrived and the King immediately came out of her queen's room. He could not stand hearing his wife in so much pain so he decided to wait outside the room.

With the midwife's help, at twelve o'clock sharp that night, the queen gave birth to a child. The baby's loud cry broke the silence and could be heard outside the room. The King hurried inside to see his baby.

"Has my child been born, Ma'am?" he asked the midwife.

"Yes, Your Majesty," answered the midwife. "A boy or a girl?"

"A girl, Your Majesty. As lovely as the Queen."

"Thank God, Ma'am. Finally my waiting is over. This is the most beautiful blessing for us, also for the Kingdom of Kuta Tanggeuhan. How is the Queen?"

"The Queen is fine, only a bit tired."

"Thank God, Ma'am."

The King was of course happy with the birth of his daughter. So was the queen. The happiness of the royal family was also the happiness of the whole people of Kuta Tanggeuhan Kingdom.

When the baby girl was seven days old, the King held a big thanksgiving feast for seven days and seven nights. All of the people in Kuta Tanggeuhan country were invited to that public feast. During the feast, the King announced the name of their daughter, Nyi Mas Ratu Dewi Rukmini Kencanawungu.

All the people attending the feast were very happy. It was their first time to participate in such a merry feast. Every day they were served with different foods and enjoyed various art shows such as dances, traditional self-defense art show, puppet show, magical fire-eater show, bamboo musical instrument show, and many more.

The King and his queen were very happy. Besides of having been blessed with a daughter, they were also happy to see almost all people were present in the feast who shared their happiness sincerely, judging from their friendly smiles and radiant faces when they shook hands with the King's family.

After the feast, the Princess' name and beauty became the talk of all people who continued to speak about the merry feast and the Princess' beauty. Day by day, month by month, year by year, the Princess' beauty grew more evident.

At age seven, the Princess already looked like a teenager. She was agile and friendly, but also strong-willed. She had to get what she wanted and sometimes she did not care whether what she wanted belonged to another person or not. She just had to get it. Therefore, she sometimes argued with her friends, who despite of it, never got mad at her. They still loved the Princess.

Almost every day, the Princess' hair was tied into a ponytail decorated by a piece of blue ribbon, which made her earn her

nickname, Dewi Kuncung Biru (Blue Tuft Goddess). The Princess did not mind the nickname given her by her friends. In fact, she was even fond of it because blue was in indeed favorite color.

Missing in the Hunting Ground

One day, when the King was about to go hunting, Dewi Kuncung Biru insisted to come along with him. The King of course refused to bring her since the jungle where he was about to hunt was a dangerous place, and not a playing ground for kids of her daughter's age.

“Father, I want to come with you. I will be fine, there are a lot of guards anyway,” whined the Princess when her father was about to set out.

“No, My Dear. We're going to hunt in the forest. There are a lot of wild animals like tigers, deer, monkeys, orangutans, and many more. Those animals are dangerous, My Dear. If you don't believe me, just ask your mother,” the King tried to talk her daughter out of it.

“I am so curious, Father. I want to see those animals,” the Princess kept whining.

The King was quiet for a while. He was at loss trying to find a way to refuse his daughter's request, so he finally talked to the queen.

“What should we do, Dear Wife? Try to persuade her to change her mind,” said the King to the Queen, who was seated next to him.

“Forgive me, Dear Husband. I have tried to persuade her. But she keeps insisting to go hunting with you. She has even let me know about her wish several days before,” answered the Queen.

“So, what do I do? Should I take her with me to hunt in the jungle?”

“I don't think it would be big deal. We have a lot of guards anyway who can take care of her while you hunt.”

“Fine, then. But if something goes wrong, promise me that you will not blame me.”

“Yes, that is my Father,” interrupted Dewi Kuncung Biru with glee. She had wanted to go hunting for quite some time, but only now her parents granted her wish. “Yes, but you should behave well, alright?” instructed the King.

“Yes, Father.”

“Hunting is not a brief activity, My Dear. We might have to sleep for several days in the jungle. Don’t you feel scared of the animals?” asked her father.

“No, Father. I am brave enough to sleep in the jungle,” replied his daughter confidently.

“Well, alright then. Go ask your mother to help you prepare your stuff. Do not forget to bring your favorite foods, drinks, and also warm clothes.”

“Alright, Father, thank you,” said Dewi Kuncung Biru while kissing the cheek of her father who was still sitting down.

The King smiled when he received the kiss. His heart melted inside, but he was also worried. Actually he did not want to take his daughter to the hunting ground, but on the other hand, he also did not have a heart to forbid her to come with him.

On the set day, the King departed to the jungle to hunt. He rode a handsome black horse, a sturdy animal with shining black skin. Dewi Kuncung Biru sat on the saddle with her father. As the horse continued to move forward, she kept smiling and nodding her head. Behind the horse ridden by the King and his daughter, there was a troop of twenty soldiers accompanying them, all brave and heroic ones chosen to come along with the King everywhere.

By night, the King's entourage arrived in the jungle where they would hunt. They stopped there to take a rest and several soldiers set up a tent for them. Several others were preparing their drinks and dinner.

After the preparation was done, the King and his daughter and guards took a rest inside the tent. The foods and drinks were also immediately served. That night, they dined together inside the tent they had set up at the edge of the woods. Before long, some of the soldiers fell asleep due to their fatigue. Several other soldiers, who were instructed to watch around, stayed on the alert around the tent.

The following day, the King went hunting in the jungle. He was guarded by several soldiers while some other stayed around the tent to watch out. That morning, when the King set out, Dewi Kuncung Biru was still soundly asleep, exhausted from such a long journey.

By afternoon, the Princess looked confused when she woke up, looking for her father.

"Uncle, where is my father?" she asked one of the soldiers who was taking care of her. "Your father is hunting, Young Lady," the soldier answered naively.

"Why did not he take me with him?"

“Your father said that you have to stay here in the camp.”

“But I want to see the animals.”

“In the hunting area, the animals are wild, Young Lady. If you want to see some animals, look around. There are many cute monkeys outside the tent.”

“I want to go outside and see them, is that okay?”

“No, Young Lady. It is dangerous out there. If you go out, I will be punished by your father.” “Alright, Uncle.”

Dewi Kuncung Biru pretended to be obedient. Therefore, she went back inside her tent, though she really wanted to get closer to the monkeys which were playing outside her tent.

When her guard was distracted, Princess Kuncung Biru sneaked out of her tent without making any sound. She tiptoed from it to get closer to those playing monkeys.

One guard who became aware that the Princess was walking outside the tent asked one of his friends to follow her. Unexpectedly, an ape showed up and approached the Princess. The two soldiers grew worried and hastened their walk to catch up with the Princess. However, their effort was in vain as the ape was closer to her and snatched her petite body quickly before taking her to a branch of a big tree.

The two soldiers got in a panic. They immediately returned to the camp and reported the fateful event to the leader of the guards who upon hearing it, seemed to be at a loss. “How is that possible, Brother? How could that happen?” he asked them incredulously.

“Well, it happened. We had been watching her, but she sneaked out of the tent,” the reporting soldier made an excuse.

“Well, now, keep watching out for the Princess. I will report it to the King in the meantime,” said the leader of the guards.

Having said those words, they split to do their respective tasks.

Later on, the leader of the guards managed to talk to the King in the hunting area. He immediately told the King everything.

“Forgive me, Your Majesty. We have a trouble,” reported the leader of the guards.

“What’s the matter, Soldier? What happened?” asked the King.

“The Princess, Your Majesty... she was snatched by an ape and taken to the top of a tree.” “What? How could that happen?”

“We had tried to watch out for her, Your Majesty. But without us knowing, the Princess sneaked out of the tent. That’s when she was kidnapped.”

The King looked furious when he heard the report. However, he tried to remain calm and control his anger. After being quiet for a moment, he immediately ordered all of his guardians to look for the Princess.

Having gone through several hills and valleys, the King finally arrived under the big tree which had been mentioned by his soldier. He felt a bit of relief when he spotted the Princess on the lap of an ape. The animal was stroking his daughter's hair. The ape did not look mean. On the contrary, the animal showed a lot of affection to the Princess. Nevertheless, the King was still worried and kept thinking of ways to take his daughter back.

"Father, help me," screamed Dewi Kuncung Biru from the tree.

"Be patient, Child. I will bring you down as soon as possible. Don't keep moving lest you'll fall," the King consoled her from below.

"Soldiers," the King called out. "Do you have any idea of how to get my daughter from there?" He continued.

"Allow me to tell you mine, Your Majesty. What if we shoot the ape with arrows?" suggested one of the soldiers.

"Don't talk nonsense. What if the arrows hit my daughter or she fell from that tall tree?" scolded the King.

The scolded soldier grew pale. Meanwhile, another soldier also came up with his suggestion.

“Your Majesty, monkeys are usually fond of fruits. What if we exchange the fruits we have brought with the Princess? Hopefully the monkey is hungry and will come down to give us back the Princess,” suggested the soldier.

“Your idea is not bad,” said the King. “Go and bring our fruits here,” asked the King.

One of the soldiers then ran to fetch the fruits which had been provided for the King. Not long after that, he returned and handed those fruits to the King.

Having received the package of fruits, the King immediately opened it up and showed the content to the ape which had kidnapped his daughter. The ape stared at the fruits the King was waving with eye wide open. The animal then descended from the tree, carrying the Princess with his hands.

The Princess struggled to get herself free from the grip of the ape’s hands, crying, to no avail, since the animal gripped her tightly.

After reaching the ground, the ape tried to snatch the fruits from the King’s hand. However, the King would not let those fruits go.

He made a sign with his hands, asking the ape to first hand him his daughter. The ape seemed to understand what the King meant and released the Princess from his grip, putting her down on the ground. Then he took the fruits and hurried back to the top of the tree. In the meantime, the Princess darted towards the King with tears on her cheeks.

The King immediately hugged the apple of his eyes, having succeeded in getting her back. A moment later, the King asked all of his soldiers to return to the palace. That day, the hunt was cancelled. Nevertheless, both the King and his troop were not disappointed, since the crown princess of Kuta Tanggeuhan Kingdom had been returned into her father's arms.

The Ill-Fated Gem

At dusk, the sun above the palace showed off its reddish orange color, with a thick layer of clouds flocked around it. That dusk was unusual. A herd of bats were hovering above the palace of Kuta Tanggeuhan. Some of its inhabitants were wondering about what kind of premonition what was. However, no one was able to answer it.

That particular happening kept going for several days. Some of the people were wondering about its meaning while some others could not care less. For them, it was just an ordinary natural

phenomenon and so they kept conducting their activities as usual, without being influenced by it too much.

King Swarnalaya and the royal family in the palace also did not show much concerns about it, much less Dewi Kuncung Biru. The little heir of Kuta Tanggeuhan's throne was still the way she used to be. She was cheerful every day and kept living her days as a spoiled and strong-willed little girl, who had to have all of her wishes granted by her father and mother.

Time kept ticking. Dewi Kuncung Biru remained the same in her attitudes and determination, but not with her body. As day by day passed, she continued to grow. And as she grew up, her beauty became more evident.

King Swarnalaya was very proud with his daughter's growth. So was Queen Purbamanah. The mother of Dewi Kuncung Biru often gave her daughter advices on how to behave as a princess.

At seventeen years old, Dewi Kuncung Biru became even prettier. She often lingered in front of a mirror, smiling contently at her own reflection there. She was proud of her beauty and had a desire to become the most beautiful woman in the whole Kingdom of Kuta Tanggeuhan. For that, she often put a lot of make-up and dressed up, wearing expensive jewelries. If some other women wore the same dress or jewelries, she would no

longer want to wear them the following day and asked for the new, different ones.

A week before she turned exactly seventeen years old, Dewi Kuncung Biru came to her father, accompanied by her mother, Queen Purbamanah. When he saw the presence of her daughter and queen, King Swarnalaya wondered in his heart since they usually did not behave in such a formal way. Nevertheless, the King tried to conceal his surprise and acted as a wise father.

“My Child, what it is that made you come to see me accompanied by your mother?” asked King Swarnalaya to his daughter.

“Nothing, Father,” replied Dewi Kuncung Biru, trying to hide her true reason. “I just missed you so much,” she continued.

“Ah, just tell me the truth. What is it that you want?”

“No, Father. Nothing, really.”

Seeing how timid her daughter was in telling what she wanted, Queen Purbamanah intervened.

“Come on, Darling. Just tell your father what you want,” she encouraged her daughter.

“No, Mother. Why don’t you tell him that?” whined Dewi Kuncung Biru.

“What is it, My Dear Wife, why are you two whispering to each other that way?” asked the King.

“Well, My Dear Husband,” said Queen Purbamanah, “soon our daughter will be seventeen years old. She would like to have a party to celebrate that special day, when she becomes an adult woman.”

“I see. If that’s only it, why did not you tell me sooner? I don’t mind celebrating my lovely daughter’s birthday.”

“Really, Father?” Dewi Kuncung Biru bounced around happily.

“Yes, of course, Child.”

“But, Father, I want to wear the best dress in the party, something that no one has never worn.”

“No problem. Just ask your mother to choose the best dress for you.”

“Thank you, Father. There’s one more thing, though.”

“What is it? Tell me!”

“Besides wearing the best dress, I also want to put on beautiful jewelries, such as gems, diamonds, gold, and pearls.”

“That is not a problem either. What jewelries do you want? Bracelets, necklaces, or diamond earrings?”

“Not only those jewelries, Father. In the party, I want each strand of my hair to be decorated by beautiful gold, gems, and diamonds.”

“What? A gem for each strand of your hair? Have you gone out of your mind? That is impossible. Do you know how many strands of hair you have? If all of them should be decorated with a gem and a diamond, where should I look for them?” the King raised his voice.

“I don’t want to know about it. The most important thing is, all of those jewelries should be ready at the party,” retorted Dewi Kuncung Biru.

While uttering those words, she leaped out of her seat. She immediately went out of the room with a resentful heart. Without thinking of how her father and mother might have felt, she kept running towards her room.

After she reached her room, Dewi Kuncung Biru locked herself inside and sobbed. The pillows and bolsters in her room became the target of her anger. She was upset because her father seemed to disapprove her wish.

In the meantime, in the living room, the King was still stunned in his seat. Next to him, Queen Purbamanah was also speechless. Both felt sad and upset with their daughter's behavior. They could not understand why she acted that way.

The King took a deep breath, and exhaled it again loudly. After that, he said to his queen.

“My Dear Queen,” he spoke tenderly, “try to give our child some advice. Teach her to behave and act in accordingly. Do not let her have strange behaviors.”

“I have often given her advice, My Dear Husband. But, her attitudes and behaviors are hard to control. She often follows her own whim,” argued Queen Purbamanah.

“Even so, try one more time, please.”

“I will, My Dear Husband. Please excuse me.”

Queen Purbamanah left the King, who was still sitting there pensively. As a wife, she actually felt embarrassed because she felt as if she had failed to educate her daughter well. She had tried everything, but her daughter's attitudes never changed. She was determined to give her daughter some advice again patiently so she went to the Princess' room.

Within the following days, without anybody knowing who had spread it, the news about Dewi Kuncung Biru's impossible wish reached those outside the palace. Some people questioned the behavior of the Princess of Kuta Tanggeuhan Kingdom. She was already pretty, so why would she still want to beautify herself by decorating all of her hair with precious gems?

Some others, upon finding out regarding the news, flocked to the palace. They voluntarily wanted to donate their gold and gems to the Princess, though some of them were just driven by their pity.

King Swarnalaya tried to refuse the donation of his people but they asserted that the donation was out of their good will. They did it as a proof of their affection to the King and to Dewi Kuncung Biru. They would be disappointed if the donation were rejected. Therefore, the King could not refuse it anymore and asked one of the court officials to store the donated jewelries.

Having approved by the King, in such a short time, they managed to collect a full sack of accessories made of gold, gems, diamonds, and so on, in various beautiful forms.

When it was time for the celebration, all the people were invited to the palace. They were requested to attend the celebration for the Princess of Kuta Tanggeuhan Kingdom. Almost all invitees, both from the royal family of the palace and also the ordinary people, wore beautiful clothes.

King Swarnalaya and the Queen welcomed the invited guests with joyful hearts. Exquisite foods were served for all of the invitees. A part from that, they were also entertained with various regional art shows from every corner of the country, making the party merrier and pleasing to all of the guests.

Amidst the party, Dewi Kuncung Biru sat on her chair with gleaming clothes and beaming, gorgeous face under colorful lights. Shortly after, King Swarnalaya stood up in front of the guests accompanied by his Queen to deliver his speech, in which he announced their purpose in holding the party that day.

The King and his whole family did not forget as well to thank for the donation from the people and expressed their hope that the kindness of those people who had been helping would be paid back by the Creator one day. A big round applause echoed in the whole hall where the party was held after the King ended his speech.

Before returning to his seat, the King and his Queen came closer to Dewi Kuncung Biru to congratulate her as they handed her the donation from the people.

“Happy birthday, Child, today you have become an adult. Therefore, learn to live like an adult. I hope your life will be filled with happiness,” said King Swarnalaya while shaking the hand of his daughter and kissed her forehead.

“Yes, Child. Happy birthday. I hope your life will be happy,” added Queen Purbamanah while kissing her daughter’s cheeks.

“Thank you, Father, Mother,” replied Dewi Kuncung Biru, “but where are the gems for the decoration of my hair that I have requested?” insisted the Princess of Kuta Tanggeuhan Kingdom.

“Oh, yes. This is a gift for you, Child,” said the King, handing a box of jewelry to his daughter which contained gold, gems, diamonds, and jewels, and many others, all in various beautiful forms.

Dewi Kuncung Biru received the gift with a beaming smile. Her heart was overwhelmed with joy, imagining that soon she would be able to put on those beautiful jewelries and each strand of her hair would be decorated with a sparkling gem and jewel. She was ecstatic to soon present herself as the most beautiful woman in the whole Kuta Tanggeuhan country.

With a throbbing heart, Dewi Kuncung Biru opened up the jewelry box. All of a sudden her eyes were bulging with anger. The jewelries she saw in the box were not as she had expected. There were indeed gold, gems, diamonds, and jewels inside it but their forms and colors were not as she had wanted. In anger she threw the jewelry box right away, making them scatter all over the floor of the party hall, sending sparkles everywhere.

King Swarnalaya and her Queen were staring at them with eyes open wide. The merry party turned into turmoil in just seconds. At the same time as the jewelry box hit the floor, a deafening thunderbolt was heard loud like an explosion.

The thunder was roaring when it hit the roof of the palace where the party was being held. The palace building and roof were destroyed at once. Along with that, there was also a big storm with heavy rain while the thunders kept striking, one over another.

Shortly after, the earth was shaking. The earthquake was getting stronger, as if the earth was being jolted with a tremendous power. The floor of the party hall was cracking all of a sudden, and then collapsed under the ground. In the meantime, the stormy rain kept pouring incessantly. The storm was filled with striking lightings and rumbling thunders. Torrents of rain kept raging like a flood from the sky.

The water was getting higher and higher. Soon, the whole palace of Kuta Tanggeuhan Kingdom and the areas around it were drowned in it.

The water inundating the palace later on formed a lake. Strange things then immediately happened. As the stormy rain and striking lightings stopped, the water of the lake was filled with colors.

Various fish emerged with their colorful scales. Later on, people started to call the lake as the Rainbow Lake.