

**HUMAN MARRIED WITH THUNDER**  
*Manusia Menikah dengan Petir*

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## **HUMAN MARRIED WITH THUNDER**

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## HUMAN MARRIED WITH THUNDER

### From the Barren Hills of Nusa Penida

It was called Nusa Penida, a small island to the south of Bali Island. In order to reach this island from Kusamba, Klungkung, any mainlanders of Bali would need to pass through two more islands, namely Nusa Lembongan and Nusa Ceningan. The northernmost reaches of Nusa Penida were marked by coastal slopes that grew higher, wavier, and hillier as it went south, with Mundi Hill as the highest peak. Along the coastal areas in Toyapakeh, Ped, Kutambi, and Batununggul villages, fishing boats were seen in a neat row. Just like the wind blows, sea waves, and sunrise have been friendly coexisting, the fishermen worked together pushing their boats to the sea and released the anchors to catch some tunas, *languans*, groupers, and other kinds of fish. That was how they usually earned their livelihood day to day until the end of their lives. The following night was a *Purnama Kapat*, the full moon in the fourth month of Balinese calendar. It was marked by the perfectly full moon accompanied by a very bright light. It was time for people of Nusa Penida to hold the *Nyepi Segara* ceremony. “*Nyepi Segara* provides a chance for nature, especially marine ecosystem, to grow bigger without any pollution caused by transportation, without fishing activities for the whole day. During this ceremony, the ocean and

all of its living things will have a chance to recover themselves.” Jero Bendesa as the headman who is in charge of the ceremony explained.

Indeed, beneath the sea area of Nusa Penida lay an overlay of beautiful and dazzling coral reefs. The blue ocean, with the distinct characteristics of its water movement, made a perfect home to various giant species of fish like *mola-mola*. A whole different scenery was seen on the hills of Nusa Penida: arid and barren. The wind from the Kangaroo Continent often blew to this little island. As a result, black clouds that usually hinted the rain from the sky were rarely seen above the limestone hills with their thin topsoil. God works in a mysterious way. This saying fit perfectly with the nature of Nusa Penida. Despite its thin topsoil covering the limestones and the low rainfall, Nusa Penida amazingly produced crops with higher quality than other areas. Its peanuts and mangos, for example, were sweeter, tastier, crunchier, and softer. *Soily rock*, that’s what people called it. It meant that the hilly limestones were covered by a thin topsoil, about half a meter in thickness.

On the top soil, a kind of sharp thicket called *landep-landep* grew, spreading out widely on the hills, like a dessert cheerfully welcoming the sea wind. Among the savannas—which always looked greener whenever the rain came—were gamal, santan, and perdu trees growing freely here and there. The abundant leaves of

gamal trees became the main feed for cattle that were left to roam by the owner. Turtle doves flew low once in a while, then perched on the bushes to find their favorite seeds. There was a family living in Waru Village that was located in Nusa Penida Hills. The householder, Nang Wayan, had two teenage daughters from his marriage with Men Wayan. The first daughter was named Ni Wayan, and the second daughter was Ni Made. It was from the first daughter that the name Nang Wayan and Men Wayan were given to the parents. Nang Wayan's family was well-to-do. They could provide food, clothing, and house for themselves, thanks to their large fields on the hills. Their western field was planted with corn. Legumes like peanuts, ground nuts, and red beans were also planted as intercrops on the spaces among the rows of corn. Meanwhile, their southern field was planted with *gaga* and *buleleng* rice. Once a year, the ample crops would fill the two barns to the south of the yard of Nang Wayan's house. The established status of Nang Wayan's family as one of the riches in the village was affirmed by their large yard, along with some buildings that were neatly-arranged according to the traditional pattern of Balinese architecture.

The yard was at the side of the road. It faced west and was surrounded by stone walls of 1.5 meters high. The main entry to this courtyard was a five-stepped traditional gate called *angkul-angkul*. Inside it was another wall of 2 meters high called *aling-aling*, which served as a partition that prevented guests from

directly entering the house yard. This wall would also block the inside view from the outside. In the northeast was an area of holy shrine called *sangah*, used for the family to pray and worship. Some other buildings also stood inside the courtyard, such as *Bale Daja* (the North Building) in the north, *Bale Dangin* (the East Building) in the east, *Bale Dauh* (the West Building) in the west, and the kitchen in the south. Two barns sit to the north of the kitchen. Meanwhile, a nesting plait where hens hatched their eggs hung down to the south of the barns. Finally, a busy area stretched behind the yard, where some types of trees grew freely such as mango, coconut, teak, and *sentul* trees. On this area, called *teba*, there were also cages for cows and pigs.

### **The Status of Male And Female Offspring**

Roosters crowed one after another while perching on the branches of mango trees, as if they were hinting that the sun would soon rise in the east. Shortly after, a hen that was previously hatching her eggs started to fly around and perched on the yard ground, pecking for food. Every morning when the sun started to go up, Men Wayan always feed the hens that were hatching their eggs. She spread corn grains all over the ground and called them out, “Chook...chook...chook...” Men Wayan was currently expecting her third child. The husband, Nang Wayan, really hoped they could had a son.

“Having a male offspring is vital for a family,” said the spokesperson in Men Wayan’s marriage proposal ceremony.

“A son is *purusa* (paternal). It is closely related to *swadikara*—inheritance right. It is also related to *swadharma*—the responsibility to take care of the family and carry out the duties of *parahyangan* (to the God and holy spirits of the ancestors), *pawongan* (to the society), and *palemahan* (to the environment). Women are supposedly incapable of carrying those responsibilities, so they are ineligible for inheritance.” The spokesmen explained at the time in response to the question from the groom, which was now known as Nang Wayan.

This advice filled Nang Wayan’s mind as he learned about his wife’s pregnancy. The thought always lingered in his head even when he was conversing with his wife, while caressing her pregnant belly that got bigger by the day. On a bright morning, illuminated by the sunlight that came through the trees, Nang Wayan was sitting in the kitchen porch while enjoying a cup of hot coffee and some boiled potatoes made by her wife. He said to his wife, “Our children, Ni Wayan and Ni Made, are both girls. We could provide for ourselves, even more than enough. We have a large yard and so many livestock: cattle, chickens, and pigs. However, without a son, who will inherit all of these things? Who will bear the responsibility of this family, both to the ancestors and the society?”

Nang Wayan was always haunted by this concern. Hearing his husband words, Men Wayan could only reply quietly. “That’s all for The Wisest One to decide,” said she, pointing her right forefinger upward.

“We could only wish and hope, but the decision is theirs; the Ones we worship every day at the shrine,” Men Wayan added.

“You are right, Honey. But I really hope that the baby to be born is a boy, not girl. I would trade the world for it,” Nang Wayan firmly said, to which Men Wayan nodded in response.

“For me, not having a male offspring is a shameful disgrace. It’s like we are being socially exiled.” Nang Wayan added to affirm how he feels about the importance of having a male offspring to a family.

### **Making A Vow on the Top of Mundi Hill**

To satisfy his expectation of having a boy, Nang Wayan and his wife went to the shrine on the top of Mundi Hill to ask to the God and holy spirits of the ancestors to give them a son. After Men Wayan finished preparing the offerings and some provisions, they departed and walked down the meander path to the hill. Despite her pregnancy, walking by foot while carrying a *keben* containing offerings did not seem to tire her out. Her breathes were at ease and her steps were steady to tread the lime soil along the way. The blazing sunlight started to burn the skin, so they decided to



look for a shelter. A big and shady yellow tree seemed to be a great place to take a rest while enjoying the meal and drink carried by Nang Wayan.

“Rice cake, young *komak* soup with a chilli sauce, steamed snapper, and some sips of water from the pot; what a meal. I always had this dishes for lunch at home, but now they taste different,” murmured Nang Wayan.

“Yeah, I will have a different joy of life when I have a son,” Nang Wayan thought in his mind while looking away to the thick Juwet tree not far from where they were resting. A male ape was seen sitting on a branch of the tree, caressing her female that was breastfeeding their child.

“That couple of apes look very happy. Could the suckling baby ape be possibly a male?” asked Nang Wayan to himself. After travelling for quite a distance since morning until late at the afternoon, Nang Wayan and his wife finally arrived at the shrine firmly-standing on the top of the hill. It was called *Pura Puncak Bukit Mundi* (Mundi Hill Top Shrine). In front of the split gateway before the yard of this holy and exquisite shrine, there was a barrel that contained holy water for sanctification. Nang Wayan and Men Wayan used the water to clean themselves by splashing it to their heads and the offerings they brought from home. Then, they entered the main yard of the shrine. The

fragrant scent of incenses attached to the offerings started to kick in.

In front of the altar inside the shrine, Men Wayan kneeled and Nang Wayan sat cross-legged, both in their praying position. Within the solemnness of the sunset, Nang Wayan invited his wife to pray. They pressed both of their palms above their heads and started to worship Hyang Widhi, the God, for His Greatness. They also prayed to the holy spirits of their ancestors that they believed to live on the top of Mundi Hill. Next, still sitting crossed legged and putting his palms facing upwards above the knees, Nang Wayan uttered his wish and vow, “O, God Almighty, the Most Generous and Bountiful. O, the holy ancestor spirits. Please accept my devotion. For your grace and greatness, we have now had two beautiful daughters. This time, we begged for another one of Your grace so that our baby to be born is male. Please grant our wish, O, God, so we could have an heir to carry on our family’s duties. For this, I vow to hold a shadow play and Bungbung Dance performance for three days straight in our three months of pregnancy.” After Nang Wayang said his vow, all of a sudden the sound of two lizards were heard from two opposite directions, east and west, “tsk...tsk...tsk...tsk, tsk...tsk...tsk...tsk.”

With a sheer relief and a smile on his face, Nang Wayan looked to his wife and said, “I feel that our devotion to the God Almighty

and ancestors pays off. The sound of lizards that we just heard indicates that our prayer will be granted.”

“May God the Most Generous and Bountiful and the ancestors grant our wish. May the boy to be born always be in a healthy and physically perfect condition,” Men Wayan replied in a flat voice.

### **Poor, Abandoned Ni Komang**

The lady luck had not smiled yet to the expecting couple. At the time of delivery, the expected baby coming from Men Wayan’s womb turned out to be female. Despite her lovely face and thick hair, this small baby came as a deep disappointment to her father. While making nervous and upset gestures, Nang Wayan mumbled, “Why is my third child also a girl? What am I lacking? I have done everything: obedience, devotion, prayers, even vows. Is this the karma I must pay? No! It isn’t karma. This is injustice.”

Nang Wayan’s behavior and attitude reflected his tremendous upset and disappointment. He chose to abandon the girl, who was named Ni Komang. Let alone love, her parents did not even provide her basic needs such as food and clothing.

The poor girl’s life was different as night and day from her two sisters who had it all. Ni Komang’s grandmother learned about her being abandoned by her parents. The old lady asked Ni Komang to live together with her at her hut in the field. Inside this humble hut, with a thatch roof, bamboo walls, a palm midrib

floor, and a wooden pillow, Ni Komang was raised and taken care by her granny.

### **Pretty, Smart, and Deft**

Under the care of her granny, Ni Wayan grew up a diligent girl. Every day she helped Granny hoeing the field and planting corns, peanuts, red beans, and *komak* (peas). When the plants were fruitless, she would find some manure and fertilize them; and when bushes and weeds started to grow and disrupt the plants, she would immediately pluck them out. Ni Wayan was also deft in doing household chores, especially when she did her cleaning routine the morning and afternoon. Sweeping the floor and the yard, doing laundry, washing kitchen utensils, cooking, and feeding hundreds of chickens; she did all of those things dutifully and wholeheartedly.

Ni Komang's homemade cooking had always become Granny's favorite, especially *kacang saur* and *komak soup*. The first was made by stirred-frying dry *komaks* and adding some grated coconut and seasoning. *Komak soup* the latter was made from young *komak* that was cooked in sour soup. Not only were these two dishes delicious, they also smelled amazing. No wonder, then, Granny always ate ravenously when Ni Komang made her these dishes.

“Every Second Month, the wind usually blows rather strongly and it will be cold. During that season, our *komak* (peas) will bloom and fruit well. Don’t forget to make me *kacang saur* and *komak soup*.” That’s how Granny compliments Ni Komang’s cooking. In response, Ni Komang nodded and smiled. Ni Komang had now grown up into a fine young lady. She was pretty in her bright, flawless skin and long, thick, wavy hair that dangled loosely and touched the floor. This exceptionally long hair had made Granny overwhelmed when she helped taking care of it, especially when Ni Komang needed to wash it. The milk made from one coconut fruit would not be enough to soak the long and thick hair. In that long dry season, it was hard enough to get drinking water, let alone coconuts. However, such condition was not uncommon for the people of Nusa Penida. During a long drought, people usually got their drinking water from the sap of banana stems. Every afternoon, Ni Komang and Granny made a hole on banana trunks in a barrel-like shape.

They then covered the bottom of this barrel with a banana leave to contain water coming out of the stem. In the morning, the water was secured for daily use: cooking, drinking, and washing. As for bathing, it was a limited luxury during a long dry season. This struggle for getting coconuts forced Granny to go see her only son, Nang Wayan.

“Nang Wayan... Nang Wayang, please find some coconuts for Ni Komang,” asked Granny while moving around his finger to call out Nang Wayan.

“I’ll give you one coconut in fifteen days,” replied Nang Wayang, annoyedly.

“One coconut wouldn’t be enough for washing her long and thick hair,” Granny tried to convince him.

“One is all she gets, so make full use of it. If it’s not enough, just cut the hair. Here, this sickle will do the trick,” said Nang Wayan while handling his sickle. His face turned red and his eyes emitted fierce glare.

Ni Komang was an obedient child, especially to her beloved granny. Even for the parents that had abandoned him, she would do what they said. So, when Granny told her what Nang Wayan had instructed to her, she immediately gave out her hair for Granny to cut with the sickle. However, no matter how hard Granny tried to cut Ni Komang’s hair, it did not seem to work. Upon hearing Ni Komang’s groaning as her hair was pulled and sickled over and over again, Granny finally stopped her effort. Granny then took the coconut and started to grate it. However, she did not make milk from the shredded coconut, but instead chewed it and mixed it with her saliva. Surprisingly, Ni Komang

could soak all his hair with this coconut liquid. It was a miracle, and Granny was really amazed by it.

“It’s been more than a month since Ni Komang washed her hair, but there’s no flea on it. She’s nothing like her sisters,” thought Granny in her mind. It was already the Fifth Month in Nusa Penida. This meant the rain would finally come, something that people had joyfully longed for. Understandably, the pouring rain translated to the coming of *masalud*, which was an opportunity to catch the water using any containers such as trays, pans, or jugs. In the middle of the night, the rain poured heavily, followed with lightning and thunders. Ni Komang rushed outside after Granny asked her to collect rainwater flowing from the roof. Agilely, Ni Komang used a wooden tray to contain the water. When it was already full, Ni Komang would use another container like a pan, a pumpkin shell, or a jug.

One by one, she poured the water from those containers to the barrels that was lined up at the kitchen porch. Finally, when all the barrels were full, she would move the water to some kind of a tub called *gesang*.

## **Marrying I Wayan Kilap**

After Ni Komang had filled in all barrels and the tub, lightning suddenly flashed, followed by thunders. This startled Granny, who then immediately called his granddaughter. Even though she called her granddaughter for several times, there was no answer coming from outside. Granny started to feel worried.

“What could possible happen to my granddaughter? Why didn’t she respond? It’s really not like her. She always responds and immediately comes whenever I call her.”

Not wanting for such dreadful questions to keep haunting her, Granny scurried to the tub to look for Ni Komang, but she was not there. Using a lighted torch to illuminate the way, she tried to look for Ni Komang in every place she could think of. She even looked in the chicken coop, pig pen, and cow shed, but still could not find her. Finally, the rain stopped in the next morning. Granny rushed to see Nang Wayan, her son, to ask whether he had seen Ni Komang. While sobbing, Granny told him how Ni Komang disappeared in stammering voice.

“Last night, when the rain poured down heavily, I asked her to collect the rain water. She had filled in all barrels and the jug with the rain water. But suddenly, the lightning struck and the thunder roared. I called her up and looked for her everywhere, but she just disappeared.” There was no trace of sadness in Nang Wayan’s



face when she learned about her daughter's disappearance. If any, he seemed angry. While stomping his foot to the floor, he said, "No, she wasn't here. She'd never ever come by once."

A different reaction, however, was seen from Men Wayan, the woman that had conceived and born Ni Komang to this world. Despite her silence, she could not hold back her tear from falling on her wrinkling cheeks. As a mother, of course she was desperately sad, but she could not do anything. Ni Komang was superior to her sisters both in appearance and traits. She had a pretty face, bright complexion, slim body, and long, beautiful hair. She was also diligent, swift, agile, obedient, sincere, and honest. All these fortes, however, did not seem to move her father. For him, she was just an unwanted child.

Her being female had made her father disappointed, upset, irritated, and embarrassed. Only if she were a male would her father change his mind about her and accept her. Shortly after, the strangest thing happened; a very bright lightning struck right at the yard of Nang Wayan's house. The light was gone in a blink of an eye and suddenly a basket full of pre-wedding presents appeared. Nang Wayan, Men Wayan, and Granny could only shake their head out of amazement.

"How could there be that small basket right after the lightning was gone? Why? What is happening? Who brought that?" None of them could provide any plausible answer for those questions. In

the middle of that doubtfulness, appeared an old man in complete traditional dress along with a batik headband around his head. The family invited him to sit in the porch to the North Building and, after they together enjoyed the drink and betel served, the old man explained the reason of his visit. Apparently, he was a messenger that was sent to inform Nang Wayan's family that Ni Komang had already been taken to marry I Wayan Kilap (the Lightning). All members of Nang the family—Granny, Nang Wayan, Men Wayan, Ni Wayan, and even Ni Made—were startled to hear this news.

“Pardon me, Sir, but to my knowledge, Ni Komang, my granddaughter, never gets close to any man. I've practically never seen any man visit our hut for her. But, suddenly you came and told us that she is married to I Wayan Kilap? Who is this man? And where does he come from?” asked Granny in a polite manner.

“I Wayan Kilap comes from the Sky Village. He is my nephew. And, I am here to inform Nang Wayan and Granny that Ni Komang has been engaged to him, my niece, that is also known as I Wayan Tatit. However, you will not able to see him because he appears as a lightning,” replied the handsome old man who had a quite skinny figure. “Where is this Sky Village? In Bali, Java, or Sasak? Please elaborate,” asked Granny with her voice slightly raised.

“It exists in Bali, Sasak, and even Nusa,” replied the old man in a nutshell. “Your answers, Sir, only makes me more confused. You said the Sky Village is in Bali, Sasak, and even Nusa Penida. What is that supposed to mean?” asked Granny. As an elder, she demanded an explanation, as clear as it could be.

### **Harmony Between the Sky and The Earth**

The old man, who claimed to be the headman of the Sky Village, explained that his Village existed in the whole sky. It also existed over Nusa Penida. It appeared for example in the form of lightning during the rain the night before. The bright flashy lightning shed the light for the people of the earth when they gathered their water in the darkness.

“We, inhabitants of the Sky Village, have always been related to the Earth, including all beings living on it. The marriage between my nephew, I Wayan Kilap, a man of the Sky, and Ni Komang, a girl from the Earth of Nusa Penida, is the real embodiment of a harmonious relationship between two different aspects. It is this harmony that enriches the earth along with all of its things,” the old man elucidated. Granny nodded once in a while to indicate her understanding. Listening to the old man’s explanation, Granny could not help but thinking about a local wisdom of Nusa Penida, *rwa bhineda*. It was told that once upon a time, a wandering rishi visited Nusa Penida and taught the locals about *rwa bhineda*, a moral virtue that should be upheld by anyone who

lived on earth. This rishi, who had now become an ancestor spirit, was once revered in all shrines and altars of Hindu family. He told that *rwa bhineda* is a harmony and relationship between two opposite aspects, making them inseparable, such as night and day, up and down, male and female, father and mother, sky and earth. This harmony between two different aspects creates a balance, along with fertility, comfort, and prosperity. Nang Wayan felt relieved, because Ni Komang, his unwanted daughter, was now married. Granny, however, felt the opposite. She was overwhelmed with sadness because Ni Komang, her granddaughter, always diligently helped her do all the house chores and the works on the field. She was unlike her sisters who always lazed around, and that made Granny felt really sad when she lost Ni Komang.

### **Grace and Merit**

When the old man with batik headband saw Granny wiping her unstoppable tears, he came to her and asked. “Why are you crying?” “I am sad because my granddaughter left me,” replied Granny. The old man asked again, “What are you sad about?”

“Let me tell you this. It’s true that everyone born to the world would be married someday. They wanted to reproduce to maintain our existence in this world. What saddens me is that the rainy season will come soon, and I still haven’t had time to clean up the yard.

Who else can I rely on to help me with this? Clearly, I am no longer able to cultivate the soil, and if it is not cultivated, I won't be able plant corns, yams, and other plants. What will I eat? Ni Komang is the only one I rely on to work on those chores, including feeding our cattle," Granny explained the reason of her sadness. "If that is the issue, I understand. When do you plan to cultivate the field?" asked the old man. "Preferably, tomorrow I want to start the cleaning, and only that can I cultivate the soil," replied Granny.

"Alright. Tomorrow, just prepare the seeds and the hoe there. Tomorrow you will get all the help you need to finish the job." That was what the old man said.

The next morning, Granny really put her hoe and corn seeds on the field. In a flash, the hoe disappeared. In another flash, the field had been completely cultivated. And finally, in the next flash, the seeds also disappeared. Apparently, the seeds had been all planted. All of these were so mysterious for Granny, because all the works were finished without her even seeing the one who did all of it. The only thing she could think of was that all these works were completed by I Wayan Kilap. Finally, since apparently there was no one seen around the field, she shouted to ask to whoever it was that had helped her.

"Who has helped me? Who worked my field? Please show yourself to me so I can see you, especially if you are my

grandson-in-law, the husband of my granddaughter. Are you limp? Are you old?" asked Granny, interrogating. All of a sudden, Ni Komang and I Wayan Kilap appeared out of the blue. Ni Komang was fully dressed up. She wrapped her body with a beautiful fabric and wore kebaya, along with a shawl around her waist. It all went really well together with her posture, making her even look more beautiful than ever. Even eagles refused to fly only to stay and admire her. Meanwhile, I Wayan Kilap, who had a slender body, wore a *korma* sarong, long-sleeved shirt, a ring, and a bracelet.

A sheer of happiness was obviously seen in Granny's face upon seeing that her granddaughter had had herself a perfect partner; the beauty and the handsome, like Rama and Shinta in the Ramayana epic. Granny became even happier after I Wayan Kilap transformed her wobbly shack into a stone-walled house along with its reed roofing, engraved door and doorsills, and even a cot, a mattress, and pillows, all in just a flash. No more nights of cold, it was all now warm inside. It was told that all villagers held a follow-up meeting on the plan to renovate the Village Hall (*Bale Banjar*) which was already too old and shaky. They agreed to jointly fund the construction with a contribution of ten silver coins from each villager.

This contribution would be collected in the following month. Shamefully, despite his immense wealth, Nang Wayan claimed

that he had no money. For this reason, he requested the Headman to extend his due time.

“I am so sorry, Sir. Regarding the decision we have just made, we should pay the contribution next month. Because I haven’t had the money, may I request a two-month delay for my payment?”

The Headman and other villagers just responded to Nang Wayang’s request with mocking. And, this news reached Ni Komang. The meeting was over, and before all villagers went home, first the Headman made the list of attendance. One by one, the villagers declared their attendance before leaving. The Headman was the last one to go home. However, just when he stepped out of the Village Hall area, he suddenly saw a lightning flashed. Filled with fear and worry that something would happen to the Village Hall, he rushed inside. And, to his surprise, he found that the whole hall had been renovated. All was good as new; the roof, floor, door, windows, and other parts of the hall. The Headman immediately hit the slit drum to call up all villagers to the hall. All the villagers were also startled to see that the whole hall had been fully renovated and looked like a newly-constructed building.

“Who built this hall? This village is just amazing,” asked a villager to another, but no one, including the Headman, could answer it. Feeling scared, confused, and uncertain, all villagers agreed to hold another meeting. At the meeting, a villager raised

his hand to ask for the floor, “Thank you, Mr. Headman, for the floor. First of all, please accept my apology for what I am about to say. However, I cannot accept all of this.

I am very scared of the sudden appearance of this new and clean hall. I just find it very strange. Only in a flash, this new hall was completed. What is actually going on?”“I say we must conjure it up, so we know for sure who made all this: ghost, genie, or demon. Therefore, we could coexist.” A villager who sit at the back corner threw his two cents. Thus, the villagers started to ask some seers and oracles to find the answer to their mutual worry. However, this effort did not work out well, until finally, another lightning struck the yard of Nang Wayan’s house. Together with the lightning, appeared the Headman of the Sky Village. This time, he came to inform that Ni Komang had been married for one month and seven days.

This meant that the *leteh*<sup>1</sup> period has passed, and it was time for the groom to hold a farewell ceremony by bringing various wedding gifts and offerings to the bride’s house. In the meantime, the mystery of how the village hall suddenly became new without anyone working on it had become a hot topic of conversation among the villagers. The Headman then asked Nang Wayan, “By any chance, did your son-in-law, I Wayan Kilap, tell you anything?”“Tell me about what?” Nang Wayan asked back.

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<sup>1</sup> the condition of being dirty or unholy



“If he was the one who built the village hall?” replied the Headman.

“There is nothing of that sort. How could I Wayan Kilap, my son-in-law could build a village hall in a flash. If that is true, when will he and his family bring their wedding gifts here?” Nang Wayan refuted and asked back. “In three days,” the Headman answered. “It’s a good day. Here, in Nusa, in three days will be the fourteenth day before Galungan Holiday. It is a great day for farewell ceremony. That day, the damaged Worship Building (*Bale Sang Hyang*) to the northeast of the Village Hall could also be renewed in a flash.” Nang Wayan dared I Wayan Kilap to proof whether or not he really had the magic power to create a building in a flash. The farewell ceremony, which was also known as *masapa*, was being held. The entourage of the groom came, taking along pork rolls, various cakes including Balinese sticky rice cakes, one serving of rice, one bowl of vegetables, and six servings of diamond rice cake as the wedding gifts.

After these gifts were received by the bride’s family, the bride and groom prayed and bid their farewell to the holy spirits of the ancestors at the bride’s family altar.

The ceremony had just finished when suddenly a very bright lightning struck followed by thunderous sounds. The Headman of Sky Village invited Nang Wayan along with all villagers to see the Village Hall, and astonishingly, the Worship Building had

been renewed. Since that day, all villagers undoubtedly believed that people of Waru Village had now coexisted with Kilap. People of Waru Village were truly happy that the village hall that was previously in a poor condition had been renewed by I Wayan Kilap, just in a blink of an eye. It was so with the Worship Building to the northeast of the Village Hall, which had also been renewed in a flash. Since then, people of Waru Village truly believed that they indeed had a cordial relationship with the sky through Kilap. The Earth was the mother, and the Sky was the father.

The harmony between the two had created balance, fertility, comfort, and prosperity. The way people live should adjust to the condition of their surrounding nature. For example, it is told that there are many pretty girls in Waru Village. However, it has been advised from generation to generation that girls in Waru Village should not keep long hair. At a glance, this advice sounds very superstitious and mythical, but it turns out to be very logical. Geographically, Nusa Penida is a limestone hilly area that is barren and dry, with a very limited rainfall. This condition makes it hard for one to secure water to fulfill their need. Even bathing once a day is considered something of a luxury. Therefore, it will be much harder for a girl with long hair to get enough water to wash their hair. The moral here is that people should be able to adapt to their surrounding nature.