

ANSUANG BEKENG
Ansuang Bekeng

Property of the State
Not for Commercial Use

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

ANSUANG BEKENG

Translated from
Ansuang Bekeng
written by Jeannie Lesawengan
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

Advisory Board	Dadang Sunendar Emi Emilia
Project Supervisor	Dony Setiawan
Translator	Agnes Cynthia
Reviewer	Raden Safrina
Editor-in-chief	Theya Wulan Primasari
Editorial team	Andi Maytendri M., Ayu Dwi N., Didiek Hardadi, Ferry Yun, Hardina Artating, Herfin A., Lale Li Datil, Larasati, Meili Sanny S., Putriasari, R. Bambang Eko, Rizky Akbar, Roslia, Saprudin Padlil, Syukron Ramadloni, Toni Gunawan, Yolanda

All rights reserved.

Copyrights of the original book and the translation belong to
Language Development and Cultivation Agency,
Ministry of Education and Culture, Republic of Indonesia.

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

ANSUANG BEKENG

The Three Siblings

Once upon a time in a village on the coast of Sangihe, there lived three siblings. They were Panggelawang, Wanggaia, and Nabai. They all got along well and were close to each other. Panggelawang was the eldest and he always acted as head of the family who had to protect and nurture his two siblings. As a middle child, aside from complying with his brother's instruction and helping him at work, Wanggaia also protected and helped his sister, Nabai. As for Nabai, although her two brothers pampered and protected her, she didn't just sit idly by. As the only girl at home, she prepared food from what her two brothers had caught from the sea. She also made it her duty to provide for their everyday clothes.

When the sea was calm, Panggelawang and Wanggaia went fishing, either collectively or by turns. They ate a portion of their catch and the rest was preserved or brought into the market for sale or barter. Goods that they purchased or bartered were not always in the form of food and daily necessities, as Nabai sometimes asked them to buy parchment sheets containing pictures of fine clothes. Those pictures gave Nabai many ideas in creating their clothes.

Nabai loved making clothes. She did not engage in her passion half-heartedly, even if it meant that she had to do it from scratch, which was to cut stems of abaca-banana tree to get the fibers. That night, after dinner, Nabai approached her brothers as they gathered all the dried salted fish to be brought to the market.

“Big Brother, I will not come tomorrow, alright?”

“Why? Aren’t you usually the most excited when it comes to market day?” asked Panggelawang. Indeed. Didn’t the seller promise to bring you bark sheets with new pictures?” Wanggaia chimed in.

“Ah, yes. That’s true. However, now is the new moon, you see. That means it’s time to cut banana tree stems. The sooner it starts, the better it is, right?”

“Big Brother and I haven’t been at sea for days due to bad weather. Although tomorrow is a market day, we didn’t force ourselves to go fishing.

How can you think about cutting trees in this erratic weather? Better to finish your weaving first. You still have many of them anyway,” said Wanggaia, pointing at the *hote*¹ that was never out of Nabai’s hands. “Besides, see, there’s still a *hote* which nobody

¹ Raw *musa* fiber or manila hemp
(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Manila_hemp)

knows when it's going to be ready for weaving anyway, considering that it's not yet finished drying in the sun."

"Brother Wanggaia, how many times do I have to say it? The fibers were being dyed. I've been doing it in several sessions with different doses until I get the color I want. So, what you saw was actually different fibers being dried each time."

"Well...it's because you did the whole thing by yourself, that's why everything is still not ready. You also haven't finished weaving the fabrics, let alone turning them into clothes, but you still think to start again from scratch. Doesn't it only add to your work?"

"This is not work, Brother. It's my passion. Other than cutting down trees and removing the outer layers of abaca stalks, tomorrow I intend to change the measures of water and mangrove barks to get the color I want, and...," Nabai dropped her words. She was caught up in observing and comparing the colors on her fiber knots. When that happened, there was no point in saying anything. Nabai had immersed herself in her world. A world filled with beautiful clothes. Also, she had seen a pale woman come to the celebration in their village in an exquisitely beautiful dress right before her eyes. For days she racked her brain, trying to get a color that was at least similar.

Panggalawang, who had overheard their conversation, just smiled at Wanggaia who was about to leave, then sat on the nearest tree trunk while scratching his head after staring at the fibers in Nabai's hands. Even if Nabai could distinguish the color of the fibers in her hand as purple, light brown, and brown, for Wanggaia they all look the same.

“Brother!” Nabai suddenly yelled. “I’ll be going with you tomorrow, but don’t take too long, will you? I’ll just ask for the picture that *Akang* Janis has promised, and ask Embo Nace to give me all the supplies she has. It’s time to dye my fiber red. After returning from the market, I will go into the forest to the north of our field to cut banana trees.” After Nabai disappeared behind the door of their house, only then Panggalawang realized that Wanggaia had slumped down on the ground beside the fallen tree trunk.

Panggalawang could not hold back his laughter. That night he looked up into the night sky in gratitude for his younger siblings’ happiness and innocence.

Where Was Nabai?

That afternoon, after coming back from the market, Wanggaia went straight to sharpen his machete further. Watching her brother, Nabai quickly prepared lunch so that her plan could be carried out before her brothers changed their minds and before the

weather took turn for the worse. However, they had not finished their meal when a sudden heavy fall of rain arrived, accompanied by strong winds. Nabai could not hide her disappointment nor keep her excitement when the rain and wind finally eased up. However, the weather changed again. This erratic weather lasted for several days. During that time, Nabai could only gaze out of the house where she did her weaving. Her two brothers normally helped Nabai to dye her fibers with annattos and dry them in the sun that occasionally peeked out from behind the clouds. When it rained, they hurriedly put the fibers at the space under the house to dry them out.

One day, when Nabai and her brothers were under the house to check on their fibers, there came a teenager from the village. He was one of the villagers sent by *kapitalaung* or head of the village to summon the village men. *Kapitalaung* would lead a group of fishermen to rescue people aboard a ship that was drifting in the middle of the sea. He said that *kapitalaung* had sent him to gather the villagers, including Panggalawang and Wanggaia, in order to help those people.

Although it was still early in the morning, the poor weather obscured their vision so Panggalawang told Wanggaia to stay behind and accompany Nabai. He did not want to leave his sister alone in such a situation. However, Nabai refused. She knew that her brothers were good sailors whose skills could complement

each other, so it would be better if they went together. After all, Nabai could see Wanggaia's apprehension as Panggelawang picked up his equipment.

"I'm sorry, but I could not accept your refusal, Nabai. I know that you can take care of yourself. However, this poor weather affects my concentration, and you know what? It is more dangerous that way for me," said Panggelawang. "I'm sure you understand this, Wanggaia. Therefore, no matter how uneasy you feel, please stay and keep Nabai safe, because I need you to be in my place to care for her," he continued.

Wanggaia and Nabai fell silent looking at their eldest brother's back that gradually disappeared in the midst of heavy rain. When they finally decided to go back into their house, a few people passed by from the opposite direction. They all went to the same place, where *kapitalaung* was. Wanggaia and Nabai looked at each other. They immediately went into the house. Nabai took several dishes and a jug of water in the kitchen and went into a room to wrap a change of *koffo* clothes for her two brothers. She put everything into a *bika*, a wicker backpack, quickly. Wanggaia was not slow either. He grabbed his sailing equipment, put on his gears, and brought his other implements into the *bika*

"You and I are worried about Big Brother. Therefore, I will catch up with him and help those people. However, Big Brother will be

very angry if something happens to you. So please, promise me that you'll take care of yourself.”

“You have my word, Brother.”

“I trust you. Whatever happens out there, just stay with your weaving. Do not go far from home. Take good care of yourself, Nabai.”

As her older brother ordered, Nabai did not go far from home. Yes, she occasionally went under her house to check on the *hote* she aired, but not like usual, she did not linger outside the house. Most of her time at home was spent on weaving. She ignored the tree branches that were broken by the strong winds and the leaves that flew into their house. Especially when the *hote* finally had the red color she desired, she became deeply immersed in her weaving. Even when the house shook, she did not move from her loom. She did not realize that a giant was approaching.

Likewise, when the giant peeked into the house, she was still oblivious to it. She only got startled when the roof made from enau leaves fell down and a large hand yanked her out of the house. Nabai struggled, but she had not had enough strength to fight the giant.

The more she struggled, the stronger the grip. Nabai could only look at the sea helplessly. She felt the world spinning, perhaps because she was struggling too hard. Suddenly she saw her

siblings running after her. She tried to reach out to them, but their shadows dispersed. Nabai could only look at her stiff hands. She stared at her hand that was now full of red *hote* that she had just woven. The *hote* was too thick and strong to be broken, but the giant must have cut the *hote* off of her loom when he snatched her out of the house. Without hesitation, she made several *hote* knots and tied them to the passing branches along the way. Succeeded, she let go of the *hotes* as she prayed for her two brothers to realize that they were hers and that they could guide them to where she was captured.

At sea, the fishermen, together with the crew and people aboard the ship who had been rescued, could not return to the village. They were forced to go ashore to the nearest island. Panggelawang was quiet but Wanggaia could see the uneasiness on his face. Entering the fourth day, Panggelawang told Wanggaia to be ready to go home. Without waiting for the weather to recover, the two braved the storm. Wanggaia had strong confidence in his elder brother's skills, while Panggelawang not even once doubted the capability of his younger brother. With their strong determination, skills and coordination, even the bad weather could not prevent the two brothers who were worried about their younger sister from returning home.

Panggalawang's concern was proven correct. That morning, when the two of them arrived at home, Nabai was not seen anywhere, and the house was in a state of disarray. From the hole in the roof, they knew that a giant had come into their house. They split up to search Nabai around the house, hoping that she might still be hiding somewhere, but she was nowhere to be found. In spite of their exhausted condition with bodies full of lacerations and in the face of unfriendly weather, they decided to keep looking further into the mountain where the giants resided. They only rested when the day was far spent, then continued again as the morning approached. When the sun began to emit its light, Wanggaia climbed a tree to look at the surrounding area. They had to make sure where they were heading to, because they never entered the forest before.

“Brother, look at that!” He shouted, pointing at something. Panggalawang climbed the tree where his brother was to see what his brother saw. In the midst of dense sago trees tens of steps ahead, a wilted branch was swaying in the wind. After several days of bad weather, it could be concluded that the branch was carried over by the wind and stuck there. However, it was not caught on anything. It seemed suspended in the air, with nothing to brace or support it. That was what attracted Wanggaia's attention. When they drew near, they saw a red *hote* knot on it. That day, the sun shone brightly, radiant as the hope given by the *hote*.

“This is Nabai’s red *hote*. We’re in the right direction,” said Panggalawang.

“Yes, Big Brother. Nabai obviously left this as a sign for us. If we follow the *hote*, we will find Nabai.”

Panggalawang and Wanggaia followed the red *hote*. They only stopped for a rest when they heard the sound of a river stream or the day had turned into night. Without realizing it, they had been walking for days. On the seventh day, they reached the edge of a canyon and the *hote* that Nabai had left ended there. They could see the *hote* dangle on the edge beyond.

“We will cross this gorge,” said Panggalawang.

“It’s very deep, Brother. How can we build a bridge support?” asked the younger brother.

“We’ll make a hanging bridge. I saw in the middle there’s a flat top pillar that can be used as pedestal. We find the point closest to it then use the trees around the area to support the walkway. To make it sturdy, we should also use bamboo poles to support the bridge. What do you think?”

“It seems difficult, Brother, but let’s try it first.” The two began to cut bamboo trees to build the bridge. Their first several attempts ended in failure because the bridge collapsed and even managed to injure Panggalawang. However, they kept rebuilding the bridge

as they improved some parts that they thought to be the likely culprit of the bridge's collapse. When the bridge finally reached the thin spire of rock in the middle of the canyon, its construction became easier.

Once it was completed, the two took turns to check the area across the canyon. They found several people in captivity, kidnapped by a pair of giants who ruled over the place. The confinement area was closely guarded by a number of people who had gained the trust of the giants. With great caution, they tried to find Nabai among those captives.

“Brother,” Nabai called out, holding back her sobs as she looked at Wanggaia. “Where’s Brother Panggalawang?”

“Big Brother is guarding the other end of the bridge.”

“There’s no bridge here, Brother. Many people have tried to escape, but they always failed because they could not get across the ravine.

When they got caught running away and were chased by the guards, they preferred to throw themselves into the ravine than being returned to their cages or caught by the other giants.”

“We’ve built the bridge. We took turns in guarding the bridge because Big Brother thought you’ll be able to escape then find the bridge and go across.”

“Is it true? Once they put me into this cage I immediately tried to flee, but the guards got me back,” said Nabai, as she pointed to one direction. “They are the people who have won the trust of Ansuang Bakeng and his wife, Ansuang Boki. This area has more guards. That’s why I was locked up here.”

“Is it because it is closer to the giants’ home?”

“Well, it’s likely. Their child lives there. She’s called Watairo. The guards take turn to go up there to check on her, as well as to watch over us from above.”

“Well, then. I’ll tell Big Brother to be more careful.”

“Ah, *Inang*. I’d like to introduce my brother, Wanggaia. He and my other brother Panggelawang have built a footbridge. Can you imagine it *Inang*, they were building a bridge on such a wide ravine? They can certainly set us free.”

Wanggaia was rather surprised by his sister’s statement.

“Our Big Brother and I have not discussed it yet, Nabai.”

“Can you not get me out of here?”

“Of course we’ll get you out.”

“Now, if you can get me out of here, would it not be better if you can get the others free as well?”

“We have to talk about it first with Big Brother, Nabai. After all, the footbridge may not be as sturdy as we expected, so these many people may not be able to pass through it.”

“Please, Brother. You should help them too. Same as me, their lives were in danger at any time. The giants love to eat and they will be devoured. The horror as we wait for our next turn is unbearable, Brother.”

“Nabai, I’m fine with helping them. However, we need to discuss it with Big Brother first. Usually he has a good idea as to how to do it.”

When Wanggaia returned to Panggelawang and informed Nabai’s whereabouts, Panggelawang immediately asked him to show where Nabai was locked up. There, he revealed his plan. Previously, he had observed the rotation of the guards so he knew where Watairo was and the time when the guards switched. He also knew that there were guards patrolling the area. And the way the giants picked their meal. He had observed their routine and found an opening to free the captives.

When he saw Ansuang Bakeng and his wife, Ansuang Boki relaxing, Panggelawang purposely walked stealthily in front of them as though he was trying to escape from confinement. When Ansuang Bakeng grabbed him, Panggelawang pretended to be shaken then begged for mercy.

“Forgive your servant, My Lord. This lowly one knows that fleeing from the cage is wrong. However, this lowly servant is eager to serve you. Before being brought here, this servant was a cook. This servant’s dishes may not be as tasty as My Lady Ansuang Boki’s cooking, but please allow your servant to cook for My Lord.”

“Why would you cook for us? Maybe you will poison us instead,” Ansuang Boki inquired.

“I did not dare, My Lady. You have so many trusted aides watching. If I do that, it is no different than being suicidal,” replied Panggalawang.

“Hahhahhah...That’s true. You cannot possibly slip some poison or do something bad. Hahhahhah.... rather than wasting your strength, it’s better to use it to serve us. Besides, I also want to rest sometimes, but if your dishes are not delicious, watch out! Just be careful.”

“Thank you, My Lord.”

“Now, surprise us! I want to know what you will prepare for us.”

“Yes, My Lord, allow this servant to be excused.”

“Hah...,” snorted Ansuang Boki.

Panggalawang went to the kitchen. Under the guise of preparing meals, he was free to roam around unattended by the guards. That was why he could disappear from their sight and meet Wanggaia, who was preparing their secret weapon at the end of the footbridge. He asked Wanggaia to tell Nabai and the people in the cage to get ready.

When Wanggaia passed his message on to Nabai, the lid of the cage was suddenly lifted, and a large hand grabbed several people inside the cage. Wanggaia was really shaken when he saw Nabai was among those who were picked. He followed the giant swiftly. In the distance he could see Panggalawang who was more than shocked to see Nabai amidst the people who were handed over to him to be the giant's meal.

"It's still in the morning and now we'll be going to the forest. When we return this afternoon, the food should already be served on the table. Remember that!" said Ansuang Bakeng as he saw Panggalawang standing rigidly not far from him.

"A-a-as you wish, My Lord."

Let's Fight Ansuang Together!

With Nabai being one of the people whom the giants have decided as his meal, Panggalawang had to think about ways to free the people in a shorter period of time, which meant before the giants came back. This time he asked Wanggaia to convince the

captives to quietly whittle down the ropes that tied up each cage in several spots. Panggelawang also asked them not to go out of the cage and to act normal while waiting for his signal. They must agree with it so that the people who would be slaughtered could be saved. After the captives were safe, he would signal them to fight the guards openly.

Panggalawang asked one guard to assist him in preparing the necessary spices, condiments and seasonings in large quantities. The head guard was his first target. He asked for a spice that he himself did not know about the name and the origin of. He took the dried spice from the corner of Ansuang Boki's kitchen, took it out from his cloth bag and proclaimed that it was a must-have spice that he brought everywhere. "As you can see, Sir, I have the spice, but there is little left. It's only enough for one person's small portion. It's impossible for Ansuang Bakeng and Ansuang Boki to get a taste with such an insignificant amount of seasoning."

"Who do you think I am? You think you can run away by asking me to leave? No!"

"I wouldn't dare escape, Sir. You have numerous guards under your command. There's no way I can simply get away with it. Before I even think, your trained aides would've definitely spotted it. Besides, even if I could escape, most likely I will be caught by the other giants. No, Sir. I've been given this special

chance to serve food to My Lord Ansuang Bakeng and My Lady Ansuang Boki. I will not waste this opportunity, Sir.”

“All right, all right,” said the chief guard in annoyance. “Where is it?”

“From where I came from, this plant grows wild amidst spiny *pandan* groves. Perhaps the nutrients produced by the plant become its fertilizer, giving it its distinctive taste.”

“Just use *pandan* leaves then. I’ll have people plucking them from the swamp,” the head guard said curtly.

“I’m afraid it wouldn’t do, Sir. It’s not just any *pandan*, but spiny *pandan*. After all, it’s not the *pandan* that is used for seasoning, but the wild plant that grows amidst the *pandans*.”

“Aarghh! Why, you! What a troublesome guy!” The chief guard then sent his men to the swamp to pick the wild plants that sprouted between the spiny *pandan* trees there.

“If Ansuang Bakeng enjoys my cooking, I’m sure he will be irritated, and Your Excellency will get scolded,” Panggelawang said as if he was concerned.

“It’s you who cannot cook well, so why I get rebuked instead?” said the guard.

“I will acknowledge the flaw in my cooking, Sir, but of course with the reason behind it. Please calm down, I will not denounce you, Sir,” said Panggelawang.

The Chief Guard squinted. He then shouted at his aides. One of his men informed him that the aide was seen hurrying into the forest. The Chief Guard then assigned the reporting subordinate to accompany Panggelawang wherever he went, while he brought several guards himself to get the spice that Panggelawang asked.

After the head guard left, Panggelawang busied himself again in the kitchen. However, it did not last long.

He used the same trick, asking the waiting guard to go find spices that he lacked. He told that to the guards around his house one by one in order to remove them from their posts. Then, Panggelawang took all kitchen utensils that could be used to pry open the cage and gave them to the people who would be eaten by the giants to get out from the cage. Once it was opened, they came out in small groups. Some brought children and old people to hide in the forest; some rushed to another cage to open the cage; a few people stood at several spots to be on the lookout and to give signal when anyone came; and the rest followed Panggelawang into the house.

Inside the house, they found Panggelawang was tying up a louse the size of a goat on Watairo's head. Watairo had been killed and

Panggalawang forced the bug to answer by imitating her voice every time Watairo's father or mother called. The louse had no other choice. It would respond according to Watairo's habit. The people helped Panggalawang to move her somewhere else. A strand of her hair was cut off and wedged into a crevice on the wall until it stuck out on the other side so that her parents could see and thought that she was asleep.

With their help, Panggalawang slaughtered and cooked Ansuang Bakeng's cattle for the giants' dinner. He asked them to cut Watairo's fingernails that were polished red with henna, and to put them into the dish that he would serve. In addition, he also asked them to collect the bones scattered around the house to be used in his cooking. When they threw the bones in, people who were on the lookout gave a signal. From a distance they saw several guards approaching. Without being told, they immediately tossed in the remaining bones and hid themselves. Panggalawang met the guards quickly and asked them to put the spices they brought in haste. Panggalawang did the same to the other groups of guards and got similar reactions. They were all worried that Ansuang Bakeng and Ansuang Boki would be back before Panggalawang finished his cooking.

"Hey human, where's the food?" Ansuang Boki asked once she arrived, throwing herself down.

“Before, you wanted to hurry home because you were worried about Watairo. But now you’re asking for food,” her husband interrupted.

“Hah, what do you know? How I would not worry. The birds in the woods cawed raucously. They cried that there’s a guest from afar. Somehow, I immediately thought of our daughter.”

“You think of Watairo, but the first thing you asked was food.”

“Well...did you not see her hair jutting out from the gap?”

“What?”

“That, you see something sticking out from the hole on the wall of her room. It’s Watairo’s hair. I know her so well that even without looking, I recognize that it was hers,” said Ansuang Boki.

“Oii! Watairo!” “Why do you call her? She’s sleeping. Don’t wake her up.”

“She just sleeps all day. Watairo! Watairo!” “What’s wrong with you?”

“Call her here. She needs to eat.”

“Pardon this servant, My Lord. Each time I finish cooking, Miss Watairo has sampled it. Maybe now she falls asleep satiated,” Panggalawang cut in.

“Watairo!” Ansuang Bakeng yelled impatiently. “Ho!”

“Well, did you hear that? It’s Watairo’s voice,” said Ansuang Boki. “I know her voice very well. As per her habit, once she gets full, she will not move from her bed. If it’s still in the daytime, you can still persuade her to go downstairs and look for henna - she loves it so much - but it is dark now. She will not go down for dinner.” “Watairo, have you had your meal, Child?”

“Ho!” “You’re still full?” “Ho!” “I didn’t see you all day. You don’t want to come down to meet us for a moment?” “Ho!”

“My Lord, wouldn’t it be better to serve the dinner now, while it’s still hot?” Panggelawang interrupted before the two giants realized that it was the flea answering them, not Watairo. “Heh...” Ansuang Bakeng snorted.

“Yes. Bring them out,” said Ansuang Boki excitedly.

Panggalawang brought out the dishes for the two giants. Assisted by the guards, the food was served quickly. At that time, the night was getting dark.

Panggalawang waited for the two giants to comment about the food he cooked, but both of them were so busy munching on the food that he quietly withdrew and went to the end of the bridge. Wanggaia waited there, while Nabai was with the captives who had been set free on the other end of the bridge across the ravine.

“Let’s go,” said Panggalawang.

When they saw Panggalawang and Wanggaia began to cross over, suddenly a man on the other side shouted at Ansuang Bakeng and his wife.

“Ansuang Bakeng and Ansuang Boki have gone crazy!” he yelled.

The people who heard it were dumbstruck at first. Then they got scared. However, when they saw the two giants ignored the cry, they followed suit and caused a commotion. Panggalawang, Wanggaia, and Nabai tried to stop them, but it was ineffective. They could only scare them away.

“What’s wrong with those despicable humans?” Ansuang Boki asked, already felt upset.

“I have no idea. How dare they show themselves...are they not afraid that I will catch them and throw them into a cage? Guards! The people in the cage are still around, right?” “Y-yes, My Lord.” “Bring them here!”

“Y-yes, My Lord.” When they saw those empty cages, the guards knew and realized that their lives were in danger. They immediately fled and hid from Ansuang Bakeng’s wrath.

Ansuang Boki, who had lost her appetite due to the ruckus outside was poking around her food and ready to lash out at any

moment. Suddenly, something in the food caught her attention. She showed it to her husband and they rushed to look for Watairo in her room.

From the roar of the two giants, Panggelawang and the others knew that Watairo's nails that they deliberately put into the food had been found.

They hid Watairo's body and removed her traces so that the two giants would not be able to find their child. The people who previously had to be scared off by Panggelawang and his siblings to get them away from the edge of the cliff were now terrified. The two giants had appeared on the edge of the ravine. Panggelawang was shaken when he saw the two giants shift their attention to the bridge. There, Wanggaia was waving madly in the center of the bridge, attracting their attention.

For humans, the ravine was very wide and deep. However, the giants could cross it easily with a single leap. Even if they did not jump, they could set their feet on the bottom of the ravine and climb back as easily. They did not have to cross the bridge, but seeing that a person was on that bridge, they saw it as a chance for revenge. The human was in the middle and it would take a while for him to reach the edge. Therefore, Ansuang Bakeng and his wife hunted down the human.

Ansuang Bakeng was so fervent in his pursuit that he rushed to step on the middle of the bridge. Without much thought about the bamboo poles supporting the bridge, he stepped on it and they punctured his feet. The weight of his body made the poles pierced deep and startled him. He collapsed on the ground, could no longer move. Ansuang Boki who ran just behind him could not stop herself. She collided with her husband, rebounded and fell. She hit her head, felt dizzy and could not keep pursuing.

Seeing the condition of the two giants, Panggelawang and the escapees immediately searched for Wanggaia. In their anxiety, a hand appeared. Wanggaia pulled himself out with difficulty. He had clung to the bridge so that he did not get thrown and fell down into the abyss below when Ansuang Bakeng stomped on the bridge. After helping Wanggaia, they hurled rocks on the two giants. In fact, several people levered big boulders to crush the two giants who were already powerless. Before taking their last breath, the two giants swore an oath.

“We will retaliate on your children and grandchildren. We will breathe fire and our blood will become lava, our breath hurricanes.” However, Panggelawang and Wanggaia did not stay quiet. They replied, “We will sit on the eastern whirlwind to banish your ghosts.”

My Dear Brothers

“You have kept your word, Nabai.” “What can I do, Brother. If anything happens to me, you will be tortured by Brother Panggelawang. I’m not that cruel. So, there is no other way...”

“What?”

“Ahahahaha...”

Panggalawang looked at his two siblings from inside the house as the *kapitalaung* sat beside him.

“I cannot express my gratitude for what you have done. You freed my wife and children and other villagers. In fact, in these few days people have been waiting to visit you to express their gratitude. However, they were always refused by your siblings.”

“Hm...I hope *Kapitalaung* would be willing to forgive them. They overreacted. They did not let anyone come, nor would they let me leave home. Every time I could fool one, the other suddenly appeared and brought me back to rest. Actually, Wanggaia has an open wound, but Nabai...”

“Brother...” Nabai’s raspy voice was heard from under the house, startling Panggelawang and *Kapitalaung*. “Please ask *Kapitalaung* whether they need a person to dress the dancers for the event prepared.”

“Certainly, Nabai.” *Kapitalaung* hastily replied.

“I have made several *poporong*², *Kapitalaung*. If you’re interested, please pick one. Oh yes, what about *Inang*? I also made a big sized *laku tepu*³. Can I bring one to her?”

Panggalawang and Wanggaia exchanged glances and laughed out loud. Nothing made them happier than listening to Nabai’s enthusiasm

In the End...

On the specified day, the three siblings attended a celebration that was held by *Kapitalaung* as a token of his gratitude for the noble deeds of Panggalawang and his family. Because of Nabai’s penchant for clothes, just like in the previous village gatherings, the three of them were always easily recognizable. In addition to their healthy and fit physical appearances, the way they dressed made them stand out in a crowd.

This tale ended with the death of the two giants under a pile of rocks. However, every time Mount Awu erupted, Sangihe people were reminded of this legend. The hot clouds that came out at the time of the eruption were like the two giants’ breath, whereas the eastern wind that pushed back those clouds to another direction so as not to harm the people in the mountain was like Panggalawang

² Cone-shaped headgear

³ Sangihe Traditional attire

and Wanggaia sitting on the whirlwind. The winds that blew during Mount Awu's eruption symbolized the constant strife between the two giants and the humans who were led by Panggalawang and Wanggaia.