

SABENI THE CHAMPION FROM TANAH ABANG
Sabeni Jawara dari Tanah Abang

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SABENI THE CHAMPION FROM TANAH ABANG

Porters of Tanah Abang Market

Since her husband's death, the woman had to take care of and raise her two sons. Every day she had to work hard to support them.

The two sons, Rojali and Somad, had already grown up. However, they were not mature yet. They had not come to realize that their mother was old. They were also poor. They only ate every other day.

"Rojali and Somad, my sons," the mother said. "Yes, Mom," replied Rojali and Somad in unison. "Come here, I need to talk to you." "Yes, Mom," Rojali replied.

"Take a seat, you both!" their mother said, continuing the conversation.

Rojali and Somad immediately sat down.

"What's up, Mom?" Rojali asked. "Yes, Mom. What do you want to tell us?" Somad said. "Look, I want to tell you something. However, I'm worried if what I'm going to tell you will burden you." "Just say it, Mom!" Rojali asked.

Moments later their mother slowly expressed her feelings.

"As the days go by, I grow older and older. I would no longer be strong enough to seek the food for our daily meal. I expect you to replace me as the breadwinner."

Rojali and Somad could not answer their mother's wishes. It was as if they suddenly could not move their tongues.

"I expect ...," continued their mother interruptingly. "What do you expect, Mom?" Rojali asked slowly. "I expect you to look for a job and work well and carefully."

"What do you mean?" "You must be honest. Don't do anything bad, like cheating, let alone stealing." "Sure, Mom. We will always remember your advice."

"You must remember that God hates His servants who make their living through forbidden ways." "Yes, Mom."

"I expect that the food that you earn is the result of your labor even if the food is only a little bit." "Yes, Mom."

Rojali and Somad looked at their mother's wrinkled face. They realized that it was time to take on their mother's role.

Their mother left them. Meanwhile, Rojali and Somad remained

seated in the same place. Rojali began to ask Somad to talk. "Poor Mom. She is already old and sickly," Rojali said.

"Yes, Brother," Somad replied. "What should we do?" he continued.

"That's what I'm thinking. So far we have never thought that as the days go by, Mom gets older and her health diminishes."

"So far we do not think that way. All we do is play, eat, and sleep everyday."

"What will we do from tomorrow?" "Starting from tomorrow, do we have to find a job?" "I'll follow your lead." "You must also think. Do not leave it all to me. "

"I do not know yet where we're going to find work."

Rojali and Somad fell silent. Their surrounding atmosphere was quiet.

"Clang". Suddenly a plate fell and made a loud sound. They stomped. Apparently the plate fell because of a cat. They initially guessed that their mother fell.

Rojali felt calm. They continued their talk about work.

"I don't know where to go to find work. Do you have any ideas, Somad? "

"No, Brother." "Then, we'll go somewhere tomorrow. May God show us the best way possible." "Where will we go, Brother?"

Rojali fell silent again. He did not know yet where to go to seek for work. So far they had never gone far, let alone looking for a job.

That night Rojali and Somad kept thinking where to go to look for a job until the morning crept up on them. They rushed out of the house to go to find a job. However, they still did not know where to go. In a low voice they asked for God's permission and prayed to Him. Then, they asked their mother for permission.

"Mom," Rojali said.

"Mom," Rojali repeated. "We ask your permission. We will go to find a job. We ask you to pray that everything will be easy for us to find a job," he continued.

"I always pray for you to get a job soon. I wish you can live a happy life."

Their mother stopped crying. Not long afterward their mother continued, "I pray for you to get a good job."

"God willing, may your prayer be granted."

Rojali and Somad took turns kissing their mother's hand and cheek. They then stepped out of the house. Step by step they

finally reached Tanah Abang Market.

"Well, it's bustling," said Rojali amazed to see the hustle and bustle in Tanah Abang Market. They were also wondering whether they could live in the hustle and bustle of the market.

"Brother, Tanah Abang Market is very bustling. Merchants and buyers from different regions come together here. Can we live in this hustle and bustle? "

"Yes, Brother, Tanah Abang Market is very bustling," Somad said.

"Do not hesitate like that. Let's approach the crowd."

"I do not hesitate, Brother." "Why are you saying that?" Rojali interjected.

"I remember Mom's advice that we should be careful."

"Okay, if that's what you think. Let's get into the crowd of Tanah Abang Market!" said Rojali hopefully. "Ready, Brother!"

They immediately set foot into the crowd of Tanah Abang Market. A few feet away, they saw several people busy carrying goods.

"They are very strong," Somad said. "We must be like them," Rojali replied.

"Who are they? Merchants or buyers? ""They're service providers."

"What's a service provider, Brother?""They sell the services of porters to get the money.""What if we work like them?"

"I'm willing to, Brother. The important thing is that it is halal (lawful). Mom also told us to look for a lawful job,"Somad replied.

"All right, Somad. I also think that working as a porter is nobler than being a cheater.""Do we need to try it like them, Brother?""Let's do it tomorrow. The market will close."

It was late afternoon. Merchants and buyers were leaving. Rojali and Somad decided to go home.

At home, their mother awaited their arrival. She wished that her sons on that day had earned work.

Not long afterward,Rojali and Somad arrived home. Their faces which usually looked radiant looked dull in the afternoon. They were sad because they had not got any job yet.

"How's your day, sons?" greeted their mother as Rojali and Somad got home.

"We have not got a job yet, Mom," Rojali replied.

"Yes, Mom. We had arrived at Tanah Abang Market. However, we have not got a job yet, "Somad said.

"Finding the job is not as easy as turning your palms much less you have no letters."

"Meaning, Mom?" Asked Somad.

"Finding a job is difficult especially if you do not have any diploma. Even so, do not easily despair. You have to keep trying. Undoubtedly God will grant your wishes,"said their mother giving encouragement to her two sons.

"We are not despairing, Mom. We are still eager to find work,"said Rojali.

"What kind of work can you do in Tanah Abang Market?"

"In accordance with our ability, we will work as porters at Tanah Abang Market."

"Can you work as porters?"

"We will try it. Hope we can."

"Aren't you ashamed if we work as porters at Tanah Abang Market?" asked Somad.

"Why ashamed? Working as a porter is also a noble job, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mom. Being a porter is nobler than being a con man."

"What about our neighbors?" broke in Somad.

"They will surely make fun of us," Rojali interjected.

"Don't think so. They are also like us. So they won't mock you."

They fell silent. Rojali's thoughts drifted back to the past when his father was alive.

"Mom, if only we could finish school, of course we can find a job not as a porter. We really regret why we did not go to school. In fact, when Father was alive, Father was able to pay for our school."

Rojali and Somad were very regretful to let the good opportunity go by at that time. They also felt guilty because they did not obey their parents' orders.

"No need to regret! Accept the reality!"

"Yes, Mom," replied Rojali and Somad.

"Once again I'm not ashamed of you working as porters."

"Indeed we're just fine. However, we are embarrassing you in front of our neighbors."

"Never mind, just accept the job. Don't say ifs. Face today's

problems strongly,"said their mother.

Night had arrived. Rojali and Somad quickly went to bed because tomorrow they had to work.

The first day of work, only one or two people asked for their help. The next day until a month after,not many people hired them. The wage they earnedwas not so much that they began to complain.

"Mom, every day we get only a small salary," Rojali sighed.

"Yes, Mom. Not many people have hired us,"Somad said.

"I understand. As new workers, you are certainly not well knownyet,"replied his mother.

"We've been working for a month. One month is not a short time."

"It's understandable if you still don't have many customers. You must be patient, do not easily give up."

Rojali and Somad just nodded. They paid attention to their mother's advice. They realized that working for a month was not long enaough.

As the days went by,more and more people knew them. Many people asked for their services to carrytheir things, even they began to get overwhelmed. This time Rojali and Somad could

bring home a lot of money. All the money they earned was handed over to their mother. She was surprised to see that much money.

"Where's this much money from?"

"We got the money from the people who asked us for help," Rojali replied.

"That's right, Mom, what Rojali said," Somad explained.

"Why is this much, not like the days before?" "Do you forget?" "Forget what?"

"Didn't you ever say that working for a month was not long enough. So, it's understandable if in the past few days people still didn't know us and ask us for help." "Oh, such words?"

"Yes, Mom. These days many people are asking us to carry their things."

Their mother smiled and said, "Thank God if from now on many people have known you and asked you for help."

"Yes, Mom. We are very grateful to God. We also thank you for your advice and prayers."

"If you get this money right from your hard work, I'm happy to accept it."

"Believe us, Mom!" broke in Somad.

"Really, Mom. We will not lie to you. The money we earn is from our hard work, not from blackmail or deceit."

Their mother then counted the money. Then she allocated the money for buying rice, oil, and other necessities. Rojali and Somad were satisfied to give their mother more money.

Rice Field Workers

Tanah Abang Market was one of the trading centers in Jakarta. Tanah Abang Market was packed with traders and buyers from Jakarta and other regions outside Jakarta. Pickpockets and bad people were also present in Tanah Abang Market. Their presence disturbed the buyers. Merchants and buyers felt uncomfortable with their deeds. However, they could not do anything.

Bewok, Juned, and Wowok were a group of famous bandits in Tanah Abang Market. Everyday they robbed traders and buyers in the market. No one had ever proven to be a match for their strength. Merchants and buyers were afraid of them.

The violence and cruelty of the hoodlums came to Mr. Sabeni's ears. Therefore, he was determined to secure Tanah Abang Market. As a martial arts master, he was not afraid of the hooligans.

Since Mr. Sabeni's presence in the market, Bewok, Juned, and

Wowok were afraid to commit crime.

"Damn, since the man's arrival, our income is increasingly declining," Bewok grumbled.

"Yeah, if this goes on, our life will be hard again," Juned said.

"What should we do to make us prosper again?" Wowok asked.

"Do we have to fight him?" asked Wowok.

"I agree with you," Juned said.

"Is it possible we can defeat him? Mr. Sabeni is a martial arts master," Wowok answered.

After hearing Wowok's answer, Juned and Bewok's spirit slackened. They justified Wowok's words.

"We do not need to fight Mr. Sabeni. We use tactics to cripple him," said Wowok.

"What tactics will we use?" Juned asked.

"What if we ask Mr. Sabeni to work together?" Wowok replied.

"Well, your idea is very brilliant," said Bewok while holding up his thumb. "How can we get Mr. Sabeni to work together?" continued Bewok.

"What if every day we give tribute to Mr. Sabeni?" Wowok suggested.

"Good idea," Juned said.

"However, we should not give him a part of our income," said Bewok.

"A part of it does not mean half of our income," explained Wowok.

"Is he willing to accept our offer? Mr. Sabeni is a good man and likes to help people. How could he cooperate in a crime?" Juned explained.

"What's wrong with us trying to work together? Who knows from today Mr. Sabeni has changed," said Bewok.

"I do not dare do that. Please try to approach him," Juned said.

They thought hard to find out the best way to make Mr. Sabeni willing to work with them. They knew perfectly that it's impossible to ask Mr. Sabeni to become their partner in crime.

Mr. Sabeni lived not far from Tanah Abang Market. He had a daughter named Salamah. Mr. Sabeni was also known as a martial arts master. The martial arts styles he mastered very well were the "*kelabang nyebrang*" (centipede crossing) and "*merak ngigel*" (peacock dancing) styles.

That morning Salamah was shopping with her maid, Rohaye. They could not afford to carry their groceries because of the groceries' heavy weight. Salamah told Rohaye to look for the porters.

"Rohaye, look for porters!" Salamah commanded.

"Where to look for porters?" Rohaye replied.

"Those are some porters," Salamah said while pointing her finger.

"Rohaye, you don't need to go there," Salamah said. "Just call them!"

"*Bang! Bang!*" Rohaye called to the porters.

"Yes, Miss!" answered the porter as he approached Rohaye.

"Carry this, *Bang!*" Rohaye ordered.

"Yes, Miss. This stuff is very much. I cannot carry it alone. I have to ask for a friend's help," answered the porter.

"It's up to you. The important thing is that these goods are brought to the house," said Salamah. "Somad, come here," Rojali called.

Somad was soon approaching his brother, Rojali.

"Come on, we'll carry these things!" said Rojali.

"Ready, Brother." The groceries had been lifted on Rojali's and Somad's shoulders.

"Miss, where should we deliver these items?"

"To Mr. Sabeni's house?"

"Do you know Mr. Sabeni's house?" Rohaye asked.

"Yes, I know. Several times Mr. Sabeni's wife asked us to carry groceries to her house."

"Yes. I wait at home, *Bang*," said Salamah.

Rojali and Somad then walked to Mr. Sabeni's house. They walked fast as if they were not carrying things. Salamah and Rohaye followed behind them.

Rojali and Somad had arrived at Mr. Sabeni's house. They stood waiting for Salamah's and Rohaye's arrival. No sooner had Salamah and Rohaye arrived. Rojali and Somad brought the groceries into the house. Soon they were out.

"Yes, Miss!" Rojali said.

"Thank you, *Bang*," Salamah said while giving money. "Yes, Miss," Rojali said.

"Don't you want to take a drink, *Bang*?" Salamah asked pleasantly.

"Yes, thank you, Miss."

Rojali and Somad came out from Mr. Sabeni's house. On their way, they talked about Mr. Sabeni's house. In their minds, they wanted to work at Mr. Sabeni's house.

"Why do not we try to apply for a job to Mr. Sabeni?" Rojali asked.

"What's the job, Bang?" Somad replied.

"Anything."

"Do you want us to work at Mr. Sabeni's home or in his rice fields or in his fields?"

"Than working as porters in Tanah Abang Market, it is better to work at Mr. Sabeni's home or in his rice fields or in his fields."

"If that's your choice, I agree too." "Then when will we see Mr. Sabeni?"

"It's up to you, now it's okay. The sooner the better."

They went so fast to reach Tanah Abang Market. Arriving at the market, they were soon busy again lifting the groceries. By the dusk they just finished their work.

Although working until the late afternoon, they did not earn so much money. To their mother they said, "Mom, today we only get

a little wage."

"It's okay, Son," their mother replied while taking the money from Rojali. "The important thing is that you earn the money from a lawful business," she continued.

The night grew later and crept up on them. The air was getting cold. Their mother had yawned several times. "If you're sleepy, just take some rest," Somad said.

"Yes Mom, just take a rest," said Rojali.

Without a word, their mother left them. She headed for her room.

The days went by. A few weeks later, Mr. Sabeni's wife sent Salamah again to Tanah Abang Market. Gladly, Salamah took her mother's orders. Salamah asked Rohaye to accompany her.

At that time the morning sun began to scorch. Salamah and Rohaye walked to Tanah Abang Market. Step by step they walked and without much effort, they had reached the market.

They picked and bought the necessary items. After heaping all the necessary items, they hurried to search for the porters. Coincidentally Rojali and Somad were not far from them.

"*Bang*," called Salamah. "Did you call me, Miss?" Rojali asked.

"Yes. Come here, *Bang*!" Rojali and Somad rushed to Salamah.

"Uh, Miss. We meet again,"Rojali said."Oh, brother," said Salamah.

"Can we help you?" Rojali asked."*Bang*, please carry these things to the house," said Salamah."You still remember Mr. Sabeni's house, right?" Rohaye asked.

"Oh, yes, we still remember," Somad replied.

"We once brought the groceries there," Rojali explained.

"Yes, they once broughtour groceries to our house," Salamah said.

Without a word, Rojali and Somad picked up the groceries. They walked to Mr. Sabeni's house.

Upon exiting Tanah Abang Market, Salamah and Rohaye met with Juned, one of the Tanah Abang Market bandits. Juned was attracted by Salamah. On that occasion Juned tried to seduce Salamah.

"Hi, sweet lady," Juned greeted.

Salamah pretended not to hear. She kept walking. Juned continued to follow her.

"Hi, sweet lady. May I know you?" said Juned.

Salamah ignored his greeting. She even walked faster. However,

Juned continued to follow her and tried to poke her.

From a distance Rojali and Somad saw Salamah being bullied by Juned. Rojali hurried toward Juned. Meanwhile, Somad remained in place keeping the groceries.

"Hey, *Bang*, do not annoy her!" Rojali said.

Juned ignored Rojali's words. He even dared to annoy Salamah.

"Hi, *Bang* don't be rude to women. If you're really a man, ask a man to fight you," said Rojali.

Juned stopped harassing Salamah and said, "Who are you?"

"I'm Rojali, a porter in Tanah Abang," Rojali replied.

"Why are you interfering with my business?"

"I'm not interfering. However, I just want to remind you not to bother Salamah. She is Mr. Sabeni's daughter. "

"I'm not afraid of her father, Mr. Sabeni."

"Will Mr. Sabeni be angry if his daughter is harassed?"

"Why angry? I just want to get acquainted with her."

"However, that's not the way to get acquainted. I saw Salamah screaming and running scared."

While facing Juned, Rojali asked Salamah to go home with Rohaye.

"Salamah, quickly leave this place. I will face Juned first,"Rojali said.

Salamah and Rohaye quickly returned home. They left Rojali and Juned. Salamah prayed that Rojali would be safe.

Knowing Salamah had left, Juned left Rojali. He wanted to follow her, but was blocked by Rojali. He just looked at Salamah. Juned began to fall in love with Salamah. Inwardly he was determined to ask for her hand. He would try to get closer to Salamah. Since Juned had left, Rojali approached Somad who had been waiting for him. Then they went together to Mr. Sabeni's house.

Rojali and Somad had arrived at Mr. Sabeni's yard. Meanwhile, Salamah and Rohaye had not reached home. Rojali and Somad were still waiting. Not long afterward,Salamah and Rohaye got home.

"Have you been waitingfor a long time?" Salamah asked.

"Yes, long enough," Rojali replied.

"Sorry, *Bang*. I was waiting for the vehicle for a while, "said Salamah.

"It is okay."

"Thank you, *Bang*. You have helped me from Juned's annoyance."

"I have to, Miss. As long as I can, I will help you,"Rojali replied.
"Tomorrow you must be careful again, Miss. He is already known as a bandit, feared by many people,"he continued.

"Yes *Bang*. Thank you."

When Salamah was having a conversation with Rojali and Somad, Mr. Sabeni emerged from the house. They looked awkward.

"Haven't gone to market yet, Sir?" Rojali asked.

Mr. Sabeni did not answer. He pretended not to hear Rojali's question. Rojali and Somad were getting more and more awkward. Meanwhile, Salamah and Rohaye became frightened.

"What are you doing here?" asked Mr. Sabeni.

"Here, Dad. I had asked these two gentlemen to carry some groceries."

"So why have they been here for so long?"

"They've been waiting for us.""Have they been given money?" "Not yet, Dad."

"If you ask someone to work for you, pay the person immediately

while the person's sweat has not dried up yet."

"Yes, Dad." "Here, *Bang*, your pay," Salamah said while giving money to Rojali.

"Thank you," Rojali replied. "You're welcome, *Bang*."

Salamah did not mention the event that happened to her in the market to her father. Rojali and Somad had received their payments from Salamah. However, they did not leave Mr. Sabeni's house immediately. They approached Mr. Sabeni.

"I'm sorry, Sir," Rojali said. "Yes, what's up?" asked Mr. Sabeni.

"May we ask you for something?" "Yes, please. What's up?"

Rojali and Somad talked about their daily lives. After seeing Mr. Sabeni responding with great interest, they expressed their desire to work at Mr. Sabeni's house.

Mr. Sabeni felt sorry after hearing of their suffering and their fate with their elderly mother. Immediately, Mr. Sabeni accepted their request.

"Yes, do you want to work in the rice fields and in the fields?" asked Mr. Sabeni.

"Yes Sir. We want to work in your rice fields and in your fields," replied Rojali.

"Are not you already working in Tanah Abang Market?"

"Right, Sir. We have been working as porters at Tanah Abang Market. "

"Why do you want to work in the rice fields? Is not working in Tanah Abang Market better than working in the fields? "

"It's true, Sir. Working in Tanah Abang Market is better, bringing in a lot of money."

"Why do you choose to work in the rice fields?"

"We think working in the rice fields is more comfortable."

"If that is your reason, I would not mind accepting you to work in the rice fields and in the fields."

"Thank you, Mr. Sabeni," said Rojali and Somad."You're welcome," Mr. Sabeni replied."When do we get to work, Sir?" "Up to you. From tomorrow is also okay."

"Yes, Sir. Once again we thank you,"replied Rojali and Somad while requesting permission to go home.

"You guys, do not go home." "Why, Sir?"

"You have not explained when you will start working." "Oh, from tomorrow, Sir."

Rojali and Somad left Mr. Sabeni. They went home and would soon see their mother. Along the way home, Rojali and Somad were elated. Arriving home, they immediately shared the joy with their mother.

"Mom, from tomorrow morning we are no longer porters in Tanah Abang Market," said Rojali.

"Yes, Mom. From tomorrow morning we will work at Mr. Sabeni's house," said Somad. "Who is Mr. Sabeni?"

"A champion in Tanah Abang Market who likes to help people," explained Rojali.

"Where do you know Mr. Sabeni?"

"From his daughter, Miss Salamah," Rojali replied. "At that time we were asked to take their groceries home. Incidentally that afternoon Mr. Sabeni had not left for Tanah Abang Market. On that occasion, we expressed our desire to Mr. Sabeni. Instantly, Mr. Sabeni accepted our request," her son explained.

Their mother wanted to know more about her sons' work. "What do you do?"

"We work in Mr. Sabeni's rice fields."

"You must be diligent. Do not disappoint Mr. Sabeni," their mother advised to Rojali and Somad. "Yes, Mom. We will follow

your advice."

That morning Rojali and Somad started working in Mr. Sabeni's rice fields. Every day they worked hard. They left early in the morning and came home after sunset.

Mr. Sabeni perceived that after Rojali and Somad worked at his home, his crops and fields improved if compared to the previous times. For that reason, it was no wonder if Mr. Sabeni and his family loved them.

Bandits of Tanah Abang Market

Somehow on that day Tanah Abang Market was not as crowded as usual. Many traders did not sell. The kiosks were closed. Many buyers who came there were disappointed, and then went home. Mr. Sabeni also did not know that the market was closed.

Usually Tanah Abang Market was closed only on *Lebaran* day (Islamic great holiday) for only one day or two. "If I know today many traders do not sell, I would not go to Tanah Abang Market," said Mr. Sabeni silently. Asked by people, he did not know why the market closed. He then decided to go home.

Arriving at his house, Mr. Sabeni saw Juned, Wowok, and Bewok in his yard.

"Assalamu 'alaikum. Assalamu 'alaikum!" Juned said loudly.

"Wa 'alaikum salam!" Mr. Sabeni replied. "Who are you?"

"I'm Juned, Mr. Sabeni's future son-in-law," Juned told him.

"I'm Bewok," Bewok said, raising his hand.

"I'm Wowok, Juned's friend," Wowok said, introducing himself as well.

"What are you coming here for?" asked Mr. Sabeni.

"I'm coming here to ask for your daughter Salamah's hand in marriage," Juned said.

"What?" Asked Mr. Sabeni. "Once again I'm coming here to ask for Salamah's hand," Juned said. "Isn't your answer wrong?" asked Mr. Sabeni.

"How could it be wrong? I have long planned to come here. I came here not alone, but accompanied by two friends to watch the proposal. I am also ready to carry luggage to ask for Salamah's hand."

After hearing that answer, Mr. Sabeni was surprised. He who had been sitting relaxed instantly stood up. His face was suddenly red.

"Hey you guys, do not play games," Mr. Sabeni said, clenching his fists.

"I'm not playing games. I come here to ask for Salamah's

hand,"Juned said firmly.

"You know, to woo my daughter is not that easy. There are some conditions you have to fulfill. "

"What conditions do I have to fulfill? Jewelry, food, or home?"Juned asked defiantly."Jewelry, food, or home is not the main requirement," explained Mr. Sabeni.

"What are the main conditions that I have to meet?"

"You must defeat me first as a champion in this area."

"Oh, I see. I will not back down. I'm ready to face and beat the champion in this area. Let's go forward!"

"Okay, are you ready to beat the champion in this area?"

"Once again I'm ready to beat the champion in this area for Salamah."

"Come on, come on!" Mr. Sabeni said as he left the house to the yard.

Juned, Wowok, and Bewok went forward. They, especially Juned, did not flinch with Mr. Sabeni. He dared to risk anything to get Salamah.

"Let's go forward! Are you going to gang up on me or fight me one by one? I will not back down, "challenged Mr. Sabeni.

"As a man, it is very funny to gang up on someone. We'll fight one by one," Juned replied.

"Come on, who will first come forward?" Mr. Sabeni asked as he rolled up his sleeves.

One by one the youths tried to fight Mr. Sabeni. In the first fight, Mr. Sabeni fought against Bewok.

Various moves were applied by Bewok to defeat Mr. Sabeni. However, for Mr. Sabeni, Bewok's *silat* moves were not so challenging. Thus, Mr. Sabeni did not have to apply his unbeatable move.

Bewok's breath was wheezing. His strength had been drained away. However, Bewok was shy to surrender.

"Come on, get all your energy and intelligence!" Mr. Sabeni sneered.

"Do not be cocky first! I'm still able to fight you," replied Bewok.

"If you can, stand up!"

With that taunt, Bewok became emotionless. His face turned red. He blindly attacked Mr. Sabeni. However, all of his blows and kicks missed hitting Mr. Sabeni's body.

Bewok's power drained away. His whole body was wet with his

sweat. Then, Bewok fell down and could not get up again.

"Still want to continue proposing my daughter?" asked Mr. Sabeni.

"Yes. I will still ask for Salamah's hand," Juned replied.

"Are not you afraid of the fall of one of your friends?"

"Why fear? It's useless to come here if I do not succeed in proposing Salamah," Juned said. "Let's continue if you are not afraid!"

Bewok already felt helpless. Wowok went forward to replace Bewok against Mr. Sabeni. Mr. Sabeni did not flinch one bit.

"Come on, come on!" Mr. Sabeni said.

Wowok's emotions flared up with Mr. Sabeni's ridicule. He went on the offensive. He employed all the moves he mastered. However, all attacks from Wowok could be deflected easily.

"Come on, give me all your energy and skills!" Mr. Sabeni sneered.

With the taunts, Wowok's emotions even flared up more. Wowok's blows and kicks were useless because they were not on target. If any of his punches and kicks did touch Mr. Sabeni, they meant nothing to Mr. Sabeni. Not long afterward, Wowok fell

down."Come on, get up!" said Mr. Sabeni.

Wowok did not answer a word. Slowly he got up. Then, he sat and controlled his breath. His eyes looked at Mr. Sabeni.

"If you have not lost yet, come on, continue this fight!"

Wowok stood up immediately. With a quick movement he attacked Mr. Sabeni. His long legs kicked Mr. Sabeni's chest. Nearly Mr. Sabeni fell. However, Mr. Sabeni had braced himself.

"Uh, cannot knock him down," Wowok said silently.

"You call that akick? Ten times your hard kick will not knock me down."

"Don't get cocky, old man! You'll be ashamed later if I can beat you."

"I'm not arrogant. The fact is your attack does not mean anything."
"

Wowok's power drained. His legs were shaking like those of the people who had not eaten for a few days. His sweat was pouring. He then sat to rest.

The third battle was very exciting. Juned's mastery of martial arts is better if compared to Bewok's and Wowok's *silat* skills. In the fight, Mr. Sabeni was pressed by Juned's attack. Mr. Sabeni was

cornered and almost invincible. However, Mr. Sabeni could avoid Juned's attacks. He applied some of his signature moves, namely "*merak ngigel*" and "*kelabang ngigel*" moves. Juned finally fell down and was powerless again.

Becoming Mr. Sabeni's Son-in-Law

Rojali and Somad who worked diligently made Mr. Sabeni and his wife like them.

Secretly Salamah became affectionate toward them.

Gradually Salamah's affection turned into a feeling of love for one of the two brothers, namely to Rojali. Rojali felt that way. However, Rojali realized that he was only a servant. For that reason, Rojali tried to keep his distance with Salamah.

That afternoon Salamah accompanied Rohaye delivering food for Rojali and Somad in the rice fields. After Rojali and Somad had eaten, Salamah did not leave immediately. She sat down next to Rojali and talked to him.

"*Bang* Rojali!" called Salamah. "Yes, Miss. What's up?" Rojali replied.

"In the recent times, I felt there were some changes in you. Isn't that right?" Salamah asked. "What changes have happened to me?" Rojali asked.

"I just say there are some changes, *Bang*. I do not have to say it."

"What changes, Miss? I do not feel I change. I feel nothing special about myself," replied Rojali.

Salamah fell silent. She could not move her tongue to say anything. Rojali fell silent too, hearing Salamah's words.

The sun kept rising. Its radiance was even more felt in the skin. Rohaye asked Salamah to go home. "Miss, let's go home!" Rohaye said. "It's already noon."

Salamah was taken aback by Rohaye's suggestion. "Oh yes, Auntie Rohaye," said Salamah. "Mom is waiting at home. I also still have a lot of work," explained Rohaye. "Come on, Miss, go home!" Rohaye said. "Yes, Auntie," said Salamah.

Salamah followed Rohaye's suggestion. They went home together. Effortlessly, they had come home. Rohaye immediately completed her deferred work. Meanwhile, Salamah went straight into her room. In her room she still pictured Rojali.

A few days later Salamah's mother sent Salamah to deliver food to Rojali and Somad in the rice fields. Salamah had dared to deliver food without Rohaye's company. The long journey even felt so short.

Arriving at the rice fields, Rojali was rather surprised because Salamah came alone.

"*Bang!*" called Salamah.

"Yes, Miss," Rojali said shortly.

"I'm here alone." "Shocked, huh?" "Yes. You're not as usual."

"I'm here alone because I need to tell you something." "What do you need to tell?"

"Do you love me or not? If you do love me, I want to ask you to get married."

"Married?" Rojali asked surprised.

After seeing Rojali's surprise, Salamah tried to persuade him to marry her.

"I love you, Miss, but ...," Rojali said.

"But what, *Bang?*" Salamah asked curiously.

"Is it possible that Mr. Sabeni will accept me as his son-in-law? I'm just a servant."

"Believe me that Daddy will accept you as his son-in-law," Salamah assured Rojali.

Rojali just smiled. Salamah was very pleased to see Rojali's smile. Salamah went home. Meanwhile, Rojali and Somad continued to work in the rice fields.

At that time Mr. Sabeni was sitting relaxed at home. On that occasion Salamah expressed her feelings to her father.

"Daddy!" Salamah called politely. "What is up, girl?" Mr. Sabeni replied.

"I need to tell you something." "What will you tell?"

Without shame and doubt, Salamah expressed her feelings. Mr. Sabeni was very surprised after hearing Salamah's expression.

"You better think carefully," Mr. Sabeni said. "Don't you agree?" Salamah asked.

"I do not disagree, but ..." "But what is it, Daddy?" "If you marry Rojali, what will people say? They will certainly look down upon us."

"Let people look down on us. I will still be married to Bang Rojali. "

"You must also remember that to woo you, I set out a condition, that Rojali must be able to defeat me."

"So, *Bang* Rojali has to fight you first?" "Yes, he does."

"Dad, *Bang* Rojali had once helped Salamah from Juned's annoyance. Just imagine, if *Bang* Rojali was not there at that

time, what would happen to me?"

"Why did not you tell me?"

"Just not yet, Dad. I've been waiting for the right time. You know now. So, I do not need to tell anymore. "

After hearing Salamah's story, Mr. Sabeni did not think much longer. He immediately allowed Salamah to marry Rojali.

"Call Rohaye here," Mr. Sabeni said. "Tell her to call Rojali in the rice fields."

"Yes, Dad," answered Salamah briefly. Not long afterward, Rohaye came to see Mr. Sabeni. "Rohaye, call Rojali here," Mr. Sabeni said. "Yes, Dad," Rohaye answered.

Instantly, Rohaye went to call Rojali in the rice fields. Rojali immediately met Mr. Sabeni. He was trembling for fear of being scolded by Mr. Sabeni. However, his assumption was not true. Mr. Sabeni was very kind.

"Do you really want to marry Salamah?" asked Mr. Sabeni.

Rojali did not answer immediately. A few minutes later Rojali replied with a halt. Mr. Sabeni was not satisfied with Rojali's stuttering reply.

"Rojali, do you really want to marry Salamah?" asked Mr. Sabeni.

"Yes, Sir," Rojali replied. "We've loved each other. It is Salamah who asked me to get married. "

After knowing the fact, Mr. Sabeni endorsed their wedding plans. Mr. Sabeni knew that Rojali's parents were incapable. To propose to Salamah, Mr. Sabeni gave money to Rojali.

That afternoon at home, Rojali's and Somad's mother waited for her sons. She was nervous because they did not come immediately.

In solitude, the old woman was surprised that Rojali and Somad came home with enough money.

"Where did you get this much money?" their mother asked rather angrily.

" Mr. Sabeni gave us this money," replied Rojali.

"Is it true that this money is from Mr. Sabeni?" their mother asked incredulously.

"That's right, Mom. Mr. Sabeni gave this money for his proposal," said Somad.

"Proposal?" their mother asked in amazement.

"Yes, Mom. *Bang* Rojali will propose to Salamah, Mr. Sabeni's daughter. Since *Bang* Rojali has no money to propose to Salamah,

Mr. Sabeni gave him money,"Somad explained.

On the appointed day Rojali with his mother and neighbors came to Mr. Sabeni's house. Their arrival was welcomed by Mr. Sabeni's family, his wife, and his neighbors.

"Welcome, Ma'am!" greeted Mr. Sabeni and his wife while shaking the hand of Rojali's mother.

"Thank you," replied Rojali's mother as she leaned forward. Rojali who was beside his mother rushed to kiss Mr. Sabeni's hand and his wife's hand. Similarly, Rojali's brother and neighbors shook hands with Mr. Sabeni and his wife. One by one they went to Mr. Sabeni's house.

Mr. Sabeni's family and the family of Rojali's mother gathered. Witnessed by both families, Rojali's mother handed over money to Mr. Sabeni and his wife. Next, they talked about the wedding plans. The news of Rojali's proposal to Salamah spread everywhere. People in Tanah Abang Market were busy talking about it. Some people said that the proposal was a strange thing because Rojali, who was a servant, proposed to Salamah, the daughter of an employer. However, some people responded to it casually.

Juned, Bewok, and Wowok were hurt and blushing after hearing the news of Rojali's proposal to Salamah. They felt humiliated by Mr. Sabeni. They then negotiated to frustrate the marriage of

Salamah and Rojali.

"What is your idea to thwart their marriage?" Juned asked.

"We take Salamah away," said Bewok. "Agreed," Wowok answered spontaneously. "Brought to where?" Juned asked. "Anywhere," Bewok replied.

"If we take her away, we will face big risk," Juned said. "We have to deal with Mr. Sabeni. Besides, we will also have to face the authorities."

"What should we do?" Wowok asked. "We waylay Rojali," Juned said.

"Can you beat Rojali?" Wowok asked. "I can beat him," Juned said.

"You should not be arrogant, Ned," Bewok replied, "you know why Rojali is accepted to become Mr. Sabeni's son-in-law? Because he can beat Mr. Sabeni. "

"Oh yes, you say. I remember the requirement to become Mr. Sabeni's son-in-law. Any man can be accepted to be his son-in-law if he can defeat Mr. Sabeni," Juned said.

"So, is Rojali accepted as his son-in-law because he can defeat Mr. Sabeni?" Bewok asked. "Yes, that's about it," Juned replied curtly.

It was already afternoon, without them realizing it. Their negotiations did not yield anything. Juned, Bewok, and Wowok went home. The wedding parties of Rojali and Salamah lasted for three days and three nights and were very lively. Juned, Bewok, and Wowok were present at the wedding party. They looked uncomfortable, especially Juned. They wanted to make a mess, but did not manage it because the party was heavily guarded.

Mr. Sabeni was also well prepared to face Juned, Bewok, and Wowok if they dared to make a mess in the wedding party. Mr. Sabeni was grateful that his daughter's marriage was uninterrupted.

Juned and his friends still thought that Rojali had succeeded in defeating Mr. Sabeni in a battle to be able to marry Salamah. They did not know that Rojali's character had melted Mr. Sabeni's heart so Mr. Sabeni was happy to accept Rojali as his son-in-law. Mr. Sabeni thought Rojali deserved to be his daughter's husband because of Rojali's tenacity, courtesy, and honesty.

Mr. Sabeni's family and Rojali lived prosperously and happily. Their fields and crops were getting more abundant because of their hard work. They were happier because of their gratitude for what they had.