

**THE ADVENTURE OF SYEKH AKHMAD**  
*Pengembaraan Syekh Akhmad*

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**Language Development and Cultivation Agency**  
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## **THE ADVENTURE OF SYEKH AKHMAD**

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Advisory Board	Dadang Sunendar Emi Emilia Gufran Ali Ibrahim
Project Supervisor	Dony Setiawan
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Reviewer	Rahayu Hidayat
Editor-In-Chief	Theya Wulan Primasari
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Language Development and Cultivation Agency  
Ministry of Education and Culture, Republic of Indonesia  
Jalan Daksinapati Barat IV, Rawamangun, Jakarta  
Telepon (021) 4706287, 4706288, 4896558, 4894546  
Pos-el: badan.bahasa@kemdikbud.go.id  
www.badanbahasa.kemdikbud.go.id



# Pengembaraan Syekh Akhmad



CERITA RAKYAT DARI SUMATRA UTARA

Ditulis oleh  
Denda Rinjaya



## PENGEMBARAAN SYEKH AKHMAD

Penulis : Denda Rinjaya  
Penyunting : Kity Karenisa  
Ilustrator : Pandu Dharma Wijaya  
Penata Letak : Giet Wijaya

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## Foreword

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

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

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

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

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

Jakarta, June 2016

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

## **Preface**

The script of the children's story entitled *The Adventure of Syekh Akhmad* comes from a collection of oral literature translations of North Sumatra Province. This script contains two stories, they are *Wandering Syekh Akhmad* and *Prince Indra Searching for the Princess*.

Both stories originating from the regional oral literature and retold with a writing style that is expected to be easily enjoyed by readers, especially among children and adolescents. The story of *The Adventure of Syekh Akhmad* tells about the struggle of a father who loves his family so much. He wandered and traveled to villages to spread religion. His struggle was so great in upholding religion and spreading goodness to the people. Meanwhile, the story of *Prince Indra Searching for the Princess* tells of the struggle of a prince named Prince Indra in regaining his true love namely Princess Mayang Sari who was kidnapped by King Lawuk of the Kingdom of Gajah.

The Completion of this story certainly cannot be achieved without assistance from various parties. Therefore, on this occasion, the author expressed her gratitude to the Language Development and Cultivation Agency, Ministry of Education and Culture who had provided an opportunity for the author to complete the writing of this children story. The author also

thanked family, friends, and the assessment team for providing valuable input, guidance, and motivation during the writing process of this story.

Finally, the author hopes that this work can be useful for readers in recognizing our nation's folklore which contains many noble values of the nation that deserve to be emulated.

Jakarta, April 2016

Denda Renjaya



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## **THE ADVENTURE OF SYEKH AKHMAD**

### **1. The Wander of Syekh Ahmad and Family**

Without any further consideration, Syekh Akhmad steadfastly packed all his stuff. His willingness and determination had perfectly said so. In the morning, after Subuh prayer (praying in dawn), he had all his children to get prepared.

He was going to meet all his friends, the administrators of Masjid Al-Madani, the biggest mosque in the village. All his friends had been waiting for him in front of his house. Syekh Ahmad, along with his two children had a farewell.

“Soleh,” he greeted, “It’s the perfect time I have to go. I’ll entrust all about the mosque to you. Be dedicated to all the people. Get them educated based on the rules stated on our Al-Qur’an and Hadist (Prophet’s sayings).”

“Ustadz?” said Soleh, half-wondering on what he was seeing.

“Stop it, Soleh,” answered Syekh Akhmad as if he did not expect other questions coming out from Soleh, his right-hand student.

Soleh just nodded. Apart from feeling concerned since his favorite teacher was leaving, he just conceded what his teacher wanted while hoping that someday they could meet again.

“Alright, Ustadz, I’ll do my best. I hope that I could enlighten all the people,” said Soleh.

“Ustadz,” said Soleh continuing, “If you don’t mind answering, where will you go?”

“I don’t have any idea, Soleh,” he said hardly.

After stating so, Syekh Akhmad said goodbye to Soleh, as the sign that he and his children would leave soon.

At that time, Syekh Akhmad finally left his village. They left his house from the back door so that no one would know that he left away. Only his confidant knew.

Shortly after, Syekh Akhmad and his children disappeared like being stolen by the horizon. They had left behind the village, with nothing precious carried out. They only carried out necessary clothes, small knife, plates, Al-Qur’an, and religion books.

As a father, Syekh Akhmad always reminded his children to learn about religion. If they had been well enough in religion, he requested them to share it with other people.

Without looking around anything, they kept walking through the path. Eventually, they headed to Kampung Tapak Kudak, in Langkat.

In fact, Syekh Akhmad was a half-aged man. He had two little children. The first child was named as Abdul Rasyid, 12 years old. Meanwhile, another one was named Putri Aisyah, still 8 years old.

Syekh Akhmad was originally from Kodah, Tanah Semenanjung. By getting on a raft, they wandered to Malacca Strait, in West Coast of Sumatra Island. They left their home country since he would like to remove sadness after his wife died because of serious illness.

The day had been darker and the dusk had come. Syekh Akhmad and both of his children came to visit the house of the headman to stay in the village. Finally, they had been permitted to stay over in the headman's house.

In the day after, at early morning, they said goodbye to the headman and continued their wandering. Even though the headman offered him to stay longer, Syekh Akhmad calmly refused the request. He strongly believed that the country was not to which he and his children were supposed to go.

Their journey started. Both of his children, Abdul Rasyid and Putri Aisyah, were very obedient to follow all the direction from his father, his leader at once. Syekh Akhmad was tireless in guiding his children. Once, he was telling a story to his children to spend the time after exhausting journey all the day.

Sooner and later, they felt more exhausted. Nonetheless, the noon was, fortunately, not that shining so brightly. Even in some footsteps ahead, they felt a wind blowing refreshingly. The wind-blowing started to pamper all the plants. All the trees along the woods had indulged them by their shady leaves.

The comfy and shady spot had got Syekh Akhmad and his children refreshed. Gradually, all his passion and spirit returned. They walked through the woods tirelessly. It seemed that they never recalled any memory in the past.

Shortly after, they arrived at a river. How cheerful they were! They were completely thankful to God who had guided them until touching down the river, the place that got them more refreshed and full of spirit.

At glance, they were staring at the river. Many rocks were seen in the very bottom part of the river. Also, along the river, many flowers were blossoming colorfully, side by side, beautifying the spot they were at.

Meanwhile, Syekh Akhmad was standing up on the edge of the river. His eye could not stop looking at the river that flowed beautifully. They went down the river and drank from the river. Their thirstiness gradually disappeared. The first child even sank off his head, enjoying the freshness of the water. It was seen a



school of fish swimming across the river. What a beautiful panorama!

After taking some hours to pass through the woods and go ups and downs the hill, finally, they arrived at a shack. They, then, decided to stay over the small shack located closely to the river. Even though it looked so quiet for there was no people were found, even one mat sufficed to Syekh Akhmad and his two children for having a rest.



## **2. The Acquaintance of Syekh Akhmad and Local Stakeholders**

In the early morning, Syekh Akhmad and his both children continued to walk upon the upstream of the river by means of a raft. Arriving on Lohat village, right at the coastline, there were many big and small raft tied at the dock. Many people were gathering there. Further, Syekh Akhmad asked the people in the crowd.

“What is happening, Mr.? Why is here so crowded?” asked Syekh Akhmad curiously to a fisherman.

“The King and family are here now as Langkat has been invaded by the foes,” answered the fisherman.

“King of Langkat and family will move for a while in another place across this village,” continued one of the people in the crowd.

They said that the village would be invaded by the foes. They were to be careful with the arrival of the foes for they might be suddenly invaded.

After knowing the truth, Syekh Akhmad just nodded. He thanked them and did not want to waste his time over there. Therefore, he and his children were leaving, heading to the upstream way, at Hinai village.

In the middle of the journey, the people around there had the raft, Syekh Akhmad, and his children were getting on, to step aside because the foes had arrived at there. Without objection, Syekh Akhmad followed their command and stepped aside from the raft.

In the edge of the river, there was a huge house at which many of youths were gathering. Some of them were having a conversation enthusiastically, and some were busy to clean up and prepare their weapons such as machetes, lances, and javelins.

After persuading the people around there, Syekh Akhmad and his children were invited to get into the house. Many of the youths had a big bulk, firm, and tough. Among them, there was someone who looked the oldest and had a bigger bulk. Also, he had a dark bulk, sideburns, beard, and a thick mustache. He was named as Datuk and the religious leader of Hinai village. Commonly, people called him Datuk Janggut. Moreover, Syekh Akhmad was introduced to Datuk Janggut. They shook hands and got to know each other.

“My name’s Syekh Akhmad. These are my children,” said Syekh Akhmad.

“I and my children went for wandering, from another city across here. If allowed, we want to stay over here,” added Syekh Akhmad slowly and respectfully.

After the introduction of Syekh Akhmad, Datuk Janggut said, “Welcome to our village. I’m Datuk Janggut. I’m *Datuk* (a so-called leader) here.”

They were, finally, talking to each other very much. In fact, Datuk felt amazed and astonished upon the well-understanding of Syekh Akhmad about religion.

“We allow you and your children to stay over here. We’re very glad to have you and your children. As you see, our village is not that safe. Right now, many thefts and robberies happened everywhere,” continued Datuk Janggut.

Syekh Akhmad said, “Thanks a lot, Datuk, for allowing us to stay over here. If you need us, we’ll be glad to help. If God wills, we’ll help.”

The offer from Syekh Akhmad was welcomed nicely by the leader and all the people over there. Very much of knowledge could be shared by Syekh Akhmad to all the people.

The teachings of Syekh Akhmad was considered very crucial for the society, especially for their people’s prosperity. Many kinds of crimes such as theft, civil war, gambling, and alcohol addiction, decreased significantly. The harmony and cooperativeness among the society were getting body-hugging.

Syekh Akhmad was successful enough to educate the society, both in science and religion, at Hinai village. He, then, moved to another village, which was more isolated to share what he knew as a religious teacher. Syekh Akhmad and his children kept moving from one village to another one; the one which was very far heading to the upstream location.

Further, Syekh Akhmad went to Setabat village, the next destination. Some hills had been even passed through. They had even passed across the woods and rivers. There were countless wild animals, attempting to stop their journey. Nonetheless, Syekh Akhmad and his two children kept being patient and submitted everything to God's fate. They thought that everything they were experiencing was the God's fate to get the God's love.

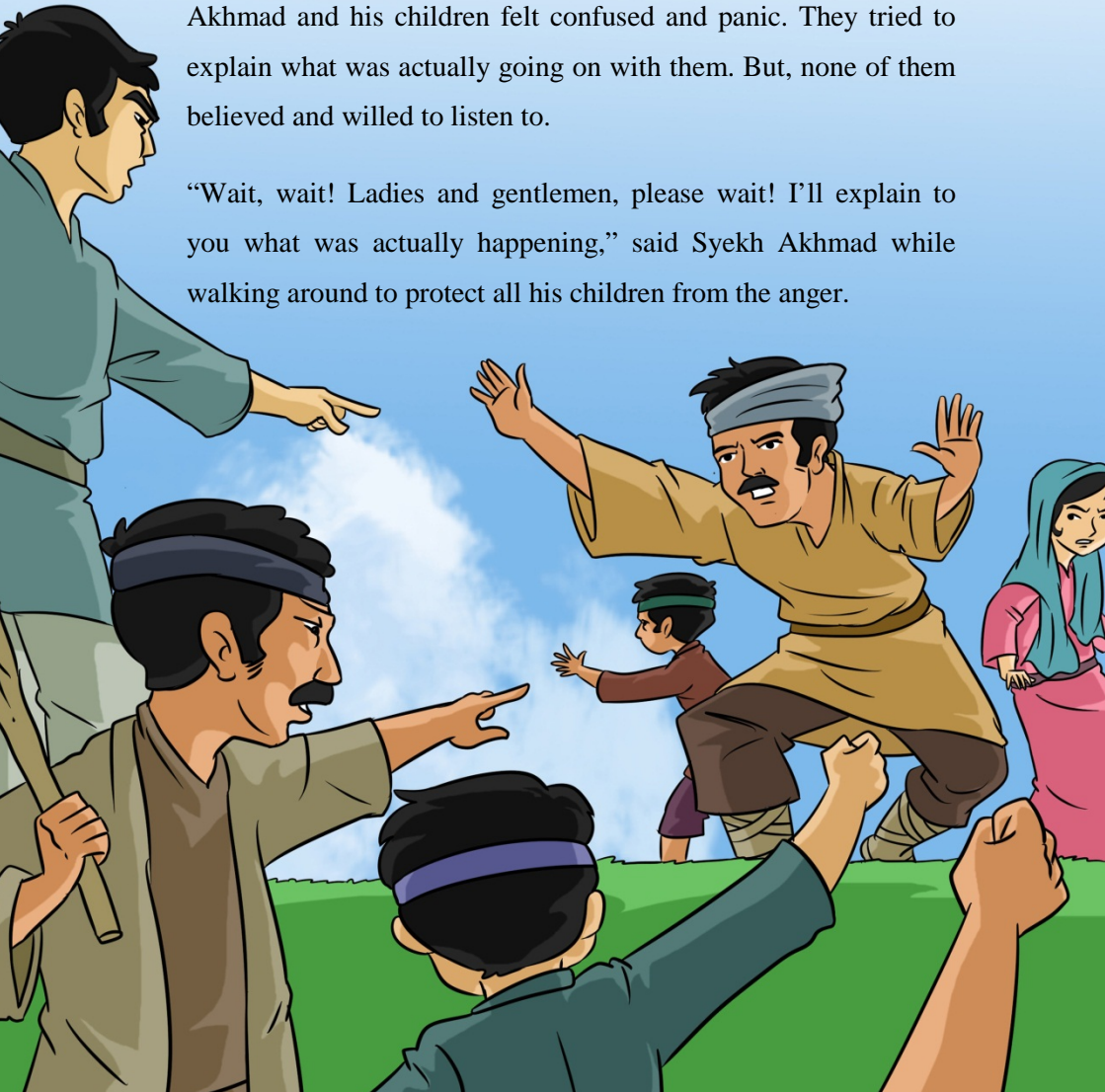
At noon, Syekh Akhmad and his two children wandered into the woods, farmland, and garden. As there was raining quite heavily and long enough, the road became slippery. As a consequence, Syekh Akhmad and his children slipped and fell down to the farmland of which paddy had been yellowish already. Thus, the paddy that had been ready for harvesting got damaged.

In fact, the accident was caught up by the owner of the farmland. The owner looked furious to Syekh Akhmad. He tried to ask for forgiveness, but the owner remained ignorant. Even, the owner mocked him by shouting to Syekh Akhmad.

“You’re the jinxed stranger I’ve ever met. You came without permission, even you dared to ruin my farmland!” he said loudly.

When listening to the shout, many people came and made a crowd. They also got angry to Syekh Akhmad and his children. Some of the people throw the stone to Syekh Akhmad, some directly punched him out, from the façade and the back. Syekh Akhmad and his children felt confused and panic. They tried to explain what was actually going on with them. But, none of them believed and willed to listen to.

“Wait, wait! Ladies and gentlemen, please wait! I’ll explain to you what was actually happening,” said Syekh Akhmad while walking around to protect all his children from the anger.



All he said was neglected by the people. They did not even want to listen and know his explanation for they could not hold their anger. They kept throwing him and his children out with everything they could find nearby them; gravels, dried soils, dried fruits, and branches – all hit the three helpless people.

The nuance was getting more pressured, Syekh Akhmad could not let them that way. He could not be more patient.

Syekh Akhmad started to get in action. He fended out all the throws from the people while still protecting his children. Also, his two children followed to fend out every single throw directed to them. Syekh Akhmad finally jumped out, hit, and kicked out the trees around, both the big and small. All the hits and kicks from Syekh Akhmad made a sound that shocked all the people over there. “Baaaang! Boooop!” Many people were shocked. By then, Syekh Akhmad thought that it would release the people’s emotion.

After seeing that occurrence, the people in the crowd were suddenly in silence. The nuance started to get quiet. They thought that Syekh Akhmad was not a human in normal.

“Sir, we’re very sorry for everything happening here. We don’t expect this happen. We’re too emotional,” said one of the people with his body shivering.

“We’re also sorry for we have thrown you and your children out with the stone,” said another one.

After listening to them, Syekh Akhmad also said, “We forgive all of you. We’re also sorry. I don’t mean to go here without any permission here, actually. I’ve just arrived and haven’t met the headman of this village yet.”

“Masya Allah (Oh My God), you’re so superb. You mustn’t a commonality. You can defend yourself. I’m sorry, Sir,” said the lady in the crowd. Another one followed to say, “Yes. It’s true. This man is so magical. His bulk was so paper-like. He could jump out whenever he wants to.”

The annoyance of Syekh Akhmad and his children turned out to be a pride after all the people praised him.

Among them, there was a young man who suddenly approached Syekh Akhmad and said, “I’m sorry Mr. I’ve just been provoked by the people. We don’t know what is actually happening. We just imitated them to throw you out with the stones. We’re sorry.”

“I’m also sorry for everything, Sir. I used to think that you were a thief who’d like to steal out my paddy. That’s all because of me, Sir,” said the owner of the farmland approaching Syekh Akhmad.

“It’s okay. That’s obviously our mistake to get your farmland broken down,” said Syekh Akhmad continuing.

The chaotic nuance had turned out to be peaceful. One of the people took over the crowd.

“It’s okay, ladies and gentlemen. That’s happened. Let’s welcome our guess. Let’s send them to our headman’s house together,” said one of the people. At once, all the people kept them company to the headman’s house.

The headman and the people welcomed Syekh Akhmad and his children to the village warmly. Since then, Syekh Akhmad was staying at Hinai village. Besides, Syekh Akhmad also said to be responsible for the damage to the farmland and prayed the owner would get the satisfying harvest.

Day by day, week by week, Syekh Akhmad and his two children were getting comfortable to stay over there and did not want to move out. The village was so natural and resourceful. The season turn happened very regularly and in balance. That was an ideal one to grow up plants, especially in the country which was famous as paddy and vegetable supplier.

The harvest had come. The farmland which used to be damaged resulted in satisfying and well-grown harvest.

No farmland was damaged or invaded by the parasite insects. All the owners felt very happy. All the people were very glad to have Syekh Akhmad, along with his children living in the village,



because he had taught all the people the better way for farming and gardening.

The harvest of the farmland was getting much bigger and bigger in quantity.

Every month, Syekh Akhmad gathered all the people at the headman's office. Syekh Akhmad provided them with guidance about the way to grow up paddy based on the teaching of Prophet Sulaiman. Syekh Akhmad explained that before spreading out the seeds of the paddy, they were to create a rectangle-like line on the ground by one meter long. In the middle of it, there should be seven small holes. Then, the seeds should be put into each of the holes. At last, the people should cross their fingers for the seeds, by giving prayers.

All the people in that society was very pleased with the guidance by Syekh Akhmad. They attempted to practice the way to grow up the paddy in the planting season. They had been conscious about how to share water in a good manner when they experienced lack of water, without arguing or blaming each other. Consequently, the harvest was so nourishing and much more than that of before.

The people were very blissful of what they had gained at that season. They were gathering and invited Syekh Akhmad to come. They thanked him so much, countlessly. They were very happy to

see and know Syekh Akhmad. Because of their pride upon Syekh Akhmad, all the people called him as *ustadz* (teacher, basically in religious sphere/religion teacher). He was *ustadz* for everything, religion and all other spheres.

Syekh Akhmad had felt satisfied enough to share all his knowledge to the society of Hinai village. He and his children, then, decided to continue wandering to another village. Despite the unwillingness, the headman and all the people over there had to let them go. A farewell ceremony was held, Afterward. The leave of the good man was adorned with mourning and cry.

### **3. Asking Syekh Akhmad for a War Reconciliation**

Wan Fatah and Aja Rangi came to visit Syekh Akhmad's home for war solicitation in their country. They invited him and also his children (family). Another intention was that they would like to deport him from the country because he and his family had been thought to have a great influence in the country. In addition to being *ustadz*, Syekh Akhmad was also a good example for the society. In fact, the presence of Syekh Akhmad in the country got the ruler of Setabat unable to freely take control of that area.

They would like to take control the natural resource of Setabat village in the form of products such as agriculture, spices, fisheries, and other typical features.

Since Syekh Akhmad was living in the village, the society lived peacefully, securely, and wealthily. The farmers were allowed to plant and harvest the paddy on time. The fishermen could find out a satisfactory result from the marine resource. The laborers and brute forces could work properly and were very well paid.

At morning, when Syekh Akhmad and his children went home from the farmland, two commanders of Setabat came.

Syekh Akhmad, then, welcomed his guesses, and let them come in. They were having a seat by face to face in the living room – the house was quite far from the farmland.

“Excuse me, Sirs. I think we’ve never met each other before. Let me know who you actually are,” asked Syekh Akhmad while inviting them to be seated.

“That’s right! This is the first time I’m here. Beforehand, we’re very sorry if our visit here disturbs you and your family. I’m Wan Fatah and this is my comrade, Aja Ranggi. We’re from Setabat,” answered Wan Fatah.

“Wan Fatah and Aja Ranggi?” asked Syekh Akhmad and his children just like that they did not believe in what they heard.

“Yes, we’re Wan Fatah and Aja Ranggi,” together with they answered the question from Syekh Akhmad.

“The fat with a moustache is Aja Ranggi, and I myself am Wan Fatah,” explained Wan Fatah.

“We’re the commanders from Setabat,” added Aja Ranggi.

“Oh, so you two are from Setabat?” confirmed Syekh Akhmad not not-believing-like intonation.

“We are. The commanders from Setabat village,” answered Aja Ranggi trying to get him trusted.

“Then, what do you want to come here?”

At glance, Wan Fatah and Aja Rangi were silent. They were thinking of the problem they were dealing with at that time.

“Let me tell you something, Syekh Akhmad, and family,” said the guesses.

“We intentionally came here to invite you, Syekh Akhmad, to get into a war in our country. Now, ours is in conflict. We need a well-trained and well-experienced fighter. And we think that you’re the one. We will give you a position and authority at once only if you join us for war,” continued Wan Fatah.

Syekh Akhmad was shocked after receiving the solicitation from the two commanders of Setabat. So were his two children. They were staring at each other. It seemed that they agreed to their own idea. Syekh Akhmad, moreover, spoke to them softly and carefully since he was afraid they would be offended.

“Alright, Sir. That you come here is a grace to us. We don’t even expect this kind of solicitation,” said Syekh Akhmad. “But, no offense, we’re sad to say that we couldn’t do that for you. I’m here on the basis of sharing knowledge, even it never crosses in mind the intention of getting into war,” he continued.

“Sorry, I couldn’t be into war. I’m just a commonality. I prefer to share knowledge with others,” said Syekh Akhmad trying to open up their minds.

Wan Fatah and Aja Rangi kept persuading Syekh Akhmad with all the promises they had. However, it could not change his mind.

Shortly after, the two commanders finally realized that their mission was out of expectation. Then, they asked for permission to go home.

The ruler of Setabat was of disappointment upon the objection from Syekh Akhmad to get into the war. As the consequence, the ruler considered Syekh Akhmad as a dissident due to the objection to war.

Finally, King of Setabat could not hold his anger any longer after several objections for war solicitation. They, Afterward, decided to pick him up enforcedly. Then, the Commander Wan Fatah and Aja Rangi came to Syekh Akhmad's house, with the same intention.

Until then, at Pusung, the people were very busy to set the situation safe and well-organized because King of Langkat would move over. All the ministers, commanders, apparatuses and kingdom's stakeholders were in the serious meeting.

“To all my fellows here, there's something I'd like to say to you today,” said the Prime Minister of the kingdom, Datuk Imam, opening the meeting.

“What is happening, Sir, so you collect us on this occasion?” asked one of the stakeholders.

“A couple of days ago, King of Setabat sent a letter to King of Langkat. They offered us cooperation to manage Lohat Harbor. I actually know that he just pretend to do so. In fact, they have another intention. They want to take control over the Langkat Kingdom,” said Datuk Imam firmly.

“How can you know about that?” asked Datuk Zainuddin, the leader of Hinai.

“King of Setabat, along with King of Langkat, has agreed to sign the convention, stating that King of Setabat is allowed to place a governor in Langkat, but not to intervene all the authority of Langkat Kingdom. So, in other words, if now they want us to share the government with them, it means that they’ve broken down the agreement. Thus, I and my father have decided to object their request,” answered Datuk Imam.

Meanwhile, in other whereabouts, Syekh Akhmad enforcedly fought against the two commanders of Setabat Kingdom. Astonishingly, he fought them by unarmed.

The magical power of Syekh Akhmad was truly testified by the two commanders since they know that in addition to his excellent knowledge of religion, Syekh Akhmad was also outstanding infighting.

Wan Fatah swayed his sword, while Aja Ranggi used his *keris* (traditional weapon from Java). Syekh Akhmad was surviving so much even though he fought upon the commanders, along with their servants. Syekh Akhmad hit Aja Anggi's hand so and got the *keris* fallen down. Syekh Akhmad directly grabbed out the *keris*, and finally, the Aja Ranggi was defeated. One by one fell down, and all of them quit. All the horses were left unriden, fearfully left away by the horsemen.

“You want your hand to get broken down, or you quit now?” Hearing to the threat from Syekh Akhmad, Aja Ranggi gave up and escaped.

The Commander Wan Fatah was still surviving. He used all the power he had mastered. But, Syekh Akhmad was not afraid. He started to release his quick movements to hit down Wan Fatah. Wan Fatah was highly under pressure. He felt imbalanced, and his sword was broken apart. He was more pressured. Wan Fatah, then, was successfully overpowered. He had fallen down on the ground after getting kicked out by Syekh Akhmad.

Wan Fatah and Aja Ranggi could be defeated. They asked for mercy and gave up. The two commanders even begged to learn about everything from Syekh Akhmad. They begged for being his disciples.



Syekh Akhmad agreed to have them as his disciples, but with one proviso. They were not allowed to make use of the power for evilness, but for peacemaking, in the country, they were living at.

#### **4. The New Life of Syekh Akhmad**

The new journey was started. They went into the woods, climbed a mountain, went down along the hills, and explored the valleys, along with the obstacles and trials. They passed through all those miserable experiences by single-eyed.

The journey finally sent them off to a water spring. They sat down on the huge rock surrounded by many pines. The wind blew softly, passing through his clothes, and finally got him fallen asleep. Sleeping tightly, Syekh Akhmad could not hear any sounds of birds and swishes of the pines, blown by the wind. He really enjoyed his falling asleep on the huge rock, something he was even hard to find out in his hometown.

The sun was moving to the western side, sunset time. The sun shined across all the leaves. The shine was shining, touching up his face. He was frowning. He felt that there was something too bright, dazzling out his eyes. It seemed that he was dreaming. Nonetheless, he furthermore aware that the sun shines had been flabbergasting his eyes. Then, Syekh Akhmad woke up from his close-fitting sleeping. Eventually, he continued the journey with his children.

Along the journey, they were welcomed by tens of birds, with all their tweets.

All the animals in the woods had likely recognized them, especially Syekh Akhmad, known as a religiously-equipped man who attempted to find out the blessings of God Almighty after his wife's death.

It was countless how far the routes he had been through all that time. Many villages had been stopped off by them. Also, it was countless how many trials he had been experiencing to date.

During his journey, Syekh Akhmad and his two children found out a village that looked smaller and more isolated than other villages in common. The shine of the sunrise pleasantly welcomed Syekh Akhmad and his children when arriving at the village. The tweets from the bird and the cockcrows were likely to get into the mutual conversation as if they were too excited of the arrival of Syekh Akhmad and his children at the village, named as Tapak Kuda.

Salahudin, one of the society members at that village, welcomed them very warmly. So did Salahudin's younger sister, Ni Mas, welcoming them with the nicest affection.

They, then, got to know each other. In every single talk, Syekh Akhmad was implicitly preaching little by little, sharing Islamic knowledge, smiling to each other, and putting respect to others.

It was such a joyful rendezvous. After looking at Ni Mas, who began feeling sleepy, Salahudin asked Syekh Akhmad to have a

rest. Shortly after, Salahudin was falling asleep. However, different from Salahudin, Ni Mas and Syekh Akhmad could not even sleep.

Ni Mas was thinking about that Syekh Akhmad was very handsome despite his maturity. Until then, Syekh Akhmad remembered his wife when looking at Ni Mas' face. She completely resembled his wife.

“Has she married already?” he murmured. “If yes, with whom?” All the anxiety, longing and curiosity, at once, came to mess up Syekh Akhmad's mind.

“Oh, My God. Why is my life so miserable just like this? When should I be this way? Please, save all my children who had been left behind by their mother. Please forgive all my guilty and my weakness. I'm completely dependent on Your power,” said Syekh Akhmad begging.

As the time went by, the closeness between Syekh Akhmad and Ni Mas was not only about the relationship between teacher and student, more than that of it. Ni Mas was thinking that Syekh Akhmad was the ideal man to be her leader for life. Vice versa, Syekh Akhmad also deemed that Ni Mas was a religiously-equipped woman who would be sincere to raise his children along with him.

Syekh Akhmad attempted to state what he was feeling about Ni Mas, aiming for marrying her. Salahudin, as the elder brother, surely welcomed that kind of planning between two of them.

Shortly after, the marital ceremony was held. All the musical instruments and dances from Malay were exhibited in the town square. They were holding the marital party by inviting all the people around their community.

All the traditional dancers had been ready. The sounds of all the instruments were heard throughout the village. The beauty of Malay ladies was incomparable among others'. The costume and soft movement in the dances shown by the traditional dancers got all the attendees so amazed. There was the traditional art of Malay which was unified with the Arabic music. All kinds of food were ready to be eaten. The nuance was so joyful. The attendees also felt very happy to come to that event as they could meet Syekh Akhmad, the figure they loved the most.

Many colorful lamps were set out, getting the nuance more dazzling, like a society's party. Hundreds of ornaments were on display to get the ambiance more vibrant, like banners along the right and side of the road, ranging from harbor to the town square, lampions, *janur* (young coconut leaves), and jasmine flowers, which all had been well-set.

All the people had to feel very happy at the night. Ni Mas and Syekh Akhmad looked so charming upon the people's responses. Each of the attendees got a meal and drink, which had been well-available. Even there were some of the people who intentionally brought up some food and fruit to be eaten all together. All were treated equally. No one was considered more special than others.

Syekh Akhmad and Ni Mas had been ready for their new status as a married couple. They lived by loving and respecting each other. Ni Mas treated the two children of Syekh Akhmad as her own ones, and the children did too. Every single day, they lived peacefully, full of laughter and happiness.

Day by day, the time had changed. Unnoticeable, it had been 3 years long Syekh Akhmad and his family had been living at Tapak Kuda village, in Negeri Seberang. There were no more misery and sadness appearing in their life. Syekh Akhmad and his wife were very excited to get what they were expecting and dreaming about all that time.

Syekh Akhmad could not be more thankful to God as he had encountered a perfect happiness. The complete family, with the religiously-equipped wife and children. His wife, Ni Mas, was a daughter of the well-off businessman. They made use of the wealth for a fish farm. Some of their wealth, furthermore, was distributed for people's welfare. Because of their philanthropy, all the people put respect to them.

## 5. The Return of Syekh Akhmad to His Hometown

At night, the full moon was shining. The sky was very brightly blue as there were so many stars hanging on, just like diamonds. Syekh Akhmad was daydreaming and recalling his childhood, living on the small island in the middle of the sea.

The exotica of the coast, where he and his friends used to play together with his friend, Syekh Jakhi, had been fossilized in his eyes. His longing to waves dancing over the sea always reminded him of his hometown. When recalling his memorable childhood with his friend playing in the sea, Syekh Akhmad liked to do contemplation by himself.

Syekh Akhmad suddenly recalled his promise to his former student that he would come back home. He felt so sinful to have forgotten them, the mosque's administrator, Soleh, and also his other students. There was no idea about how the life had been since his leaving from that place.

Are they still taking care of Masjid Raya Al-Madani? Are they still active to participate in *pengajian* (religious ceremony) held on every Sunday morning? Are they still keen on holding Islamic events along with parents and children? What about the orphans? Are they still caring about them and conducting some charity events to help them? Then, who is the leader now?

Several questions were messing up in the Syekh Akhmad's mind. It seemed that his hometown, Kodah in Tanah Semenanjung, called for him, in order to reshuffle the new life. He felt responsible for assisting his comrades, *santri* (students), and people within the society to find out the God's blessings.

Let alone, there was still Mak Isah, the wife of Ustadz Maulana, the one he considered as his own biological mother. She had to be so lonely in spite of the fact that she had been senile. Syekh Akhmad was longing for her, still.

Ni Mas, his wife, pay a more attention to Syekh Akhmad who had been quite different recently. She often caught him up silently going to the coast and staring at there. He liked to be there for a long time, contemplating and daydreaming. One day, because he enjoyed daydreaming, he did not even realize that the water had sunk his knees off.

“Darling, I notice that a couple of recent days, you have been often daydreaming. What makes you like this, Darling?” asked Ni Mas in a night.

“Yes, My Lover. There's something I'm worried about. I felt so sinful to forget all my students, mosque's administrators, and other people in my society. I don't know how they are today. Are they still going on conducting Islamic events in the mosque?” answered Syekh Akhmad after being silent for a while.



“Is it all, Darling? I thank God! As your wife, I’m very glad to hear that you are very responsible for everything upon them,” said Ni Mas.

“That’s true, My Love. There also lives Mak Isah who had been looking after me since I was a kid. I would be very sinful if I’m ignorant of them. Whereas, she’s been very old and living by herself; no colleague was caring for her. Her husband had passed away since long and long time ago. My brother, Syekh Jakhi, who used to care of Mak Isah, had also kicked the bucket,” said Syekh Akhmad while staring at the night sky.

Ni Mas was remained silent, then said, “If so, I do support all you choose, Darling. As the wife, I should follow all you want to, let alone for the reason of religion.”

“So, it means you agree with me?” asked Syekh Akhmad like doubtful.

All that time, it was the thing that drove him reluctant to say what he meant to say to his wife. He was afraid of making his wife so sad if she knew about his husband’s want – she would not come with him to his hometown, or she would not give any permission for him to be back home.

“Sure. You are going for the right goal. I don’t mind at all. Let alone, we’ll go together even though I need to leave out my

parents here,” said the wife while embracing his husband’s hand to get him trusted.

Syekh Akhmad felt relieved since his wife did not prohibit his intention at all to go back home to Kodah, Tanah Semenanjung.

In the evening, they were getting prepared for the tomorrow journey; all they needed had been ready. Thus, on the day after, Syekh Akhmad and his family headed to Kodah.

At morning, Syekh Akhmad and his family, along with the sailor and servants were going to Kodah. The ground wind was blowing up breezily, unfolding the sails and pushing up the so-called big sailboat to the high sea. Time by time, the sailboat had left away from the coastline of Setabat country.

Syekh Akhmad was standing up in the front part of the sailboat while looking at the high sea, without any border. He was feeling anxious, feeling sad because of leaving out the lovely colleagues in Setabat country or being happy because of returning to hometown. He was concerned that all the people over there: colleagues, students, right-hand men, and students, could not recognize him at all, or even could not accept his return. It was because Syekh Akhmad never gave any information about how he was.

The sailboat kept sailing very calmly. They passed through the afternoons and nights in the middle of the borderless sea. The

colorful flags would be swayed over the sailboat whenever the sailboats were bumping into each other, one sailboat with the other ones heading to Setabat country. That had been a traditional custom in sailing culture over there, to greet the other sailboats which were on sailing. It was also as the sign that they were good people so that no anxiety appeared during the sailing.

The sways of the flags would be replied by the greeted sailboats. If they had been very close to each other, all the passengers would sway their hands as well, a symbol of comradeship.

The weather was very fine, and the sailboat had nothing to worry about. The air was very fresh to breathe. There was nothing very heavy to deal with during the sailing. Once, they passed across a couple of small islands along the sea. If the sea was tide, all the islands only remained the top part of the coconut trees, sunk over the sea.

Syekh Akhmad reminded all the sailormen to keep being careful. If they were not, the sailboat would hit down the islands that had been sunk off because of high tide.

A series of the islands was encircled by the high sea, getting intertwined each other. Also, there also happened such occurrence as war, expropriation, and other small conflicts that encompassed the sailors who snatched for the territory. The other occurrences, like chaotic situation, seizure of property, and murder committed

by pirates, were also often happening. The pirates were not only known as robberies but also troublemakers who had been paid off by the oppositions of the kingdom. They also commonly played a role as spies who was paid off by the invaders. The pirates usually got on the huge ship, completed by sophisticated weapons and small boats that were used to gridlock the target.

The pirates were considered reckless and ruthless upon their victim. They were feared by all the traders who run their trading activities in the sea. They were not even fearful to the maritime armies of the kingdom who attempted to patrol along the sea. Theirs were very well-armed other than that of the armies.

The night was coming. All was dark. The nuance was getting quiet. Only the sounds of paddling the boats were heard. In the darkness of the night, there were seen some of the dark shadows approaching the sailboat of Syekh Akhmad. All the passengers, also, felt there was something getting closer to them. In fact, the pirates had come to them.

“Oh My God! There’s the pirates!” said one of the sailormen.

All the pirates were getting very close. They, then, jumped out to the sailboat of Syekh Akhmad and threatened by pointing their weapons, machetes, and swords. The unclear moonshine had made a little dazzle on their machetes and swords. The sailboat of Syekh Akhmad could not make any escape from their chase. Let

alone, it had been three days long in the sea, and their energy had been getting lowered down. Syekh Akhmad, Afterward, kept calming down to save all his family from the pride of the pirates.

The sailboat was getting imbalanced as it crushed the pirates' ship. Both the ship of the pirates had enclosed the sailboat of Syekh Akhmad on either side. Some of the subordinates had jumped out to the sailboat of Syekh Akhmad. They started threatening by pointing and swaying out their swords and machetes. They shouted to the all people on the sailboat, demanding them to hand over all he had to those pirates. If they did not fulfill the demand, they would be murdered.

“Come on! Hand over all you have! Don't even rebel if you don't want to die in vain!” shouted one of the pirates threatening.

All the passengers of the sailboat, including the sailormen, were shocked after they said so. The sailboat was getting sped down and finally stopped.

“Be quick! Don't do anything! We don't want none of you to die in vain here!” threatened another pirate.

Syekh Akhmad's heart was beating so fast after listening to their voices. He remained silent for a while. There was something unusual he was concerned about. He stepped forward to approach the pirates cautiously but did not hold any weapon.

“Now, hand all your valuable things over or you’ll get dead!” threatened all the pirates while pointing and swaying their swords in the air, a sign of intimidation.

Syekh Akhmad was getting curious. He was very familiar with that voice. The moonshine was getting faint as there was cloudy, getting Syekh Akhmad difficult to recognize all the faces of the pirates.

Getting a sign, suddenly Syekh Akhmad said, “Get your swords down, Wan Agus! I’m Syekh Akhmad who would return to Kodah, Tanah Semenanjung. I recognize your voice. I’m your comrade when at Kodah.” The shout of Syekh Akhmad was heard loudly among the crowd of the pirates who kept intimidating all the passengers.

Wan Agus, the leader of the pirates felt shocked after Syekh Akhmad called upon his name and mentioned who he was at that time. The dark clouds were blown away by the wind.

Syekh Akhmad, at that time, was feeling certain that the pirates who attempted to invade him were led by Wan Agus, his childhood friend. Wan Agus still remained standing up while pointing out his sword. He tried to recognize Syekh Akhmad who had been different from he used to in the past, but he still remembered the voice of Syekh Akhmad very well.

All the subordinates of Wan Agus looked stunned after looking at their leader's reaction. They wondered by heart how they could meet each other in the middle of the sea. They did recognize Syekh Akhwan. It had been a long time they never met each other.

“Come on, Wan Agus! Get off! Come here! I'm your comrade. I want to return to Kodah with a good intention. I want to make my village better place,” continued Syekh Akhmad calmly and softly.

Wan Agus, eventually, felt certain that he was now dealing with Syekh Akhmad. Syekh Akhmad used to be his friend when they were still in the *pesantren* (Islamic boarding school) tens of years ago. He, finally, commanded all his subordinates to get off to Syekh Akhmad's sailboat.

Anxiously, Wan Agus got off to Syekh Akhmad's sailboat and greeted him, “*Assalamualaikum*, my brother.” Wan Agus shook hand with Syekh Akhmad and kissed his hand. They embraced each other. They felt touched as they could meet again with their old friend. Following Wan Agus, all his subordinates greeted and kissed Syekh Akhmad's hand. Wan Agus directly asked for forgiveness.

“Please, forgive me, Syekh Akhmad. Be merciful. It's not supposed that you are one of the passengers in this sailboat, Syekh Akhmad,” he said in regret.

Wan Agus explained how they decided to be the pirates. The reason was on the basis of economics and education factors. In addition, the village they were living at was no longer in a good stability, hopelessly.

Syekh Akhmad, then, enlightened them the risk of what they were doing. Being a pirate would be the same as carrying away the thing people actually did not deserve to. That was strongly prohibited in the religious teachings for it may trigger a disaster to the colleagues of the innocent victims.

Wan Agus, along with his subordinates, finally was aware that what they had been doing all that time was God's prohibition. Even though they did it because of enforcement of life, especially since they were jobless, they did have any rights to enforce people hand over all they had to them, let alone by means of violence. Wan Agus and all his subordinates thanked Syekh Akhmad who had got them aware from evilness.

Syekh Akhmad invited them to look for money, with the best way. At that time, Syekh Akhmad let them follow him to go back home to Kodah, and allowed them to start the new better life.

Day by day, after suffering from the wild waves and cold wind in the sea, eventually they arrived at the island, their destination where they were supposed to be.



Syekh Akhmad was feeling very nervous; his heart was beating so fast when stepping over the white sand of the island where he had been born. In fact, his arrival had been known by the people around. Syekh Akhmad and all the people following him were welcomed by the close relatives and the local people. All the *ulama* (Islamic teachers) and the *santri* (students) were standing up altogether in line, alongside the bridge connecting the land and sea. Soleh unswervingly steered the welcoming session for Syekh Akhmad. He could not help being happier to welcome his so-called leader and close friend.

A group of *Qasidah* (Islamic marching band) was also there to welcome the *ustadz* and a very well-known figure who had ever lived in the village. By having a white and green outfit, a symbol of hospitality and softness, the group of *Qasidah* kept singing Islamic songs. All the Islamic praising songs were sung by them, complemented by the nice sound of *rebana* (Islamic music instrument).

Syekh Akhmad and his wife never supposed that they would be welcomed that way. They felt touched, smiling joyfully. Almost nothing changed. The life in that village was still as the same as that of before, simple and modest.

Accompanied by his wife, Syekh Akhmad and his family soon headed to the house Syekh Akhmad used to live at for years. The house looked so unmaintained. The pillars looked getting a bit

leaning forward, and some of the walls made from the bamboos were getting holey. The buffers were getting weathered. Many leaks were found on the roof. It was obvious because there was no one taking care of the house. In fact, the house was inhabited by Mak Isah herself.

Arriving at home, Syekh Akhmad found out Mak Isah lying down helplessly by herself alone. The old lady was sick. Syekh Akhmad then kissed her hands and asked for forgiveness because it had been ages that he did not come back home. Mak Isah welcomed them with cries of happiness. She was very thankful to God as she could meet again with the one she had raised up tens of years ago. He was one and only hope she had at that time, for she did not have any relatives anymore in that village.

At night, Syekh Akhmad gathered all his colleagues, people in society, and the *santri* at a mosque that had been intentionally built for gathering and discussion.

The event was aimed at *silaturahmi* (getting to know and getting close to each other) among Syekh Akhmad, the society, the *ustadz*, and the *santri*. At once, the occurrence was also a session for introduction of his wife to the public.

Syekh Akhmad unstopably pushed up the society, gave them moral values and raised their motivation for independent work, such as growing up paddy or planting the maize, tubers, and fruits

in the garden. Syekh Akhmad also provided them with seeds for plantation he had intentionally brought up from the across the country.

As the time went by, all the society in the island had known and been aware of what they should do every single day. None of them was in acute laziness. They had been aware of their own role because they would like to live wealthily as suggested by Syekh Akhmad in each meeting.

Since then, the economics of the society was getting better. Syekh Akhmad invited the society to do trading and taught them the way how to look for money in the best way without getting other people in the loss.

All they needed was well-fulfilled. Their health was getting better as there were built public toilets and public health center. If the people were sick, they would be directly sent off to the health officers who were completely ready for looking after them. The life within the village was full of affection, one each other. If there were some of the people in conflict, Syekh Akhmad would get himself included to release their emotion. Thus, the conflicts and fights were getting decreased

The children and teens were gaining public and religion education very well. Also, some of them had been placed at *pesantren* since they were still kids. *Pesantren* Al-Ikhlās,

established by Syekh Akhmad, had more and more students, day by day. There were also some of them coming from across country, just to gain knowledge from the *pesantren*.

Since then, Syekh Akhmad and all his family members decided to return and stay along to accompany Mak Isah and all the society over there, in Kodah Island.

The life of the society, especially the *santri*, was peaceful and secure. The farmlands could result in satisfactory harvest three times a year. All the gardens, especially the fruit gardens, helped out the society so much, as their additional income.

The result from the fish farm was very abundant. All the ladies and young girls had been well-capable of weaving.

The society of Kodah Island, in Tanah Semenanjung was living very peacefully, securely, and wealthily. Syekh Akhmad was also one of the stakeholders in the country, in addition to being *ustadz*, *imam* (the leader in Islamic praying context), and head of *pesantren*. He was known as the fair-minded and wise leader. Almost all the people within the society put respect and love for him.



## PRINCE INDRA SEARCHING FOR THE PRINCESS

### 1. Prince Indra

The marital party was held for seven days and seven nights. The bride was wearing a pink gown with a golden embroidery. Meanwhile, the groom was wearing a pink outfit of *teluk belanga* (traditional outfit for marriage). Their faces were like the sun and moon. They were a couple in destiny, in a very high chemistry, as the groom was very handsome, and the bride very pretty, just like an angel.

There were so many attendees coming to the party. Among them, they were from various backgrounds: *ulama* (great leaders), *ustadz* (teachers), kingdom's priests, *santri* (students), and also the local society. They were very excited to see the students reciting Al-Quran, and listen to preaching from the well-known *ulama*. In addition, there was also held *marawis* and *qasidah* (Islamic music session) which was sung by male and female *santri*.

The ceremony was running very dazzlingly. The bride and groom were guided to go to the wedding throne. The scent of tuberose flowers was smelled everywhere. All the attendees were welcomed and served till midnight came. A lot of foodstuffs was ready to be eaten on the table. They were eating and drinking while enjoying the traditional art exhibited by the housefather.

The father and mother of Abdul Sulaiman, King Syarif and Siti Zahra, could not be happier to see the wedding of Prince Abdul Sulaiman and Princess Miranti. Princess Mayang Sari was also very happy to see her elder brother, Prince Abdul Sulaiman, married earlier than her. The welcoming party was very rousing.

A week after the wedding, Prince Abdul Sulaiman and Princess Miranti decided to leave out of the palace. They would like to wander to the across the country to share and promote religious knowledge, at once.

That kind of decision was known by King Syarif and Queen Siti Zahra. Despite deep sadness, they could not stop their noble intention.

They were sent off by sadness, especially the queen who could not stop being sad because of their leaving. Before leaving, the king and the queen left a message to them, his son and his daughter-in-law, to keep holding on their faith and never forget all their colleagues. Despite the long distance, the relationship bounding was not allowed to get separated.

As the time went by, King Syarif and his queen felt there was something happening to Princess Mayang Sari. Their beloved princess, recently, liked being alone and looked much quieter.

In fact, the wedding event had got Princess Mayang Sari recalled upon Prince Indra, the one she used to love very much, and so did

Prince Indra to her. He, very much, did. Nonetheless, their love was separated away as Prince Indra had to go away for life learning.

The beauty of Princess Mayang Sari was undeniable. Her face was very beautiful, and her skin was a wonderland. In addition, she had also got a black-shining hair, which was unraveled up to touching her waists. That made all the men who looked at her fell in love and wanted to marry her. Countlessly, there had been hundreds of men trying to approach and propose her, but none of whom was accepted. The princess had ever said to her mother that she would never marry anyone, but Prince Indra, her true love.

It had been ages that Prince Indra was leaving for continuing his life learning to a higher level. He decided to improve his *kanuragan* acquaintance (a skill or power for fighting) at Bukit Singkit, across Gunung Ranai. There was a twin waterfall. He would like to purify himself and withdraw all patterns of polytheism.

Prince Indra was humble and modest. Despite his status as the son of the king, he was never proud of it, his status as the crown prince. Prince Indra did believe and trust that all the creatures in this universe were all the same. They were the God's creatures, having full of weaknesses and having very few of strength, and were destined to live altogether in this universe.



By that kind of belief, he could stay to learn at Lembah Arai (Arai valley), nearby Bukit Singkit. Many trials he was dealing with. He was often fasting every Monday and Thursday. He never even left his responsibility for five-times praying. His determination had been well-around. He had purified his soul and mastered the power of getting his body feathery, as paper-like.

It had been a year Prince Indra, the true lover of Princess Mayang Sari, left for life learning in the valley. He felt that he had enough mastered all. Prince Indra, thus, determined to have a long journey to explore the woods and mountain.

After many days having a journey, Prince Indra was getting tired. He thought for finding out the spot to have a rest. Near the small river, there was a quite huge cave which was surrounded by shady trees. Over there, he decided to take some rest. With the pedestal he had, Indra was falling asleep and gone so distant in his sleeping. During his rest, he was awakened up by an old man with the white robes. The old man asked, “Where will you go, Mr.?”

Prince Indra was shocked after hearing the voice. He could not give any answer.

His body was getting cold. The wind was blowing relaxingly to his shoulders, and he had a goose bump.

The old man just smiled at him and said, “Alright, my son. Don’t worry. I actually know what you mean to do and reach here.”

When listening to that statement, Prince Indra remained silent and numb. He wondered by heart how the old man could know what his heart meant to.

“I suggest that you meet an ascetic, named as Wisnu Alam in Gunung Andaloka. It is located nearby here. He could help you, certainly,” said the old man.

When he wanted to respond to him, the old man disappeared.

Prince Indra woke up from his sleeping. He took a deep breath while stroking his chest.

“Is the dream a clue? Or means nothing?” he murmured.

His mind was getting chaotic. His heart was beating so fast whenever he tried to recall the whispering voice of the old man. His whispering sounded very soft and relieving, but truly touching his soul. Prince Indra, furthermore, felt like he was guided by someone.

Prince Indra, then, continued his journey. He was still curious about his dream. Many farmlands he was passing through. Rains and heats never did he care about. Prince Indra was in commitment to follow all guidance the old man said in his dream. Arriving at the piedmont of Gunung Andaloka, the day had been dark. He stopped by at an itinerant food stall. He took some rest for eating and prayed.

There was an old lady, the keeper of the food stall. Prince Indra, then, asked for guidance.

“Hi, Ma’am. How long does it take to go to the top of Gunung Andaloka?” asked Prince Indra.

“It depends on how your intention is, son. If yours is good, you’ll be there as soon as possible. But if not so, you’ll get lost,” answered the old lady.

“Ah, I see. I hope my journey does not take too long. I need to reach the top of the mount as soon as possible, Ma’am,” said Prince Indra.

She just smiled at him, hospitable.

“Better you continue yours tomorrow, son. The weather was not that fine. I recommend that you carry on walking after sunrise, the following morning,” said the old lady recommending.

Prince Indra followed her suggestion. He decided to take some rest in the stall after getting the permission from her.

On the following day, the sun had not come out yet from the western side, and the roosters had yet to crow. After finishing Subuh prayer, Prince Indra directly got prepared to walk upon the top of the mount, which looked very green.

He had been used to ups and downs, alongside thick bushes, during his journey. Very often did he deal with such wild animals as tigers, wild boars, and snakes. If they attempted to strike him out, he fought against them with the patch-up weapons. The animals that looked eatable were consumed to get him full for a while.

The sun was moving to the west. Prince Indra had arrived at Piedmont. He was stopping a while in front of the cave he was supposed to be. He was right in front of the cave, Gua Pesagi (*Pesagi* Cave). Prince Indra preferred to take some rest for a while, to get prepared in case there was a wild animal invaded him from the inside of the cave. He prepared a machete and sharp knife for self-defense.

In front of the cave, there were so many branches of the teak tree with its leaves covering the front part of the cave. Many birds were coming out of the cave as if they would like to welcome uninvited guest.

Before entering the cave, Prince Indra was praying to God for his security and success, in upcoming time. After praying, he stepped forward into the cave. After a couple of meters long, the darkness had greeted him. Prince Indra started to fire his torch. The torchlight enlightened him for a couple of meters long. The Prince Indra continued walking.

Some meters ahead, Prince Indra saw a light and shadow. He also began hearing some voices. Lights, shadows, and voices came and went. The further he walked forward, the more obvious the lights and the big shadows were seen along with the voices which were getting clearer to be heard. In a sudden, a flock of bats came to attack. Spryly, Prince Indra withdrew. His heart was beating so fast. He had got a goose bump. He took a deep breath after ensuring that the huge shadow was only the flock of bats coming out of their nest. He attempted to get himself calmed down. Again, he took a very deep breath.

The longer it was, the further Prince Indra walked forward into the cave. Pangeran Indra was getting much more curious. He greeted, “*Assalamualaikum wa rahmatullahi wa barakatuh* (May God always keep you protected). Anybody here?”

“*Waalaiikumussalam wa rahmatullahi wa barakatuh* (May God also keep you protected).” Suddenly, there was someone answering the greeting from the cave. Shortly after, an old man came out. He was tall and skinny just like whom he met in his dream. Prince Indra was shocked.

He stopped walking forward. His hands were getting firmer to hold on his torch. Prince Indra, then, tried to be brave to approach the old man and greeted him.

“*Kakek* Wisnu (Grandpa Wisnu)? Is he the one who came to my dream?” asked Prince Indra by heart. He did not suppose that the old man coming to his dream was the cave keeper.

“That’s true, my son. I’m the one you have been looking for all this time. Welcome to my hermitage area. Please, come into my cave. Don’t be afraid,” said the old man friendly.

The old man received his arrival gladly. Prince Indra was getting braver after being welcomed with the nice manner from the cave keeper. He, then, told the old man about his experience during his journey heading to the cave. Many trials and obstacles he succeeded to pass through. Prince Indra finally told him his main intention of his arrival to the cave.

*Kakek* Wisnu Alam was touched after having told Prince Indra. The old man started enlightening him to be more patient in facing the world with its trials. All were destined by God to testify all His creatures.

“Alright, *Kek*. I’ll follow all you suggest to me and all the teachings you will give to me,” said Prince Indra.



The togetherness between *Kakek* Wisnu and Prince Indra was getting much closer. They had been just like the teacher and student inbounding. Prince Indra was taught some magical power and movement, with all the ways to make use of weapons such as *keris*, bow and arrow, and lance. In addition, *Kakek* Wisnu also taught him a knowledge of the soul and mystical knowledge that improved the faith of Prince Indra in performing the orders of God Almighty.

Day by day, the magical power of Prince Indra was getting improved. *Kakek* Wisnu was satisfied enough to see the improvement shown by his apprentice. Despite all the improvement, *Kakek* Wisnu left a message to him to keep being humble and patient in living a life. Arrogance did not belong to humans. All the people had in the world was just a moment, not everlasting. Nothing was immortal since one day God had to take away everything the humans owned. As a humankind, all people in the world were to believe in God. In addition, learning was actually the main responsibility of all the humankind, both about universality and afterlife, so that they would be safe and prosperous in the world and the life after death.

On the seventh day, *Kakek* Wisnu called upon Prince Indra.

“Close your eyes, son. The time is coming,” said the old man.



Prince Indre followed the instruction. He sat down by crossing his legs in front of the old man while closing his eyes. Obediently, he followed all the instructions uttered by the old man.

The old man, furthermore, started reciting the spells. He gave out all his magical power to Prince Indra, like walking over the water, disappearing in fast-lightning, and defending from the evil spirit.

When opening his eyes, Prince Indra was very knocked for six. He had got his body shape-shifted to something very different from he used to be. He looked skinny, had a dark skin, and his face was full of ulceration.

“Why does my body change, *Kek*? Why do I look so nasty?” asked Prince Indra half-annoyed.

“Hmm ... aren’t you fully willing to do everything just to get what you want?” answered *Kakek* Wisnu.

“But, what about ....?”

Before Prince Indra continued asking, *Kakek* Wisnu said to him, “Trust me, son. All have been destined. We need to be sincere of what we’ve got. All which is from goodness must be good in the end. If you make use of your power just for good, all your goals would be well-achieved. Vice versa, if you do that for evilness, you’ll nastily get miserable,” said the old man.

Prince Indra was listening to his message carefully. He promised to make use of the power just for the goodness. Shortly after, Pangeran Indra asked for permission to leave. He meant to continue his journey, his pure journey for the true love.

## **2. The Kidnapping of Princess Mayang**

The bump of dark clouds was moving gradually around the sky over Pangkala Kingdom. The sun almost never got visible anymore as its shine was covered by the thick fog surrounding the kingdom. The cloudy sky over the kingdom signified the feeling of King Syarif. It had been many days he was feeling of anxiety. Prince Mayang Sari, the one and only princess remaining had been kidnapped by a herd of strangers.

In the afternoon, the nuance in the kingdom was very quiet. There were not so many activities over there. Only some of the kingdom's servants seemed cleaning up the stuff and backyard of the kingdom. At the outside, the wind was blowing wildly. The trees kept dancing over as if they were going to fall down because of the wild wind.

The King remained contemplation beneath the teak tree in the backyard nearby the palace. He was waiting for his hand-right men who had been sent off to the Gajah Kingdom since a couple of days ago. King Syarif commanded them to probe where Princess Mayang Sari was likely to be. Is it true that she was kidnapped by the troops from the Gajah Kingdom? Is she alright? Who actually steals out Princess Mayang Sari?

Many questions remained at the king's mind.

Based on the witnesses, Princess Mayang Sari was kidnapped by a group of horsemen. They were having masks and dark clothes, thus they were even unidentifiable. Besides, the robberies were well-built and complete armed. In fact, only Gajah Kingdom did have such kind of armies, tough and well-armed. All the kingdoms were obedient and submitted to a higher authority to King Pahak, the so-called ruthless and arrogant king. However, none of the kingdoms was as the same level as or more superior than that of their armies.

In his contemplation, the king, then, called upon his commander, the one he trusted very much, named as Lawuk. He lived a life very modestly, humble and friendly to anyone, which made him respected by all the kingdom's troop.

At that time, the Commander Lawuk faced the king who remained seated. He approached the king and was kneeling down.

“Yes, Your Majesty. What is actually happening?” asked the Commander Lawuk.

“Let me tell you something, Mr. Commander,” answered the King while looking up. “You’ve known that my princess is kidnapped, have you? You also know that she is probably the one and only one remaining to continue my lordship in this kingdom?” said the king while stroking his beard.

“A a ... I’m sorry, Your Majesty,” answered the Commander Lawuk stammering.

It was uncommon to see the commander feeling nervous in front of the king. The Commander Lawuk could not be more mistaken. He was feeling guilty because Princess Mayang Sari was left unfound.

“A a ... I’m sorry, Your Majesty. Sure, I do really know. I can truly feel you feel, for sure, right now, and even what Princess feels upon current situation, Your Majesty. If ...”

“Stop it, Mr. Commander. You don’t need to continue your story.” The King directly cut off his talk. “I completely know how you feel. I know that you love her just like I do. Trust me this is not completely your fault. This has been destined by God Almighty,” he added to strengthen Mr. Commander’s heart.

The Commander Lawuk nodded after listening to the king.

The king could calm down his commander, but not his queen. She was really burdened to have her princess kidnapped.

“I’ll tell you something, Mr. Commander. Likely, we have known each other. This situation cannot last long. We need to get in action. I’m getting worried about the queen. It’s been so many days she did not eat and drink any. I truly know how she is

feeling right now. She's always concerned about Princess Mayang Sari," said the king explaining.

"Excuse me, Your Majesty. That's what I actually think about. Even if I'm allowed, I'd like to give you an offer to find out Princess Mayang Sari by myself. Maybe, I can find her out," answered the Commander Lawuk.

"Hmmm ... I know, Mr. Commander. We are almost sure that the actor of this occurrence is King Pahak. Nonetheless, before we get any proof, we cannot accuse anyone, including King Pahak. We have a lack of witness to prove that it is him who arrange this kidnapping. We must be in danger, instead," explained to the king while stroking his beard.

"Mr. Commander, if we enforce King Pahak to confess, there will be a war. Having war with the Gajah Kingdom would be as the same as committing suicide. They're too strong for us. The armies and weapons are so powerful."

"Then, how can we find the princess out? Excuse me, Your Majesty. I'm the commander will be ready for everything, sacrificing my life, and get all the troops into a counterwork to break down that ruthless king. Let's conquer them!" said the Commander Lawuk trying to cover his annoyance.

“Wait, Mr. Commander. I have another planning. That’s why I call upon you here. I need to get your viewpoint on my planning,” explained the king.

“Another planning?” asked the Commander Lawuk. “What kind of planning do you have, Your Majesty?” he added.

The Commander Lawuk was listening to the king curiously. They were talking to each other very much, thinking about how to set the planning to get Princess Mayang Sari back.

After the kidnapping, the Queen Siti Zahra was very fragile. She had no temptation for eating. She was getting thinner. All the people, especially King Syarif, was feeling empathetic upon the queen. Every dusk and night, the queen always sat down in the garden while daydreaming about the arrival of Princess Mayang Sari. Somehow, during her sleeping, she was delirious, calling upon Princess Mayang Sari, her beloved daughter, on and on.

As the time went by, there had not been any information about the princess. The queen was still very weak, lying down on her bed. She was feeling sad and hopeless. The long-lasting sorrow had got her health worst. She was very sick. Eventually, the queen passed away.

Besides her beauty, all the people also adored his kindheartedness. In many years, the queen had been patiently

helping out the king to get the kingdom so prosperous that it was very well-known throughout the country.

Not only was the king feeling sorrowful upon her death, but also all the people throughout the kingdom. All this time, the king and the queen were known as the wise and fair-minded persons. They never made a differentiation between the rich and the poor. Even each of the territorial parts of the kingdom had all been visited by the king and queen. They want those, who lived very far from the center of the kingdom, to get to know and recognize who their king and queen actually were.

In many weeks, all the society, in turns, came to the kingdom to express their very deep condolence upon the king and colleagues. The mourners were from all the parts of the country.

They felt very sorry for the queen's death, the one familiar with her kindheartedness. In fact, it proved how much the society loved their leaders. Yes, Pangkala Kingdom was in deep sorrow.



### **3. The Beast Knight**

At afternoon, the nuance in the palace looked very quiet. King Syarif was shown sitting down while daydreaming on the terrace of the kingdom. His mind and heart were so chaotic. At that time, he could not even hide his sorrow. Shortly after he was getting able to forget the queen, he had to receive another sorrow. His daughter would be married soon by King Pahak. In his contemplation, he promised, the one who could save his daughter would receive a prize. If the savior was a lady, he would marry her. Meanwhile, if the savior was a man, he would be married to the princess.

At afternoon, the king called upon the Commander Lawuk.

The Commander Lawuk, then, faced the king.

“Yes, Your Majesty. What makes me called upon here? Is there something you want me to do?”

“Okay. So, you’ve got the news about the Gajah Kingdom, haven’t you? I’m very annoyed of King Pahak who, at will, want to marry my daughter. We cannot let it go. However, I’m quite thankful to God since my daughter is alright,” said the king.

“I’m sorry, Your Majesty, as far as I’m concerned we cannot let this situation last longer. If you give me command, I myself will pick the princess up in the Gajah Kingdom. All the troops we’d

sent off the days before came back in death. I think this is the time for me to fight, Your Majesty,” said the Commander Lawuk begging.

“Okay, I will. Prepare all your best troops to get you accompanied. Don’t be too hurry. King Pahak, alongside his troops, is very harsh and hazardous. They are very barbaric, very ruthless. They will murder all who aim at stopping what he wants. We need to keep being careful,” said the king.

After getting the agreement from the king, the Commander Lawuk just nodded. “Alright, Your Majesty. We’ll depart tomorrow morning,” he said. The Commander asked for permission to return and prepare for tomorrow’s journey.

The sun had not shined yet, none of the crows was heard. But, it had been seen the chosen troops were preparing for everything around the palace. All the weapons and other logistics were ready to be brought up. It was the Commander Lawuk who would lead them to save Princess Mayang Sari from King Pahak.



King Syarif, along with the servants, sent off the Commander Lawuk and all his servants, to execute the great mission, but truly risky. There were only two choices, getting Prince Mayang Sari back, or being dead to King Pahak and all his armies.

Therefore, the Commander Lawuk departed, along with his troops. They were sent off by ceremonial session. The entourage began disappeared, and finally, they were invisible.

The wedding planning, between King Pahak and Prince Mayang Sari, swiftly spread out over the country. Prince Indra also heard about the news and felt worried about her. In addition, he could not help being very emotional. He wanted to leave to save out his lover from King Pahak.

During his journey, unexpectedly, Prince Indra encountered the Commander Lawuk and his troops.

“Stop! Who are you?” The beast shape of Prince Indra had stopped the entourage.

“Who are you? How dare you are to stop us!” said the troop Gemblong.

“Wait a minute. I just want to ask for direction. I want to wander, heading to the Gajah Kingdom,” answered Prince Indra.

“Haaaah ... you must lie! You’re just like the lost homeless. Your face’s just like a nasty beggar. Enough! Don’t stop us or we’ll throw you away to the river!” threatened the troop Lahudu.

“Don’t misunderstand! I truly have no intention to disturb you. I’m just ...”

“Whoosh! Sssst! Whoof!” Suddenly, both the troops invaded Prince Indra. They kicked and punched out very fast, but Prince Indra was faster. By means of the power to be paper-like, he jumped out whenever he wanted to, just like playing with the troops who invaded him radically.

The troop Lahudu began releasing the power of *tapak bumi*. His favorite power to show. Meanwhile, the troop Gemblong made use of his power of thunderstorm kicks.

The beast knight tried to reply all the invasions from the troop Gemblong and Lahudu.

They moved very fast, until some of the guava and mango trees were broken down because of their fast-lightning kicks and punches. Prince Indra moved faster. He danced as if he were a butterfly. He apparently had known all the directions and all the movements the wild troops went and made.

“God damn it! You must be the spy from the Gajah Kingdom aiming for stopping us!” said the troop Gemblong who was

getting annoyed because none of his attacks hit him down. Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the troop Lahudu followed to attack him just like a typhoon.

The Commander Lawuk had not taken action yet. He looked very serious, taking a look at the fight. “He moved very fast, very smart. The knight just makes very few movements. Outstanding!” mumbled the Commander Lawuk by heart.

Sooner or later, the troop Gembong and Lahudu attacked in a directionless way. They were getting weaker since Prince Indra seemed to mock them very much.

“Bruuuug!” in a sudden the troops were falling down. Their faces touched down on the ground after getting a sudden kick from Prince Indra.

“God damn it! Come in closer to us, fight us!” said the troop Lahudu while releasing his machete slipped in his waists.

“Enough, stop it!” snapped the Commander Lawuk. Suddenly, he got off from his horse and approached their troops, losing to Prince Indra.

“Hi, the beast, who are you? If you are truly having a good intention, so we’ll help you out. I know that you must be someone very powerful. However, if you just try to stop us, you need to fight me!” said the Commander Lawuk.

“Alright, Sir. I’ll explain what you mean,” answered Prince Indra.

Prince Indra, furthermore, explained his intention to go to the Gajah Kingdom. He also told them the story about him and Princess Mayang Sari.

Shortly after, Prince Indra succeeded to make them sure of the Commander Lawuk and his two troops who had attempted to invade him, previously. They were shaking hand and asking for forgiveness each other for the misunderstanding.

Prince Indra and the Commander Lawuk, along with the troops, agreed to continue the journey heading to the Gajah Kingdom. They were in the same determination, saving Princess Mayang Sari from King Pahak and canceled the wedding at once.

During the journey, they were sharing stories while arranging a trick. The Commander Lawuk told him how Princess Mayang Sari was stolen out by the heard of King Pahak’s servants. Also, he told Indra about how the queen got sick and finally died. Despite so, the Commander Lawuk was still able to recognize the beast knight as the savior who would like to do something good for others.

After Lawuk mentioned Princess Mayang Sari, Prince Indra was getting sad. He sometimes took a deep breath after listening to such sad story and was getting tense. His longing for his true love

was very obvious. There were seen senses of emotion and annoyance upon King Pahak who acted at will.

They were walking in a west-southern direction. Wild jungles and paddocks were left passed across. The cliffs and valleys were passed through unexceptionally. Birds kept tweeting, roosters crowing, and monkeys shouting to scramble the fruits, getting their journey more crowded.



#### **4. The Wedding's Failure**

The sun was slowly moving forward to the west. The birds were flying to return home. All the servants of the kingdoms were very busy, back and forth. Some of them were decorating the venue and preparing all the needed stuff. Some were preparing for foods and drinks for all the attendees. Besides, there were also some of them were beautifying the horses of the kingdom for welcoming the D-day of the wedding party.

King Pahak hoped that the wedding was held spectacularly. All the invitations had been widely distributed throughout the country. Even the special rooms for the attendees, from across the country, had been well-prepared.

The night was coming. The darkness looked so obvious. The moon came out from behind the clouds.

The sounds of crickets, house-lizards, and other nocturnal animals were heard clearly at once. The servants and maids in the kingdom were taking some rest. They would like to look healthy and fresh for tomorrow in the wedding party. The night air turned out the nuance to be quieter throughout the kingdom.

Princess Mayang Sari remained sitting down, contemplating, in front of the window. Her face was getting outraged. Her eyes were getting swollen for she kept crying all the time upon her fate. She did not even expect to be married to King Pahak. The

king was very old but ruthless. Somehow, she even wanted to end up her own life. But, within her sorrow, she was still dreaming about Prince Indra, the one she loved the most all this time.

At the gloomy night, the dogs kept howling loudly. The howls had got the nuance scarier. Princess Mayang Sari could not fall asleep yet. She laid down her body on the bed while daydreaming of the wedding tomorrow. Even never did she want to settle down on the throne alongside King Pahak, the one she was even never in love with. She could not imagine to live altogether with the king, let alone to serve him. She wanted to die.

Princess Mayang Sari almost shouted when she saw a man in her room. The beast had been successful to get into her room, even without breaking down the window nor the door.

“Who are you? Don’t play a fire with me, or I’ll shout,” said Princess Mayang Sari who looked afraid of the beast in her room.

“No, don’t do that! I’ll come here to save you,” whispered Indra. Before Princess Mayang Sari shouted, Prince Indra got her silenced and quickly took her away out of her room.

With all the magical power he had mastered, Prince Indra got to the top of the palace. Half-flying, he jumped out of the wall and fence which were commonly guarded by the troops. Without any notices, Prince Indra, along with Princess Mayang Sari succeeded to leave out the Gajah Kingdom.

At the evening, Princess Mayang Sari, Prince Indra, and the Commander Lawuk, along with the troops, returned to the palace. The Commander Lawuk could not be happier because of their success of getting Princess Mayang Sari back home. He would like to arrive at the kingdom as soon as possible. Meanwhile, Princess Mayang Sari was still remained fainted because of being shocked by Prince Indra who made use of his magical power.

The journey, back to home, run smoothly, no obstacles and trials were found out.

In fact, the success of the Commander Lawuk in getting back Princess Mayang Sari had been fast-widely heard by all the people in the kingdom. Their arrival was welcomed by King Syarif and all his servants. They were treated as if they were the heroes who just came back from war. King Syarif unswervingly embraced his daughter, Princess Mayang Sari, who had been gone for a very long time.

The welcoming party for Princess Mayang Sari was held. All the people in the kingdom celebrated the event joyfully. All variants of food were served. Also, many entertaining events were held, from morning to night. Unexceptionally, all the people were invited; children, teenagers, and adults. They celebrated their lovely princess, the crown princess.

## **5. The Fighting against King Pahak**

The return of Princess Mayang Sari got all the society of Gajah Kingdom dazed. King Pahak was furious since his wedding party was canceled. He could not be more furious. Also, he could not hide away his great disappointment because of the wedding cancellation. King Pahak also could not help being ashamed when he was to share that kind of tragic news to all his guest.

Shortly after the accident, King Pahak sent a message to King Syarif. He commanded King Syarif to give in Princess Mayang Sari. He demanded to keep holding on the wedding and could not be canceled. If the demand was not fulfilled, the war should happen.

King Syarif was not even afraid of King Pahak. He felt having no choice but fighting against him. He would not let anyone disgrace his kingdom, including the ruthless King Pahak. King Syarif replied the message, sign of objection at once.

All the kingdom's servants were gathering in the dining room. They were having a conversation about government, economics, and war strategy.

After knowing that King Syarif objected, King Pahak unswervingly sent off the troops to go to the kingdom. A thousand of armies was encircling the kingdom, both the horsemen and the ordinary ones. They were very well-armed. To

fight, they held such weapons as lances, swords, bows and arrows, and shields.

The roosters were crowing – the morning had come. All the armies had been well established. They took a shower, did Subuh prayer, and had a breakfast before going to war. All the war stuff had been well prepared, including harness. They looked very tough with their harnesses and swords in their waists.

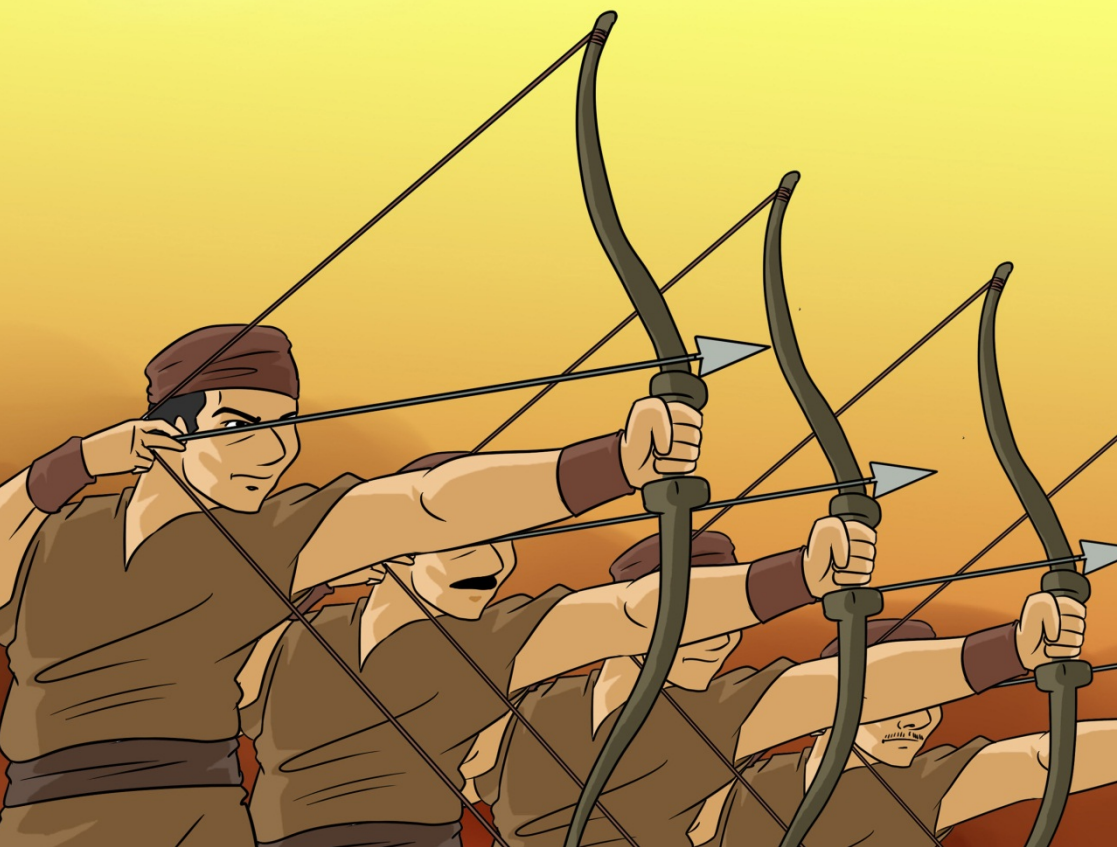
Before heading to the battleground, Prince Indra was facing King Syarif. He promised to end up the war. He asked for prayers to them joining the battle, so that they would be safe. At that time, he stared at the princess from distance. She was the one he loved and missed very much. When looking at her, his heart was beating so fast and sweating much.

He could not help missing her a lot. Nonetheless, Prince Indra was aware that the society's prosperity should be his main priority. He kept praying to God for patience and power. After the conversation, Prince Indra asked for permission to get into the war energetically.

The battle was inevitable. The containers were sounding aloud. All the armies were ready to fight. Both sides had been ready in the battleground. The war was getting started. They punched, killed, kicked, and stabbed out each other. Also, they were shooting each other by means of their bows and arrows. Sounds

of shouting were heard everywhere. The armies of King Pahak outnumbered King Syarif's. However, the war was running spectacularly and in balance. All the armies of both sides looked robust and murdering each other.

The Commander Lawuk commanded all his armies to get prepared with their weapons. Those, well-trained in making use of swords, swayed out theirs, and so did those, well-trained in archery. Each of the armies had been well-trained to take a certain position.



In a sudden, it was heard sounds of trumpet, a sign of that the enemies were coming. The war was really started. Prince Indra and all his armies were in the very front row. Some were hiding in the trees. They completely tried to use the arrow as less as possible. However, the invasion from King Pahak's armies was just like "rain of arrows".

When looking at that kind of situation, Prince Indra broke through hundreds of the armies. He was looking for King Pahak. He tried to trigger King Pahak's emotion.

"King Pahak! If you are really gentle, get off from your wagon and fight me one by one! Don't fight slyly, kidnapping just like robbery!" shouted Prince Indra in the middle of hundreds of the battling armies.

Getting mocked by Prince Indra, King Pahak was emotional. He tried to catch him out by using his wagon. King Pahak shot out Indra by means of his bow and arrow radically. But, none of the arrows hit the target.

Prince Indra took away the arrows and broke them down in front of his foe. "Yours never get me hurt!" challenged Indra.

Witnessing it, King Pahak was getting more emotional.

"Who are you? How dare you are! Do you want to die? Ha ... ha ... ha ..."

Prince Indra stayed calm down and ignored that mockery. He, then, replied the invasion by targeting his arrow. But, it did not hit down the foe, but the wagon. As a consequence, the wagon got upside down.

“Don’t talk too much, a shameful king! Fight me now if you’re powerful enough!” challenged Prince Indra.

“God damn it! How dare you are, challenging me!” answered King Pahak emotionally.

King Pahak was getting furious after receiving those mockeries. He released his powerful sword, very shiny. The sword exuded lights.

That did not get his foes afraid of him. The Commander Lawuk, in a great belief, toughly and confidently led out the armies in the battlefield.

King Syarif and all his servants were taking a look at the war from the top of the kingdom’s tower. Many of the armies fell down and died, and so did the troops of the Commander Lawuk – many of whom got defeated.

King Syarif quickly went down upon the battlefield, but the Commander Lawuk stooped him. The Commander Lawuk swore to his king, “Before I got killed out, you don’t need to get into the battle with King Pahak, Your Majesty.



Prince Indra brought up bow and arrows given by *Kakek* Wisnu Alam. The sound of an arrow shot out was just like a thunderstorm messing up the world. The light from the bow was just like a solar light, reddish heat and dazzling. The heat from the bow succeeded to set fire to all the troops, getting them all over burnt in the battlefield. The burnt-dead victims were even countless.

The enemy armies were overwhelmed to deal with the troops of Prince Indra who kept breaking through the line. Despite the less number of the armies, they could still defend against their foes. They were fighting very bravely as if they were very strong bulls breaking all their enemies down. The opposite troops were much flabbergasted.

King Pahak was concerned with looking at their armies falling down. The chosen ones were even released. Gugus Alam joined the battle, then.

“Don’t run away before one of us die!” challenged Gugus Alam.

Prince Indra answered, “I’ll follow all your rules. Please have your weapons. I’ll be ready.”

Gugus Alam released all his power. He jumped out, to right and left, until his feet were getting down on the ground. His sword was swayed everywhere to get on the victim but never got one.

Prince Indra released his powerful sword. Each swing could break all the enemies apart. However, the sharpness of the lance had hit down Gugus Alam, getting his chest stubbed and dead.

Meanwhile, the nuance in the battle was getting scarier. Prince Indra and King Phak were still at the same level. They would keep fighting until one of them got defeated on the battlefield.

To distract the concentration of King Pahak, Prince Indra shouted very loudly. “Hi, King Pahak. Who will be the next after your colleagues, Gugus Alam and King Hasan?” shouted Prince Indra challenging.

The king was getting madder after looking at that occurrence. His anger was getting greater. Squaring off, he jumped out and kicked the ground fast-lightning.

“Don’t talk too much, God damn it! You deserve a death!” challenge King Pahak angrily.

They were making use of their own weapons of inheritance. King Pahak was holding a long machete, while Prince Indra a short double-edged lance. They kept stabbing out each other very quickly. Because of their magical power, all the invasion was left withdrawn. Even many of the trees around the battlefield got fallen down and burnt out after getting heated by both the weapons they were holding.

There happened a fierce battle between King Pahak and Prince Indra. King Pahak was tough and magically powerful because of his skill in playing out his heavy and long machete. The weapon was invisible, only its silvery light was visible, which could get Prince Indra trapped out. But, the mercurial Indra could avoid all the all-out invasions from King Pahak.

Prince Indra was getting confused to face his enemy who was so volatile, jumping out left and right, ups and downs, circumscribing very fast. However, Prince Indra stayed calm to deal with that kind of situation. King Pahak innumerable made use of his diverse powers, but Indra was always able to avoid each. Conversely, King Pahak was likely getting tired.

The king said, “You’re truly sly, young man. You just kept avoiding all my attacks and running back and forth with no intention. I actually want to fight against the Commander Lawuk, not even you. Step back! I’ll give you mercy.”

After listening to the statement, Prince Indra answered, “Hi, the shameful king. You have tens of queens, don’t you? But, you’ve even yet to be aware of your sins. Princess Mayang Sari obviously did not want to marry the man just like you. Stop dreaming to marry her!”

When receiving the challenge from the young man, King Pahak was getting crazier. He would like to end up the battle as soon as possible.

The king stepped back three times while mumbling, reading out the spells. Shortly after, his body got smoky. Then, he was rubbing his hands. After his hands got burnt, he made a fireball to be shot up upon Prince Indra. He tried to withdraw by jumping highly up over the air, but when he was getting fallen down on the ground his enemy had been near him. The king tried to catch him out and throw him away while shouting, “Feel out my throw, God damn it! You’ve got to go hell!” said King Pahak loudly.

Prince Indra was thrown away, not really far from the battlefield. All the armies stopped battling for a minute, just to see the accident. They were getting scared. The nuance, in addition, also turned out to be quieter. They witnessed the real power of King Pahak.

The Commander Pahak and the colleague of the kingdom were shocked after witnessing the occurrence. They were feeling trembled. Prince Indra suddenly disappeared out of there. All the people over there started crying, including the Commander Lawuk. But, King Pahak, who was shown having a big bulk, fat, and dark skin, was laughing out loud.

“Ha ... ha ... ha ... that coward had been gone. Now, who’s next? Where’s the Commander Lawuk? Fight me if you’re gentle!” challenged King Pahak.

The crowd of the voice of victory by the armies of King Pahak was clearly heard throughout the battlefield. In oppose, all the armies of the Commander Lawuk remained in silence. They looked paled to see King Pahak’s victory.

King Syarif directly took an action. He commanded all his armies to step back. At once, all the armies were got back to the palace. The opposite armies were prouder of themselves. King Pahak looked whipping around and headed to the armies of the Commander Lawuk, under pressure. Eventually, King Syarif, the Commander Lawuk, and the armies gradually stepped back.

In a sudden, Prince Indra came out. He was not even hurt not bleeding, standing up firmly just like in common. All the people in the battlefield were surprised by his appearance, especially the Commander Lawuk. King Pahak was also astonished to death to see his foe was still alive.

“God damn it! You foolish are still living,” he said at heart in annoyance and anger.

Shortly after, King Pahak read out the spell and got prepared for the next invasions. Prince Indra did not remain silent. Also, he tried to pronounce all the spell he had and squared off to release

the powers he had mastered. He pulled over the arrow from his Maharishi. Fast-lightning, it was directed upon King Pahak. On the other hand, King Pahak did not even suppose the sudden attack. Momentarily, the arrow stabbed into his bulk. He was thrown very away up to the front of where King Syarif and the Commander Lawuk were standing. King Pahak was in vain and shouted very loudly.

The Commander Lawuk, King Syarif, and all his armies were dumbfounded to see the accident. They were looking at the helpless King Pahak. The arrow had stabbed into his stomach, very deep. The ruthless king had been dead pitifully.

All the armies were speechless to see that condition. Fleetingly, they were stepping back from the battlefield. They declared their loss and asked for mercy. All the armies under the leadership of the Commander Lawuk were very excited to see the war was over already. Then, they celebrated the victory.

Prince Indra was walking upon the people who were sitting down on the balcony. He looked fine and healthy without suffering any harm or bleeding. King Syarif and the armies, along with all the people around there, were astonished about their new hero to defeat the ruthless king.

Having not finished yet were the people amazed by him, Prince Indra, who used to be beast, suddenly got himself shape-shifted to

be a handsome and dashing man. Princess Mayang Sari could not help falling in love with him. She embraced him immediately. She did not expect that the beast who had saved her from the kidnapping was her true love, Prince Indra.

Her father, King Syarif was blissful to see the occurrence. The people around there kept shouting happily. Straightaway, people in the crowd were approaching Prince Indra.

“Viva Prince Indra! Viva Prince Indra!” said all the armies followed by all the kingdom’s maids and servants, celebrating the victory. The troops of Gajah Kingdom finally got back by the loss.

All the society along with the servants and maids in the kingdom were celebrating the victory blissfully. Prince Indra was paraded in a crowd just like a hero.

In the following morning, Prince Indra met King Syarif to declare his intention to propose Princess Mayang Sari. All had come. As he promised, King Syarif gave him a permission to marry his daughter, Princess Mayang Sari.

In fact, Princess Mayang Sari, who had been waiting for the proposal from her true lover, directly said yes. She wanted to marry him.

The invitations were shared. All the people throughout the country were invited to attend the wedding of a couple who had suffered from a long-distance relationship. The party also remarked the victory upon the Gajah Kingdom and its king, King Pahak who behaved ruthlessly.

All the people in the palace got the bride and groom prepared. Princess Mayang Sari started fasting with the hope that the event would be running well and be blessed by God Almighty. Both, the groom and bride, looked so wonderful.

As a common custom before marriage, Princess Mayang Sari routinely looked after her body by swallowing down her skin by means of herbs and spices so that hers would be more refreshed, fragrant, and cleaner.

The family of Prince Indra prepared all the things needed as dowry for marriage. In addition to praying stuff, they also prepared jewelry such as a golden pendant, bracelet, and ring.

The wedding was held in Great Mosque of the Kingdom. Until then, the wedding party was held for a week. Many art exhibitions were shown. The attendees were so many, from the reach to the commonalty. They got united into one, enjoying all the foods and entertainment prepared by the housefather. Prince Abdul Sulaiman and Princess Miranti, the sister of Princess Mayang Sari, also joined the wedding party.



Princess Mayang Sari was excited to marry her true love, known as the kind, friendly, and handsome man. Her heart was flowery just like all the flowers in her room: roses, jasmines, orchids, and gladiolus flowers.

In the very early morning, the princess had been touched up. All had been prepared: scrubs, *mangir* (rough scrubs), soaps, *aloe vera*, nail polish, lipstick, and eyebrow liner; and all kinds of jewelry and outfit for the princess had been too.

After having a shower, Prince Mayang Sari was made and dressed up by the makeup artist. Let alone people, the makeup artist was amazed at her beauty. The princess who used to look nasty and thin now had turned out to be angelic and beautiful, just like Dewi Supraba (the character in traditional folklore). All the maids and servants could not stop praising her, their beloved princess.

In fact, the wedding of Prince Indra and Princess Mayang symbolized a deep meaningfulness as it was gained by a very heavy and rough effort, even by betting the life, to conquer the evils.



At that night, the full moon shined brightly like smiling at the happiness of both. To Princess Mayang Sari, Prince Indra was the truly perfect mate the God Almighty had destined her with for she thought that she had found out her another life who would keep her company to the happiness, in-universe and afterlife.

## **The Author**

Nama : Denda Rinjaya  
Pos-el : dendarinjaya@yahoo.com  
Bidang Keahlian : Bahasa dan Sastra

### **Riwayat Pekerjaan**

Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa, Kementerian Pendidikan dan Kebudayaan (2009—Sekarang)

### **Riwayat Pendidikan**

Sekolah Tinggi Bahasa Asing-ABA Bandung (2002—2006)

### **Informasi Lain**

Denda Rinjaya lahir di Sukabumi, tanggal 23 September 1984

## **The Editor**

Nama : Kity Karenisa  
Pos-el : kitykarenisa@gmail.com  
Bidang Keahlian : Penyuntingan

### **Riwayat Pekerjaan**

Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa (2001—sekarang)

### **Riwayat Pendidikan**

S-1 Sastra Indonesia, Fakultas Sastra, Universitas Gadjah Mada  
(1995—1999)

### **Informasi Lain**

Lahir di Tamianglayang pada tanggal 10 Maret 1976. Lebih dari sepuluh tahun ini, terlibat dalam penyuntingan naskah di beberapa lembaga, seperti di Lemhanas, Bappenas, Mahkamah Konstitusi, dan Bank Indonesia. Di lembaga tempatnya bekerja, dia terlibat dalam penyuntingan buku Seri Penyuluhan dan buku cerita rakyat.