

VOVA SANGGAYU
Vova Sanggayu

Property of the State
Not for Commercial Use

Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture
Republic of Indonesia
2018

VOVA SANGGAYU

Translated from
Vova Sanggayu
written by Suryami
published by
Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture
in 2016

This translation has been published as the result of the translation program organized
by The Center for Language Strategy and Diplomacy Development,
Language Development and Cultivation Agency, Ministry of Education and Culture
in 2018

Advisory Board	Dadang Sunendar Emi Emilia
Project Supervisor	Dony Setiawan
Translator	Masni Fanshuri
Reviewer	Raden Safrina
Editor-in-chief	Theya Wulan Primasari
Editorial team	Andi Maytendri M., Ayu Dwi N., Didiek Hardadi, Ferry Yun, Hardina Artating, Herfin A., Lale Li Datil, Larasati, Meili Sanny S., Putriasari, R. Bambang Eko, Rizky Akbar, Roslia, Saprudin Padlil, Syukron Ramadloni, Toni Gunawan, Yolanda

All rights reserved.
Copyrights of the original book and the translation belong to
Language Development and Cultivation Agency,
Ministry of Education and Culture, Republic of Indonesia.

Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture, Republic of Indonesia
Jalan Daksinapati Barat IV, Ramangun, Jakarta
Telepon (021) 4706287, 4706288, 4896558, 4894546
Pos-el: badan.bahasa@kemdikbud.go.id
www.badanbahasa.kemdikbud.go.id

VOVA SANGGAYU

There was once a boy named Ijo who lived with his grandmother, Nana Tupu, in Kampung Tanjung Babia, Mandar Pattae. When he was five, his parents set off for the Island of Borneo, leaving him behind. Ijo was much too young to remember any of it and he had never once asked Nana Tupu about his parents' whereabouts. Though it was usually just the two of them, Ijo was never lonely. And neither was Nana Tupu. Living with her beloved grandson made the old woman very happy.

The house where Nana Tupu and Ijo lived was surrounded by trees that were planted by Nana Tupu herself. They had banana trees, cassava, papaya trees, sweet potatoes and many others. When it was time to cook, all Nana Tupu had to do was go out and harvest the vegetables growing about the house. In her other gardens, Nana Tupu also had several coconut and cocoa trees. She was known to the neighbours as a bit of a horticulturalist as she loved to plant and nurture trees and would grow anything that could be of use. The way she saw it, planting trees made it possible for her to raise her grandson. It was little wonder that she earned reputation for being a generous landowner. Her gardens yielded just enough to make ends meet and yet, Nana Tupu was content for she always had some to spare for the neighbours.

One day, Jirana, one of Nana Tupu's neighbours came by the house.

"Nana, my husband has been at home, lying sick for two days. Begging your pardon, I was wondering if you could spare two litres of rice for today's meal, Nana."

"Why, of course, Jirana," replied Nana Tupu.

"Thank you, Nana. I'll make sure to return it as soon as my husband is well and back at work."

"Oh, nonsense! You don't owe me a thing, Jirana! We're all here for each other, after all. The important thing is that your husband gets well. He'll be in my prayers." Nana Tupu said, consoling Jirana while scooping rice into a sack.

"You're so kind, Nana Tupu. Thank you...thank you, Nana."

"Oh, since your here, you might as well take some vegetables. Just pick anything that you'd like, cassava leaves, banana blossoms, papaya shoots or flower buds. Help yourself!"

Nana Tupu was indeed kind and generous. Not a day goes by where there wouldn't be someone at the door needing to borrow rice or money, to ask for vegetables or even to ask if she could spare a coconut or two. People always felt welcome to ask Nana Tupu for anything. Nana Tupu never felt burdened by her neighbours nor did she ever feel inconvenienced by guests, not

even by Ijo's friends who would often come by the gardens to play or stop by the house for a drink.

Though there weren't too many people living in Kampung Tanjung Babia, it was rarely quiet. It had become a regular haunt for sailors from South Mandar and Bugis who make port in Tanjung Babia to rest and restock on drinking water.

Visiting sailors wasn't a rare sight in Tanjung Babia. Even some lads of Tanjung Babia had also left with those short-term dwellers to fish. There was even some talk that some of those who had sailed never returned and the reason was uncertain.

One day, while on the beach, Ijo overheard a conversation between some men and Pokki, one of the sailors from South Mandar.

"Pokki, we want to know why Kaco, the son of Pak Sarmang who sailed with that Bugis friend of yours hasn't returned?" asked Pak Sa'ding.

"Yes, Pokki, my son hasn't returned for weeks. Who should I ask about my son?" Pak Sarmang interrupted.

"Pak Sarding and Pak Sarmang, I don't really know where Kaco and those Bugis sailors had headed for. When I hear about them, where and how they are, you'll be the first to know." Pokki answered cautiously. Pokki, the sailor from South Mandar,

seemed nervous and anxious as he knew for sure Kaco and his Bugis friend had yet returned from sailing. “Hopefully they’re fine and that they’ll return home in good shape,” he mumbled.

Days passed, and seasons changed unwittingly. Ijo was now nineteen. He’d grown into a strong, handsome, and daring young man. Nana Tupu had also grown older and doing her usual errands seemed to be much more difficult.

Thus, Ijo planned to sail with the sailors of South Mandar. He wanted to experience the life at sea, defying the waves and the curl of the ocean. Sometimes the thought of the neighbours who sailed and some of them had not returned haunted him. He wasn’t Ijo if he didn’t try to do things he thought good. He didn’t think much about those scary thought. His desire for sailing was unbearable. He already had his own resolve, he wanted to contribute in relieving some of life’s tough challenges and help his Nana who had worked tirelessly all day long just to make ends meet.

That night, Nana Tupu sat on a screw pine mat in the living room. The old woman was clipping some corn for boiling the next morning. Ijo sat next to her. That grandson of hers told her of his wishes to go sailing.

“Nana!” “What is it, Jo?” “I want to sail, Nana.”

“You want to sail? Who are you going to sail with?”

“I’m going to sail with Kobu, a sailor from South Mandar. He’s a frequent visitor at our house, Nana. What do you think, Nana? May I go?”

Nana Tupu fell silent. Ijo continued.

“Yes, Nana. I have been thinking about this for quite some time.”

Still, Nana Tupu was silent. She didn’t want to say no or yes to her beloved grandson. Nor did she want Ijo, her sole hope in life, to sail. She started to become restless. As far as she could remember, the people of Tanjung Babia had no sailing tradition unlike the southerners. They had only known farming and animal hunting. The sea was only for occasional visit. And the sailing they knew was only on the coastal areas or around the beaches. Her objection had also been triggered by the fact that some neighbours had gone sailing, and they had not returned.

After some thought, Nana Tupu finally expressed her feelings.

“I am still capable of working and fulfilling your needs, Jo. You don’t have to leave me alone, especially not for sailing the seas.” Nana Tupu hugged her grandson.

“I knew you wouldn’t allow me, Nana. But, you also have to know that I am no longer a kid. For years you’ve taught me how to do farming in the field and in the woods. Now, here I am, that...”

“But... the life at sea is different, Dear grandson.” Nana Tupu interrupted.

“But why, Nana? What’s so terrifying about the sea?” Ijo asked her in return as he clung onto his grandmother’s shoulder. “No... no, Jo. I’m just worried about you. I’ll be heartbroken if you leave me.” It’s apparent that Ijo’s thirst for sailing was unquenchable. He wanted to know the life at sea and how skilled he would be in conquering it. On top of it all was, how to get fish just like those sailors from South Mandar. Ijo finally promised Nana Tupu that he’d return. By using some of his signature moves, Ijo was finally able to win his nana’s approval.

After the tough discussion, Ijo fell asleep on the mat in the living room. Nana Tupu couldn’t close her eyes at all. Her heart was in mayhem. She rose from her tatty mattress, and got out of the house. In the middle of the dark night, she walked alone towards the beach. She had no idea why, upon gazing at her grandson sleeping, an idea crossed her mind; planting mangrove on the beach before her grandson sailed.

Once she reached the beach, Nana Tupu planted two mangrove trees whose seedlings had been around her house. When Nana Tupu planted the two mangrove trees, she felt no fear at all; she was accompanied by the the pounding waves of the ocean. She returned home before sunup. When she reached the house, she found Ijo preparing some fishing tools. Ijo was surprised to find

his granny just got home in such early morning. He then approached Nana Tupu.

“Nana, where have you been at this time of morning?”

“I just returned from the beach planting two mangrove trees, Jo.” she replied while trying to fight the chill of dawn.

“Why did you plant those two mangrove trees?” Ijo asked her again.

“Those trees would sprout high to the sky, Child. The two would serve as a beacon that will guide your return.”

“What do you mean, Nana?”

“Someday you will see those mangrove as sign of departure, as well as your return home, My grandson.”

“Oh, okay. You are great, Nana. One of a kind. For sure, you have always been in my heart, Nana.” Ijo hugged and kissed the wrinkled cheeks of his granny.

Nana Tupu then went to the kitchen to make some tea. There, she boiled some water. It was the day when Ijo was going to sail, so she wanted to stuff her only grandson with snacks made of cassava. She pulled some cassava stems from her back lawn. She cleaned the cassava tubers, grated and finally dried them. While waiting for the cassava to dry out, Nana Tupu grated some

coconuts. The dried cassava was then mixed with the grated coconut. They were then placed in a cooking tin for steaming.

Outside the house, Ijo was busy preparing for everything he would bring for sailing. Since his nana had not shown up, Ijo looked for her to the side and the back of the house. He even called out her name several times, yet no answer. As he was curious, he then got into the house. He opened his nana's bedroom door, only to find that it was empty. Then he went to the kitchen. There, he saw his nana while she looked like warming herself up by the fire.

“Anything wrong, Nana? Are you cold?” “No. I'm alright, Jo.”

“If nothing's wrong, why have you been sitting by the hearth, Nana?”

Ijo approached his nana. He could see that there was a cooking tin on the hearth. He then opened the cooking tin where the cassava had been steaming.

“Oh... You're cooking *kalumpang*, Nana?” “No, Jo. This, is *jepa*.”

“But my friends in Mamuju called this one *kalumpang*, Nana.”

“In Mamuju and Mandar they're just the same, Jo. They're called *jepa* when they're made of grated cassava. But when they're made of sago, they're called *kalumpang*.”

“Oh, okay... I know nothing but to eat it, it’s a mess, Nana. Ah... after all, they just taste the same, similarly delicious. Even more if mixed with papaya flower buds. Hmmmm...”

“Yes, Jo. I’ll cook you the papaya flower buds too. I’m preparing jepa as food during your sail, Jo. Jepa would normally last three or four days.

Papaya flower buds for the mix, they’d only last till tomorrow morning.”

The conversation between Ijo and his nana about jepa and kalumpang was so intense when suddenly Ijo’s friend, Kobu, a sailor from South Mandar came to pick him up. Ijo hurriedly approached him and led his friend into the house.

“Hey, it’s you, Kobu. Come in!”

“No need, Jo. I’ll just wait for you here,” answered Kobu as he approached and sat on a wooden bench in front of Ijo’s house.

“Then, I will get ready while I wait for Nana to finish cooking the papaya flower buds.” “What’s the papaya flower buds for, Jo?”

“It’s for our supply at sea, Kobu. It so happens that Nana has finished cooking jepa.”

“Well, if jepa is done, she doesn’t have to cook papaya flower buds, Jo. When we’re at sea, we’ll find some anchovy for the fish

salad. I think two or three limes will come handy for the fish salad, so we can blend them too with jepa.”

Ijo understood what Kobu meant. He hurriedly approached his granny in the kitchen. She had finished cooking the papaya flower buds. After the food supplies was prepared and all sailing equipments were set, Ijo left with his southerner friend. Nana Tupu couldn't say a word accept prayers as she saw Ijo off. She prayed that the voyage of her dearest grandson would not be unsafe, and that he might return safely to Tanjung Babia.

* * * *

Months had passed since Ijo left. Puaq, a neighbour of Nana Tupu went to the beach one morning. He walked alone on the sloping beach. When he reached a spot marked with small rocks, he was stunned. His eyes fell upon the pair of mangroves before him. It was the two trees Nana Tupu had grown. He was then infuriated beyond measure. He mumbled about how Nana Tupu had been greedy and that the old woman had wanted to occupy Tanjung Babia all the way down to the beach. He wanted to chop off those two trees.

Nana Tupu was not at all aware of Puaq' discontent. She thought everyone was pleased with the presence of the mangroves on the beach. To her, when she looked at the trees, she found comfort out of the sadness that overwhelmed her from the absence of Ijo.

She hoped that her dearest grandson will soon return.

During Ijo's absence, the neighbours kept on visiting Nana Tupu. Some even brought food or snacks for Nana Tupu. Jirana, a neighbour who usually came to seek help from Nana Tupu was one of them.

"Nana, I brought you some food. You needn't cook. I brought you steamed rice and side dishes as well."

"Why, thank you very much, Jirana. That's very kind of you. You needn't bother yourself by cooking for me. I can still cook for myself." "That's alright, Nana. I don't feel bothered at all. I have Husna, my daughter, to help me."

"She's grown up?" "Well, on her teens, Nana. She's now thirteen. Since she was eight, I'd taught her cooking. I'm so grateful that I have such a hardworking daughter, Nana. She helped me cleaning up the house and the lawn. She also helped me in the kitchen."

"Then, you're very lucky, Jirana. Once in a while, why won't you invite her to come here." For a moment Nana Tupu fell silent. Tears streamed on her cheeks. She remembered her grandson, Ijo, who had been away for such a long time.

"You don't have to be sad, Nana. I'm certain that Ijo will return home." Jirana calmed the old woman down and wiped her tears with the tip of her sleeves.

Nana Tupu longed for her grandson so much that she now visited the beach twice a day instead of once. It was heading late afternoon, the clouds were not too dark, the wind was carrying wet breeze. Nana Tupu stood on the beach. She was staring at the vast sea. Suddenly, she saw a boat, drifting on the sea. Soon, it was clear that it was a *sandeq*, an outriggered canoe. The sandeq came closer and closer, and now the sail came to sight. It was Ijo's boat. Words could not express Nana Tupu's happiness. Before her very own eyes, she witnessed the return of her grandson who'd brought her an abundant stock of fish. Ijo also saw that the old woman who stood on the slope of the beach was his nana. After the sandeq was moored, Ijo ran towards his nana.

“Nana, I'm home. I've come home for you, Nana.” Ijo hugged Nana Tupu tightly and kissed her. “You've been away far too long, Jo. Now I don't want to be left alone.” Nana Tupu cried and hugged her grandson even tighter. Nana Tupu and Ijo cried since they had been longing for each other. After such an emotional moment, the two went home.

Once they're at home, Nana Tupu told Ijo about her loneliness since Ijo left. Once in a while, her eyes filled with tears and so did Ijo's. Melancholy struck that gorgeous young man at his grandmother's sad story.

“I promise, Nana, I will not sail anymore.”

“Would you promise me, Jo?”

“Yes, Nana. I wouldn’t have the heart to leave you all alone. I thought I left you for a few months, now look at you. You’re so thin!”

“Oh, so you think I haven’t been eating?”

“No, no! I didn’t mean from hunger, Nana. You’re thinning from being left alone.” Ijo tried to console her while he held onto the wrinkled arms of his nana. Nana Tupu blushed from hearing the teases of her dearest grandson. Ijo’s return seemed to have restored nana’s happiness. Every morning she made tea again for her grandson. Good God, the two of them were now back on farming, cleaning up the lawn, picking fruits and vegetables. One night, after three weeks into Ijo’s return, when Ijo wanted to lie down in his bedroom, Nana Tupu held him back. The old woman wanted to say something to her grandson. They sat face to face on a beige rattan mat.

“Jo, ever since you returned home, I haven’t been to the beach. Tomorrow, if you’re not too tired, I’d like to you come with me. I want to see those mangroves.”

“Alright, Nana. You mean the pair of mangroves that marked my departure and return?” “Yes, Jo.” “Have they now grown tall, Nana?” “They have, Jo.”

“Oh, they must be charming.” “Why do you think they’d be charming?”

“Of course, Nana, why wouldn’t they be. The woman who planted them is charming.” “Ah, you’re such a snake charmer, young man.”

The next day, when the sun had just started heading westward, Nana Tupu and Ijo walked to the beach. Nana Tupu was so happy and proud. She wanted her dearest grandson to see the two trees she had planted. But unfortunately, fate decided otherwise. In the midst of her happiness, suddenly, Puaq and Amboq came from behind them. They turned the happiness of Nana Tupu and Ijo into a stern fright. Puaq’s booming voice was so shocking. Puaq had come earlier to the beach and stood nearby the mangrove trees.

He deliberately came from another direction, together with Amboq to cut the mangroves. Without even looking at the people around the beach, he hurriedly approached the mangroves. Then, he withdrew a machete from a sheath. Nana Tupu and Ijo saw the horror unfolded from a distance. As she saw Puaq ready to swing his machete to the trees, Nana Tupu screeched.

“Puaq... Puaq... No! Don’t chop off those trees!”

Puaq stared cynically and looked nonchalant.

“No, Puaq... don’t cut those trees! You’ll be in harm’s way! Stop! Stop, Puaq!” screeched Nana Tupu hoarsely. She erratically ran towards the spot where Puaq and Amboq were minding their own business. Nana Tupu tried to stop Puaq and Amboq from cutting the trees by saying they’d be in harm. Yet, they couldn’t care less for her warning. They kept on cutting the two trees. As for Ijo, the young man couldn’t do a thing, as he was still weak from being too long in the sea.

“Nana, just let them! They’re unstoppable. Let them. Just let them, Nana.” Ijo tried to calm his nana. “But... but that would bring harm, Jo.”

“Come on, Nana. They’re heartless. They wouldn’t listen to anyone but themselves. Forbidding them won’t do any good, Nana.”

“Huhhhhh, wouldn’t listen to anyone but themselves? So they’ll do whatever they want?”

“Yes, Nana. It’s best that we stay away from them.”

“Huhhhhh... I feel faint, Jo. I feel faint...” said Nana Tupu as she rested herself on Ijo. “Nanaaaaa... What happened to you?” Ijo screamed while trying to contain his grandmother’s body. He then led her home. “Let’s go home, Nana.”

With teary eyes and staggering paces, Nana Tupu went home, led

by Ijo. Before they entered the lawn, some neighbours saw them. Jirana and her daughter Husna, and several other people soon came. Once they're in the house, Ijo laid Nana Tupu on a mat. Husna, Jirana's daughter made Nana Tupu some tea. A crowd of people came to see Nana Tupu who now lied down weakly. They denounced Puaq and Amboq. Seven days had passed since Nana Tupu fell ill in her house. She looked miserable. Ijo couldn't do anything about her ailing nana.

He had gone everywhere to find remedy for his dearest grandmother, but Nana Tupu had yet recovered. Ijo became utterly depressed. He was very grateful that Jirana the neighbour kept on coming and looking after his nana.

"Mam, I very concerned about Nana. She's very ill. She hasn't been eating anything in the past three days." Ijo said anxiously.

"Be patient, Jo," Jirana calmed Ijo while rubbing his shoulder.

"Yes mam. You can imagine how I feel now. I've been away for quite some time. After I returned home, look at what happened."

"Yes, Jo. I know."

"I am sorry that you had to be burdened by having to worry about Nana."

"That is alright, Jo. We're all here for each other after all."

It turned out that Nana Tupu heard the conversation between Ijo

and Jirana. She turned her head to Ijo and spoke softly.

“Ijo, now there is no mangrove to protect our beach. I beg you, find some mangrove seedlings, plant some more.”

“Nana, you don’t have to think about mangrove for now. You’re ailing.” Ijo tried to calm her. “How am I not to think about it?” Nana Tupu looked a little tense. “Nana, you’re...”

“Because I’m ill? Is that what you’re saying? Who else, Jo... who else would plant on the beach but us? So, I am now telling you to find some mangrove seedlings. Once they grew, you had to nurture them wholeheartedly. Name those mangroves Vova Sanggayu.”

“Vova Sanggayu?” asked Ijo to himself. Ijo then asked her why Nana had wanted him to name them Vova Sanggayu. Nana Tupu explained in a soft yet faltering voice. After listening to his grandmother’s last sentences, Ijo felt there was something strange about the way his dearest nana looked at him. She gave him a melancholic look. Yet, it was a deep and absolutely meaningful look. It was also the last look she’d ever give her grandson in the mortal world. Seconds later, Nana Tupu blew her last breath. Ijo hugged his grandmother tightly. Soon, people came to the house to express condolence. During his Nana’s funeral, Ijo couldn’t contain his tears. Now the young man absolutely had nobody.

* * * *

In the meantime, something strange happened to Puaq. After chopping off the mangrove on the beach, he fell ill. He had taken countless remedies, yet he was still far from recovering. His posture, once hefty, has now grown thinner. Day by day, he laid weakly on his wooden bunk. He couldn't eat anything. He was lucky that his daughter, Cicci Hadra, had looked after him. He'd been single for years as wife passed away when she gave birth to Cicci's sibling. That afternoon, after his daughter spooned him some tea, Puaq said something.

"My daughter, I say this is no ordinary illness."

"What do you mean, Da?" Cicci Hadra couldn't understand his father.

"Yes, this is no ordinary illness indeed. I don't only have fever. I also have pain in my chest. I can't help it anymore, Child." Puaq held his chest with both his hands.

"What kind of pain, Da? What should I do?" Cicci Hadra became worried after what her father had said.

"Maybe Nana Tupu was right. Harm does come to those who cut those trees."

"But why did you still do it, Da? Nana Tupu had always been highly revered in this village. People listened to her." Cicci seemed regretful of what her father had done.

Puaq didn't say anything to Cicci's last words. The man turned his back, faced the bamboo wall of his bedroom. Cicci Hadra sat patiently, and waited for her father to fall asleep. Knowing that Puaq had fallen ill, Amboq came to bad thoughts. He thought that soon, Puaq would be on Nana Tupu's path, and he'd be left alone to rule Kampung Tanjung Babia. Without even thinking further, he grabbed his machete then hurriedly went out of his house. He then went to the beach and put stakes to mark some area as his own property.

One of Puaq's neighbour, who happened to be around the beach, saw what Amboq had done, and the neighbour told Puaq that Amboq had been busy staking some areas that crossed Puaq and Nana Tupu's property. With all the energy he had left, Puaq stood up from his rest and took Cicci Hadra to the beach.

“Da! You shouldn't be thinking about anything! You are very ill! If our property is rightfully ours, it won't go anywhere!” Cicci Hadra held her father's shoulder and tried to stop him from leaving his bunk. It was useless.

His rage was way hotter than the heat of his fever. He was indeed known for being strong-willed. He was enraged by the treacherous Amboq. After waving his daughter's hands away, he went to the beach to see Amboq. Cicci was so worried about her father. She decided to follow him. Before reaching the spot where Amboq had been reported to stake some area, he suddenly

stopped. He was stunned. He could now see the trees he had chopped off a few days earlier had now grown again.

“Oh, so Nana Tupu was right,” he said as he nodded.

“Right about what, Da?” Cicci prompted her father.

“Ah! You needn’t know about that!”

“Why did you say that? I am your daughter, Da!” snapped Cicci Hadra.

“Never you mind! You needn’t worry about that! I want to see Amboq, where the heck is he!” said Puaq trying to evade the topic, while he scanned the area where Amboq had been staking.

“There he is, Da. But you *will* be patient.” Cicci Hadra calmed her father.

As Puaq reached the spot where Amboq had been staking, a row between the two men was inevitable. They both seemed to have been possessed by dark spirits. Cicci Hadra tried her best to hold her father back to no avail. Puaq did not seem to be ill at all. However, nobody knew he was actually very weak. When he stepped forward in the attempt to fight the perfectly healthy Amboq, he suddenly crumbled. The strong fist he had tried to hold up slowly fell. He fell like leaves during autumn on the flecks of sand and pieces of coral rocks. Cicci Hadra hugged her father tight. Puaq’s face turned pale and no more words came out

of his mouth. He looked at his daughter. The corner of his eyes got teary. Then those very eyes were slowly shut...for good.

“Father... don’t you leave me, Father!” squealed Cicci Hadra.

“Puaq... Puaq... Puaq...” Amboq tried to call and shake Puaq’s body. But it was too late. With machete still in his hand, Amboq rose and ran into the village to call Ijo and his son, Becce Segang. Ijo, who was cleaning up his house’s back lawn, was shocked that Amboq had called him. He ditched a palm-frond broom from his hands and followed Amboq. But series of unfortunate events seemed to perpetuate.

When Amboq was on the staircase of his house, he slipped. The machete fell from his hand only to slash his left calf. Becce Segang saw what happened to his father and thus he screamed. His mother and sister came from the kitchen. Amboq’s leg was soaked in blood. Ijo and Becce Segang hurriedly lifted Amboq into the house.

“Never mind! That’s it! Never you mind about this wound. Off you go now to the beach. You’ll find Cicci Hadra crying for her father’s remains!”

“Huh? Her father’s remains? You mean Puaq?” urged Ijo.

“Yes! Off you go, Ijo! Quick! You too, Becce!”

“But... But your wound?” Becce worried about his father.

“You don’t have to worry about this. I’ll have your mother grind some cassava leaves for rubbing on this wound to stop the bleeding. Off you go now!”

Trembling, both Ijo and Becce ran towards the beach. People were astounded to see them both.

“Ah, why on earth are Ijo and Becce running? Looks as if they’re being chased!” said Jirana’s husband, baffled.

“Wow! Look at Ijo and Becce! It looked as though they were running for their lives! Where are they going to?” said some others. People who saw them running were very curious. They then followed Ijo and Becce Segang. As soon as they reached the beach, they saw Cicci Hadra hugging Puaq’s stiff remains as she wailed. A crowd started to form, some of them walked hastily, meanwhile some women came in a rush. Seeing that Becce Segang came with Ijo, Cicci Hadra bursted her anger to that son of Amboq.

“Where’s your father, Becce? Where the heck is he?”

“He is at home. Anything wrong with my father?” answered Becce, trembling.

“Oh... so your father wanted to escape the truth?” “What do you mean?”

“Your father must be held responsible for the death of my father!”

“Why should my father be responsible?” asked Becce Segang.

“Come on, now! Skip the fuss! We’ll deal with that later! Let’s take your father home! Come on, gents, help me!” Ijo separated the two, then lifted Puaq’s body. Some men came to help. In Puaq’s house, the crowd participated in helping. They bathed, shrouded, prayed for, and delivered Puaq’s body to the family’ graveyard on a small hill nearby the beach. Two days after Puaq’s death, Ijo came to the house of Cicci Hadra. He perfectly understood the feeling of being left by a loved one. The young man listened calmly when Cicci Hadra was spinning the yarn on her father’s death. Ijo nodded and tried to calm Cicci Hadra.

“I cannot take it, Kak Ijo. Becce’s father must be responsible for my father’s death!” said Cicci Hadra firmly. “You told me everything, Cicci. Becce’s father and yours did not physically fight. Your father was sick... he hadn’t been eating for days.”

“He was weak, but he was forced to come to the beach then.”

Ijo tried to calm and convince Cicci Hadra.

“They did not physically fight, but they bickered. That’s what made him fell to death. To death, Kak!” Cicci told the story while sobbing.

“Cicci, you’re a woman of faith, aren’t you? That’s what we call destiny! It was God’s will!” said Ijo a little stern.

“Yes, I know, Kak. God’s will be on everything.” Cicci turned softer.

“If you do know, you rid of your anger to Amboq and his family. Never keep any intent to avenge Amboq. He’s ailing now.” Ijo gave a look of an elder brother to a younger sister. He then continued, “You should feel sorry for Amboq. He hasn’t been able to stand up. It seems that the wound on his calf is serious.”

* * * *

Seven days had passed since Puaq passed away. Since the death of her father, Cicci had been accompanied by her mother’s siblings and some of her cousins so she wouldn’t be alone. Ijo, being a wise and sensible young man of the village spoke to one of Cicci’s relatives to make arrangement that some of them would live with Cicci. Furthermore, the thought of arranging a meeting between Cicci Hadra and Amboq also came to Ijo’s mind, to relieve any hint of grudge and hurt feelings between them.

By means of his own ways, they finally agreed to visit Amboq in his house. In the house, Cicci saw Amboq’s heartbreaking condition by herself.

“I am sorry... I am sorry, Child.” said Amboq in a gloomy face.

“Yes, I have let everything go, Sir. I had come here to apologize for my father. Everything’s under the will of The Almighty.”

Cicci hugged Amboq who was weakly lying down. Ijo watched them happily. Amboq's wife and Becce Segang, also took part in this scene. He felt happy as nobody left being hurt among them.

Ijo grew happier when Cicci Hadra said she wanted to unveil the scarf that had covered Amboq's leg. She saw and observed the wound. She seemed to be thinking for a while. Then she promised to find a cure for the wound that she had kept at home. It was a medicine that could expedite cure wounds. Cicci Hadra remembered that she kept the cure that had been given by a relative when her late father had wounded his arm from a knife.

When she got home, Cicci Hadra tried to remember where she had kept the cure. She opened every cabinet, drawer by drawer in her house. It turned out that she had kept the cure inside a plastic bag wrapped by paper in one of the drawers. She soon took the cure to Amboq's house and explained cure application. Like magic, in a matter of days, Amboq's wound started to dry out. The man could now stand and walk as usual.

* * * *

The sun had just radiated its rays, and the birds chirped cheerfully. Ijo came to Amboq's house and led him to the beach. Amboq agreed, his wife and son also came with him. Nearly all people of Kampung Tanjung Babia came to the beach that morning, including Cicci Hadra and her cousin, Jirana and her

daughter Husna, as well as Pak Sarmang dan Pak Sa'ding.

Around the mangrove trees, precisely in front of a small hill, there were some large rocks. Some teens and elders sat on some flat rocks. Children were happily playing with the ripples of sea waves around the beach rocks. Some other children were playing tag on the beach sand. Happiness overwhelmed Ijo upon seeing all this.

Ijo asked everyone to gather, precisely around the two mangrove trees. With respect to the elders of the village, Ijo asked Amboq to speak first.

In his speech, Amboq apologized to all the villagers for his wrongdoings in light of the recent events. Then, the man said that he had hoped that of the past events would re-occur in the future.

“Nana Tupu was right; harm would befall whoever cut down the vova sanggayu trees. And harm did befall me.” Amboq spoke calmly in a faint voice, barely heard by the villagers. Then he looked upon the mangrove trees before him. Unknowingly, his tears dripped. He tried to pull himself together in a sob.

Then, Ijo walked three steps from where he had stood. Before he started speaking, he smiled to all villagers of the audience.

“Ladies, gentlemen, all brothers and sisters. Today is the happiest day for us all. Nothing else I could say but gratitude, for your

willingness to come to this beautiful beach that God had created for us. Nothing but pride. Yes, pride beyond compare.”

Everyone applauded and looked at each other. They admired the persona who was speaking, the kind, brave, and honest Ijo.

“Tanjung Babia, is part of the terrain of Mandar Pattae that is indented to the sea. It is a village where we reside. The village, where we were born and raised, gave us life in all forms. Yet as dwellers, we ought to preserve what’s on it, including its beach. Ladies, gents, brothers and sisters, you surely know that Nana Tupu had planted mangroves some time ago. And during some events that had transpired, those mangroves were cut. Unexpectedly, those mangroves regrew... strong and tall, as if they wanted to protect the beach and everything that had been here. Now, witnessed by the king of day and the moving clouds that are passing over, I’d like to offer that we name the area around this beach Pasangkayu.” said Ijo vigorously.

“What do you mean?” asked Husna and Cicci Hadra in unison.

“The name Pasangkayu is taken from the name vova sanggayu, which means trees that can grow on themselves. On her last breath, Nana Tupu had told me so.”

The attending crowd was touched by Ijo’s words. They agreed with the name, and once again, they applauded gleefully. Then, Ijo proceeded,

“Alright, Ladies, gents, brothers and sisters. For the sake of beach conservation, we will thus plant the surrounding areas with other mangrove seedlings. Let us all give these two trees some friends, so they don’t have to be alone anymore.” Ijo ended his speech.

Accompanied by Amboq and witnessed by the crowd, Ijo then planted some mangrove seedlings around the beach.

It was said that even up to present, some of the original vova sanggayu trees still grew on the beautiful beach of Mandar Pattae.