

BUNGSU
Si Bungsu

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BUNGSU

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Cerita Rakyat dari Riau



Si Bungsu

Ditulis oleh



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SI BUNGSU

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1. KESUSASTRAAN RAKYAT-SUMATERA
2. CERITA RAKYAT- RIAU

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 author expresses his gratitude to God Almighty, who has bestowed His grace and blessings so that the writing of folklore entitled Bungsu can be finished properly.

Bungsu is a folklore from Talang Siambul, Indragiri Hulu District, Riau Province. The folklore is the result of an interview of the author with a spiritual leader of the Talang Mamak tribe in Siberida District, Siambul Village. Talang Mamak is one of the tribes that lives in the province of Riau, Indragiri Hulu Regency. One of their distribution areas is in Siberida District, namely the villages of Pangkalan Kasai, Anak Talang, Siberida, Sungai Akar, Talang Lakat, Siambul, and Rantau Langsat. The head of the Talang Mamak tribe is called spiritual leader. The Talang Mamak tribe lives scattered in forest areas with a relatively simple livelihood system and way of life. Based on this, the Talang Mamak tribe is categorized as a remote indigenous community.

The story has no title yet, so the author gives a title to the story, “Bungsu”. The story was written using Bahasa Indonesia in accordance with children's language skills, especially at the elementary school level. Hopefully this story will be beneficial for children who read it.

Author

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BUNGSU

1. The Happy Family

Once upon a time in Talang Siambul, Indragiri Hulu Regency, Riau Province, there lived a man and his wife. They were known as Mr. and Mrs. Sardim. They lived in a village along with other families. Their house was tiny. Its walls were made of tree barks and its roof was of palm leaves. It was built on a stilt, a common practice in the area, so that wild animals would not be able to attack the family when they were sleeping at night. Such house was called *rumah panggung*, house on a stilt. The village was not too far from a forest. Wild animals often wandered to the village and terrorized the villagers. That was why most of the houses there were built on stilts.

The couple lived happily every day. After years of marriage, Mrs. Sardim was pregnant. One day, when the sun had gone down and the moon began to shine, their first son was born. Holding his newly-born son, Mr. Sardim walked to his wife who were sitting on a bamboo chair.

“Mother, what will we name him?” Mr. Sardim asked.

“Up to you, Father,” Mrs. Sardim said, taking her son from Mr. Sardim’s arms.

“I want to name him Ka Satu, which means the first child,” Mr. Sardim said, caressing his son’s tiny head. “I agree,” Mrs. Sardim said. She cradled her son and brought him to her chest.

Since their Ka Satu was born, their neighbors changed the way they addressed Mr. and Mrs. Sardim. They now called them Ka Satu’s Father and Ka Satu’s Mother. It was a common practice at that time to address someone as father of such and such or mother of such and such. One night, when the full moon shone brightly, the sky was clear and the stars blinked beautifully. The full moon made the night as bright as the day. That night, Ka Satu and his friends were playing tag. Ka Satu’s Father and Mother were sitting under a Katapang tree (*Terminalia catappa*), watching their son and enjoying the full moon.

“Mother, look at the moon. It’s so beautiful tonight,” Ka Satu’s Father said, pointing at the full moon.

“Yes, Father, it is beautiful. Praise God for creating such beauty,” Ka Satu’s Mother replied, nodding in agreement. Ka Satu’s Father swiveled on his seat and watched his son running cheerfully. “I cannot believe that Ka Satu is seven years old now,” he uttered with a smile, “it seems like yesterday that I held him for the first time.”

“They all grow so fast, Father. And he’s going to have a younger sibling soon, too,” Ka Satu’s Mother responded. “Yes, soon, he

will have someone else to play with,” Ka Satu’s Father said, looking up at the moon again.

“Mother, it’s getting late. You’d better call Ka Satu and tuck him in,” Ka Satu’s Father said. “Don’t forget to get him to wash his feet and hands,” he continued.

“Yes, Father,” Ka Satu’s Mother said.

“Ka Satu, dear, come on in. It’s time for bed,” Ka Satu’s Mother called her son.

“Yes, Mother,” Ka Satu replied.

A few weeks later, the sun rose in the east, heralding a good morning. The clear sky was filled with white clouds in many shapes, moving slowly across the heaven. That morning, Ka Satu was playing in the front yard. He was startled by the sound of a baby crying from the house. Ka Satu quickly ran inside. His baby brother had been born.

“Mother, is that my brother?” Ka Satu asked, pointing at the cute little baby beside his mother. “Yes, it’s your baby brother, Ka Satu,” his mother replied, holding the baby up so that Ka Satu could see him better.

“What do we call him, Father?” Ka Satu asked.

“Let’s name him Ka Duo. It means the second child,” Ka Satu’s



Father answered.

“Hurray, I now have a brother to play with,” Ka Satu cried happily.

“Will you love your brother?” Ka Satu’s Father asked.

“Of course I will love him, Father,” Ka Satu replied, kissing his brother’s cheek and stroke his head.

“If I were older, I’d take care of him myself, Father,” Ka Satu added.

“That’s very nice of you, Son,” Ka Satu’s Father said.

Years flew by so fast. Ka Duo was now five years old. That evening, Ka Satu was playing with Ka Duo under the clear night sky. Stars twinkled beautifully above them. They were playing with sticks. There were two sticks, one was about twenty centimeters long and the other was about a meter long. They put the short stick on a small niche they dug on the ground, with one end sticking out. They then hit it with the longer stick so that the short stick would jump. Who could hit it the highest or the farthest was the winner. When they were enjoying themselves, immersed in the game, Ka Satu’s Mother called them from the house.

“Ka Satu, come take your brother in. It’s time for bed,” she said.

“Yes, Mother,” Ka Satu replied, picking up the two sticks. He took his brother’s hand and they got in the house. The next morning, Ka Satu’s Father got up early and went to the forest. He did not take Ka Satu as he usually did. Ka Satu was left at home to accompany his mother. Ka Satu’s Mother was pregnant with her third child and it was almost due. Ka Satu’s Father decided to return home by midday, when the sun was exactly on top of his crown and felt so hot. He was resting on the veranda when his wife called. “Father, go and fetch the midwife. I think the baby is coming,” Ka Satu’s Mother said.

“Yes, Mother. I’m going.” Ka Satu’s Father immediately went to get the midwife.

Soon, Ka Satu’s Father returned with the midwife. She immediately set to work, helping Ka Satu’s Mother with the labor. It was not too long after that a baby cry was heard from inside the room. Ka Satu’s Father’s third child had been born. Ka Satu’s Father called his two sons and took them to see their newborn sibling.

“Ka Satu, Ka Duo, come here!” Ka Satu’s Father called with a loud voice.

“Yes, Father!” Ka Satu replied, signaling Ka Duo to follow him.

“Meet your new brother,” Ka Satu’s Father said cheerfully. “Are you happy to meet him?” he added.

“Yes, Father, we are,” Ka Duo said.

“He is a cute boy. What is his name, Father?” Ka Satu asked.

“His name is Ka Tigo. It means the third, my third child,” Ka Satu’s Father replied and showed them the baby.

“Mother, Mother, I love Ka Duo and Ka Tigo,” Ka Satu said to his mother.

“Of course you do. You have to protect your little brothers, Ka Satu.”

“Yes, Mother,” Ka Satu replied confidently.

When the roosters crowed to mark a new day, Ka Satu’s Father woke his first son and took him to the forest. Ka Satu would help him gathering fruits, firewood, and edible tubers, as well as catching some fish. Ka Satu’s Mother would cook some of them and sell the rest in the market. While Ka Satu and his father went to the forest, Ka Satu’s Mother went to the kitchen to cook some breakfast. She took some rice, vegetables, and *gurame* fish that Ka Satu’s Father brought home the day before. When she finished cooking, she laid the rice, vegetables, and fried fish on the table. After that, she did the dishes and the laundry, and clean the house. Only after she had finished all those chores did she bathe Ka Duo and Ka Tigo.

“Mother, why should we take a bath twice a day?” Ka Duo asked.

His hand was busy rubbing a bar of soap on his body.

“Ka Duo, we need to take a bath to rinse our body from dirt and grime. It will make us healthier, free from any skin diseases,” Ka Satu’s Mother replied.

“In addition, we’ll feel refreshed after a bath, won’t we?” She added while pouring water at Ka Duo, rinsing the soap.

A few moments later, she began to dry Ka Duo’s body with a towel. “You have to take a bath at least twice a day, Son. Don’t be lazy,” she said.

“Yes, Mother. So does little brother, doesn’t he, Mother?” Ka Duo asked.

“Of course he does too,” Ka Satu’s Mother replied.

“*Abang* Ka Satu also have to take a bath like us?” Ka Duo asked, wrapping the towel on his small body. *Abang* means older brother.

“You are right, smart boy. Everyone should take a bath at least twice a day,” Ka Satu’s Mother said, ruffling Ka Duo’s hair.

After helping her two sons wearing clothes, Ka Satu’s Mother took them to play outside, in front of their house, and wait for their father and brother to return. By midday, Ka Satu’s Father and Ka Satu came home. Their trip that day yielded quite a lot.

Ka Satu's Mother was glad because it meant that she would be able to sell some in the market.

"Father, look at how big the fish you caught!" Ka Duo exclaimed.

"Yes, they are big. Thank God we have something to eat tomorrow," Ka Satu's Father showed Ka Duo the fish.

"What fish is this, Father?" Ka Duo asked excitedly.

"This one is called *Patin* fish. It'll be delicious if we cook a spicy and sour dish with it," Ka Satu's Father replied, putting the fish in a bucket of water to keep the fish alive and fresh until the next day.

"Mmm... yummy," Ka Duo said.

"Father, can I come with you to the market tomorrow?" Ka Duo asked.

"Sure. But you have to wake up early," Ka Satu's Father replied.

"I will," Ka Duo said.

Ka Satu's Father then sat on the bamboo bench to stretch his legs. Meanwhile, Ka Satu went to the back of the house to take a bath. Soon, it was Ka Satu's Father to take a bath and cleanse himself. After that, they gathered in the house to have lunch. They sat in a circle on a mat in the living room and chatted animatedly while

eating. They always had a meal together. It was one of the tradition in their house. Even though they were quite poor, they were a happy and harmonious family. It did not take long for them to finish all the dishes. Ka Satu helped his mother taking the dirty plates, glasses, spoons, bowls, and rice basket to the kitchen and washing them.

Two years later, the fourth child was born. It was also a boy. They named him Ka Ampat, which meant the fourth child. Two years after that, the fifth boy was born. They called him Ka Limo, meaning the fifth child.

Ka Satu's Father always tried to raise his five sons be independent since early age. Ka Satu, who was old enough, always went with his father to the forest every day. They gathered whatever resources they could and brought them home to satisfy their daily needs. Meanwhile, Ka Duo helped his mother with the chores in the house. Ka Tigo accompanied Ka Ampat and Ka Limo, engaging them in fun games so that they would not disturb Ka Satu's Mother.

"Ka Tigo, go play with your brothers. I'm going to cook and wash the dishes," Ka Satu's Mother said. "Yes, Mother. Come on Ka Ampat, Ka Limo. Come play with *Abang*," Ka Tigo called his little brothers.



“Let’s play jump rope.” Ka Tigo said, handing his brothers a rope made of tree barks. “*Abang*, the rope’s not long enough,” Ka Ampat whined.

“Bring it here. We can tie it to this rope,” Ka Tigo said.

“Here it is, *Abang*,” Ka Ampat said, giving his brother the rope.

Ka Tigo quickly tied one end of the rope to the end of another rope.

“Alright, I’ve tied them together. It should be long enough now,” Ka Tigo said, handing the rope back to his brother.

“Thank you, *Abang*,” Ka Ampat smiled.

“What are you playing, *Dik*?” Ka Duo emerged from the kitchen and asked his brothers. *Dik* or *Adik* meant younger sibling.

“*Abang* Ka Duo! You startled me!” Ka Tigo grumbled.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to. Come on, let’s play outside!” Ka Duo said, holding Ka Limo’s hand and took him outside.

“Have you finished sweeping the floor?” Ka Tigo asked.

“I have. I have cleaned all rooms,” Ka Duo said.

“Well, come on then!” Ka Ampat said impatiently, running outside with the rope.

Time flew so fast. Ka Limo was a three-year-old boy now. Ka Satu's Mother was pregnant again. It had been exactly nine months and ten days that afternoon. Ka Satu's Father was anxious since the morning. It was because his wife was a little too old to have a baby.

The sky was clear when the sun slowly went behind the mountains. Amidst the leaves, its last rays burned bright orange. However, the sky suddenly turned dark, not because the night had come, but because a huge storm cloud had rolled out of nowhere. An instant later, the sky opened up and rain poured in torrents. Wind billowed terrifyingly in between thunderclaps. Lightning flashed so bright.

In their house, Ka Satu's Father was waiting for the birth of his sixth child. He sighed in relief when the midwife stepped out of the room with a baby cradled in her arms.

"The mother and her baby are safe. Congratulation, Sir, it's a boy," the midwife said, handing the baby to Ka Satu's Father.

"Thank God my son is healthy. Thank you, Madam," Ka Satu's Father said. "Madam, he's born amidst a huge storm. Is this a bad omen?" he added.

"Let's just pray it's not so," she replied.

"Look, the rain has stopped. I'd better get home before it starts

pouring again,” the midwife said, holding out her hand. Ka Satu’s Father shook it and thanked her again.

“Yes, Madam. Thank you. Let me walk you home,” Ka Satu’s Father said.

“Yes, thank you very much,” she said.

Neighbors began coming to Ka Satu’s Father’s house, curious to see the baby. Everyone in the house was happy. Ka Satu, Ka Duo, Ka Tigo, Ka Ampat, and Ka Limo were all excited to have another brother. The baby was called Ka Anam, which meant the sixth child. Now, Ka Satu’s Father had six sons. He and his wife raised them with great care and compassion.

2. Bungsu's Childhood

When he was five years old, Ka Anam had grown into a cheerful and active boy. His parents, his brothers, and all their neighbors called him *Bungsu*. This nickname meant the youngest child. Compared to his brothers, Bungsu was the most handsome. He had olive skin, pointed nose, and bright brown eyes. However, everyone liked him more because of his good attitude than because of his physical features. Everyone in the village liked him so much that they changed the way they address his parents. They now called him Bungsu's Father and Bungsu's Mother, instead of Ka Satu's Father or Ka Satu's Mother. That was odd because it was uncommon at the time to call someone with his youngest child's name.

"Father, Bungsu is so active and so cute," Bungsu's Mother said one day.

"Yes, he is, Mother. Everyone seems to like him," Bungsu's Father replied. They were smiling happily, watching Bungsu play on the floor.

"Mother, we have to thank God because a lot of people like and care about our son," Bungsu's Father said. "It means that he is a good kid."

"I agree, Father. I hope all our sons grow up to be filial sons," Bungsu's Mother said.

In the morning, the village where Bungsu's Father and his family lived was very cool and refreshing. Birds chirping on the trees. Light breeze blew among the leaves. Bungsu was now six years old. He was approaching his father, who was preparing some provisions to take to the forest.

"Father, can I come with you to the forest?" Bungsu asked, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Sure, why not. Go and take a bath first. You need to be fresh if you want to come. I'll wait for you," Bungsu's Father said.

"Yes, Father!" Bungsu said and ran quickly to the bathroom.

"Mother, I'm taking the children to the forest," Bungsu's Father said to his wife.

"Oh? Alright," she replied.

"Boys, are you ready?" Bungsu's Father asked his sons.

"In a moment, Father. Bungsu is still changing," Ka Satu replied.

"Alright, be quick," Bungsu's Father said.

"Father, we are ready!" Ka Duo called loudly.

"Alright, boys, say goodbye to your mother. Don't forget to kiss her hand," Bungsu's Father told them.



“Yes, Father,” the boys said in unison.

“Mother, we’re leaving,” Bungsu’s Father said to his wife.

“Yes, Father. Be careful. Keep an eye on the kids,” Bungsu’s Mother replied.

“Ka Satu, take care of your brothers, okay,” Bungsu’s Mother told her oldest son.

“Yes, Mother, I will,” Ka Satu said.

“Bye, Mother,” Bungsu called, waving his hands.

Along the way, the boys joked and played games on each other. Soon, they arrived in the forest. As usual, Ka Satu gathered firewood. He only took the dried branches and never cut the trees. Ka Duo went on his own way to find tubers. Ka Tigo searched for edible leaves and vegetables, while Ka Ampat climbed several trees to pick fruits. Ka Limo waited under the trees and gathered the fruits that Ka Ampat threw down. Bungsu's Father went to the river with Bungsu. He was teaching Bungsu to catch fish using bamboo sticks. He had sharpened the end of the sticks to stab the fish with. Bungsu paid close attention to his father's explanation. In just a few tries, he had managed to catch a fish.

"Father, look! I catch a big fish," Bungsu called, holding up the fish he had just caught.

"That's very good, Son. You are almost an expert," Bungsu's Father chuckled. "Now try and catch more," he added.

"Father, I got another one," Bungsu said a moment later.

"Good, put it in the bucket," Bungsu's Father said.

While Bungsu and his father were busy catching fish, Ka Satu, Ka Duo, Ka Tigo, Ka Ampat, and Ka Limo approached them. The five boys quickly put down the baskets of fruits, tubers, and vegetables they brought and grabbed bamboo sticks. They jumped in the river and helped their brother catching fish. Once they caught enough, they headed home.



All the way home, Bungsu talked non-stop, telling his brothers about his first experience catching fish.

About an hour later, they arrived home. The six boys went to the back of the house to take a bath. When they were finished, Bungsu's Father went and cleanse himself. As usual, they then gathered in the house to have a meal.

Many days went by like that. Bungsu's Father was now old and often fell ill. He began to take his children to the forest every day, helping him with the load. Every day, while his other sons were doing their own tasks, Bungsu's Father taught Bungsu to catch fish. It did not take too long for Bungsu to master the art of fish-

catching.

“Mother, I caught many fish today!” Bungsu always yelled as soon as he arrived home. “Mother, could you cook spicy sour fish soup for me, please,” Bungsu asked his mother one day.

“Of course I will,” Bungsu’s Mother said, taking the fish from Bungsu’s hands.

“Bungsu, we’ll sell some of these fish in the market. We need the money to buy some rice,” she added. “Yes, Mother. I know you are doing what is best for us,” Bungsu said.

“What fish will you cook for the spicy sour soup, Mother?” he asked.

“*Patin* fish, Son,” his mother said. “*Patin* is the best fish for spicy sour dish,” she added. Her hand expertly cleaned the fish in front of her.

“This is *Patin*, isn’t it, Mother?” Bungsu asked, pointing at a fish.

“Yes, that’s the one. You are now good at recognizing the fish, Son. I’m so proud of you,” Bungsu’s Mother said, smiling happily. “Father taught me well.”

“You are a smart boy,” Bungsu’s Mother said. “Now go outside and play.”

“Yes, Mother. Call me when the fish is ready,” Bungsu called when he was at the door. “I will,” Bungsu’s Mother called back. She then took the fish to the kitchen.

One morning, when the air was still cold, Bungsu and his brothers had woken up. As usual, they were going to the forest with their father. That day, they arrived at the forest earlier than usual. Thus, they decided to sit for a while before starting to work. Bungsu sat close to his father.

“Father, why are there many animals in the forest?” Bungsu asked.

“Because forest is their home,” Bungsu’s Father replied.

“It is also the home for various plants and trees. The forest provides many things that we can use for our daily lives,” he added.

“So, my good boys, don’t you ever burn the forest. Don’t do anything that might harm it. Protect it and keep it lush because forests are critical for our life. Forests are important for man, animals, and plants in the planet,” Bungsu’s Father concluded.

“Father, look, there’s a rabbit under that bush,” Bungsu said, pointing at a rabbit that was busy chewing on some leaves.

“*Abang*, come and catch it. We can take it home and keep it as a pet!” Bungsu called his brothers.

“Don’t do it, Son. If you cannot take care of it properly, it may die. Isn’t that a pity?” Bungsu’s Father told him off. “Let it live happily here, in the forest,” he added. “Yes, Father,” Bungsu said.

“Alright, now let’s go to work,” Bungsu’s Father said.

“Yes, Father,” the boys said in unison.

Bungsu ran to the river to catch fish. He stayed in the water for two hours and caught a lot of fish. Bungsu’s Father was glad to see what a good job his son did.

“Father, I have caught enough fish, can I go see *Abang* Ka Ampat and Ka Limo?” Bungsu asked.

“Alright, go on,” Bungsu’s Father gave him permission.

Soon, Bungsu was standing side by side with Ka Ampat and Ka Lima near a mango tree. “*Abang*, look! That mango tree bears so many ripe fruits!” Bungsu said to Ka Ampat.

Bungsu was a very nimble boy. He climbed the tall tree in just a few minutes. His hands were busy plucking mango fruits from their stem. He threw them lightly for Ka Ampat and Ka Limo to catch. Under the tree, Ka Ampat and Ka Limo caught the mango that Bungsu threw. They also gathered those that slipped from their grasps and fell to the ground. A few moments later, Ka Satu, Ka Duo, and Ka Tigo gathered near the tree.

“Bungsu, come down here. You have picked a lot. Come on down, let’s play!” Ka Satu yelled.

“Give me a moment, *Bang*. Let me pick just ten more,” Bungsu said, still plucking ripe mangoes.

“Come on, Bungsu!” Ka Satu called again, “We have gathered enough!”

“Wrap it up, Bungsu!” Ka Duo said.

“This is the last one. I’ll drop it. Catch it, *Bang!*” Bungsu yelled from the branch above. “Drop it!” Ka Duo yelled. “Bungsu, come on down,” Ka Satu said.

“I’m coming.” Once he climbed down the mango tree, Bungsu and his brothers played in the lush forest. Meanwhile, Bungsu’s Father rested under a banyan tree nearby. While they were playing, two deer, two horses, a wild goat, and a mousedeer approached them one by one. It was as if the animals wanted to make friends with them.

“*Abang*, look at them,” Bungsu said cheerfully, stroking the deer’s head.

“Here, eat this,” Bungsu feed the deer young leaves.

“This horse is amazing. Look at its beautiful jet black hides,” Ka Satu said, stroking the horse’s back.

“*Abang*, look at that goat. It’s so cute. Its head is white but its body is black!” Ka Tigo exclaimed excitedly.

“Bungsu, come here, quickly. This mousedeer is so tame and friendly!” Ka Limo called Bungsu.

“It’s so pretty. Its brown hides are so soft and the black dots along its back is so cute...” Ka Ampat said with admiration.

“Father, I want to ride on the horse’s back,” Bungsu called his father loudly.

Bungsu’s Father got up and approached the boys. He picked Bungsu up and put him on the black horse’s back. Bungsu, a courageous boy, did not feel anxious at all even though the horse was a wild one. Amazingly, the horse stood still when Bungsu sat on its back. Bungsu was elated. He rode the horse around the mango tree, laughing all the time.

“Bungsu, don’t go too far!” Bungsu’s Father cried. “Be careful, Son!”

A few minutes later, Bungsu’s Father called again, “Bungsu, come back here. It’s time to go home. The sun is almost down!”

“Yes, Father,” Bungsu replied.

Bungsu turned the horse towards his father and brothers. Once the horse stopped, Bungsu’s Father helped him climbed down the

horse's back. Then they all went home. At home, Bungsu recounted his experience riding the black horse to his mother.

“Mother, I rode a wild horse in the forest,” Bungsu said.

“Really?” Bungsu's Mother said with amazement. “Didn't you feel scared at all?” she asked.

“No, Mother. It was very friendly,” Bungsu said.

“You are so courageous,” Bungsu's Mother said. “Now go take a bath, we'll eat soon,” she continued.

“Yes, Mother,” Bungsu replied obediently.

3. Live Without Father

The following morning, Bungsu's Father took his sons to the forest as usual. However, he asked them to go home earlier than usual, even though they had only gathered so few. At home, Bungsu's Father went straight to bed. Bungsu's Mother quickly checked on her husband.

"Father, wake up."

"I'm feeling unwell," Bungsu's Father said with a croaked voice.

"You are burning up. I'll bring a wet towel to cool you down," Bungsu's Mother said. She then took some lukewarm water and wet a towel in it. She put the towel on her husband's forehead carefully.

"Just rest, Father. I'll make you some herbal concoctions from roots and leaves. It might help you get better soon," Bungsu's Mother said, leaving her husband alone.

Soon, Bungsu's Mother returned to the room with a glass of herbal medicine.

"Here's the concoction, Father. Drink it up quickly while it's warm," she said.

"Now go to sleep, Father" Bungsu's Mother said after her husband had emptied the glass. She carefully put a blanket over

Bungsu's Father.

“Boys, your father is ill. You shouldn't go to the forest tomorrow. Beside, we still have some provisions for today and tomorrow,” Bungsu's Mother said to her children.

“What happens to Father, Mother?” Bungsu asked.

“It's just a fever, Bungsu. Maybe he's just exhausted,” Bungsu's Mother replied calmly.

The sun was at its zenith. The air was so hot. Bungsu had never left his father's side since they returned from the forest. Bungsu's Father's temperature had not gone down, even though he had drunk the herbal medicine several times.



When Bungsu was changing the wet towel on his father's forehead, Bungsu's Father had a difficulty to breath.

"Mother! Mother! Father cannot breathe!" Bungsu cried, calling his mother.

"Father! Father!" Bungsu's Mother called his husband frantically. Her hand was busy applying some ointment on his chest.

"I... I... leave... the ... children... with you," Bungsu's Father said in a broken voice. Soon after that, he let out his final breath. Bungsu's Mother and the boys cried. Neighbors began to come to the house and helped preparing the funeral. Some of them consoled the family. Bungsu's Father was buried in the village cemetery, not too far from their house.

After Bungsu's Father passed away, Bungsu's Mother became the breadwinner in the family. She went to the forest every day with her sons. Bungsu's Mother and Ka Satu were in charge of gathering firewood. Ka Duo searched for edible leaves and vegetables, Ka Tigo looked for edible tubers, Ka Ampat and Ka Limo picked fruits, while Bungsu caught fish in the river.

Bungsu was very good at catching fish. When his father was still alive, he had taught Bungsu the correct way to catch fish. Bungsu usually caught many big fish, some of which would be consumed by the family while the rest were sold.

Early in the morning, before the roosters even crowed, Bungsu had got up. He approached his brothers and tried to wake them. However, none of them did. He then went to the kitchen, seeing his mother who was washing the dishes. Bungsu asked for her permission to go to the forest. He was going to catch some fish. Bungsu's Mother gave her permission because they did not have any more fish to eat for the day. Thus, Bungsu walked alone to the forest. By the time the sun was fully risen, he arrived. In the forest, a river with clear water ran calmly. It was so clear that one could see the fish swimming in it. With a bamboo spear, Bungsu caught the fish. It did not him too long to catch fifty big fish. He then took them home.

At home, Bungsu gave the fish to his mother. Seeing how many fish Bungsu managed to catch, Bungsu's Mother was very happy. She then told Ka Satu to bring some of the fish and sell them in the market. Ka Satu went there with Ka Dua. They spread a *pandanus* mat on the ground in the market and arranged the fish on the mat. The fish were sold out in just a couple hours. Ka Satu used some of the money to buy some rice.

As soon as they arrived at home, Ka Satu handed his mother the rice and the rest of the money. Bungsu's Mother took the rice to the kitchen and began to cook. Meanwhile, her six sons played happily in the front yard. They played a game of hide and seek. Bungsu's Mother could vaguely hear their cheerful laugh from

the kitchen. Once the meal was ready, Bungsu's Mother called them in to eat. The six boys raced each other to the house. They washed their hands and quickly sat in a circle, surrounding a basket of rice, a plate of fried fish, a bowl of tamarind vegetable soup, and a plates of mango slices. They finished the meal happily.

One day, Bungsu went to the river in the forest as usual. However, unlike the previous days, he could not catch even one fish. Bungsu sailed on his small boat along the river, trying to find a better spot to catch fish. He had to bring some fish home. He watched the river so intently, trying to spot a fish. He was so focused on watching the river that he paid little attention to where he was going. Soon, he lost his bearing. He did not know the way home. Bungsu cried, thinking about his mother and brothers.

“Mother... Mother, I am lost, Mother.”

“Mother, I am afraid.”

“Mother. . . Oh, Mother, I am here all alone, Mother.”

“Mother, I want to go home,” Bungsu sobbed.

“*Abang Ka Satu, Abang Ka Duo, Abang Ka Tigo, Abang Ka Ampat, Abang Ka Limo*, I am so afraid, *Bang*,” Bungsu called his brothers while wiping the tears on his cheeks.

While he was crying and sobbing, a big boat approached

Bungsu's boat. A man in a beautiful attire stood on the bow, looking at Bungsu. He was a wealthy merchant. Because he pitied Bungsu, the merchant jumped to Bungsu's boat and asked him why he was crying.

"Why are you crying, Boy? Are you alone?"

Bungsu said nothing.

"Don't be afraid, Boy," the merchant said. "Tell me your name and I might be able to help you."

"Here, shake my hand. There's no need to cry. There's no reason to be afraid of me," the merchant continued, holding his hand out.

"My name is Amri. People usually call me Amri the Merchant," the man added.

"What's your name, Boy?"

"My name is Ka Anam and people call me Bungsu," Bungsu finally replied.

"Why are you all alone?" the merchant asked.

"I am lost," Bungsu said, wiping his tears away.

"Don't be sad, now. I am here, you are not alone anymore," the merchant said, stroking Bungsu's head.

“Where is your father?” the merchant asked.

“My father had passed away,” Bungsu said. Thinking about his father, Bungsu began to cry again.

“I’m sorry to hear that. Come on, don’t cry. You can think of me as your father if you want,” the merchant said.

“Do you have any siblings?” he added.

“I do. I have five older brothers,” Bungsu replied.

“What about your mother?”

“Mother is at home with my brothers,” Bungsu said. He then told the merchant his life story, up to that point. He explained why he was lost.

The merchant smiled when he heard Bungsu’s story. He then held out his arms and embraced Bungsu. The merchant had been married for a long time, but he had no children. That was why he decided to adopt Bungsu.

“Bungsu, I have no children of my own. I want to adopt you as my son. What do you say?”

“I’d like to, Sir,” Bungsu replied.

“Good. From now on, call me Father and you’ll live with me,” the merchant said. “Come on, let’s go home,” he added.

Bungsu and the merchant then got in the big ship and sailed to the merchant's home.

"Father, how long does it take to get to your house?" Bungsu asked.

"If all is well, about twenty-four hours," the merchant said.

"It's so long."

"Yes, it is."

"Father, look over there! There's a little yellow bird. It's so pretty," Bungsu said, pointing at a little bird perching on a branch of mahogany tree.

"That's called canary, Son. It could sing beautifully," the merchant explained.

"What about that one, on the acacia tree? What bird is it, Father?" Bungsu asked, pointing at the bird.

"That's *jalak* (starling)," the merchant said.

"Its yellow beak is beautiful," Bungsu said.

"Every creature that God created is beautiful, Son," the merchant said.

"We have to take care of the bird, so that they don't go extinct.

But not by capturing and keeping them in a cage. We have to keep the forest lush, and let the birds be free,” he added.

“Yes, Father,” Bungsu said.

“Father, what is that?” Bungsu pointed at an animal on the river bank.

“That’s an anteater,” the merchant said. “It’s one of the animals that you cannot kill. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Father,” Bungsu nodded.

“Alright, now go eat. There’s some provisions my wife packed over there.”

“Yes, Father, I’m going to eat now.”

A few minutes later, Bungsu had returned to the merchant’s side.

“Father, I’ve finished my meal. I’m full,” Bungsu said. “Father, look up there! There’s a plant attaching itself to that branch.”

“Yes, it’s called an orchid. It grows by attaching itself to other plant.”

“It has beautiful flower,” Bungsu said.

“Yes, it does. It’s getting late, why don’t you go to sleep?” the merchant stroke Bungsu’s head.

“Yes, Father. Good night,” Bungsu said.

“Good night, Son,” the merchant smiled.

The following morning, Bungsu and the merchant woke up, feeling refreshed. Their ship had gone on sailing while they were asleep.

“Good morning, Father,” Bungsu said.

“Good morning, Son. I see you sleep so soundly last night.”

“Yes, Father.”

“You are not sad anymore, are you?” the merchant said, handing a glass of water to Bungsu.

“No, I’m not. I’m not alone anymore. I have you, Father,” Bungsu said, embracing the merchant.

“Thank you, Son. Thank you for letting me adopt you. I promise to treat you as my own,” the merchant said.

“Thank you very much for that, Father.”

“Well, let’s have some breakfast,” the merchant said.

After having breakfast, they stood on the prow of the ship, enjoying the view of forests on their either side.

“Father, what is that? Under that *sialang* tree?” Bungsu asked. He

knew that *sialang* tree was a favorite place for bees to build their beehives.

“That’s a hedgehog. It has sharp thorns on its back, so you have to be careful around it,” the merchant explained.

“What bird is that, Father?”

“That’s an eagle. It eats meat.”

“That eagle is so big,” Bungsu said in amazement.

“Yes, it is. I think eagles are among the biggest birds in the planet.”

“Father, how much further is your house?”

“Don’t worry. We’ll arrive soon”

“Yes, Father,” Bungsu said.

4. Being the Adopted Son of the Wealthy Merchant

After a day and a night sailing on Indragiri River, they finally arrived at the merchant's village. The merchant quickly took Bungsu to his house. He called his wife and introduced Bungsu.

"My dear wife, come here. Meet Bungsu," the merchant said. "I found him crying on his boat. He was lost and had nobody else, so I decided to adopt him. What do you say?"

"I agree with your decision."

"Come on, boy, go on take a bath. After that, we'll have some lunch," the merchant's wife said to Bungsu.

"May I call you Mother?" Bungsu said.

"Of course you may. You are our son, now," she said.

"When you are finished, you can change your clothes with this one," she added.

"It's so beautiful. Thank you, Mother," Bungsu received the clothes with gratefulness.

"You are welcome. We'll wait for you at the dining table," the merchant's wife said, smiling sweetly.

After lunch, the merchant's wife said, "Bungsu, my son, I'll take you around the village. The people should know that you are our

son.”

“Yes, Mother,” Bungsu said.

“Come, let’s go,” she said, taking Bungsu’s hand.

“Mrs. Amri, who is that boy?” a neighbor asked.

“He’s my adopted son,” the merchant’s wife replied politely.

“He’s a handsome boy,” the neighbor said.

“Thank you,” the merchant’s wife said.

“Excuse me, madam, we have to carry on,” she added politely.

“Oh, yes, please.”

After walking for about one kilometer, they arrived at a market on the bank of Indragiri River. They saw several people gathering there.

“Mrs. Amri, where are you going?” a man greeted them.

“Just going for a walk,” the merchant’s wife smiled.

“Who is that handsome boy with you?”

“This is our adopted son. His name is Bungsu.”

After exchanging pleasantries with the people, the merchant wife said, “Please excuse us, ladies and gentlemen. We have to go

home now.”

“Mother, are we going home? I’m tired,” Bungsu said.

“Yes, we are going home, now.”

When Bungsu was seventeen, the merchant began to teach him about his business. He taught Bungsu the arts of trading. Bungsu was a fast learner, he soon became good at trading. Every day, he followed the merchant and observed everything.

“Bungsu, I have taught you all I know. I’ll give you all my businesses once you turn twenty,” the merchant said one day.

“Thank you very much, Father. I will not disappoint you,” Bungsu said.

“Good. Very good,” the merchant said, feeling satisfied.

Once he turned twenty, Bungsu had become a handsome and wealthy man. He was well known in the village and the surrounding areas. As a handsome and wealthy young merchant, Bungsu became arrogant.

He led an extravagant life, throwing parties almost every day. He burned money as fast as he earned it. Many people turned to dislike him.



“Bungsu, don’t you pity your parents? Your father worked very hard to earn money and you just throw it away with your parties,” one of Bungsu’s friend reminded him.

“My parents are wealthy, they can afford this. Even if I hold a party every day, they will still have a lot of money left,” Bungsu said. “Come one everyone, let’s party,” he called to his friends.

One afternoon, Bungsu and his friends had a walk. On a crossroad, they met one of Bungsu’s neighbors.

“*Abang* Bungsu, good afternoon,” the boy greeted him. Bungsu ignored the boy.

“Bungsu, why did you ignore him? I thought you knew him,” his friend asked.

“Why should I greet him? He’s a poor boy. He doesn’t deserve my attention,” Bungsu said arrogantly. “Come on, let’s go!” he added.

One day, Bungsu borrowed on of his father’s ship to sail on the river. He wanted to fish and have some alone time.

“Father, may I borrow you ship, please? I want to fish in the river,” Bungsu said.

“With whom will you go?” the merchant asked

“I’ll go by myself, Father. It’s been a while since I sailed,” Bungsu replied.

“Very well, you can use any ship you want. Just be careful,” the merchant said.

“Thank you, Father,” Bungsu said. With his father’s permission, Bungsu took the biggest and most beautiful ship and sailed Indragiri River.

5. Bungsu Met His Mother

After sailing for one day and one night, Bungsu decided to have some rest. He steered the ship to the river bank and tied it on a big tree. Bungsu laid down on the grass for a while. Then, he opened his lunch and had a hearty meal while enjoying the peaceful forest around him.

The birds chirped cheerfully above his head, reminding Bungsu about his childhood. While he was reminiscing, an old woman approached him. She looked very old and frail. She walked with a bent back. Once she was close enough, the old woman looked at Bungsu's face so closely. She walked around him, trying to look at him from every angle. Suddenly, she threw herself at Bungsu and cried.

"My Son, where have you been? I have been looking for you everywhere!" the old woman, who was indeed Bungsu's Mother, cried.

"Let me go! Let me go, you filthy woman!" Bungsu yelled.

"I'm not your son!" he yelled, trying to get away from the old woman.

"Bungsu, I am your mother. Come with me, I and your brothers missed you so much," Bungsu's Mother said. Tears streamed her wrinkled face.

“Let me go! You are not my mother!” Bungsu yelled loudly. “My mother is young and beautiful. You are an ugly old woman!”

“My Mother is rich, she wears beautiful clothes, not like you! Look at your tattered clothes, you poor woman!” Bungsu added with a mocking tone in his voice. “Bungsu, why are you doing this?” Bungsu’s Mother asked desperately.

“Go away, you filthy woman! Or I’ll kick you!” Bungsu snarled.

Seeing that the woman would not leave him, Bungsu kicked her face. Bungsu’s Mother fell down, but she pushed herself up again. Bungsu kicked her again and again, and his mother got up and tried to embrace him every time.

“My Son, I miss you so much. You have been gone for so long. Have you forgotten me?” Bungsu’s Mother wept.

“Forget you? I don’t even know you! Go away!” Bungsu pushed the woman away.

“How can I, this handsome and this rich, have a mother like you!” Bungsu yelled at her face.

Bungsu then pushed her until she kissed the ground. Her lips were bleeding because she hit a rock when she fell. Bungsu’s mother tried to get up and cursed Bungsu.



“My son, Ka Anam. My son, Bungsu. I am your mother. I gave birth to you. How dare you to disown me?” Bungsu’s Mother said. Her voice was mixture of sadness and anger.

“My son! With the heaven and the earth as my witness, I curse you! Let the storm strike you and the river claim you!” Bungsu’s Mother cried, pointing her walking stick at Bungsu. Bungsu tried to ignore her. He quickly untied his ship and got on board. Bungsu’s Mother wept on the river bank. As soon as Bungsu’s ship began to sail, the river churned. The calm water turned into a maelstrom. A whirlwind descended from the sky and hit Bungsu’s ship. Soon, the ship began to sink.

“Mother, please forgive me, Mother!” Bungsu cried with fear.

“Mother, please... please... forgive me! Help, Mother, help...” Bungsu cried.

His regret could not save him. The curse had fallen. The wind struck the boat and split it. The whirlwind snatched Bungsu’s body and flew him up. Then, it threw him to the ground. Bungsu died with his face flat on the ground. Bungsu’s body then turned into a hill that people called Bukit Lapat. Meanwhile, his sunken ship also turned into a hill that people called Bukit Tobat.

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