

PRINCESS LUMIMUUT

Putri Lumimuut

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PRINCESS LUMIMUUT

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Cerita Rakyat dari Sulawesi Utara



Putri Lumimuut

ASAL-USUL ETNIS MINAHASA,
SULAWESI UTARA



Ditulis oleh
Nurul Qomariah

Putri Lumimuut

Asal-Usul Penduduk Manado, Sulawesi Utara

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

There are many lessons that we can get from reading literature, one of which is reading folktales that are adapted or reprocessed into children's stories. The results of reading literature always inspire and motivate readers to be creative in finding something new. Reading literature can trigger further imagination, open enlightenment, and add insights. For this

reason, we express our gratitude for the processors for the story. We also express our appreciation and gratitude to the Head of the Coaching Center, Head of the Learning Division, and Head of the Subdivision of Modules and Teaching Materials and staffs for all the efforts and hard works carried out until the realization of this book.

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

Jakarta, June 2016

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

Preface

All praise be to Allah, the ruler of the universe because without him nothing could happen included the completion of this folklore book.

This book tries to instill strength, fortitude, courage, and hard work in living life. Life is a fight. Life is not to be regretted or mourned. God Almighty as the foundation of life is illustrated in this storyline.

In the completion of this folklore, the author received full support from the Head of the North Sulawesi Language Office, Mr. Supriyanto Widodo, S.S., M. Hum., And Head of the North Sulawesi Language Office's Subdivision of Administration, Ms. Greis Rantung, M.Pd. and the Language Development and Cultivation Agency which from the beginning has provided opportunities for writers to share North Sulawesi folklore across the country, even in the future.

The support of the closest people provides strength and determination to accompany the completion of this folklore. Dear people: Yayang - my lovely husband, who is always 'present' at every step of the author. Ade, my lovely child, who is intelligent and always diligently praying for his mother. The writer's parents, namely Lahuddin Suaib and Bertha Sinaga, who always poured out the writer's days with hope and blessings.

Thank you to all parties involved, both directly and indirectly in the completion of this book

Manado, April 2016
Nurul Qotimah

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PRINCESS LUMIMUUT
(THE ORIGIN OF MANADO PEOPLE IN
NORTH SULAWESI)

Once upon a time in Japan, reigned a tyrant Emperor. His cruelty was well known all over the land. Practically everyone, both his subjects and his staff, was afraid of him. Anything the emperor commanded had to be done. Anyone dared to disobey him would face a severe punishment.

The Emperor loved art performances, particularly dances. He never got up from his seat during a dance performance, not until it ended. He loved watching dances so much that he never missed an opportunity to get involved in the preparation, from deciding the tidbits of the performances to selecting the best girls who would perform.

The Emperor instructed his trusted General to find the best and most beautiful dancers from every city in Japan. The General then commanded his soldiers to go to every corner of the land to find the best dancing performers. It was all to cater to the Emperor's love for dance performances.

Selected dancers, all beautiful girls, from several cities all over Japan were invited to the palace to meet the General. The General then explained why they were summoned. They were asked to

perform their best dance in front of the General, who would carefully examine and decide which girls gave the best performance that would please the Emperor.

After a series of selection process, several dancers were chosen to perform before the Emperor. These girls fitted the rigorous criteria that the Emperor would like. There were ten of them.

The Emperor explicitly stated that he wanted the dancers to have beautiful face, slender body, and most importantly, similar height.

Once the selection process was done, the General reported it to the Emperor. The Emperor was glad about the news. He could not wait to watch their performances in every royal event to be held in the palace. These girls would be the royal dancers, performing in parties or after the Emperor's meetings with his ministers or other important figures.

In return, the Emperor would give them huge rewards.

One day, the Emperor held a meeting with his ministers to discuss ways to elevate the kingdom into the best kingdom in the world. As usual, the royal dancers entertained them after the meeting. The performance was great. Every dancer moved with such a flow in a very well-choreographed dance. Sometimes they moved as one and other times they did different yet harmonious moves. The way they moved between and around their fellow dancers was enchanting. All the while, captivating smiles never left their

pretty faces. Their performance was satisfactorily entertaining. The ministers, and most importantly the Emperor, enjoyed it so much. The Emperor kept smiling in his throne, occasionally applauding the dancers who moved beautifully with the music.

The Emperor sat on a throne shaped like a dragon's head surrounded by long, sophisticated vines. The throne was carved from a huge, ancient Teak tree. It was sturdy and big. The carving on the throne was made under the Emperor's specific order. His love of art was clearly evident in the details carved on his thrones. The dragon's head looked lifelike and the vines were carved in great detail, reflecting the power and majesty of an Emperor.

The Emperor were immersed in the performance. He watched the dancers closely, taking in their every swirl and turn. Every once in a while, he would run his hand on the throne's armrest, which was shaped like dragon's eye. The Emperor loved his dragon throne almost as much as he loved watching dance performances.

While watching the performance, the Emperor realized that something was out of order. He realized that there were only nine girls dancing in front of him. There should be ten of them, which meant one was absent. His expression changed. His face got redder every second. He was about to explode with rage. The Emperor suddenly stood up.



觀自在菩薩

法華之經

He hit the throne with a closed fist and shouted, “How dare you!”

Everyone in the room was startled. The ministers looked at each other with confusion. The music stopped and the dancers slowly huddled together in the middle of the room. The silence in the room was so intense one could hear a pin dropped. Seeing that the Emperor was so angry, the girls moved quietly to a corner.

Sensing that the situation could blow up into something worse, and since he was responsible for the dancers, the General quickly approached the Emperor, with face pale with fear.

He said, “I beg your forgiveness, Your Majesty. It is my fault. Please forgive my mistake, oh the Greatest Emperor in all corners of the earth.” He kneeled and begged, did not dare to look up.

The General kept his eyes down. Looking up might be interpreted as treason. No one should have the courage to challenge the Emperor, even only by looking directly into his eyes. The General bowed so low that his head appeared to be lost in his suit of armor.

He knew he had made a grave mistake by not presenting the full set of royal dancers to the Emperor. He even suspected that the immaculate Emperor would notice the missing dancer immediately. However, he never guessed that the Emperor would be this mad. The Emperor walked slowly, and menacingly, away from his throne. He was boiling with anger. He stood tall in front

of the kneeling General. His stare could kill and the General felt it.

The General could feel that the Emperor was staring down at him, ready to give a command that could end his life. The General felt weak. He knew he screwed up. The Emperor had never tolerated mistakes, no matter how small they were. The General's prospect was not great. His life might end any second now. The Emperor's next word would determine whether he would leave this room alive or not. He had to say something before the Emperor did.

The General threw himself at the Emperor's feet and begged for his life, "Oh, Great Emperor, supreme ruler of the earth, I beg you to forgive me. I had no ill intention against Your Majesty. All I wanted was to present an entertaining performance for Your Majesty and the ministers. I know it is inappropriate to let the dancers perform without all members present. But I thought having nine dancers was better than no performance at all. Great Emperor, whom all people adore, I did what I did to please Your Majesty.

Your Majesty's name will soon be known all over the world. Your Majesty's power will be unmatched. I am nothing compared to Your Majesty's greatness. Please, forgive your humble servant, oh Great Emperor." The General hoped his words would calm the Emperor a little.

The last thing he wanted was for the Emperor to release his anger on the dancers.

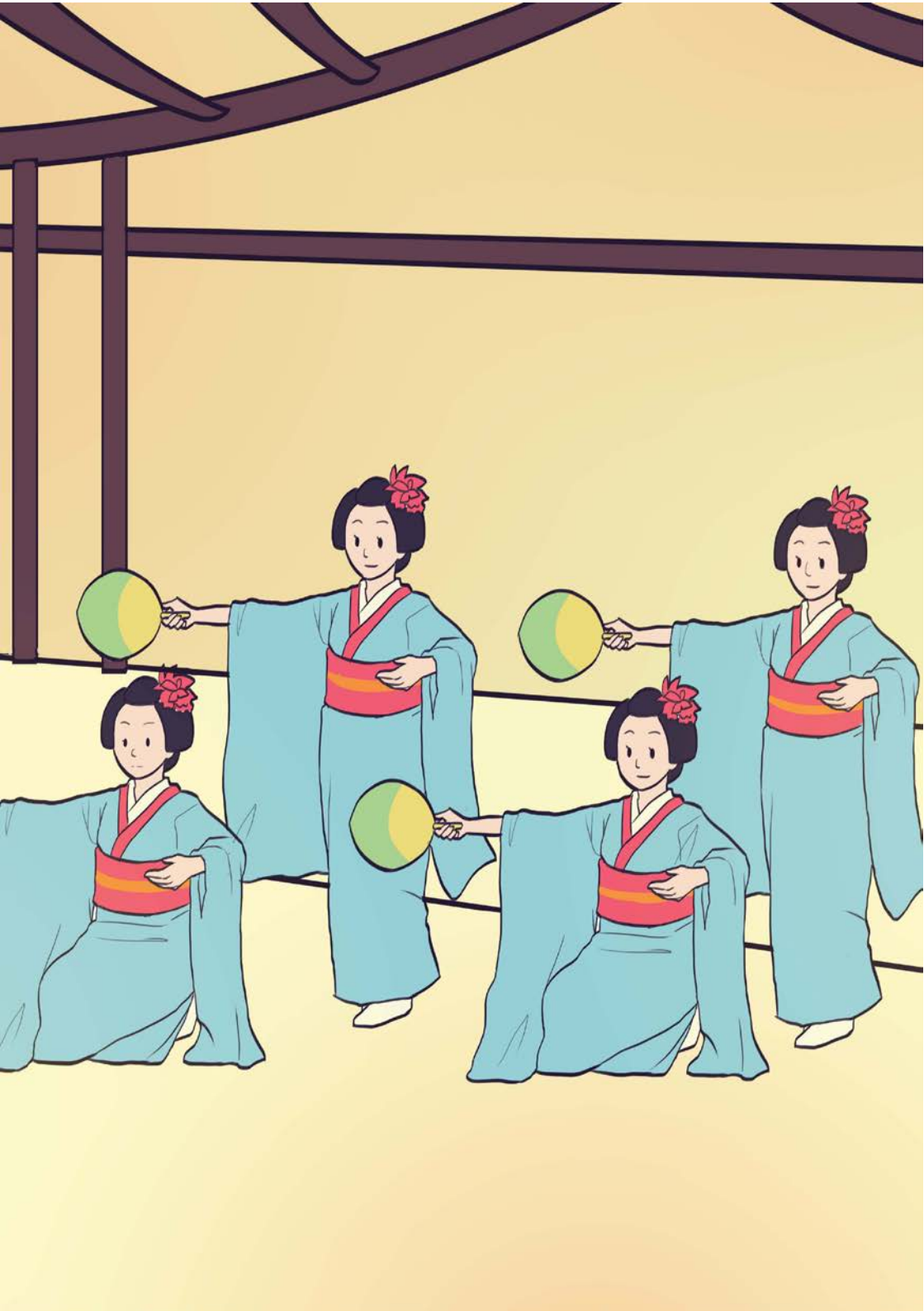
Fortunately, the Emperor chose to listen to his trusted General. The muscles in his face began to relax a little.

However, it did not mean that he could just let this matter go. He was disappointed with the General's carelessness. With a booming voice, the Emperor delivered his sentence. No one under his command could go unpunished after making mistakes. They had to be taught a lesson.

Deep down, the Emperor was disappointed with his General. He never thought that his most trusted subordinate could and would do something so disappointing. Considering that the General had served him well for so long, the Emperor did not want to punish him severely.

He decided to release the General from service. The general was lucky to get away with just being fired because the Emperor also wanted to punish the missing dancer, who had failed to perform her duties. She was sentenced to death.

The poor dancer could not do anything. The Emperor's words were law. Even though she felt the punishment was disproportionate to her mistake; after all, she only missed once performance, no one could help her escape the Emperor's wrath.



The girl was a daughter of the previous emperor. She was a great dancer and very beautiful. She was called Rumimoto. Rumimoto was appointed as the leader of the royal dancers. One of her tasks was to manage royal dancers' performances; what dance to perform, what music to use, how long they should train, et cetera.

Among the ten dancers, Rumimoto stood out. Her dancing skill was outstanding. Not only could she dance beautifully, she was also a great choreographer. Rumimoto's skill was a result of years of training. She had been dancing since she was little. Her father, the previous emperor, had employed the best dance instructor in Japan to teach and train Rumimoto. Although both her father and her dance instructor had passed away for so long, Rumimoto kept practicing every day to improve her dancing skills.

The main reason for Rumimoto missing the performance today was because she was unwell. When the General contacted her to perform after today's meeting, she was not ready. The royal dancers barely had time to rest after their last performance.

Rumimoto had planned to ask an audience with the Emperor regarding this matter. She was going to ask for the Emperor's permission so that the royal dancers might have some time to rest before performing again.

However, there never seemed to be a good time for that.

Rumimoto finally decided to give subtle hints to the Emperor.

That was why she instructed the royal dancers to perform without her. She knew the risk; the Emperor might be furious because not all members were present and she might face a severe punishment. However, she hoped that the Emperor would conduct an investigation, which would give her a perfect opportunity to explain the problem.

Unfortunately, the Emperor delivered his sentence without looking into the matter at all. There was no way out of it for Rumimoto. Her only consolation was that the royal judges tried to protect her because they knew who she was.

The judges wanted to save Princess Rumimoto from such a terrible fate. They held a secret meeting to discuss what to do. They needed to find a way for Princess Rumimoto to escape her death sentence.

The judges gathered in the meeting room. Most of them had been working in the palace since Princess Rumimoto's father ruled the kingdom. The Old Judge, the most senior judge among them, began the meeting.

“You must have known the reason we are gathering here. The fate of Princess Rumimoto is on a very thin thread. We have to do something to save her. If any of you have any idea to prevent her from being burned alive, we will make the spirit of our old Emperor, her father, proud.”

The Old Judge looked at each judge in front of him. He searched their eyes, trying to decipher what they were thinking. All he saw was their sincerity. There was no doubt that they really wanted to save Princess Rumimoto. The Old Judge then continued, “Thank you for coming, brothers. Let’s hope we can pool our ideas and find the best solution for the princess.”

A judge sitting on the right side of the Old Judge leaned forward and said, “Old Judge, what do you think we should do? I think it is impossible to ask the Emperor to nullify his decision. He is really furious this time!”

Another judge, who was almost as old as the Old Judge, offered his opinion.

He was sitting right across the Old Judge. “Can we tell the Emperor the true identity of Princess Rumimoto? Perhaps it will help to change his mind. But it will take all of us to convince His Majesty to reduce the sentence.”

The Old Judge tried to act as a moderator in this discussion. “I think it is a good idea to reveal Princess Rumimoto’s identity to His Majesty the Emperor. We have to try anything and everything we can, rather than assuming the worst and giving up. What do you say?” He asked the others.

Most of the judges nodded their agreement. The others were clearly considering that option before giving their opinion.

Finally, it was decided that all judges present would go to the Emperor and plead for lighter punishment for Princess Rumimoto. They would tell the Emperor that Princess Rumimoto was the daughter of the previous emperor. They would do it the next morning.

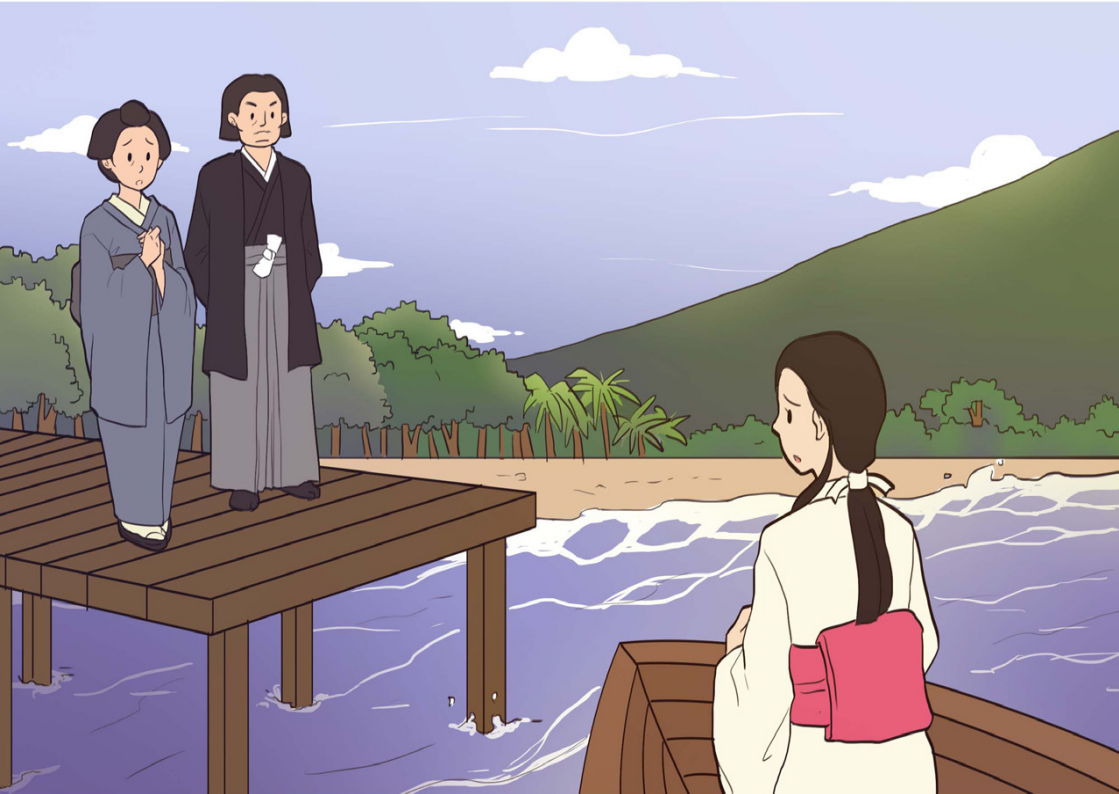
The next morning, all the judges were granted an audience with the Emperor. The Old Judge stated their intention in a very carefully worded way because he did not want to cause another conflict and blow the princess' chance. They presented their arguments, provided reasons, and begged for the Emperor's kindness. Finally, the Emperor was willing to consider their suggestion and decided to take back the death sentence for Princess Rumimoto. The punishment was changed into banishment to the sea, instead.

The Emperor ordered his people to make a boat for Princess Rumimoto. Once it was finished, the Princess was told to get in and sit quietly. They had filled the boat with provisions that would last her a long time. When everything was ready, several boats pulled the Princess's boat to the sea and let it go once they were far enough from the land.

It was a sad thing to see that Princess Rumimoto had to sail alone in a small boat to wherever the tide took her. Her relatives, and all people in the kingdom, watched her sail with a heavy heart. They were sad to lose such a beautiful and generous princess.

Nobody knew what would happen to her, whether she might come back or lost in the ocean. Soon, the news spread all over the kingdom. The general public did not entirely agree with the Emperor's decision to banish Princess Rumimoto, but there was nothing they could do, except praying for her safety.

The boat had been floating on the sea for months and Princess Rumimoto had gone through a lot of experiences during those months. She faced every problems and trials coming her way with a strong heart, even though she never knew when or where she might land. She had been on the sea for so long that she felt it was her friend and the night sky was a huge blanket that kept her warm.



Every once in a while, she would remember her parents. If that happened, tears of desperation would stream down her soft cheeks. She missed her mother's warm hug and her father's loving caress. O, you never knew what life would bring. She had been a princess with numerous servants waiting for her command and now she was an exile.

As she put her fate on the mercy of the ocean, Rumimoto began to appreciate her life. She learned about perseverance directly from persevering in a boat with limited provisions. She learned about being thrifty by allotting her provisions to last as long as they could. She was lucky that the Emperor gave her sufficient provisions that might last for quite a long time.

Rumimoto's boat bobbed up and down on the sea. The waves were harsh. Rain, storm, and heat from the sun attacked her all the time. Cold night wind that blew around her right before dawn often made her shiver as if all her bones could not take it anymore.

Along that harsh journey filled with uncertainty, Rumimoto always prayed for protection from God. She also prayed that God took care of her late parents. She prayed that their spirit found peace in the afterlife. She also prayed for forgiveness for all her mistakes and errors. She realized that defying the Emperor was a stupid thing to do and now, a lot of people had to pay for her stupidity.

“Oh God, I have made other people suffer because of my stupid actions. Please forgive me and take care of me, O Lord the Master of the Universe.

Please give me a chance to meet someone who will lead me to a better life.

Please answer my prayers, O Almighty God,” Rumimoto prayed sincerely with all her heart. Her voice was drowned under the heavy rain hitting the boat. She then closed her eyes and got ready to enter the realm of dream.

The next day, Rumimoto’s boat ran aground on a beach. Rumimoto opened her eyes and was shocked.

She quickly sat up and uttered a prayer of gratitude because God had saved her from the Emperor’s punishment and given her a second chance. She realized that the boat in which she had been trapped for months had finally reached the end of the road.

The boat was stranded on a beach which later was known as Manandau, which meant ‘a faraway place’.



Princess Rumimoto was glad that she was safe and on land again. She stood in the boat and looked at the white sand that stretched along the beach. The clean beach and the clear water were a magnificent sight. She was deeply moved. She remembered how she had submitted to fate the night before when she prayed that God let her meet someone. She felt that God was closer to her than ever at the moment. God had protected her all the time she was at the sea and now God had finally let her land on a beautiful place.

The sight was amazing. Princess Rumimoto stood there, transfixed. She saw the white sand stretched as far as the horizon, like a white soft blanket, glinting under the morning sun. Not too far ahead were rows of coconut trees. Their leaves waved in the air as if welcoming her to the land. She turned her head to the right and left, taking in all the sand and the trees around her. Her eyes did not deceive her. It was not a dream or hallucination. She was on land.

Rumimoto stepped slowly out of the boat. Her feet touched the sand and the water. She walked slowly, parting the surface of the water on her ankles. She wanted to savor this moment. She promised to enjoy this second chance God had given her. “Thank you, God!” she said. She felt tears of joy in her eyes. Her chest was full of gratitude.

Her footprints followed her up the beach. However, they stayed only for a moment on the sand because the waves from the sea quickly erased them. Rumimoto turned back and saw how her trails disappeared under the frothy waves.

She remembered all the struggle she had experienced trying to survive on the boat.

Now, all those hardships were erased by her being safe on land.

Rumimoto walked slowly away from the sea. She was looking for a place to live. She found a cave behind a huge cliff. The cave

was not too big. On its left was a huge sturdy tree. The tree seemed to be hundreds of years old because its girth was wider than an adult's reach. Rumimoto figured that she could use the tree as a shelter. She smiled and sat down under the shade of its dense leaves.

Rumimoto decided to reside in the cave. It was a safe place, protecting her from the elements and wild animals. She had plenty of survival experiences by now. She knew that a safe place would be great for anyone to calm their mind.

That night was the first night Rumimoto spent in the cave. It was not too different from her experience on the boat. The only difference was that now there were no waves rocking under her, and no storm that might topple the ground where she laid. She felt safe and secure.

Rumimoto once again reminisced about all the events that led to this point. It was a miracle that she survived all the ordeals before. She remembered the people who had watched her sail in tears. She remembered the faces of her parents. All of them were the source of her motivation to push as hard as she could to survive.

Rumimoto had taken what little provisions she had left from the boat. It would last her for a few more days. To survive in this land, Rumimoto learned to find edible plants and animals. She

was an intelligent girl and she was able to quickly determine which plants she could eat directly and which she needed to cook first.

It was fortunate that the land where Rumimoto was stranded was full of fruit trees. For the first few days after her provisions had run out, Rumimoto only ate the fruits. Then, she learned to hunt for games. Since then, she picked fruits and hunted animals every day, constantly moving to new areas. She never stayed in the same area when hunting.

One day, while she was hunting, Rumimoto was deeply engaged in tracking an animal. She had been after it for quite a while. Everytime she got close and almost caught it, the rabbit-like animal quickly leaped away. She had been so engrossed in chasing the animal that she did not realize she had entered deep in the forest, far away from her cave.

Rumimoto walked in the forest, getting deeper and deeper in, until she was too tired to move.

She decided to spend the night in the forest.

That night, she felt so cold that she could not stop shivering. However, her temperature had risen and she had a fever. All night, she could only lie down on the ground and writhe in pain. She had never felt a pain this intense.

Unable to handle the pain, she fell unconscious. Her sleep was restless. She dreamed about her mother, hugging and comforting her. Her mother sat beside her and sang her the songs from her childhood. Rumimoto felt a little better and slept through the night.

When she opened her eyes the next morning, Rumimoto was taken aback. Her surroundings were very unfamiliar. She distinctly remembered falling asleep in the forest. But now she woke up to find herself lying on a smooth bed of stone. The stone had been carved to make an adult size rectangular bed. She felt how smooth the stone was under her hands. She looked around to take in her surroundings.

Rumimoto's eyes fell upon a female figure sitting beside the bed. She was middle aged and was busy preparing an ointment. The woman smiled, seeing that Rumimoto had woken up. Their eyes met. The woman's eyes showed that she was strong, yet the look in her eyes was calming Rumimoto. She felt that she had once seen a look like that when she was a child. It reminded her of her own mother.

Rumimoto tried to smile. The old woman stroked her head softly. Rumimoto felt happiness in her heart. She did not know if her lips formed a smile or not, she felt that her muscles were so weak. She only wanted to give the woman a smile and thanked her. Shaking her head, the woman gave a sign to Rumimoto that she should not

talk yet.

Rumimoto felt a wave of emotions rushing over her. The woman's hand felt like a remedy for all her worries. She enjoyed the calming stroke on her head that she did not realize tears dropping from her eyes.

“Oh my God,” she exclaimed silently. She finally felt that she had found something that she had been looking for all her life. She had found the love she lost when her parents passed away when she was just a child.

Rumimoto felt her forehead was heavy with layers of leaves. She could smell the musty aroma of ointment and herbs from her forehead. The aroma refreshed her a little.

She began to take deeper breaths to get more of that refreshing aroma. She felt strength gradually returned to her body.

The middle-aged woman collected some leaves and crushed them in a mortar. Rumimoto tried to talk again, but she was too weak to speak. Her vision began to get blurry again and she fell back to a peaceful sleep.

Days went by as birds chirped outside and the sun rays entered the cave. Rumimoto had been lying down on the stone bed for three days in a row. The old woman took good care of her every day. On the fourth day, she was strong enough to sit. She knew

that the medicine the woman gave her had worked wonders. She felt she was able to sit on the bed and talk.

A close connection was growing between Rumimoto and the woman who had saved her. The woman treated her very well that Rumimoto felt safe to tell her everything she had gone through. The woman listened to her intently and let Rumimoto recount her life story.

By the end of the story, Rumimoto realized that she did not want to constantly remember all the hardships and trials she had faced. She decided to change her identity and call herself Lumimuut.



As Lumimuut told her life story, she cried again and again, remembering her experiences at the sea. Every once in a while the old woman stroked Lumimuut's back, trying to give her support. She also hugged Lumimuut, which made it easier for the girl to let go of her past life. The middle-aged woman even let Lumimuut cry on her lap and fall asleep there.

The middle-aged woman could sympathize with what Lumimuut had experienced. What she had gone through surely was hard for someone her age. When she found this girl in the forest at the foot of the hill where she lived, she instinctively knew that the girl was not ordinary. Judging by her pale skin and slanted eyes, the girl was clearly not a local. Her attire also showed that she was not common people.

When Lumimuut woke up again, she felt very close with the older woman, even though she barely knew her. Lumimuut looked at her properly. The woman's skin was brown, like a mixture of ripe sapodilla and old bamboo. Even though she was middle-aged, she moved with a swiftness of a young person.

She was not too tall or too short.

The woman wore her hair in a bun, like most middle-aged women. She had thick eyebrows, accentuating her soft eyes. Soft wrinkles could be seen on the corners of her eyes and on her cheeks.

Her face reflected that the tenderness and warmth of a woman who had spent half her life in the world. However, Lumimuut felt that there was a mystery behind the face, something that she could not fully understand.

It was uncommon for a woman to live alone in the middle of the forest. People tended to live in a community, yet this woman chose, and able, to live alone in a cave. Lumimuut felt that she would reveal the mystery some time.

Lumimuut shifted on her bed. She sat side by side with the woman on the rectangular stone. Lumimuut let her feet dangling on the side of the bed and touched the pebbles set in neat rows on the floor. She sensed that the middle-aged woman wanted to say something. Lumimuut turned her head to the left and looked at the woman.

Their eyes met. The woman sighed before she spoke. She introduced herself as Karema. She had been living alone in the forest for a long time. She said that she had never met another person since she lived there. That was why it was so surprising to see Lumimuut having a fever under the tree.

Karema was on her way home to the cave on the hill when she found Lumimuut muttering in her sleep. She felt that Lumimuut was burning up. She was wondering who this foreign girl was and why she was unconscious. Karema finally decided to take

Lumimuut home and take care of her.

Karema smiled when she finished her story. She felt that she had shared enough with this girl, who was young enough to be her daughter. Karema was touched by Lumimuut's story. She offered Lumimuut to live with her, that way both of them did not have to live alone anymore. Lumimuut quickly agreed to that proposition. One of the reasons was because she had forgotten the way back to her own cave. More importantly, she felt calm and comfortable with Karema. She believed that Karema was the answer of her prayer. She had prayed that God sent her someone to lead her to a better life, and now she met Karema. Both of them finally agreed to live together in Karema's cave.

Karema treated Lumimuut as her own daughter and Lumimuut thought of Karema as a mother figure. Karema passed down her knowledge to Lumimuut. She taught her the traditions of the people of that time. She wanted Lumimuut to be ready when she met other groups of people. She wanted Lumimuut to be accepted by others.

One day, Karema took Lumimuut to Wulur Maatus Mountain. There were two old men living in the mountain. They were called Opo Sumendap and Opo Sumilang. In fact, Karema, Opo Sumendap, and Opo Sumilang were three old people who had survived a flood in the distant past of Manandau.

Not much left after the flood. Most of the people who had been living in the mountains had died in the flood. The three were the only survivors who had managed to save themselves by running to the top of the highest mountain near the cave where they had lived.

Karema, Opo Sumendap, and Opo Sumilang were extraordinary people who still lived in Manandau. The three were the guardians of the land. Lumimuut finally found out the mystery of Karema, who was living in the forest before she came. It was no wonder that Karema was able to live alone in the cave. She was extraordinary woman. Lumimuut felt lucky that she had the opportunity to meet Karema.

Seeing that a princess was present among them, Opo Sumendap and Opo Sumilang were glad. They believed that the gods had sent Princess Lumimuut to carry on producing new generations of Manandau people.

The three elders tried to think of a way for Princess Lumimuut to bear a child, since she had no husband and not many people lived on the island. Finally, they decided to take Lumimuut to the place for worshipping the gods. Upon arriving there, they told Lumimuut to face the south. Karema prayed for the god who ruled the southern region to bless Lumimuut with a son. However, her prayers were not answered. Karema was not discouraged. She repeated the ritual. This time, Lumimuut was

facing the north. When it also failed, Lumimuut was told to face the east. For the third time, their effort was fruitless. For the final time, they tried again. Karema still had one last hope, praying to Opo Barat, the god ruling the western region.

Karema asked Princess Lumimuut to face west and began to pray sincerely.

This time, Karema succeeded. The god blessed Princess Lumimuut with a son.

The boy was named Toar.

The name Toar originated from the word *touari*, from the words *tou* which meant 'man' and *ari* which meant 'unknown'.

Toar meant 'an unknown man given by god' or 'an unknown man blessed by god'. His name reflected his true origin. Since Opo Barat gave him directly to Princess Lumimuut, nobody knew who his father was.

Toar grew to be a perfectly healthy boy under the care of Princess Lumimuut and Karema. Karema adopted Toar as her own son and took care of him. Toar grew up to be a strong young man, believing that Karema was his mother.

Years went by and Toar was a handsome young adult now. Princess Lumimuut was still beautiful and looked as if she was Toar's age. In fact, when she sat side by side with Toar, they

looked like a pair of growing up teenagers.

One day, Karema called Princess Lumimuut and Toar. She looked at both of them with awe and wonder. Princess Lumimuut's beauty had not diminished a bit ever since Opo Barat blessed her with a son. Meanwhile, Toar now looked mature enough to start a family. The two young people looked so alike one another as if they were twins.

Karema smiled seeing the two young people in front of her. From the first day she saw Lumimuut, Karema knew that Lumimuut would be the mother of future generations of Manandau.

Karema then took out two sticks and hold them in each hand. The stick on her right hand was made of *tiwoo* tree and the one on her left hand was made of *tuis* or *kapulaga* tree. He gave the sticks to Lumimuut and Toar, one each. She told them to begin a trip around Wulur Maatus Mountain. Each of them would walk in opposite directions. Karema also told them that if they met someone bringing a stick on the way, they had to compare the stick with the one they brought. If the two sticks were of different length, they should bring the person back to see Karema.

Princess Lumimuut and Toar did as they were told. Both of them took the stick and some provisions that Karema had prepared. They parted ways in front of the cave, Lumimuut set out to the east while Toar walked to the west.

They walked for days but none of them met anyone.

Both felt a little disappointed because they had not seen another human being for a long time.

One day, Toar and Lumimuut met each other on the road. They both recognized each other. However, since they were the first person each other met, they carried out the instruction and compared their sticks. It was weird because when they set out, the sticks were of the same length, but not one was longer than the other. They were relieved because they had met the requirement. They both went home to see Karema in her cave.

When they saw Karema, Princess Lumimuut and Toar presented their sticks. Karema looked at the two people she loved and said, “Do you know what will happen if you meet someone with different length stick?”

Princess Lumimuut and Toar were confused. They had no idea because Karema never told them the reason for their journey. Princess Lumimuut looked at Toar, searching for answer. Toar did the same, looking at Princess Lumimuut. Then, both of them turned to see Karema, waiting for an answer.



Karema then continued, “Know this, my children Toar and Lumimuut. My instruction to go find someone with a stick of different length actually came from Opo Sumendap and Opo Sumilang. They believe that it is the way to find the people who will be the future of Manandau.”

“If you find someone with a stick, which is not of the same length as yours, you have to bring them here to see me, anyone who meets the criteria. The person will be your future spouse to produce next generations of Manandau people. Now, since you both come back here with each other, you will be married to each other,” Karema ended her explanation. Princess Lumimuut had suspected that it was the case. It was done so that there would be future generations in Manandau. Karema then married Princess Lumimuut to Toar, witnessed by Opo Sumendap and Opo Sumilang. From the marriage, Toar and Princess Lumimuut were blessed with nine sons and nine daughters. From their children, the people of Minahasa were descended, until today. That was why the land of Manandau, now called Manado, was also called the land of Toar and Lumimuut.

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Verba Iteratif Bahasa Melayu Manado (2015)

Judul Penelitian dan Tahun Terbit (10 tahun terakhir)

1. Pragmatik: Inner Beauty Suatu Kajian Bahasa dalam Jurnal Kadera Bahasa (2015)
2. Inventarisasi Bahasa Daerah di Bolaang Mongondow dalam Jurnal Kadera Bahasa (2013)
3. Pembelajaran BIPA Berbasis Sektor Profesi Melalui Pendekatan Pembelajaran Kontekstual dalam Jurnal Kadera Bahasa (2011)
4. Menyibak Butir-Butir Kearifan Lokal dalam Selamat dalam Jurnal Kadera Bahasa (2011)
5. Meretas Pengaplikasian Program True Basic dalam Selamat di Kotamobagu: Suatu Tinjauan Linguistik Komputasi dalam Bunga Rampai (2010)
6. Tipologi Bahasa Toraja dalam Jurnal Kadera Bahasa (2010)

Informasi Lain:

Lahir di Makassar, 5 September 1973. Menikah dan dikaruniai satu orang anak perempuan. Saat ini menetap di Manado. Aktif menulis di koran harian lokal Manado dalam Rubrik Bahasa. Terlibat di berbagai kegiatan di bidang bahasa dan sastra, beberapa kali menjadi narasumber di berbagai kegiatan Pembinaan Bahasa dan Sastra di Televisi Republik Indonesia Stasiun Provinsi Sulawesi Utara dan Radio Republik Indonesia Stasiun Manado.

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Riwayat Pekerjaan

1. Bidang Bahasa di Pusat Bahasa, Kementerian Pendidikan dan Kebudayaan (1993—2000)
2. Subbidang Peningkatan Mutu Bidang Pemasarakatan (2000—2004)
3. Subbidang Kodifikasi Bidang Pengembangan (2004—2009)
4. Subbidang Pengendalian Pusbinmas (2010—2013)
5. Kepala Subbidang Informasi Pusbanglin (2013—2014)
6. Kepala Subbidang Penyuluhan (2014—sekarang)

Riwayat Pendidikan

1. S-1 Fakultas Sastra Undip (1990)
2. S-2 Pendidikan Bahasa UNJ (2008)

Informasi Lain

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