

THREE KNIGHTS FROM DAGHO
Tiga Kesatria dari Dagho

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THREE KNIGHTS FROM DAGHO

From far away, a rumble of two fighting troops was heard. The sounds of flying arrows were also constantly heard. Occasionally there were flashes of fire from *baras*, typical swords of Dagho society, which clashed. Faint moaning sounds of humans hit by arrows and *baras* were also heard. The neighs of horses responding to each other accompanied their steps. Both forces continued to press forward.

"Come on, go on!" Angsualika exclaimed from the horse.

"Besiege from the left and from the right!" Shouted Wangkoang in the front row.

"Do not stop! We almost win," Wahede continued to encourage his troops.

The troops under the leadership of Angsualika, Wangkoang, and Wahede continued to attack the robbers. After a full day's struggle, the troops led by the three brothers managed to drive away the robbers from Mindanao Island.

Yes, Dagho Country in Sangihe Islands was often invaded by gangs of robbers from Mindanao Island, Southern Philippines. Luckily they had three *kulano* (a designation for the knight) brothers: Angsualika, Wangkoang, and Wahede. Angsualika's

force, Wangkoang's courage, and Wahede's versatility in setting the tactics of war had turned into extraordinary powers.

Angsualika, Wangkoang, and Wahede were three brothers. They had advantages that no one else had. The eldest, Angsualika, was a giant. It was said that his body which was tall, stocky, and muscular, was inherited from his father, who was also a giant. Angsualika's main weapon was the *bara*. He had a troop of giants. His younger brother, Wangkoang, was a brave warrior. Although his body was not as tall and big as his elder brother's, Wangkoang's courage in the battlefield was undoubted. Wangkoang was good at using various weapons, both *bara* and arrow. The youngest, Wahede, was an expert in setting the tactics of war. Through his versatility, many enemies were trapped in battle and defeated. He was also good at creating new types of weapons.

Life in Dagho was now calm. The people of that country began to work again. Some were working in the fields, some were hunting, and some others were looking for fish in the sea.

"My brothers Wangkoang and Wahede, from today I am the king in this country," Angsualika said, opening the conversation at breakfast. "I am the oldest and the most powerful," he continued, patting his chest.

"Yes, dear brother, but in a few battles I and my troop were

always at the front. I am the bravest. So, I should be the king," said Wangkoang.

"No, you can't. Dear brother Angsualika and dear brother Wangkoang, you both are wrong. I am the one who deserves to be the king because I always set the tactics in every battle. I am the smartest. I should be the king," Wahede replied. The three brothers kept arguing and quarreling. Everyone wanted to be the king.

"Well, apparently we all want to be the king in Dagho. To prove who among us deserves to be king, I have a suggestion," Angsualika said.

"What is your suggestion?" Asked Wangkoang.

"Let's make a triangular war," Angsualika continued.

"What do you mean?" Wahede asked.

"Yes, we make our troops face each other, fight each other. Who wins will be the king. What do you think?" Asked Angsualika.

"I agree. I and my troops must win because we are brave *kulanos*," replied Wangkoang in a defiant voice.

"I also agree. We will definitely win. We are expert in managing tactics. We are good at creating new weapons. Remember, if my troops win, you both will have to bow to me," Wahede said no less loudly.

The three brothers finally agreed to make a triangular war. Each army began to prepare. They had one week to prepare their troops. Angsualika and his giant troops continued to hone their *bara* swords. The brave Wangkoang prepared boats and arrows. He wanted the battle to be held at sea. The youngest Wahede and his troops lived in the cave at the top of the mountain. They prepared giant slingshots. The giant slingshots were set in front of the cave's mouth.

"All ready?" Angsualika shouted to his giant troop.

"Ready," his soldiers replied in unison.

"Let's wait for them to come here. If they do not come, we catch them up. Some of us will catch them from the sea, some others from the mountain. Clear?" Continued Angsualika. "Obviously!" Replied Angsualika's troops.

Meanwhile, Wangkoang boat troop also prepared in the sea.

"Prepare the arrows! On the first count, light the fire. On the second count, drag the arrows. On the third count, release the arrows. The front row of the boat troop strike the target in the

cave. The rear row of the boat troop attack the troops in the lowlands,” said Wangkoang giving direction to his troops.

At the top of the mountain there, Wahede troops had also prepared themselves with big catapults. Apparently Wahede made new weapon of catapults with a very large size, so they would be able to throw large-sized stones.

“We must use reason. Do not attack carelessly. Keep our shots right on target. We’ll navigate the catapults that contain the big rocks to the lowlands. Try to hit the giants precisely. The catapults that use small stones must attack the boats at sea. Make sure the boats’ hulls will leak and the boats sink,” Wahede commanded his troops. His ready-made troops inside the cave were seen nodding in recognition.

Right at noon the triangular war began. In a distance, flaming arrows were coming from Wangkoang troops. The arrows flew toward lands and mountains. One of the two giant troops who were hit by the flaming arrows was moaning from the burn. Some arrows that were directed to the mountain reached precisely into the cave. Inevitably, some of the cave dwellers came out helter-skelter.

In contrast, from the mountains, large stones flew to the lowlands. Their sound was booming like a bomb. Some big rocks hit precisely the giants of Angsualika’s troops. One or two stones hit

right on the heads. Small stones were darting for targets at sea. One or two boats were hit, then leaked and slowly drowned.

Angsualika's giant troops were furious. Some of the giants rushed into the sea and some rushed into the mountain. The boats that were burning coals from the giants immediately broke out. Some surviving boats continued to release the flaming arrows.

From a distance, some giants had reached the top of the mountain. They immediately took a few boulders and covered the caves inhabited by Wahede forces with the boulders. As the result, some Wahede troops were buried in caves. However, some could still save themselves by sheltering behind the mountain. They again attacked from behind the mountain.

Dagho residents watched the triangular war from afar. They watched carefully how the three troops were fighting fiercely. On the sidelines of the soaring dust, they saw flaming arrows like meteors. Rocks of various sizes were seen to fly here and there, accompanied by loud bangs. The voices of officers hit by opponents' weapons were occasionally heard.

The triangular battle continued for almost a week. However, there was no sign of who would come out as the winner. A moment later, tall Angsualika raised the white flag. The flag was clearly visible from the sea and from behind the mountain.

"Ceasefire! We stop fighting!" He shouted. His thunderous cry

was heard clearly from the sea and from behind the mountain.

"Stop! Stop!" Shouted Wangkoang and Wahede to their troops.

Moments later the atmosphere became quiet. All that was seen to remain in the atmosphere was the dust that was still flying. The triangular war was stopped. Members of the troops had gathered and returned to their troops. They felt exhausted.

While members of their troops rested, the troop leaders, Angsualika, Wangkoang, and Wahede gathered to discuss the continuation of the war.

"My brothers, we have been fighting for a week. However, it turns out that we are equally strong. We have not found the winner," Angsualika said.

"Right, Brother. We are equally strong. We are certainly knights," continued Wangkoang.

"Then, what should we do? Who should be the king in this country?" Angsualika said next.

"My mighty brothers, I think we are destined to be the knights. If we continue this war, I'm afraid our troops will run out. Pity them. Then, only the three of us are left," Wahede said.

"So, what do you think we should do?" Asked Wangkoang.

"If you both agree, we should end this war," Wahede replied.

"Then who will be the king in this country?" This time Angsualika asked.

"Let's talk, we're just deliberating. What if we divide this country into three?"

"Is not that a difficult job?" Continued Wangkoang.

"I do not think so. We can divide this country by the territory we have controlled during the triangular war. I and my troops control the lowlands. Brother Wangkoang controls the sea and small islands that surround it. Wahede and his troops control the plateau and the mountains. What do you think?" Asked Angsualika. "I do not think that's fair. Brother Angsualika will have more advantage because he has a part in the lowlands. Brother Wangkoang will have the sea which contains many fish, while I only get the mountains that are barren and produce nothing," Wahede replied.

"I do not agree. Brother Angsualika can grow crops and breed cattle in the lowlands, whereas I have to live solely from the sea. What do you think, Brother Wahede?" Wangkoang interrupted.

"Yes, I think this country should be divided into three parts. Each of us will have to get the lowlands, the sea, and the mountains respectively. That's fair, Brother," Wahede suggested.

"But how to divide it?" Angsualika interrupted.

"That's easy. The important is that you both agree. If you both have agreed, let me divide it," replied Wahede. "Yes, I agree. We know, among three of us, Brother Wahede is the smartest," said Wangkoang.

"Ah, don't praise me too much. What is clear is that my division results will be fair," said Wahede.

Wahede immediately took the skin of an animal that was already hanging on the wall. The dried animal skin would be made a map of the division of Dagho region. Then he headed for the kitchen. From the kitchen he took a piece of charcoal, the leftover from their cooking. The charcoal would be used to draw the map on the animal skin.

Not long afterward, Angsualika asked his brother, "How is everything going on Brother Wahede? Have you finished the picture?"

"Yes, I have, Brother. Look at this, how do you both think?" Wahede asked his brothers. "Good, I think this is fair. Each of us gets the same share. I agree," said Wangkoang. "Yes, I also agree," Angsualika said.

Based on the picture of the division of territory, each of the three brothers acquires parts of mountains, lowlands, and sea. Angsualika was now a *kulano* and a king based in Dagho. Wangkoang settled and became king in Cape Hego, while

Wahede became king with his royal center located in Dumpaeng plateau. The three kingdoms now co-existed peacefully and helped each other if one of them got into trouble.

Gumansalangi's Regrets

Formerly in Kotabaru, a country on Mindanao Island, Southern Philippines, lived a king who ruled justly. This country was serene and prosperous. The king had a son named Gumansalangi. Gumansalangi often made troubles disturbing the inhabitants of the country.

That afternoon Gumansalangi came to a market in the corner of the royal fort. Everyone looked at him. Some people admired his valor and good looks, while some others were looking with anxious thoughts.

"Good day, Prince. Can I help you?" Asked a cloth trader to Gumansalangi.

"I'm here to find a nice cloth. Where can I find it? Is there any?" Gumansalangi asked, yelling at the fabric merchant.

"My merchandise is only this, Prince."

"Really? Is your merchandise just this?" Gumansalangi asked as he told his bodyguards to ruffle and burn the merchant's stall shop.

"What a pity he is, while he is a new trader," another trader told his friends.

While the people in the market were still outraged by the incident, Gumansalangi was no longer visible between them. He disappeared in a flash.

That afternoon a guest visited King Kotabatu.

"I'm sorry Your Majesty. I'm coming here to report something."

"Tell me what you've been going through," asked the king.

"This morning I was trading as usual, until the disaster hit us."

"Come on, tell me what disaster happened to you?" The king seemed impatient to know immediately what had happened to the merchant.

"Your Majesty, this morning Prince Gumansalangi came to the market. He wanted to buy a cloth. However, apparently he could not find the fabric he was looking for. Then, he got angry, ruffled, and burned all our merchandise."

Hearing such a story, the king was so shocked that he looked as if he was just struck by lightning.

"That kid is really outrageous," he murmured to himself, clenching his fists hard.

"Well, I understand your feelings. You go home now. Later I will send the security guards to replace all your losses," said the king ending the conversation.

"Thank you, Your Majesty. You're really very wise. Please excuse me," replied the merchant while lying prostrate before him. A moment later the king called one of his ministers.

"O Uncle, I am very sad to see my son's temperament. As time goes by, his attitude becomes worse and worse. I'm confused to see his character and behavior," said the king with an irritated face.

"Yes, Your Majesty. I also often get similar reports. Not long ago I also received a report that Prince Gumansalangi went berserk in a gambling place. However, sorry Your Excellency, have you tried to advise her?"

"Already, several times I've advised him. In fact, I often hit him. However, he didn't listen to my advice. He doesn't pay proper attention to my words. Uncle, I'm sad to think of my son. I'm worried about his future. Do you have any suggestions, what should I do to my son?" Asked the king.

"Your Majesty, I am also sad to see Prince Gumansalangi's temperament. I see people increasingly hate him."

"Yes Uncle, I already know about it. Therefore, I called you here

to talk about it. How's it Uncle, do you have any advice?"

The minister was silent for a long time. He seemed to be thinking. His head was lowered. Not long afterward, he raised his face.

"Sir, I have a suggestion. Why don't we give a lesson to Prince Gumansalangi?"

"How is it, Uncle?" Asked the king curiously.

"We exile Prince Gumansalangi into the forest. We don't need to provide him with anything. Let him find his own food and drink," the minister suggested vigorously.

For a long time the king was silent. He felt sorry for his son. However, he also felt sad to see his son's temperament.

"Let my son be confined in the forest. He should be able to find his own food and drink. Let him feel how difficult to find food. There he can prove his greatness and his pride. Is he really great? I hope he will realize his mistakes," the king whispered.

"All right, Uncle. I accept your suggestion. Tomorrow, carry out our plan!" Said the king.

The next day Prince Gumansalangi was exiled to the middle of the jungle. He was escorted by the royal army. The forest of his exile was called Marauw Forest.

Arriving in the forest, Gumansalangi heard strange noises. From behind, he heard the sound of the tiger roar. From the left and right, he heard the sounds of elephants' legs running. The sounds of monkeys dangling on the trees added further to the eeriness of the forest. The forest was so eerie.

Gumansalangi looked really so scared. He looked to the left and to the right and saw no one. Having been in the forest for quite some time, he did not notice that it was getting dark. The birds had begun to return to their nests. Bats fluttered for fruitful trees. The sounds of bats enlivened the forest atmosphere. Frightened and exhausted, Gumansalangi fell asleep under a shady tree.

The next morning he woke up. How surprised Gumansalangi was when he saw that several hundred yards before him lay a large blue lake. Gumansalangi went closer to the lake. He rubbed his face with the clear water of the lake.

"Am I dreaming? I don't think yesterday this lake lay in front of me," whispered Gumansalangi in his heart. Then, he pinched his hand and felt aching.

"Ah, I am not dreaming. This is a reality. Perhaps because of fear, yesterday this lake was invisible to my eyes. I feel thirsty now. All right, I have to drink," he whispered as his legs tried to move further into the middle. With his hands, he scooped up the lake water and drank it as much as he liked.

"Ah, how fresh this water lake feels. Who created this beautiful lake?" Whispered his heart again.

"This lake is beautiful," whispered Gumansalangi as his eyes did not tire of staring at the beauty of the lake. However, his anxiety and fear were not lost yet. He was still watching the right and the left.

"The creator of this lake must be great. I cannot possibly create this beautiful lake."

"All this time I've been arrogant. I feel like being the greatest person. Apparently I have nothing compared to the Creator of this lake," whispered Gumansalangi in his heart.

Gumansalangi finally realized. His heart stirred. He regretted all his bad deeds. He reflected when he ordered his bodyguards to burn the cloth merchant's shop. He was really sorry. He wailed unceasingly.

"O God, forgive me. So far I've been arrogant. I feel I'm the greatest. Apparently my greatness is nothing compared to God's, the creator of this universe. Forgive me. Now I am aware. I promise I will not be arrogant again," Gumansalangi wailed gravely. The wailing was heard by God Sang Hyang. King of Heaven, Sang Hyang came down to earth, following the sound of the wail. Reaching the earth, he encountered a young man. The king's son was weeping in the middle of the jungle. He lived

alone in the middle of the jungle, causing a sense of mercy. He approached the young man.

"Hi, young man. I accept your repentance. Come back to the right path. Do not feel great because above you there is a creator greater than you. Stay here," Sang Hyang said. "Well, Sang Hyang, I will obey all your commands."

Soon Sang Hyang returned to heaven. Upon arriving at the heaven, he asked his daughters which of them was willing to sacrifice to help a poor son of the king.

"Hi, my daughters, which of you is willing to help a man who lives alone in the jungle? The man is an exiled son of a king. Is there any of you willing to help him by being his wife?" Asked Sang Hyang.

No one spoke. Sang Hyang understood no one was willing to be the poor man's wife. He looked at his daughters. They only stared down. For a moment there was a silence. Suddenly the silence was broken by a voice.

"Father, I will!" All turned to the voice. It was the youngest daughter's voice. She was Kondawulaeng or Sangiang Konda.

"Good girl, you are a daughter who obeys parents. You are always willing to help others," Sang Hyang praised his daughter.

On the day appointed, Kondawulaeng came down to the world.

She descended in the forest where Gumansalangi was exiled. Kondawulaeng disguised herself as a woman who contracted a lung disease. Gumansalangi who was sitting in the middle of the forest suddenly smelled a very piercing odor.

"What odor is this that feels so piercing. Okay I will follow the source of the odor," whispered Gumansalangi in his heart. He followed the source of the odor. Apparently the odor came from a sick woman. However, Gumansalangi did not feel disgusted. Instead, he invited her to stay with him. Kondawulaeng rejected the invitation. She felt that it was not worth it to live with a healthy and fit person. Because the king's son invited her unceasingly, she finally accepted his invitation with a sense of emotion. Encouraged by the desire to help those in distress, Gumansalangi nurtured her with care and patience. He did not even feel disgusted even though he smelled a foul odor. After a few days Gumansalangi took care of the woman, suddenly the woman disappeared. Apparently the woman returned to the heaven to deliver the news to Sang Hyang that the exiled son of the king had indeed really behaved fairly in a knightly manner.

Kondawulaeng was told to return to the world by Sang Hyang for the second time. This time she disguised herself as a woman who contracted a skin disease and smelled rancid. This woman went down to the world, to where Gumansalangi was exiled. This time Gumansalangi smelled a pungent odor. He looked for the odor.

Just like the first event, he did the same to the woman. He also helped her. He treated the woman carefully and patiently.

A few days later the woman disappeared. She went to bring a report to Sang Hyang regarding Gumansalangi's behavior.

Sang Hyang did not feel doubtful any more. He was convinced that Gumansalangi had returned as a knight and a virtuous son of the king. Therefore, Sang Hyang conveyed his message to his daughter Kondawulaeng to return to the world and accompany Gumansalangi as his wife.

Princess Kondawulaeng descended as a very beautiful princess. Her body spread a pleasant scent that crossed Gumansalangi's nose. He rose toward the source of the fragrance. What a surprise Gumansalangi got, when in front of him he saw a beautiful princess. Unconsciously Gumansalangi fainted. Upon seeing Gumansalangi pass out, Princess Kondaawulaeng grabbed three jasmine flowers not far from the place. The jasmine flowers were placed in the palm of her hand and soaked in water. Then, the water used to soak the flowers was sprinkled on Gumansalangi's face. A moment later Gumansalangi regained his consciousness.

Upon regaining his consciousness, Gumansalangi apologized to the Princess for disturbing and troubling her. Princess Kondawulaeng just smiled.

"Never mind, that's my job. This is also in accordance with the

orders of Sang Hyang. I am obliged to help you in your exile because you have repented and regretted all your mistakes. You have now become a virtuous knight. Therefore, I am willing to be your wife and companion,” said Princess Kondawulaeng with a smile.

Gumansalangi was surprised to hear Princess Kondawulaeng’s words. He apologized for feeling unworthy alongside her.

Princess Kondawulaeng just smiled. She then said, ‘Know, Gumansalangi. My presence in this world has been sanctioned by Sang Hyang, the king of heaven. I too am destined to live in this nature to be your wife and the companion of your life. We too are destined to live in nature as husband and wife. In addition, Sang Hyang has advised that we should head to a new place in the direction of the rising sun. In that place we will be greeted by heavy rain, rumbling thunder, and lightning. Sang Hyang also ordered my brother, Prince Bawangunlare, to accompany us and he will disguise himself as a powerful serpent,” said Princess Kondawulaeng ending the story.

Finally, Gumansalangi and Princess Kondawulaeng became husband and wife. They lived happily. Not long afterward Prince Bawangunlare descended from heaven and disguised himself as a powerful serpent. Kondawulaeng and Gumansalangi began their trip by climbing the magic serpent. Their journey began by circling Kotabatu three times in a row at midnight. The incident

shocked Kotabatu people because the brilliant light of the snake glittered in the dark of the night. The elders were reassuring the inhabitants. They said that the serpent is the vehicle of the gods of heaven.

After that, they went eastward and came to Marulung Island. However, they did not find any signs as presented by Sang Hyang, namely rain, thunder, and lightning. They continued their journey and landed on Tagulandang Island, Nusa Mandaolung and climbed Mount Ruang. But again, it was not the place they had to live because there were no rain, no thunder, and no lightning. Back they headed to Siau, Nusa Karangetang and climbed Mount Tamata. Here either, they did not find any signs they expected.

Finally, they headed to Sangihe Besar Island, Nusa Tampilawo (meaning densely populated island) and directly climbed Mount Sahendarumang. Once they set foot on the top of the mountain, they were greeted by constant rain, thunder, and lightning. The place also looked bright for three days and three nights. After the situation had turned calm, Gumansalangi and Princess Kondawulaeng became convinced that it was their new settlement.

Then, they descended to the foot of the mountain toward the east, following the flow of Balau River. There they were welcomed by the locals. Both were given new names. Gumansalangi was

named Wajin Madelu meaning 'thunder djinn'. Princess Kondawulaeng was named Sangiang Mekila meaning 'lightning'. Wajin Madelu was made the king in the area. The area included Sangihe Talaud Islands and their surroundings.

The couple King Wajin Mandelu and his wife had two sons. The eldest was named Melintangnusa and the youngest Melikunusa. Melintangnusa went north to his parents' homeland in the southern Philippines. There he married Sangianghiabe, Princess Kulano Tugis. Meanwhile, Melikunusa wandered south until he arrived at Bolang Mongondow. He married Menongsangiang, Princess Bolang Mongondow.

Thus the descendants of Gumansalangi came to Maampo who subsequently brought down new kings in the Sangihe Talaud Islands.

Ompung the Ruler of the Sea

At that time, the day was getting late and dark. Since the afternoon, the air had been cold. The moon and stars did not appear. The drizzle made the night air cooler. Toward the middle of the night, lightning pounced here and there. Thunderous lightning sounds were deafening. Heavy rain immediately fell. Gradually the rain subsided. In her room, Tomatiti still could not close her eyes. The silence of the night awakened her fears. Not long afterward, she got out of her bed. She came out of the room

to her grandmother's room.

"Grandma, grandma, open the door," shouted the little girl at her grandmother's room door. She repeated her call, "Grandma, Grandma, wake up, Grandma. I'm afraid to sleep alone."

Grandma had not yet awakened. Tomatiti became increasingly afraid. This time she knocked harder on the door of her grandmother's room.

"Grandma, Grandma, wake up, Grandma!" She cried again.

A few moments later came the sound of the latch.

"What's up, Titi? You're waking me up in this late evening," the old lady said as she took her granddaughter to her room.

"I'm afraid, Grandma. Tonight my feeling is somewhat different. Since this afternoon I've felt there is something strange. There's something scary."

"All right. Tonight you sleep in my room, okay?" Pleaded her grandmother.

Tomatiti nodded her head. Then she sat on the edge of the bed.

"Come on, get some sleep. I worry that tomorrow you'll wake up late," said her grandmother. Tomatiti still could not sleep.

"Grandma, why is this night so scary?" Tomatiti asked, pulling

her grandmother's hand. Her grandmother followed her. Now both of them sat side by side on the bed.

"Look, Ti. Tonight is a different night. People in this village call it Ompung night," said the old lady.

"Ompung Night? What's Ompung, Grandma?" Tomatiti asked impatiently.

"Let's make it like this. I want to tell you who Ompung is, but I'll tell you tomorrow morning, when you've woken up. Now you should sleep again. I promise, once you wake up, I will tell it," said her grandmother again.

Unable to do anything, Tomatiti had to follow what her grandmother said. Tomatiti tried to sleep.

The morning sunshine greeted Tomatiti sweetly through the room holes. The walls made of woven bamboo left little holes. A ray of light beamed right on Tomatiti's face and made her eyes open. She woke up from her sleep. She saw that her grandmother was no longer beside her. Her grandmother had woken up earlier.

"Ti, Titiii, wake up! Help Grandma cook," came Tomatiti's grandmother's voice from the kitchen. Yes, since the age of three years Tomatiti had been raised by her grandmother. It happened since the terrible accident that happened to his father and later made Tomatiti an orphan. Her own mother was now married to

someone else. However, Tomatiti would rather stay with her grandmother. Living with her grandma was more fun for her. Her grandmother was more affectionate and more patient. "Yeah, Grandma, wait a minute," Tomatiti replied.

A moment later Tomatiti had arrived in the kitchen. She sat right in front of the fire stove. She helped her grandmother keep the fire alive. Meanwhile, her grandmother prepared breakfast.

"Grandma, last night Grandma promised to tell me about Ompung. Come on, Grandma, tell me now," Tomatiti begged her grandmother.

"Fine, fine, Ti. It's time for you to hear about Ompung. You are now old enough to hear this story. This story has something to do with the fate that befell your father," Grandma said as she sat near Tomatiti. Holding Tomatiti's hand, the old woman began her story.

"You see. In a country, whose name is Sawang Jauh Taruna, there was a pair of young people mated by their parents. At that time after the proposal of the man's side was accepted by the woman's side, the man was required to stay and settle in the woman's family. This was done so that the woman's side knew the man's behavior. The man had to stay for a year," Grandma began.

"But they were not married yet, Grandma, were they?" Tomatiti interrupted.

"It is true. Therefore, they could not sleep in one room," said her grandmother.

"One day, about six months the man had stayed in the house, the woman's father told the man to look for dried coconut leaves. It would be used for torches for fish."

"Lo, did they look for the fish at night?" Tomatiti asked.

"True, the woman's father and his future son-in-law needed a day and a night to reach Ehise Island. In the sea around the island were indeed a lot of fish. The two men had not reached the island yet. In fact, it was late and it was raining heavily. Meanwhile, the woman left at home had not slept yet. She was still busy embroidering cloth. Suddenly she was shocked by the sound from outside the house." "What's that sound, Grandma?" Tomatiti asked.

Grandma went on. "It sounded like the woman's future husband. The voice called out to her in a voice that was shivering with the cold from the rain.

"Get me some clothes, I'm cold," the man said from the window.

"Who are you?" Asked the girl from the room.

"I'm your future husband," the man said.

"You must be lying. My future husband and my father have not

long gone. They haven't arrived at Ehise Island yet, so how come they have gone home?" said the woman full of doubt.

"That's right, I'm your future husband. Your father and I were struck by disaster. Our boat was beaten by a storm. Your father was carried by the waves. I'm sorry, I could not save him," the man assured her.

"No, no. I do not believe."

"Look out. Look at my face. I am your future husband," the man said.

"Okay, I'll open the window, but don't go near the window," said the woman as she opened the window.

"That woman was brave. However, how surprised the woman was to see that in front of her was a man whose face was similar to her future husband," continued Tomatiti's grandmother. "Even so, the woman did not immediately believe that the man was her future husband."

"Why did not the girl believe, Grandma? In fact, she had seen the man's face," asked Tomatiti curious.

"True, she already saw the man's face. However, the woman was a holy woman so she was always protected by God. In her eyes, the man was not her future husband," the grandmother said.

"Then how, Grandma?" Tomatiti asked again.

"The woman continued to argue with the man who claimed to be her future husband. Because their arguments were getting louder, the woman's mother woke up. Then, she found out who her daughter was talking to. After knowing who her daughter was talking to, she asked the man why he went home fast. Then, he answered that he and his future father-in-law had been unfortunate. Unfortunately he could not save his future father-in-law. Upon hearing that, the woman's mother believed. She told her daughter to get the clothes. However, the girl still did not want to do it because she did not believe it. The argument continued, even until noon. "

"That incident attracted a lot of people. The people who came as well as the customary village chief believed that the man was the woman's future husband. Finally, the customary village chief agreed to give the clothes to the man. However, suddenly appeared a small boy who was contracting smallpox. The boy said, 'Wawu, do not believe them. I believe in Wawu that this person is not Wawu's future husband. He is the devil, the king of liars.' So the little boy said."

"Upon hearing the little boy's words, the customary village chief became angry, 'Hi, little boy, don't interfere with the adults' affairs.' However, the little boy remained at his stance. He said, 'O Mr. Chief, let us bet, who will win. If I'm wrong, kill me. I will

not be sorry, especially because I am in a state of illness like this. But if I win, let me kill this man.' Finally, the customary village chief and the community agreed." "What happened then, Grandma?" Tomatiti asked.

"Yes, then the little boy looked for a bottle and a coin. He put the coin into the bottle, and then said, 'Hey man, do not claim yourself to be Wawu's future husband. If you are really her future husband, take this coin. If you can take it, I believe you're really her future husband.' Upon hearing the challenge, the man was as quick as lightning to lessen his body and fly into the bottle.

At almost the same moment, the little boy's hand was swiftly closing the bottle. Then the boy said, 'If he is Wawu's future husband, surely he could not get inside that bottle.' The customary village chief and the people who witnessed the incident were nodding. They finally believed that only the devil could get into the bottle. Meanwhile, the devil shouted for help and asked to be ejected from the bottle and said, 'If I am not released, I will annoy people who are heading out to sea, or disturb people from treetops and from rivers' The devil kept screaming."

"What happened then, Grandma?" Tomatiti asked.

"The incident was not over yet. When the woman's father and her future husband came home, the bottle was thrown into the sea. Then, to redeem his guilt, the customary village chief decided to

reduce the little boy's suffering. The young couple who would soon get married was required to adopt the boy as their son. The boy also told the people that when they encountered Ompung's disturbance in the sea, they had to open a bottle as soon as possible so that Ompung would be sucked into the bottle. Until now the existence of Ompung who likes to disturb fishermen in the sea is still believed." Grandma took a breath.

"Well, the incident that happened to your father was similar to Ompung's story." Grandma said something that made Tomatiti wonder.

"What do you mean Grandma?" Tomatiti asked more curiously.

"Yes, according to your father's friends, when your father sailed for fish with his friends, a sudden storm came. They were not carrying bottles. When Ompung came, they could not save themselves. Some of them could save themselves, but more were carried away by the waves. In fact, their bodies were not found, including your father's. That's the story." "Does not anyone try to find them?" Tomatiti asked.

"Already, all the fishermen in this village went down to the sea in the next morning. However, they failed in their search. Only two people were found dead.

Your mother was waiting every day at the seafront, but to no avail."

"You said that last night was Ompung night. What does that mean, Grandma?"

"Yes, Ompung often appears in the night of the full moon, like last night. Last night the moon was invisible because it was cloudy. Well, now these villagers believe in Ompung. They do not dare to go to sea when the moon is full."

Tomatiti's Grandma stopped her story and hugged her granddaughter tightly. They hugged each other for so long. The old lady recalled the accident which happened ten years ago, when her only son, Tomatiti's father, said goodbye. Apparently the meeting was their last meeting.

"Grandma, then how can we avoid Ompung's annoyance?" Tomatiti asked as she wiped her tears.

"We leave everything to God. When the full moon appears, we pray to God. Hopefully we will be protected from the nasty Ompung's interference."

"That's right, Grandma."

"Yes, it has to be. As religious people, if we get a trial or a disturbance, we leave it to God. God will protect us. Is not God the Most Beneficent and Most Merciful?" Said the grandmother as she cleaned up the scattered remains of food. Meanwhile, Tomatiti picked up the dirty dishes and brought them into the

kitchen for washing. Her grandmother followed from behind. From the kitchen, the voices of both grandma and her granddaughter who were now able to laugh again were heard. They were not sad anymore.

The Man Who Came Out of the Egg

On an island in Sangihe Talaud Islands lived a couple of giants. The male giant's name was Wakeng, while the female giant's name was Wakiti. They had a son named Wataure.

Not far from where the giants lived, there lived three siblings, two men and a woman. The eldest was a man named Wanggaia, his brother was named Panggalawang, while the youngest, a woman, was named Niabai.

One day the two brothers were about to travel. Before leaving, Wanggaia said to his younger sister, "Sister, be careful at home. Don't go out of the house, because there are many wild beasts outside. Close the door tightly, please!"

"All right, brothers. I will stay at home. I will close all the doors so that the beast cannot come in. However, do not go so long, please," Niabai whined to her two brothers. "Yes, sister. We won't go for so long. We will soon come back," said Wanggaia cheering his sister.

After her brothers left, Niabai immediately closed the doors and the windows of her house according to her brothers' warning.

She was confused, not knowing what to do. However, soon Niabai was seen to get absorbed in spinning the yarn into cloth. She was so absorbed that she did not realize a giant's arrival. She did not know how the giant could enter the house, while the doors and windows were locked.

"Please, please," Niabai shouted. However, her shout did not last long because her mouth was smothered by the giant. Then the giant carried Niabai and took her away to be served as a side dish.

An hour later Wanggaia and Panggalawang returned home. They were shocked to find out that Niabai was not at home.

"Sister, Sister Niabai," called Wanggaia and Panggalawang. However, they got no answer.

"Brother, Brother Wangga, look here," Panggalawang said as he noticed the unfinished cloth. Wanggaia went into Niabai's room to see what Panggalawang saw.

"Well, apparently Sister Niabai was spinning a cloth."

"Right, Brother. But look here, where is the end of this yarn?" Panggalawang asked, following the direction of the yarn that came out of Niabai's room, even out of the house. "My guess is, Sister Niabai is kidnapped by a giant on the other end," Wanggaia

said as he walked along the direction of the yarn.

"Right, Brother. It goes to the giant's house. "

The yarn that the two brothers followed from their house had not been cut off. Apparently Niabai brought a roll of yarn when she was taken out of her room. The giant who kidnapped her did not know it. According to the direction of the yarn, it was clear that the end of the yarn went into the giant's house. From a distance, it appeared to them that their sister was locked up in a cage.

"Brother, how will we free Sister Niabai?" Asked Panggelawang.

"It's difficult, Brother. If we make mistake, we can get arrested."

"Then we must use our intellect."

"Yes, it is true. However, how do we do it?" Wanggaia asked his brother.

"Why do not we pretend that we want to be their servants? We will work for them," Panggelawang suggested.

"Good, I think that's a good idea. I agree," Wanggaia replied.

Both went into the giant's house. Upon arriving at the house's door, they were greeted by Wakeng, the male giant.

"Hahaha, it's a coincidence. You come here by yourselves. So, I do not have to kidnap you. Well, you add a lot to my side dishes," said Wakeng.

"O giant. We're coming here not to surrender ourselves. We're coming here to serve you. If possible, we will work for you," said Wanggaia.

"Yes, right. Don't you need servants who help you cook, clean the house, and bathe your child?" Added Panggelawang.

"Incidentally, we do need servants. Why don't we just accept them?" said Wakiti, the giant's wife.

"Well, because my wife asks, I accept you to work here. Right now, go to the kitchen. Cook the female human I bracketed," said Wakeng.

After giving orders, the two giants went to the garden, while their son, Wataure, was in the attic.

After the giants left, Wanggaia and Panggelawang immediately did their job, but what they prepared for the side dish was a buffalo, while Wataure, the giant's boy was moved to another hidden place. It was not far from the giants' residence. Then, they cut off the bridge that the giants usually passed. The bottom of the bridge was measured so that when they passed through the bridge, it would not break.

Furthermore, they freed his sister and other people who were in the cage. Afterward, they prepared food for the giants.

Not long afterwards the two giants arrived home. They did not find Wanggaia and Panggalawang at their home. However, they did not care. Already hungry, they immediately ate the food that had been provided. While they were eating, their pet parrot said, "Oh, Wakeng, Wakiti. Your son is not in the attic."

Hearing the parrot's words, Wakiti, the female giant said, "Please, listen carefully to what the parrot is saying."

"Wakeng, Wakiti, your kid is kidnapped. Your child is not in the attic," said the parrot again.

When they heard the parrot's words, the two giants were startled. Later, they climbed into the attic, wanting to see their son who was sleeping there. They did not find their son, Wataure, there. They only found a few strands of their son's hair there. How angry the two giants were. They immediately looked for Wanggaia and Panggalawang. However, Wanggia and Panggalawang, as well as their sister, had fled. Other people who were confined were also not there. With great anger, the two giants hunted them down.

Wanggia and his two siblings had been at the end of the bridge when the giants chased them. By the time the two giants arrived at the center of the bridge, the bridge collapsed because

previously Wanggia and Panggelawang had installed a *tempuling*, a typical spear of Sangihe society, under the bridge. The two giants were finally stabbed by the *tempuling*.

Then, the two giants said to Wanggaia and Panggelawang, "Our blood will be a flood of fire, our breath will be a whirlwind, and our flesh will be ashes. If you bathe and wash in the river, you'll become a crocodile."

After hearing the giants' words, Wanggaia and Panggelawang said to the giants, "All right! If you both become a flood of fire, a whirlwind, and ashes, we'll both sit in the east to help our descendants."

The two giants breathed their last breath. Wanggaia and his two siblings returned to their home. So did those who were once held captive by the giants.

Life at Talaud was calm again. Wanggaia and Panggelawang were now settled on the slopes of Mount Sinabung. Their younger sister, Niabai, was married to a man from Bowongnaru country and now resided there. The serenity did not last long. Once there was an accident that shocked Sangihe people. At that time there were two Sahinge people who were about to return from Mindanao, South Philippines. In the middle of the sea their boat could not go forward anymore. It turned out that their boat was blocked by something. After investigation, it turned out that

there was an egg attached to the hull of the boat (the beam lengthwise at the bottom of the boat). The egg was very big and it was immediately taken and loaded into the boat. After arriving at the end of Sangihe Island, they immediately landed and asked a shaman about the egg.

"O dear shaman, what egg is this?" Asked the community who took an interest in the magic egg. "I do not know what egg this is. However, I can see this egg contains a human baby boy," said the shaman.

After obtaining information from the shaman, they continued their journey toward their hometown, Maode. After a full day trip, they arrived at Maode. A few days later the egg hatched and a boy was born. The boy was named First Ampuang.

A few dozen years after First Ampuang's birth, one day a crocodile landed in Kotabaru. The crocodile had been in Kotabaru for several days, but the animal refused to leave the place. So, a shaman was called to find out what was the cause.

"Hi, Crocodile, why haven't you returned to the river yet?" Asked the shaman.

"I'll return to the river if there's a knight who can break my fang," the crocodile replied defiantly.

After hearing the crocodile's answer, Kotabaru people then waited

for anyone who would dare to conquer the crocodile. Then, there was a resident who knew that in Maode there was a knight named First Ampuang. So, First Ampuang was picked up in Maode.

Finally, a fierce fight between the great crocodile and First Ampuang took place. They attacked each other. The fight was fierce. After the fight lasted for about two hours, the crocodile finally gave up. The crocodile's right fang was broken by First Ampuang's kick.

After admitting its defeat, the crocodile spewed necklace and bracelet as a gift to First Ampuang.

Kotabaru people finally knew that First Ampuang came out of a big egg. According to the shaman's narrative, the egg that turned into the knight was the crocodile's egg. The crocodile was none other than Niabai, the woman who was once held captive by the giants Wakeng and Watiti. In accordance with what they said before their death, the giants cursed Niabai. She would be turned into a crocodile if she washed in the river. Apparently Niabai forgot about the curse. She bathed in the river. Because at that time she was pregnant, her baby in her womb turned into an egg which then brought forth First Ampuang.