

**YOUNG PRINCE TANJUNG BENGKULU**  
*Pendekar Muda Tanjung Bengkulu*

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## YOUNG PRINCE TANJUNG BENGKULU

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# Pendekar Muda Tanjung Bengkulu



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Cerita Rakyat dari Sumatra Selatan

Ditulis oleh  
**Suryami**

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## **Pendekar Muda Tanjung Bengkulu**

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### **Hak Cipta Dilindungi Undang-Undang**

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## Foreword

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

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

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

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

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

Jakarta, June 2016

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

## Preface

I thank God, for without God's blessing the story *Young Prince Tanjung Bengkulu* wouldn't have been able to be completed.

This South Sumatra folktale is taken from the set of "Folk Story From South Sumatra "published by the Project Inventory and Regional Culture Documentation, Ministry of Education and Culture, Jakarta, 1982. The story in this book was taken and compiled from the story of South Sumatra people entitled *Anak Dalam*. The author tried to re-imagine the story, and at the end of the story, the author created it in another form. The story tells a life journey of a young man from Musi Rawas, who was willing to learn martial arts in an empire led by a wise king. Because of his perseverance, he was appointed as a young warrior and also a warlord in the empire.

Hopefully this story can add an insight into literature and stimulate the souls of students to care about the development of literature and culture in Indonesia.

Bengkulu, April 2016

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## **YOUNG PRINCE TANJUNG BENGKULU**

### **The Atmosphere at the Queen Pani's Palace**

One day, alongside the tweets of the birds, the morning looked a bit flawless. The people around the kingdom were still falling asleep. At the bench on the terrace in front of his palace, there remained Ahwanda Jaya, sitting down and gazing at very thoughtfully. In that palace, he lived with his father and younger sister. His mind wandered. He recalled his mother, Queen Pani, who had just passed away a week ago because of a heart attack. So many teardrops fell down from his eyes. His little heart never stopped wondering why she left very fast.

To Ahwanda, Queen Pani was such an incomparable mother throughout the universe. Even he had ever said that there were snowballs rolling over his mother's heart. She was the complete mother he had ever owned, kind-hearted and tireless to protect her children.

A month before her death, Ahwanda Jaya fell down on the ladder in the palace, which got his left leg broken down. As a consequence, Ahwanda needed someone to keep him company when he wanted to go somewhere. During her life, every single day, Queen Pani used to keep him company, walking around the

palace while enjoying the natural exotica. However, it even would not happen anymore.

“Oh, Mom. If you were here, it would have been obvious for us to walk around the garden, witnessing the colorful flowers,” Ahwanda whispered by heart, “Now who would take control of your role, Mom?”

Ahwanda woke up to his daydreaming. He tried to stop and smell the roses. However, it was, he should be happy as he still had his father and younger sister, named as Remandung Nipis. His father’s name was called as King Magedi, the leader of Tanjung Bengkulu Kingdom, Sumatera.

When Ahmanda was still trying to recall his mother, Queen Pani, his father had been standing up next to the bench he was sitting on, keeping a close watch on him. Shortly after, King Magedi got close to him.

“I know that you must suffer from a deep condolence because of your mother’s death, son. Not only you suffer from it, I and your sister, Remandung Nipis do too. Even all the people in Tanjung Bengkulu do too. They’ve lost someone who used to be angelically kind-hearted,” said King Maged while rubbing his son’s head.

King Magedi was trying so hard to bury his head in the sand about Queen Pani’s death, the one who’d born him children.

But, why did God Almighty take her away very fast, Dad?" Ahwanda was a bit crying to reply his father's talk.

"That's been destined, son," King Mugedi tried to get trusted. "Ahwanda, what you should know is that there are three absolute things the God had destined to happen upon the humankind since in the womb, livelihood, marriage partner, and death. Therefore, you need to be sincere on your mother's death. If you are too deep in falling upon your sorrow, Remandung Nipis would be very pitiful. She must be just like you, falling into the deepest sorrow. I do hope that you date with destiny."

Right after King Mugedi was finished with his preaching, Renandung Nipis approached them. In fact, the little girl had slightly eavesdropped their talking.

"Dad's true, brother. As a humankind, we cannot be too deep in a sorrow. Just cross your fingers for Mom, so she could feel peace and not die in vain," Remandung even looked stronger and calmer than him.

Approaching and staring at his father, Remandung tried to express what his brother was concerned on after their mother's death.

"I'm sorry, Dad. I don't mean to be rude about this matter. As I know, it seems that he is, now, in the spot of bother. Right now, he must need someone to share all his concerns and keep him in

protection for his leg hasn't been better yet, at least, the one who would keep him company to walk around the palace every morning. By then, he would be able to enjoy himself, with the tweets of the birds and the dews on the leaves. Am I correct, brother?

Ahwanda remained silent and lowered his head, feeling wary of Remandung Nipis' statement. All his sister told was completely true. He felt lonely after his mother kicked the bucket. In fact, Remandung Nipis would love to care about Ahwanda, but he just did not want to burden her, his one and only sister.

After heeding his sister's statement, King Magedi was petrified. Actually, he was even more caring about him.

"I know you very well, Ahwanda. Don't be too fractious, though! You are a boy! Be patient! I'll try to find the solution. *Inshaallah* (God willing), everything would be fine!"

Noticing to his father promising, Ahwanda was getting marvelously stronger than that of before.

## **The Visitors from Ujung Padang**

Since after the conversation that took place on the terrace, with his father, and sister, Ahwanda was getting in high spirits. Apparently, because of his father promise, his face turned out to be so cheerful that he looked handsome as he used to be.

At noon, the brother and sister, children of King Magedi, were very happy. They were glad to know that there would be guests coming to the palace. They were a group of farmers from Tanjung Bengkulu who resided around Ujung Padang and some jumping-off corners.

Both the children never differentiated the poor from the rich, those living at the country from those in the city, and traders from sailormen. All the guests they put respect.

At the noon, Remandung Nipis was having on a long dress with the golden stitches around the tip of the sleeves and collar. Meanwhile, Ahwand Jaya wore a long-sleeved shirt, with a sarong plaid and a cap with a golden stitch in its edges. Their charm truly pampered all the eyes over the palace.

Their faces were arcing the true politeness, friendliness, and pride. They were very proud of having a kind-hearted father, like King Magedi. In fact, he was known as a wise and philanthropic king throughout Tanjung Bengkulu. As a parent, King Magedi

was even the happier man and proud of his children more, as he had been granted with a couple of charming children.

In the middle of his concerns, King Magedi still had time to get into the society and participate to establish the country under his authorship. The way he led the people was adored by everyone, both the society and the high officials of the kingdom.

As the king, King Magedi do not hesitate to visit the people who lived in villages, which somehow were quite far from the kingdom, in order to check out how their life was like. During his authorship, all the broken roads were always found out fixed. The farmlands and garden were all set fenced with bamboos. In addition, almost each of the villages had masjid (mosque). Weekly, all the society, both the men and women, also the old and the young, were hand in hand to clean up the ditch and road so as to exhibit the witchery of Tanjung Bengkulu as clean, beautiful, and peaceful.

In addition to being fair-minded and wise, King Magedi was also renowned as the humble. All the people put respect and praised him, especially for his kind-heartedness. There were often so many visitors coming to visit his palace, even only stepping by just to have a face-to-face session with the king. They were always kindly welcomed fully-hearted, full of friendliness, by King Magedi. Even there were some of the guests staying over the night in the kingdom for two or three days.

The guests began getting into the area of the palace, Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis had been standing up in front of the gate of the main hall room. Both of them kept smiling at, greeting, and shaking hand with all the visitors, hospitable. In one occasion, when there was a man shaking hand with Remandung Nipis, she got petrified for a while and held back his hand. The man had a slight mustache, just like her father.

Shortly after, there was a half-aged lady. Remandung Nipis also held back her hand for quite long, even stronger. Then, teardrops were falling down to her cheeks. Remandung Nipis, immediately, embraced the lady for she had brought all the memory with her mother back. The lady could do nothing when she embraced and cried upon her. She well understood that Queen Pani had passed away, leaving her out forever, a couple of weeks ago.

“I know how your feeling is like now, love! God takes her away as He’s Very Willing. Not only do all the people in this palace feel a deep sorrow, we, as the part of Tanjung Bengkulu Kingdom, do too. We completely feel the bereavement upon the queen we used to respect so much,” the lady persuaded her while rubbing her shoulder.

“We’re very happy to have your visit here, and also the others too. Thanks to all ladies and gentlemen.





I keep a close watch on the fact that you often make a visit here since the queen had passed away. It's supposed that all of you here could feel what we really do," Ahwanda answered calmly and friendly.

After all the guests were done welcomed, all of them were sent off to the main hall where King Magedi was having a seat on by the soldiers. Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis entailed from the back. They could not be more cheerful, at that time.

Calmly, King Magedi was shaking hand to each of the guests. Like his children, he also loved to be visited. Kind-heartedly, he welcomed all the people who wanted to visit the palace. They were very happy to visit the palace, even though they would just see or deliver the harvest for the king and all the people within the palace.

"Your Majesty, please receive this little gift from us. This is the harvest from the farmers in Ujung Padang, as our love symbol upon you," said Bujang Ganang, the headman of Ujung Padang village while handing in the harvest like papayas, mangos, jackfruits, durians, and some bundles of vegetables he had brought for the king with his other friends, Larik Satu and Pindanu, and other farmers.

“This is also the harvest from our garden in Kembang Sari, Your Majesty.” The headman of the farmers from Kembang Sari also handed in the harvest to the king.

And so did all the headmen, they, in turn, to give in some of their harvests to the king.

“I’m very happy to have your visit here, ladies and gentlemen. Have a seat and take some rest! You all must be tired because of the long journey you’ve been through by foot.

“Yes, Your Majesty. Thanks for welcoming us here, in your palace. We don’t even feel tired. We’ve been accustomed to visiting our king, let alone in this kind of situation. We’re still in deep condolence because of Queen Pani’s death,” answered Pindanu, a farmer, calmly.

“My children, Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis, would be happier if all of you be staying here over the night. You could tell us about the circumstances of the farmers in Ujung Padang, Kembang Sari, Kapuk Tunggal, and many others,” replied King Magedi smiling hospitably while taking hold of Pindanu’s shoulder.

“We’re sorry, Your Majesty. Beforehand, we’d like to thank you so much for your kindness to us. For now, we think we can’t fulfill your request to stay over here along the night. We’ll be back home to Ujung Padang. Some of us would be to Kapuk

Tunggal, Kembang Sari, and other villages. We take a pity upon these ladies for they have to look after their little children,” Bujang Ganang answered in a full respect.

“Alright. If so, it’d be better if you have your lunch and do *Ashar* praying first. Afterward, you may go back home.”

After all his guests were finished having their lunch and *Ashar* praying, King Magedi came close to them, and handed in a sarong and praying mat as gifts.

“Take home these little gifts from me. I hope this would be meaningful to you. I pray that you would gain a much more harvest.”

After they were leaving, King Magedi just woke up to that Ahwanda Jaya did not join to release them home. In fact, he was wondering by heart if something happened to his son.

“Where is your brother, Remandung Nipis? Why doesn’t he join us to release them home?”

“He’s in his room, Dad. He said that his leg was a bit of pain. Perhaps, it’s because he was standing too long. Before all the guests were back home, I’d tried to call upon him, but no response.

## **Anak Dalam and Atuk Gindo**

When the sun began going west, all the farmers returned from their farmlands, ducks went back to the cage, and the lights were turned on throughout the village. At that time, Tanjung Bengkulu was visited by a handsome and brave young man from out of the village. The young man, therefore, take his rest at the house of Atuk Gindo, a teacher for reciting Al-Qur'an – his house was not that distant from the palace.

“What's your name, son?” asked Atuk Gindo while giving him a glass of water.

“I'm Anak Dalam,” answered the young man while cleaning up his sweat with his brown old-looking handkerchief.”

“Uh-uh, your name's Anak Dalam? I'm Atuk Gindo, the teacher for reciting Al-Qur'an in Tanjung Bengkulu. People commonly name me as Atuk,” while having on his cap, he continued to get much further information from the young man. “Where do you come from, Anak Dalam? What makes you here?”

“I'm from Musi Rawas, located at the northern side of Palembang. It's been ages I've known the magnificence of the kingdom under the control of King Magedi. Some people in Musi Rawas, have been well-informed about the kingdom in this Tanjung Bengkulu. In addition, based on the information, he's

known as kind-hearted and philanthropic to anyone, which gets him ubiquitously well-known. Is that true, Atuk?

While tidying up his sarong, Atuk Gindo answered as necessary, “Yes, what you said are all correct, son. After all the children were finished reciting Al-Qur’an, I’ll tell you about the king and our life here in Tanjung Bengkulu. Now take a ritual ablution, and let’s have a *Maghrib* (dusk) prayer.”

In a modest *mushalla* (Islamic prayer room), next to his house, Atuk Gindo was fulfilling the dusk prayer together with others. Further, Anak Dalam positioned himself at the front row alongside other gents. The second row was positioned by the children, the students of Atuk Gindo. At the back row, separated by a white curtain, there were the ladies together with the girls.

Before the reciting Al-Qur’an was begun, all the children had taken a seat already and held their own Al-Qur’an. Hence, Atuk Gindo started to introduce Anak Dalam to all his students.

“Hi, all my kids, today we have a new colleague from Musi Rawas. He’s Anak Dalam. You may greet him, *Kakak* (the addressing name to the older).”

All of them stared open-eyed at the north corner of *mushalla*. They felt amazed and speechless upon his beauty. In his position, he was sitting down by crossing his legs, apparently calm and tired. He, then, replied their greetings with nodding and smile.

After all the children were done reciting Al-Qur'an Atuk Gindo came back to his house together with Anak Dalam. Before sleeping, Atok Gindo continued the talk to Anak Dalam.

“All you had said were completely true, son. Our country, Tanjung Bengkulu, was under the lordship of the fair-minded, wise, and kind-hearted king. Despite his position as the leader, he's very nice. Also, he's very friendly to all his subordinates, and also society. He also never differentiates the people, like the rich from the poor. He's very well-known for his modesty. He truly teaches us how to live in respect with other people: putting respect to the older and giving love to the younger. Any suggestion and advice he articulates to us would be something we are holding on to live in society throughout the country.”

Anak Dalam was listening carefully to all the statements of Atuk Gindo. Once, he nodded, looking well-informed at all his statement. Atuk Gindo, then, continued talking.

“But now, all the people here were still in a deep sorrow, son.”

“Why, Atuk? What are they suffering from?”

“Yap, we're feeling bereaved upon the death of King Magedi, Queen Pani, forever. She had passed away a couple of weeks ago because of a heart attack. In fact, she was known as kind-hearted, friendly, and polite. Now we've completely been bereaved upon her,” Atuk Gindo looked sad.

“I’m so sorry to hear that, Atuk. I hope that the king, together with his children and all the people in the palace be patient and strong to deal with such a horrible sorrow,” Anak Dalam answered calmly while trying to wipe out all the misery of Atuk Gindo. Then, Atuk Gindo just smiled slightly at Anak Dalam.

The night was getting darker. Atuk Gindo, then, cut off the conversation and let him take some rest on the mat his wife had prepared. At that night, he was sleeping very well.

Since the arrival of Anak Dalam at his house, Gautk Gindo and his wife were very glad about that. It had been seven years that Atuk Gindo and Nilam Puti in a marriage, but they had not been gifted any children. Thus, it would be alright if Anak Dalam was treated just like their own son. The neighbors around his house were amazed at his charm. On the top of that, many of them attempted to get closer to him, the one from Musi Rawas.

Sooner or later, the presence of Anak Dalam in Tanjung Bengkulu was known by King Magedi. The King had received the information about the young man by the people around his palace. Then, by heart he said.

“Perhaps, this is the perfect time to find out a comrade for my son, Ahwanda Jaya. By then, they can be sharing story each other and maybe telling jokes as well.

Without any delay, King Magedi commanded his subordinate, named as Buajin, to have a visit to Atuk Gindo, for getting to know who Anak Dalam actually was. After collecting as much information as possible from Atuk Gindo and Anak Dalam, he returned to the palace soon. Afterward, he told all he knew to the king, especially about who Anak Dalam actually was.

“Excuse me, Your Majesty. I’ve been just from Atuk Gindo’s house. There, I met face to face, with Anak Dalam. He’s from Musi Rawas. He’s been waiting for quite long to come here to meet you, Your Majesty. He said that your wise and nondiscriminatory lordship had been widely-heard throughout his hometown. All of the society over there are admiring you so much, Your Majesty.”

“How does he look like physically, Buajin? Slim? Overweight? Tall? Or short?”

“He’s tall and charming, Your Majesty. He’s very handsome, and he’s got thick eyebrows and sharp-edged nose unlike mine, which is so pugged, Your Majesty,” Buajin told him while taking a hold to his nose.

“Any other things you know than that?”

“Surely, Your Majesty.”

“What’s that about?”



“His smile, Your Majesty. His is so charming.”

“Don’t joke, Buajin. What else?”

“Also, based on Atuk Gindo information, the young man is also religiously-equipped, well in reciting Al-Qur’an, and never taking leave upon his responsibility for praying.

“Then?”

“He’s also known as genius and morally-equipped, Your Majesty.”

“Such things have brought grist to my mill,” said King Magedi to himself.

“Why so, Your Majesty? Is there anything weird from what I’m talking to you just now?”

“Not at all. Now please call upon Palito! Two of you go see Atuk Gindo now! Ask him and the young man to come to the palace. Tell them that I’d like to meet the young man.”

“Roger that, Your Majesty.”

Shortly after, Buajin and Palito arrived at the Atuk Gindo’s house. There happened a serious talk. That was a big moment to Anak Dalam, something he had been waiting for all this time, to

meet the king. Gladly with all the sincerity, Atuk Gindo, together with Anak Dalam, went to the palace.

Arriving at the palace, Atuk Gindo and Anak Dalam were friendly welcomed by Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis. In a sudden, Ahwanda felt that the young man from Musi Rawas would bring something meaningful to change his life. Immediately, Ahwanda precipitously appeared in a high spirit, like recharged. He was smiling at the deepest of his heart, until then Remandung Nipis, the beautiful young teen, looked to hold back her smile because of his beauty.

“I’m sorry, Your Majesty. I’ve been sassy to your country,” greeted the young man while kneeling down in front of King Magedi.

“Get up, and have a seat on that chair,” King Magedi appointed one of the chairs close to him, in the hall room of the palace. Then, he continued saying, “Anyway, what brings you here, in Tanjung Bengkulu, son?”

“Viva to Your Majesty! That’s the peace and prosperity of this kingdom that brings me here, Your Majesty. It’s been ages I’ve been through longing to arriving at Tanjung Bengkulu, then meeting you, Your Majesty. Your sense of lordship has been very well-known to my hometown, Musi Rawas. Besides, people said

that in Gelungi Island, there's a venue of Martial Arts College. That's why I wish I could learn about martial arts, Your Majesty."

"Alright, son. Now I've known very well the goal of your arrival here. Ah, once again, you're name's Anak Dalam, isn't it?"

"It is, Your Majesty."

"Alright, Anak Dalam. From the way you behave, I think that you're firm and strong-willed. Besides, based on your prior statement, I, as the king, strongly suggested that you be here with the members of the kingdom officials. I'm sure that my son, Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis, would be very pleased upon your presence here. Would you mind?"

"Not at all, Your Majesty. I'm very glad to hear that. You've brought all my dreams into reality, allowing me to live in the palace and, at once, become the part of your relatives."

At glance, Anak Dalam stared at Atuk Gindo. He got up out of his chair and got close to Atuk Gindo. He thanked Atuk Gindo for everything he, all the time, had been giving. Afterward, he embraced Atuk Gindo strongly, the one he knew the first, and received him in Tanjung Bengkulu.

"Thanks for the deepest of my heart, Atuk. You've received me very well and sincerely since my arrival at here, in Tanjung Bengkulu. It's only God Almighty who would repay off all your

kind-heartedness, Atuk. Send off my great apology and gratitude to Madam Nilam Puti. I hope you, along with Madam Nilam and all your students, be always fine.

## Two Adoptive Siblings

Now, Anak Dalam had been living with his adoptive father, King Magedi, at the palace, in Tanjung Bengkulu. Every single day, he was always together with his 2 younger siblings, Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis. They were living in peace. In daily life, three of them had been through happiness and sadness, in a close togetherness. In fact, King Magedi never differentiated his love and affection upon the three.

With Ahwanda Jaya, Anak Dalam felt that both of them were the brothers. They were both handsome. In addition, they had got a sharp-edged nose, thick eyebrows, and charming smile. Only their skin color and age were different; Ahwanda Jaya's was more yellowish and younger than that of Anak Dalam.

Ahwanda Jaya, currently, had been looked more passionate than that of before. Every morning, Anak Dalam was always keeping him company to enjoying the fresh air.

Ahwanda Jaya told Anak Dalam everything about the love and affection that he used to receive from his late mother.

“That’s it, *Kak*. Usually, Mom accompanied me to walk around the palace. Both of us would lick our lips to see the fog over the leaves, alongside the tweets from the birds.”

Anak Dalam let Ahwanda Jaya tell all his heart wanted to. In fact, he referred to himself about the sorrow when he was sick, no mother was caring for him. He showed off none of his sorrows, though. He tried to keep smiling and comforted his pain.

“Now I’ve been with you, Ahwanda,” Anak Dalam tried to hearten.

“Yap, but it’s just recently *Kak*. Many weeks I’ve been through after my mom kicked the bucket. I no longer could see the dew over the leaves for they’ve been fallen down and moved to be my teardrops. All the tweets were no longer adorning my life as it’s changed to be a jingle of sorrow.”

“You should be tougher, Ahwanda. You’re not allowed to be down in the dumps.”

“That’s the reality, *Kak*.”

“Even though I’ve been just a couple of day being here, I see that both of your dad, King Magedi, and elder sister, Remandung Nipis, love you quite much. As a gentleman, we need to be strong and firm.

You, indeed, had lost your mom, but that doesn’t mean that you’ve lost everything, self-confidence and motivation, brother,” Anak Dalam uttered a bit firm to get Ahwanda stronger.

That was it, day by day, Anak Dalam kept accompanying his adoptive brother and attempted to bring back his confidence as well as motivation; and so did he to Remandung Nipis. He was so wise. Anak Dalam, in season and out of season, gave her protection from anything that might get her harmful or sad.

Every night, before sleeping, Anak Dalam always invited both of his siblings for a small conversation on the bench on the front veranda of the palace. Anak Dalam had been the one to whom



Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis cried on and shared the story of the day. Somehow, both of them got him amused, touched, and pleased for their stories were so many.

Day by day, it had been two years Anak Dalam living in the palace together with King Magedi and family. He felt that there was something he needed to talk about with his father.

“Regarding my getting older, I couldn’t be living in the palace together with King Magedi, Ahwanda Jaya, and Remandung Nipis. I shall go back to my prior intention of visiting Tanjung Bengkulu. Enlighten me Allah, God Almighty ...” prayed Anak Dalam to end up his *tahajjud* (night praying after sleeping) praying.

He recalled what he intended to do when coming to Tanjung Bengkulu. In addition to being interested in the peace and prosperity of the country, he also intended to learn about martial arts and mysticism.

At the dusk, when King Magedi stood apart at the yard next to the palace, Anak Dalam got close to him.

“Excuse me, Dad. Would you mind if I said something to you?” Anak Dalam looked hoping.

“What’s that, son? Is there something wrong happening between you, Ahwanda, and Remandung?”



“Not at all, Dad. Not about them, actually,” he got closer to King Magedi.

“So, what’s the matter, then? Tell me soon, son!

Doubtfully and a bit shyly, Anak Dalam stated his intention from the deepest heart, “Dad, I hardly need to say my prior intention to come here from Musi Rawas. Besides aiming at getting to know you, I also have a desire to learn about martial arts and mysticism in Tanjung Bengkulu as I’d told you when we first met.”

“Oh, so you? Continue your talking!”

“Alright. So, it’s been two years, and I’ve been here with you for that long, enjoying the life at the palace, with Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis. They are my lovely brother and sister. Never do I think that they are strangers to me.”

King Magedi nodded while stroking his beard. No words were coming out of his mouth. Meanwhile, Anak Dalam took the chance to keep telling him about his intention.

“If you don’t mind, I’m going to wander to *Pulau Gelungi* (Gelungi Island) for a couple of days ahead. It’s rumored that there is a well-known teacher of martial arts, whose mysticism is even unquestionable.”

“Alright, I give you a favor for that, son. In fact, it’s very hard for me to let you go because of Ahwanda, but that’s okay. His wound had been gradually healed. Indeed, I couldn’t let you only stay at the palace in every single day with all your cleverness, intelligence, and skillfulness.”

“Thanks, Dad. I’m very happy to get your permission for learning about the martial arts,” Anak Dalam, then, kneeled down in front of the king.

After getting the permission from his adoptive father, Anak Dalam was thinking long and hard about what he should say to both of his siblings, especially to Ahwanda Jaya.

Because King Magedi was known as wise and kind-hearted, he had already informed his two children beforehand about the intention of his adoptive brother, and at once, persuaded them to let him go for a while. When Anak Dalam met his siblings, both were feeling a bit hard about his intention of going to wander, but he tried to understand.

## **Learning about Martial Arts on Gelungi Island**

When the dawn was coming, Anak Dalam and two soldiers of the kingdom were getting ready to walk upon Gelungi Island. After having such a long journey, they finally arrived at Gelungi Island, at the dusk.

Shortly after, they, then, met the famous teacher for martial arts throughout the village, which was commonly called as Ambang Birah. Both of the soldiers revealed what brought them there, and told him about the message of King Magedi. Shortly after, the soldiers headed off Gelungi Island, returned to Tanjung Bengkulu.

It had been a couple of days in Anak Dalam staying over at Gelungi Island. Many of the people set their heart on just seeing the adoptive son of the king, the one who was already known as tough and charming: the males and females, the young and old, even the children all wanted to.

“*Subhanallah* (The Great Allah God Almighty). What a handsome man! He’s tall, got a black hair, got thick eyebrows, and got a sharp-edged nose. He’s superbly awesome compared to us,” one of them praising Anak Dalam.

“He is! If I have a daughter, I’m going to get him married to her.” All were laughing at him, then.

Some people tried to sway their hands and smiled at Anak Dalam, as a sign of admiration. All the females did want to miss the chance, as well, to do the same thing. Anak Dalam replied to all of them while smiling back at them.

Right now, since his coming to Gelungi Island, the Martial Arts College of Ambang Birah was always full of visitors at night.

On Gelungi Island, Anak Dalam was punctually learning about martial arts and mysticism. He never stopped learning for he was very dedicated and consistent person. In the end, he had finally well-mastered all the knowledge about martial arts and mysticism, just within a couple of months. Ambang Birah got amazed to see his skill and cleverness in martial arts.

One day, Ambang Birah expressed his amazedness to Anak Dalam. For that reason, he granted him as a young fighter.

“To be frank, as a teacher, I couldn’t be prouder of you, Anak Dalam. It’s truly rare to encounter a person just like you, mastering all the martial arts strategies very well,” while staring at Anak Dalam proudly.

“You’ve been a young fighter now, Anak Dalam. Today, witnessed by all your counterparts, I grant you as a young teacher for this martial arts college I take control of.” Ambang Birah shook hand to Anak Dalam while taking a hold to the one he was proud of the most.

All the people then applauded to him.



## **The Young Fighter of Tanjung Bengkulu**

After the leaving of Anak Dalam for taking his learning of martial arts and mysticism in Gelungi Island, Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis looked down in the mouth. They felt that there was something lost – as he lost the figure of someone who was always taking care of both of them. Even though his father had tried so hard to ensure him about the leaving of Anak Dalam, Ahwanda still kept questioning about his return.

Even somehow, he often requested his father to pick him up as soon as possible. Meanwhile, Remandung Nipis kept feeling down in the dumps after Anak Dalam decided to wander to Gelungi Island.

King Magedi was in dilemma. He should think long and hard about the situation their children had to suffer from. On the other hands, he truly hoped that his adoptive son was a young fighter in Tanjung Bengkulu, considering the passion he had shown off all this time. With full of consideration, King Magedi finally assigned his two soldiers to pick Anak Dalam up to Gelungi Island. In fact, he had been informed about the fact that Anak Dalam had been perfectly mastered the martial arts, even he'd been granted as the young fighter in that college.

When it was getting cloudy, the wind was blowing relaxingly. Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis, altogether, were staring at

the sparrow stepping by the top of the frangipani plant growing up in the yard in front of the palace. They were surprised as suddenly, at the back of them, there had been standing up the one they had been missing all this time.

They were embracing, releasing all the longing that had got them sad. Nevertheless, Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis got shocked after taking a look at his appearance, which changed a quite much.

“You’ve now got a thicker mustache than that of before, anyway,” Remandung Nipis took a hold on his mustache.

“That’s true. You never had on any belt previously, but why you do now? It’s even very big, isn’t it? That’s awful!” Ahwanda joked a bit plainly.

Anak Dalam replied to their siblings by smiling at them. He was very glad to meet them for he had never had any rendezvous with them, the ones he did love much, for about 17 months and 17 days. Now they had been reunited in a very well condition.

When all of them were still having a quality time to release their longing, King Magedi came and embraced him so tightly.

“Welcome home, The Young Fighter of Tanjung Bengkulu!”

Anak Dalam did feel honored upon his dad's saying. As a gratitude for his success in Ambang Birah's college, he kneeled down in front of King Magedi.

"I'm sorry, Your Majesty. I've been now back here safely. I promise to be always ready for all the commands you uttered to me, King of Tanjung Bengkulu."

Despite the fact that now he had been the young fighter, he stayed paying full attention to all his siblings. Right now, Ahwanda would not be feeling lonely and down in the mouth any longer. His teardrops had turned back to be the dew over the leaves, and the jingle of sorrow to be the tweets of the birds. Remandung Nipis was also blissful about that she would get a nice affection from her adoptive brother.

King Magedi did not want to trifle away the potential of his adoptive son after learning about martial arts. Firmly, with full of hope, the king suggested that Anak Dalam establish a college of martial arts and mysticism. A couple of weeks later, with a good cooperation between him and King Magedi, Anak Dalam, together with the society, established a martial arts and mysticism college, with Anak Dalam as the headman.

Hence, King Magedi named the college as "*Kardatalu*" standing for "*Pendekar Muda Tanjung Bengkulu*" (The Young Fighters of Tanjung Bengkulu). That was located nearby the palace, only tens



of meter long. Every day, he was always present at the college. Also, Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis often came to the college just to watch their brother in action.

Only in three days, there had been so many young men who enrolled *Kardatalu* Martial Arts College. Anak Dalam was sincerely teaching all the knowledge about martial arts and mysticism to all his students. The young men, thus, were very blissful to have such a kind-hearted, friendly, and smart teacher.

Shortly after, it had been widely shared that there was the young fighter in Tanjung Bengkulu, renowned as the skillful and incomparable teacher for martial arts. For that reason, many young men, out of the country such as *Sungai Saring*, *Ampang Batu*, and *Buluh Rimbun*, came there for learning. In addition, some of the people were from out of Sumatera.

As the same as before, when he was learning to Ambang Birah, Anak Dalam often praised and admired to his students who had shown their best talents in martial arts as well as mysticism. Among his students, some of whom were well-known: Bayang Pinang from Tanjung Bengkulu, Larak Rambai from Ulu Ketaun, Lanja Jawe from Java Island, Linjang Besawai from Belitung, Rempo Pari from Lintang Empat in Musi, Abu Mashur from Mecca, Arab, and Omar Percan from Malaya Peninsula. Those seven aforesaid right-hand men of Anak Belajar had been

learning until the end. During in Tanjung Bengkulu, they were living at *Kardatalu* College.

Regularly, the seven men were invited by King Magedi to have a dinner at the palace. Even they were often to stay over at that magnificent palace. This, of course, would get the two children of King Magedi, Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis, happier.

“I’m very proud of you, guys. All of you are very smart and skillful in martial arts and mysticism,” said Magedi at the dinner session with all the students of *Kardatalu* Martial Arts College. While staring at each of the young fighters, including Anak Dalam, Magedi continued talking.

“If there are not any obstacles, on Thursday after *Isya*’ praying, I’d like you to perform the martial arts you’ve well mastered, and you as well, Anak Dalam!” King Magedi ordered Anak Dalam and all the attendees.

“Roger that, Your Majesty,” Linjang Besawai nodded.

“Okay, Dad. We’d love to show you our performance of martial arts,” Anak Dalam responded to Linjang Besawai’s nodding while staring at his adoptive father.

“Alright. I, together with Ahwanda Jaya, Remandung Nipis, and all of the people here, would be present to see your martial arts exhibition, as our entertainment after harvesting season.”

“Entertainment for harvesting season?” Abu Mahsur was questioning. That was very normal as in his hometown, Mecca, none of the people knew what paddy was alike. So, there was not any harvesting season.

“Yes, entertainment for harvesting season,” King Magedi explained to Mashur about the term.

Abus Mahsur just nodded, indicating that he had been informed after his explanation.

“Besides, as the headman, I’d like to preserve the martial arts of Tanjung Bengkulu. I hope that the martial arts wouldn’t only be loved by all the people throughout Tanjung Bengkulu, but also all the people throughout Sumatera or other countries other than those.

“Excuse me, Dad. If so, we can’t refuse it. Tomorrow, I’m going to honk *cenang* (a gong-like music instrument) to warn the people of watching out the martial arts exhibition at the arena nearby the palace.

When the D-day was coming, a flock of people headed to the arena; the males and females, the olds and young, and even the children, all were present. They were having on colorful clothes; the ladies having on a long dress up to the heel; the gents having on a long-sleeved shirt; the teens having on the dress up to covering their knees, and some of whom having outfits with laces

at the collars and tips of the sleeves. They were not only the locals who came to the event but also the outsiders. Some of them carried out snacks and soft drinks to the arena.

The people of Tanjung Bengkulu could not be happier. It was very rare to see them gathered into one, alongside the family of the king in the arena. In common, the entertainment for harvesting season was held at noon. But, because the event had been officially announced a day before, the people, thus, could understand and accept that.

One by one, all the students of *Kardatalu* Martial Arts College were performing various movements in martial arts, which was then followed by the seven high-achievers: Lanja Jawe, Omar Percan, Bayang Pinang, Larak Rambai, Linjang Besawai, Rempo Pari, and Abu Mahsur. All the society, further, welcomed and applauded them rousingly.

All the attendees were totally amazed when Anak Dalam was performing in the arena. Anak Dalam was not only the headman of the martial arts college, who was famous for his charm but also known as friendly, calm, and morally-equipped. At the night, he was wearing a black martial arts outfit, combined with the golden shade in the collar and the tip of the sleeves. In addition, he was having on *galembong* pants (pants for martial arts performance) until covering his ankles. His performance truly pampered all the people's sights.

“Oh, King Magedi must be so proud of him. What a charming prince,” said one of the attendees.

“Of course, he is. I myself, as one of the society, am very proud of him, let alone the king,” said another.

The applause and shouts from the attendees were getting upbeat when he, in turn, was to fight with each of his 7 excellent students. With his reflect moves, he stepped his feet over the ground. When performing the martial arts, he was just like performing *Pasambahan* dance (the traditional dance from Minangkabau). Somehow, he was acting just like the one who would get into a war. At the night, full of joy, Anak Dalam had become the most valuable player. Out of his 7 excellent students, who had been well-known already, none of whom could get him subdued.

During the performance of Anak Dalam, Remandung Nipis could not stop staring at him. She was keeping a close watch on his performance, each detail of his movements. Besides, his outfit adorned his soul and charisma to be more mature and wiser.

Ahwanda Jaya, as the brother of his, was completely proud of his adoptive elder brother, let alone King Magedi.

“Really. You’ve brought a glorious fame to Tanjung Bengkulu, My Young Fighter,” said Magedi in a low voice.



## **The Commander**

After the seven excellent fighters returned to their own hometown, Anak Dalam was officially announced as the commander by his adoptive father. That had been considered thoughtfully by King Magedi.

“It’s very hard to accept all of this grant for me, Dad. I don’t deserve this actually, but I still have to take it as responsibility, as you requested, Dad,” said Anak Dalam shortly after the announcement of his new position.

“You can do everything, son. I’m sure you can. Try your best!”

“What about my brother and sister, Ahwanda Jaya and Remandung Nipis, Dad? They must be concerned with your decision.”

“About them, I’ll try to explain all to them.”

“What about our college, *Kardatalu*? Should it be dispersed?” He was a bit trying to enforce his father to reconsider.

“Don’t care about that! It won’t be dispersed. There’s your successor. Currently, the important thing is that you can do your new duty as the commander to keep the sovereignty of Tanjung Bengkulu protected.

The grant of Anak Dalam as the commander was truly feasible for he was commonly proud of as the firm, handsome, brave, and magically powerful man.

During his three-month performance on his new responsibility as the commander, he got a heavier burden. In fact, Tanjung Bengkulu was getting unsafe. One of the factors laid on the geographical factor of Tanjung Bengkulu. Actually, it was located nearby the ocean. Along with all this time observation, there were countless sails coming from out of Tanjung Bengkulu and docking at the coastline of Tanjung Bengkulu. Among all the sails, not all of them were coming with the purpose of trading and looking for herbs such as cloves, nutmegs, peppers, and many others, but somehow on the purpose of self-amusement upon the exotica of Tanjung Bengkulu.

It had been alleged for a long time before that not all of them came there with a good intention, but also an evil one. They would like to run for a robbery. The flock of robbers came from afar, such as Thailand, Peninsula, and China. They were sailing over the ocean by means of huge ships. In fact, the ships were well-armed, completed other such weapons as a lance, *keris* (traditional weapon), hatchet, and knife, together with some evil and heartless-look men.

One day, the people around the coastline felt insecure, thus, they reported it to King Magedi.



“Excuse me, Your Majesty. Been a long time, I’d like to tell about this to you, Your Majesty, about the ships that are docking at the coastline. Among those, there’s a mugger’s ship, Your Majesty,” Alunjio, the sailorman, told the king in a hurry to King Magedi.

“Where do they come from?” answered the king.

“I don’t have any idea, Your Majesty.”

“Who takes a lead?”

“It’s Jalak Lingka, Your Majesty.”

The herd of muggers was under the control of Jalak Lingka, which was known as the scariest herd of muggers. In fact, Jalak Lingka, alone, was known as the ruthless and grumpy. He had got a well-built body, bigger than that of Anak Dalam.

Hence, such kind of horrible information had got King Magedi burst with an emotion. He, immediately, called upon his commander, Anak Dalam.

“My Commander, Anak Dalam. Have you already heard the information about the arrival of the group of muggers under the control of Jangka Lingka? What you need to know is that Jalak Lingka was famous as a ruthless one throughout his country, located in the north of ours. As I know, that would need a great struggle just to conquer him, and none of the people is able to

beat him down. Therefore, this is your time to fight against and show him off your power.”

“Alright, Dad. I’ll try my best for that as your request.”

Shortly after, Anak Dalam, immediately, set for strategy and gathered all the troops to defeat the colony of Jalak Lingka.

“Dear all my troops. I know that you’re the brave. But, I hope that you are truly cautious when dealing with Jalak Lingka. Don’t be too hurry to kill him. It’d better if we arrest him first, and take him to our palace. Let the king decide.”

All the soldiers agreed to him. They had been ready to execute the order from their commander. Shortly after, a war happened. Both sides were still at a level, very strong. The war happened so tremendously.

The news about the war, between Tanjung Bengkulu Kingdom and the herd of muggers under the control of Jalak Lingka, was heard by some of the former students of the martial arts college led by Anak Dalam. As the sense of dedication to their teacher, they came to Tanjung Bengkulu, henceforth. The war was getting more violent, afterward. As the consequence, many of the muggers bit the dust, and so did the troops of Tanjung Bengkulu.

Since there were lots of his troops kicking the bucket during the battle, Anak Dalam was still having ants in his pants. To him, he

could not leave the battlefield before defeating Jalak Lingka. Along with the help from Rempo Lampi and Larak Rambai, the rest of the troops kept fighting epically. The war was getting immensely, on and on, but none of the two had found the victory.

“Come on, Larak Rambai. Don’t give up. Keep on fighting! Show them your power on this battlefield!” Anak Dalam motivated.

Feeling motivated by Anak Dalam, Larak Rambai was trying his best to release all the power and strength. Finally, he had been in a one-by-one duel with Jalak Lingka. In fact, Jalak Lingka was superb. Many times Larak Rambai tried so hard to strike him out, but he kept defending so well. Even his head had been stabbed over and over, but he was still tough. Eventually, in a perfect time, Larak Rambai found an impeccable chance to stab, perfectly, on the eyeballs of Jalak Lingka.

After beating him down, in a sudden, Rambai kneeled down in front of Anak Dalam.

“I’m sorry Mr. Commander. I’ve broken down your rule not to kill out Jalak Lingga. I think I’ve got to do that. If I didn’t stick my *keris* to his eyeballs, this war couldn’t be over. I don’t want to waste the chance, Mr. Commander.”

After he fell down on the ground, the seven excellent students of Anak Dalam immediately threw the corpse away to the sidelines of mangrove trees around the coastline. People said that after the

corpse was thrown away, the mangrove trees were getting more and more. Thus, until the present, many people are found spending their time by walking around the mangrove trees growing up in Pantai Pirang (*Pirang Beach*), in the northern coast of Tanjung Bengkulu.

After the death of Jalak Lingka by the subordinate of The Commander of Anak Dalam, Tanjung Bengkulu Kingdom returned to be normal as previously. There was no longer a herd of muggers coming to disturb the society. All of them were now back in peace. None of them was afraid of coming out home in the night, especially the sailormen who resided around the coastline.

During the battle against the herd of the muggers under the lordship of Jalak Lingka, many of the people were concerned about coming out of the home in the night. Nevertheless, after the leader of the muggers was killed out, all the children were thronging the *mushalla* and mosques again to learn about reciting Al-Qur'an. Hence, *Kardatalu* Martial Arts College was back in normal as the venue for all the young of Tanjung Bengkulu and others around to learn about martial arts. Everything in Tanjung Bengkulu had been returned to stability, safe and peaceful.



## **The Kidnapping of Dayang Kirani**

Back to King Magedi, he intended to find out the one who could be married to his son, Ahwanda Jaya, considering his getting mature.

At that time, when the full moon was coming out and the stars were shining, Ahwanda Jaya, Remandung Nipis, and Anak Dalam were sitting on the bench while joking on the veranda. King Magedi, then, called upon Ahwanda Jaya.

Because Ahwanda Jaya had been gone upon his father, Remandung Nipis directly headed to her room and took a rest. Meanwhile, Anak Dalam left the veranda and went to the quieter place, in the backyard of the palace.

King Magedi told Ahwanda about something that had messed up his mind, “My son, Ahwanda Jaya because you’ve been mature enough, I think you should find out the one who could take care of you, as a wife. Thus, be married soon.”

“Married? Are you sure that I should be married soon?” Ahwanda asked him back while taking a look at his left leg that was still a bit broken.

“I think that’s not the reason not to marry, Ahwanda. You can do anything, don’t you?” King Magedi getting a bit firmer.

“I do, Dad. But ...”

“What? What are you concerned about?”

“Nothing, Dad.”

“If so, then why are you still doubtful? You need to keep in mind, Ahwanda. Anak Dalam and Remandung Nipis were also getting mature.

“If you want so, I’ll be okay, Dad. But, tell me to whom I should be married? I don’t even have any prospective wife,” Ahwanda telling the truth.

King Magedi attempted to ensure Ahwanda Jaya that his prospective wife would be dependent on his adoptive brother, Anak Dalam. A couple of time later, King Magedi went to the backyard, approaching Anak Dalam who remained alone by himself. But, before getting close to him, King Magedi stopped his steps. King Magedi, then, kept a close watch on his loneliness and thought.

“He’s just been recently making jokes with all his brother and sister, hasn’t he? Is there anything wrong so that he’s now scratching his head? Maybe I’d be better if I let him stand apart.

With all his wisdom and consideration, King Magedi canceled his willing to talk to him about Ahwanda. King Magedi was feeling what he had been daydreaming of. Even though he had been a

powerful fighter, and the commander as well, he had to be in longing to his biological parents as well as his other relatives. It had been so many years Anak Dalam going to wander out of his hometown, Musi Rawas.

He remained seated on the brown rattan chair, thinking long and hard. He looked down in the mouth because of recalling his father, mother, and also his relatives in Musi Rawas. While staring at the grayish sky, and his heart mumbled, “Oh the moving clouds over the sky, could you please tell my dad and mom about my longing. It’s been ages I never see them any longer. I hope that they be fine!”

It was just like he had been in front of his parents. “Dad! Mom! I’ve been mature now. I’ve even become a commander for Tanjung Bengkulu. One day, I’ll visit Musi Rawas to see both of you and also Ranggori and Undung Peti. Anak Dalam was trying so hard to hold a lump in his throat. At that time, he looked so powerless, unlike the commander who was to be firm, strong, and sturdy.

King Magedi was still holding off his steps. He was paying a close attention to him from the chamber. While thinking long and hard of what to tell, King Magedi tried to approach and hold his shoulder.



“I know what you’re feeling right now, son. I’m sure that one day you could meet again with your mom and dad in Musi Rawas.”

Walking upon the living room, King Magedi glanced at him sadly, as if he did not want to let him down in the sorrow. Been inside of the room, he shifted the topic of their talking.

“Son, before you’re leaving to Musi Rawas to meet your dad and mom, I want to ask you for a help. I do hope you could bring it into reality.”

“What can I do for you, Dad? I’ll, of course, do that!”

“As you see that now I’m getting older. I want my son to displace me taking a lead over the kingdom. Before he’s announced as the king, he should be married first.” King Magedi paused his talking for a moment.

Before he continued talking, Anak Dalam interrupted him, “What do you mean, Dad?”

“I meant, now, it’s been told that in *Jiran* country (across the country, commonly known as Malaysia), in the Malay Peninsula, there’s a beautiful lady, the daughter of King Teluk Pandan. She’s named as Dayang Kirani. Her beauty’s been well-known throughout the universe.” The statement of King Magedi looked so certain, to get all the people trusted. Based on the story from all the people who had encountered her, she was said to be

morally-equipped as her way of talking was very lovely. The beauty of Dayang Kirani was awesome. She had got a long black hair unraveled, curved lashes, and thick eyebrows. Also, she had got a chubby cheek, sharp-edged nose, and pointed chin, which got all the people pampered to see.

While staring at Anak Dalam, King Magedi continued his order, “I want her to be your brother’s wife. For that reason, before the sun goes west, I want you, and all the entourage, be sailing upon Malaya. Please, be prepared all that you and the entourage need. Pick the beautiful Dayan Kirani. I do count on your power and skill of martial arts. You must be successful to bring her to Tanjung Bengkulu.”

“I’ll be ready for any order from you. I’ll try to put my best effort to do on this mission and pick Dayang Kirani out of Teluk Pandan. There’ve been hundreds of troops: soldiers, sailormen, and the other crews waiting. By a good willing and intention, I’m leaving out of here. Wish me luck, Dad. God willing, I’ll carry out Dayang Kirani with me.”

Along five days and five nights sailing on the ocean, finally, they arrived at the Peninsula. When the ship would dock at the coastal area of Peninsula Beach, there came a group of people approaching the entourage of Anak Dalam.

“Hi, the newcomers we’ve even never seen. How dare you are to step in this area! What brings you here?” one of them asking cynically.

“Dear, Sirs. With respect we come here, then please welcome us. We are from across this country, very distant from Perca Island. Actually, we want to have a visit to the kingdom,” Anak Dalam answered calmly.

“No, you can’t! There’s the rule before you get into the palace. You need to ...”

The man had yet to finish his words, but Rempo Pari, the student of Anak Dalam in the entourage, came out and looked so scary with his well-built bulk and huge shoulders uplifted. Then, he punched out all the people who tried to block the entourage to come in until they got fallen down on the ground. In fact, Anak Dalam had tried to stop him, but he could not help being so emotional.

By breaking through all the obstacles, attempting to get them blocked, finally, the entourage arrived at the palace. What a surprise! Anak Dalam met with the most dedicated student of his, who almost outperformed him. He was Omar Percan. It was such a surprising fact that he was the fiancé of Dayang Kirani.

At glance, Anak Dalam was thinking of many things. Is it okay if he, as a teacher, was kidnapping someone his student loved the

most as his prospective wife? Or should he cancel all his goals? But, what about his promise to the king, as his adoptive father, to pick up Dayang Kirani for Ahwanda Jaya, the one he loved the most as well?

With full of consideration, he was trying to wrap his head around. Regarding his responsibility as the commander and loyalty upon King Magedi, Anak Dalam had decided to kidnap Dayang Kirani. Finally, with all the tricks and persuasions to the King of Teluk Pandan or Dayang Kirani, they had succeeded to take her away.

In a day and night during returning home, Dayang Kirani was guarded by Anak Dalam just like his own sister. The huge sailboat was surrounded by many soldiers. Somehow, Anak Dalam looked at a glance at the charming Dayang Kirani. But, he was aware that his duty was only to pick and keep her protected up to Tanjung Bengkulu.

“Only Ahwanda Jaya deserves to marry Dayang Kirani,” Anak Dalam was taking a deep breath and closing his eyes for a moment.

After that, he kept questioning and speaking to himself by heart.

“I’m a good man, aren’t I? If yes, why should I steal out the fiancé from my dedicated student who’s been loyal to me? And my father, does he know that Dayang Kirani has had her own fiancé? But, I’m not the thief nor the kidnapper for I’ve asked for

permission from her parents. Let it go! This's the best way and destiny I should be through. I do my best, God will do the rest.”

Arriving at Tanjung Bengkulu, Anak Dalam and the entourage were directly welcomed by King Magedi. How happy he is to see Anak Dalam and the entourage return with Dayang Kirani. The beautiful lady was warmly welcomed by her prospective husband, Ahwanda Jaya. Such things had brought grist to their mill, in fact, Dayang Kirani was also attracted by the gorgeousness of Ahwanda Jaya. Never had she encountered the young man just like him in her hometown, Malay Peninsula.

Shortly after, by the arrival of Dayang Kirani, King Magedi announced the wedding ceremony between his son and Dayang Kirani from Peninsula. All the society were getting ready to attend the wedding party, later on.

On the seventh of July, the wedding was held. Ahwanda Jaya and Dayang Kirani were having on a golden-yellow wedding dress which was a bit combined with pink color. They had been a king and queen for the entire day – the groom looked so handsome, while the bride so beautiful.

Anak Dalam and Remandung Nipis as the householder also wore a royal party dress.

Anak Dalam having on shirt and pants, with original sarong from Tanjung Bengkulu and cap with golden stitches, while his sister, Remandung Nipis, having on a maroon dress covering her heels, with golden stitches in the collar and tips of the sleeves and a crown over her head. She got everyone looking at her attracted to her. Somehow, Anak Dalam was stealing a glance at Remandung Nipis. She was really charming. And so was Remandung Nipis upon her adoptive brother with all his magnificent charm too.



The attendees came and went: ladies, gents, the olds, the young, and all of the society from any backgrounds. They were not only coming from Bengkulu but also across it. Some of them carried out rice, vegetables, chicken, ducks, and many others as gifts.

The event was held for seven days and seven nights. The sounds of the kettledrum were pounding, and the gusts from the flutes were wooing. All the local arts were exhibited: martial arts, *debus* (a more-extreme performance of martial arts), and many others.

## **The Revenge of Omar Percan**

What about Omar Percan in Peninsula? Since his fiancé, Dayang Kirani, were gone, Omar Percan felt so wounded deep down. He poured out his anger to Anak Dalam. He was not only angry to his former teacher but also wanted to take revenge because his former teacher took his fiancé out. Let alone when Anak Dalam picked her up, all his companions during at Tanjung Bengkulu kept him company to run his mission.

“Oh God, forgive me if I want to get revenge on my teacher. I felt so inflamed deep down, my heart could not even afford this cruel reality. My own teacher had stabbed me back. Omar Percan shook his head, disbelieving in what had happened to him.

His heart then said, “I would never let it go. Since I’m still breathing, I’ll take any hardships out to chase my true lover. I have to pick Dayang Kirani from Tanjung Bengkulu.” Omar Percan did not even know that Dayang Kirani had been officially married to Ahwanda Jaya.

In the morning, when the sun went west, the coastal area around Peninsula Beach looked sunny. Omar Percan and his tough soldiers got on the sailing boat, heading to Perca Island. His intention was to murder Anak Dalam and bring Dayang Kirani home.



The arrival of Omar Percan and his soldiers had been actually sensed by Anak Dalam. As Commander, Anak Dalam would not keep silent. With all his armies, he assembled all his tough soldiers.

“Please forgive me, Dad. As a commander in this kingdom, I need to be all out. Besides taking care of you, Ahwanda and the Queen, and also Remandung Nipis, I need to defend myself and keep this kingdom safe and sovereign. Allow me and all soldiers to fight against them. Wish me luck and safe in the battle,” Anak Dalam asked for permission to King Magedi.

In coastal areas of Pirang Beach in Tanjung Bengkulu, the sailing ships of Omar Percan and the entourage looked faint, and finally, they got clearer and clearer.

Meanwhile, Anak Dalam and all his soldiers were ready to wait for his enemy to get closer. A few minutes after the ship was closer, there was a thumping sound. They did not even know what they had thrown away. Then, Anak Dalam and the soldiers started his action by throwing away some sharp-edged bamboos to the foe. The infinity war, therefore, was inevitable.

Anak Dalam underestimated the armies of Omar Percan, thus, many of his armies were dead. But all the armies of Omar Percan did not even surrender, they even got stronger and boosted up their defense. In a less-benefited moment to Anak Dalam, one of

the armies of Omar Percan struck out Anak Dalam and got him injured.

How happy Omar Percan was when Anak Dalam got injured by his soldier.

“You could feel the pain now, The Young Fighter. How’s that? My heart was more painful than that of this when you came and took Dayang Kirani away to your adoptive daddy!”

Anak Dalam was speechless and could do nothing, but surrendered to the situation. The witness said that he had been weakened. At that moment, the most-loved one by King Magedy was thrown away to the ocean. Some of the armies from Tanjung Bengkulu witnessed his being thrown away and sunk off into the high sea. They went home by having a lump in their throats.

How shocked King Magedi was after being informed that his adoptive son, as well as his lovely commander, was found dead at war! All the folks throughout the kingdom felt down in the dumps.

When Remandung Nipis knew that his lovely brother had kicked the bucket, she was crying heavily. She hugged his daddy, lamenting the death of Anak Dalam.

“Really, I never imagine that my brother would die very soon. Now, I don’t, any longer, have any shoulders to cry on,” while shaking his daddy’s arms.

“Why such a thing happened, Dad?”

King Magedi could say nothing, only shaking his head and taking a hold on Remandung’s shoulder.

Remandung Nipis then felt down in the dumps by herself. The charming girl really felt bereaved upon Anak Dalam, the one loving her mercifully. Indeed, Remandung was completely down in dumps, too deep.

## **The Dead-Alleged Man**

When Anak Dalam was thrown away by Omar Percan to the ocean, he felt nothing. He was not even weak nor painful, and he was not even moaning a lot. He even could chant melodiously. By his magical power, Anak Dalam returned to float the surface.

“Oh . . . Am I not mistaken?” said one of the soldiers of Omar Percan, Bakhih.

“What do you mean, Bakhih?” another responded.

“That’s . . . that’s . . . that’s Anak Dalam,” Bakhih stammered.

“Ah, please don’t be silly, Bakhih!” said the other.

“I am not silly. Just take look at the seas shore. That’s completely Anak Dalam, isn’t that?” answered Bakhih while pointing out the seashore where Anak Dalam was standing up.

“Yes, that is Anak Dalam. He’s still alive,” said another soldier.

All the armies of Peninsula wondered how it could happen, especially Omar Percan. They were even more astonished when they knew that he even could walk the way he did. He was still powerful.

Anak Dalam was getting closer to his enemy. Omar Percan used his brilliant thought. He immediately commanded any soldiers

who were holding a net to set him trapped. Consequently, Anak Dalam was shocked and got trapped in the net.

Omar Percan smiled happily and satisfactorily.

“Dear all my soldiers! We’ve got to come back to Peninsula. We must have a celebration of this victory, later on, in Peninsula! Get prepared!

“What about Dayang Kirani, Your Majesty?” asked one of his soldiers.

“Yes, what about her, Your Majesty? Our purpose of coming here is actually to get back your fiancé, isn’t it?” other soldier also responded.

At that moment, Omar Percan had no idea about taking her home from Tanjung Bengkulu Kingdom.

“Just let it go. Perhaps, she’s not my true destiny in this life,” Omar Percan looked down for a while.

“In a romance, I may be failed, but I am the winner of the war.”

“Yes, you win, Your Majesty. You do!” Bakhiah said.

“Yes, of course, I win, don’t I? This is a proof that I could outperform him, my former teacher, The Young Fighter of Tanjung Bengkulu, isn’t this? And today, he is my prisoner.”

“What? prisoner? What do you mean, Your Majesty?”

“I am going to bring Anak Dalam to Peninsula. I want all the Kingdom to know that I have been done taking a revenge on the one who set me and Dayang Kinanti apart.”

On the way back to the Peninsula, in the stern of the ship, Omar Percan sat anxiously, so many things he was thinking about. In fact, he made up his mind.

“Why do I have to bring my prisoner to King Teluk Pandan? It'd be better if he's got married to my younger sister, Rindang Kinali. He's a tough and powerful commander. Yes, I want one of the descendants of my relatives to be brave and charming.

When they arrived at Peninsula, Omar Percan stood apart from the entourage and brought Anak Dalam to the Teluk Pandan Kingdom. He did not think about anymore, especially about how to report to the King Teluk Pandan. He was only thinking of how to convince his younger sister, Rindang Kinali, to get married soon to Anak Dalam.

Anak Dalam was so speechless. He felt so disappointed deep down. But, never would he try to show off his blues.

“I do not feel upset being conquered by Omar Percan. My feeling blues truly lies on that I've been set apart from my adoptive daddy and two of my siblings in the palace.

All the people throughout Tanjung Bengkulu had alleged that I, The Commander, had been dead during the battle against Omar Percan. Oh . . . Perhaps, that's the best way for me. I am upon God Almighty.” Anak Dalam tried his best to accept all the destiny, and let Allah, The God Almighty, do the rest.

## Longing

When the drizzle dripped down on the roof of Rindang Kinali's house, Anak Dalam's heart started crying. The sorrow had, little by little, put him into the saddest situation. He did not even know when such a situation would come to the end. He himself knew. To him, it was really hard to forget his memories in Tanjung Bengkulu. He did not know why.

When dealing with the great plan for marriage with Rindang Kinali, a maiden of Peninsula, some pieces of moments he had been through was now haunting his mind. Those were very meaningful to him. He recalled his younger sister, Remandung Nipis afar in Tanjung Bengkulu.

“How will she feel if knowing that I'm still alive? How will she be if knowing that I'm going to marry to a maiden across Tanjung Bengkulu?”

Alongside the crackles of the frogs and thousands of drizzles at that forlorn night, Anak Dalam conveyed his feeling, been buried for years. That feeling was converted to the leaves without any dew.

*“My Princess, Remandung Nipis. I do not only perform as the brother who always keeps you company but also adores you mercifully. Since the first time I came to the*



*palace, since then my deepest heart fell into you. Every now and then, I always keep the emotion, to grow all at once. And, I will never let anyone come between us, but you, my princess. Now, this feeling is getting even stronger. Every moment, I dedicate all my attention alongside smiles to you. Indeed, never did we talk about romance, but I know there's a hope in the deepest of your heart. We can do nothing, my princess. Through feeling, we marry."*

Anak Dalam was very surprised by the booming-out sounds of thunderbolts, on and on. The sky turned out to be greyer. It was raining cats and dogs, very heavily.

## **The Return of Anak Dalam to the Palace**

Since the arrival of Anak Dalam at Peninsula, the people around where Rindang Kinali was residing kept questioning, who the charming man who came with Omar Percan was. In fact, Omar Percan was still keeping it secret that the one who would be married to his sister was his former teacher of martial arts, and also the one who got his relationship with Dayang Kirani broken apart.

However, the secret did not last that long. Omar Percan supposed that his parents share the information about the marriage to all the people in Peninsula, especially at Pebawak village. In fact, his parents alone were quite shock upon the decision of Omar Percan.

“It’d better if you tell me first about your intention to get Anak Dalam married to your sister, Rindang Kinali, Omar,” said his father to him in the family’s meeting at afternoon.

“I agree with your father, Omar. This isn’t a simple matter anyway. This is the matter of the heart. Have you clarified your sister about this? Would she mind being married to Anak Dalam?” his mother supported his father’s statement a bit annoyed.

“And the most important thing is that have you talked it to Anak Dalam? Does he love your sister? Don’t play a fire, Omar! Can

you imagine what will happen next?" the father getting Omar so tensed.

Omar Percan did not even reply their come-and-go questions to him. He remained in silence. To him, Anak Dalam should be married to his sister.

Because Anak Dalam was isolated in the separated room, he was just able to hear faintly about the conversation between Omar and his parents.

Even though the enforced lady was very beautiful just like the princess, Anak Dalam did not even fall in love with her. He had been trying so hard to do, but he never could. He was aware that, so far, his heart belonged to Remandung Nipis, the daughter of King Magedi in Tanjung Bengkulu.

The conversation between Omar and his parents was getting more serious. It was even heard a bit that Rindang Kinali was of the doubt since he was too cold upon her. She did not expect the marriage at all because it was just for a matter of revenge.

That finally made Anak Dalam change his mind. By all his brilliant ideas and a bit mysticism, gradually Anak Dalam escaped from his isolating room. None of the people knew that he had escaped from Rindang Kinali's house. Fast-lightning, Anak Dalam was walking through the borderlines of Peninsula.

In the coastline, there was seen a ship sailing with tons of loads heading to Perca Island. Tidying up his mustache, he was pretending to be a trader. Then, when the dust nearly came, the ship was sailing upon Perca.

After a serious debate with his sister and parents, Omar Percan went to the isolating room of Anak Dalam to let him know about the wedding. Shockingly, the room was empty. Anak Dalam had gone so away that Omar Percan got furious to death. He felt offended by him, the one with whom he should be married. He was struck dumb, his heart was broken apart. All the people were getting chaotic, but Rindang Kinali. She was unwilling to find him out, she did really never expect to him.

“It’s fortunate that people have yet to know about this wedding plan. If they do, they’re going to get me ashamed,” Rindang Kinali said calmly but sure.

Shortly after, after the five-day sailing, the ship had been in the northern coastal area of Sumatra, exactly in Tanjung Sanai. Because the arrival was at midnight, Anak Dalam was staying over at the house of a fisherman, named as Bujang Pinuk. He was a kind-hearted man. In fact, he was living with his wife and two of his children. Day by day, he was fishing at Tanjung Sanai. Anak Dalam tried to find out the information about all the ships which were docking at Tanjung Sanai.

“Do you know any information about the departure of the docked ships over here, Mr. Pinuk?” asked Anak Dalam hoping.

“Oh, sure! I do, the young man. Where are you going to go?”

“I want to get to Palembang, especially, Tanjung Bengkulu.”

“Tanjung Bengkulu?”

“There’s one, I guess. Be prepared! This morning the ship that carries out the herbs would depart to Pantai Pirang, especially Tanjung Bengkulu,” Bujang Pinuk ensured while pointing out one of the ships, which looked a bit small.

To him, such things had brought grist to his mills. He could not wait to see King Magedi and Ahwanda Jaya, let alone Remandung Nipis. Finally, Anak Dalam asked for permission to leave Bujang Pinuk and finally, soon run away to get on the ship with the herbs. During the journey returning home, to Pantai Pirang, none of the passengers knew him. In fact, Anak Dalam knew some of the crews for they often came to the palace, just to stop by and meet King Magedi, his adoptive father.”

“*Alhamdulillah* (All praises be upon Allah, The God Almighty) they don’t even recognize me. If they do, then I should tell them each of the details of my experience, which, perhaps, would take a whole day. Uh ...,” Anak Dalam was taking a deep breath.

Arriving at Pantai Pirang, Anak Dalam was immediate to get off out of the ship. Then, he was walking, a bit powerless, heading to Tanjung Bengkulu Kingdom. He was not wearing any attributes that indicated him as the commander nor the young fighter of Tanjung Bengkulu who had been known as undefeatable throughout Tanjung Bengkulu.

Unlike usual, if there were visitors coming to the palace, they would be always welcomed by Ahwanda and Remandung Nipis. At that time, he was just standing up in front of the main gate with some of the soldiers and kingdom maids. Ahwanda Jaya and Dayang Kirani were taking rest, while King Magedi sitting down on his magnificent throne.

“Where’s my princess, Remandung Nipis?” asked Anak Dalam by heart.

He said nothing. After shaking hand with King Magedi, he was having a seat on the bench in the living room. Hence, King Magedi felt weird and curious upon his guest.

“What happens, son?”

Anak Dalam shook head.

“Tell me! What brings you here to my palace?”

He kept shaking head.

“But, why are you silent? Are you mute?”

Again, he shook his head.

“From your physical appearance, I guess you’re not a commonality.”

Anak Dalam was still in silence, without nodding and shaking head.

“What will you tell me about? Tell me! Come on!”

Anak Dalam could not hold his feeling touched any longer, in a sudden, he kneeled down in front of his adoptive father.

“I’m sorry, Dad. I’m your son, yes, your son ...” Anak Dalam could not hold the lump in his throat any longer.

“My son? What do you mean?”

“A ... I’m Anak Dalam, your adoptive son, Dad,” Anak Dalam was trying to get him ensured.

“Oh ... my son had been dead during the battle against the troops from Peninsula, son. And you ...?”

“Alright, I won’t even enforce you to trust me for you’ve been completely sure that your adoptive son and, at once, your commander had passed away.”

“He had. Then, what’s your problem, then?”

Listening to the complicated conversation, Ahwanda Jaya, finally, came close to both of them.

“What’s happening?” asked Ahwanda staring at him calmly.

Looking at his adoptive brother coming, Anak Dalam unconsciously embraced him. “Where’s Remandung Nipis, Ahwanda?”

Ahwanda was getting wondered. He answered nothing.

“What happens to her?”

“I want to see her. There’s something I need to tell her.”

“Hey, young man. You know what? Since Anak Dalam has passed away, my daughter Remandung Nipis often set herself alone in her room. So many ways we’ve been trying to get her back as normal. Don’t make her much sadder!” King Magedi tried to get him believed in.

Getting such an information, Anak Dalam immediately ran upon the veranda next to the palace, for he had known that she would be there whenever she was down in the bumps. All the people in the palace were getting wondered about his actions. They, then, followed Anak Dalam from his back. That was completely true





that Remandung remained in blues at the veranda, sitting on the reddish bench. No one knew what made her scratch his head.

Highly confident, he tried to show her off how he used to amuse her. Anak Dalam was getting closer to her, Afterward. He began staring at her eyes calmly. At the first try, Remandung felt nothing. Soon after, she could feel something she was familiar with his adoptive previously. Anak Dalam said nothing, speechless. He kept staring at each other, full of love. Finally, she could find the certain answer from such a stare from the young man, right in front of her. Indeed, he was her adoptive brother, she loved and been missing the most all this time. They were hugging each other, to set them free from longing.

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