

**BUNCIR**  
*Si Buncir*

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**Language Development and Cultivation Agency**  
**Ministry of Education and Culture**  
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## **BUNCIR**

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**cerita Rakyat Jawa Barat**

# **SI BUNCIR**

**Ditulis oleh**

**ASEP Rahmat Hidayat**



## **SI BUNCIR**

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1. KESUSASTERAAN RAKYAT-JAWA
2. CERITA RAKYAT-JAWA

## 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**

West Java is an area enriched by three cultures, namely Sundanese, Betawi-Malay, and Javanese-Cirebon. The three cultures have a distinctive cultural wealth. The story of Buncir comes from oral stories circulating and popular in ancient times in Sundanese-speaking West Javanese society. In its day, this story was also used as teaching material for children.

The effort to reintroduce folklore was carried out to support the National Literacy Movement in line with the policy of Cultivating the Culture of Literacy and Character Growth of Indonesian Children. This story is expected to be used as reading material to make productive reading a habit for students in class.

The story of Buncir has the theme of honesty and sincerity which should be the character of Indonesian people. Through this story, readers, especially children, are given examples and being convinced that with honest and sincere character, their lives in social life will be more important and meaningful.

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# BUNCIR

## 1. A Village at the Foot of the Mountain

A mountain stood tall in the distance. White clouds covered its peak. Anyone who ever stood at the peak of that mountain would feel like they were floating (*manglayang*) above the clouds. That was why the local people called it Manglayang Mountain.

Every people took care of the environment around Manglayang Mountain. They put a taboo on cutting the trees on and around the mountain. They only used fallen twigs and branches or dead trees to make firewood.

The earth rewarded their good behavior with invaluable resources. Manglayang provided them with water sources that never dried out all year long.

At the foot of the mountain, there was a village called Ciherang. Ciherang meant clear water. It was called Ciherang because there was a river, with very clear water, running through the village. Ciherang River ran from a water source in Manglayang Mountain.

Ciherang Village was peaceful and quiet. There were not too many people inhabited the village. These people lived in small groups of one or two family.

The people of Ciherang earned their living by farming and raising cattle. They bred sheep, buffaloes, and cows. They also cultivated rice, cassava, and various vegetables.

Sheep was an important part of their living. Ciherang sheep was famous for their high quality. These sheep participated in a monthly contest in the village, where the people gathered, performed, and enjoyed art performances such as traditional dance and music.

Cassava was the primary ingredient in *peuyeum* or *tapai* (fermented cassava), the local specialty in Ciherang village. *Tapai* from Ciherang was famous for its natural sweet flavor. Beside *tapai*, the people also processed cassava into cassava chips.

With abundant natural resources and their own creativity, Ciherang people was able to satisfy their daily needs. Even though it was a humble and simple life, these people lived harmoniously and peacefully in the village.



## 2. Grass Gatherer

Not all people in Ciherang was lucky enough to own cattle to breed or land to cultivate. One of such people was Ki Jukut. He was called Ki Jukut because he worked as a grass (*jukut*) gatherer. He lived below the line of poverty with his only son. His wife had passed away a few years ago. They lived in a small hut in dire need of renovation.

Every morning, Ki Jukut left his son, who was called Buncir, at home. He left to look for grass in any field in Ciherang Village. He had cut grass in practically every field in the village. If he was lucky, he would find some grass to cut in nearby fields. If that was the case, he would be able to go back and forth from the field to his hut and checked on Buncir several times a day.

However, he often had to go to other fields, far from home, to gather grass. Considering the distance, it would be more effective if he spent the day on the field than going back and forth. One day, after deciding on which field he would gather grass that day, Ki Jukut called Buncir.

“Son, I’ll go cut some grass in the field on the north part of the river. Take care of yourself at home, alright. Don’t play too far.”

“Yes, Father. I’ll just go to the river and catch some *anggay-anggay*. I’ll return home soon afterwards.” *Anggay-anggay* was an insect of *oryzotalpidae* family that children often collected as

pet or plaything.

“Oh, alright. Don’t get too far in the river, however. It’s dangerous. If you are hungry, go and eat your lunch. I have prepared something for you in the kitchen.”

Ki Jukut then packed his lunch, some rice with only salt on it, before leaving the house. He walked along the river banks towards the north side. When he arrived at the field, he immediately set out to cut the wild grass growing there.

By midday, Ki Jukut rested for a while to pray. He headed towards the river and cleanse himself. He prayed on a big boulder long enough for a man to lie on.

After praying, he opened his lunch and finished it quickly. In moments like this, he always remembered his late wife. He always felt sorry that he had not been able to provide a better life for her.

That thought always strengthened his determination promised to take good care of Buncir, their only son. When he finished his lunch, Ki Jukut enjoyed the refreshing breeze for a while, before resuming his work.

Ki Jukut cut the grass until the sun was almost down. All baskets he brought from home were full of grass by then, and he decided it was time to go home.

He took the grass he gathered that day home. Tomorrow morning, he would sell it to his neighbors, who needed grass to feed their cattle. Their transaction did not always involve money. Sometimes, the neighbors traded his grass with some food. Other times, he exchanged the grass with clothes.



### 3. Buncir

He had small and bald head. His arms and legs were plump and short. His stomach protruded as if he suffered from intestinal worms. His skin was coal black. That was why he was called *Buncir*, which meant small, bald, dark-skinned boy with protruding stomach.

He was Ki Jukut's only son. His mother passed away in childbirth. He lived alone with his father in their small hut.

While his father went to gather grass, Buncir usually played alone. Actually, there were many children his age in Ciherang Village. They often invited Buncir to play together. Even though Buncir was poor, they never underestimated, insulted, or isolated him. However, Buncir preferred to be on his own.

It was because when he was alone, Buncir would be able to imagine the mother he never knew. Buncir only knew her from his father's stories. That was why Buncir preferred to be left alone with his sadness and longing. The more he thought about his situation, the more Buncir were able to accept his fate.

"Cir, Bunciir! Let's come play." Several kids called him when they saw Buncir sitting alone in front of his house.

"You go ahead, I'm going to the river," Buncir politely refused.

Buncir really loved to be alone. He knew every kid in the village

did not mind playing with him, yet he chose not to play with them too often.

In part, he was just too used to be alone. He also felt uncomfortable playing with his friends who owned a lot of toys. Buncir was a simple child. He never asked his father for things that might burden the old man.

Buncir loved to catch fish. Every day, he spent some time in Ciherang River. He always brought his *bubu* (fish trap made from bamboo) to catch fish, even though he never succeeded.

That day, Buncir went to the river alone. He set the trap between two large rocks in the river. He then played in the water, waiting for the fish to enter his *bubu*.

After a while, his little *bubu* rattled in the water. Buncir was excited, he thought that a fish had been caught. He quickly took his *bubu* out of the water. However, it was not fish that he found inside. It was an *anggay-anggay*, moving back and forth trying to get out.

Since that day, Buncir never played in the river anymore. He kept the *anggay-anggay* as a pet. He took it everywhere in a coconut shell bowl. Every day, practically all he did was playing with the *anggay-anggay*.

Ki Jukut knew his son very well. He knew that Buncir would love



to have a pet fish. However, he had no money to buy one. He did not even have time to catch fish for his son. Thus, when he saw Buncir played with *anggay-anggay* all day, he felt sorry. Ki Jukut said to his son, “Son, why don’t you come gathering grass with me, instead of playing with your *anggay-anggay* all day? When we sell the grass, you can have some money to buy the pet fish you want.”

“Yes, Father. I’ll come with you tomorrow,” Buncir replied.



#### 4. Buncir Gathered Grass

Early the next morning, Buncir got ready to work. Buncir went with his father to cut some grass. Before leaving, Buncir prepared their lunch. He also left his *anggay-anggay* with his grandmother.

After a day's hard work gathering grass, they returned home. The first thing Buncir did was looking for his pet. Once they were home, Buncir immediately went to his grandmother to pick the *anggay-anggay*.

“Grandma, Grandma!”

“Yes, Buncir, wait a minute!”

“Where's my *anggay-anggay*, Grandma?”

“I'm sorry, Buncir. I went to the bathroom and had a long bath. When I got back out, a chicken had eaten your pet.” Buncir cried his eyes out. He demanded that the chicken that ate his *anggay-anggay* be given to him as a replacement for his pet. His grandmother felt sorry for Buncir. She apologized once again and gave him the chicken. The next day, Buncir went with his father again to gather grass. Before leaving home, he thought hard about his new pet. He did not want to leave it with his grandmother, worrying that something bad might happen to it. As they went out of the house, Buncir noticed the woman next door. She was pounding rice in her front yard. Buncir approached her.

“Excuse me, Ma’am, can I possibly leave my chicken with you for a while?”

“Where are you going, Ujang?” *Ujang* was a common way for people in the area to address a young boy.

“I’m going to cut grass with my father,” Buncir said.

“Well, I think you can leave it here. Just tie the chicken near the mortar.”

Buncir thanked her and felt relieved. He quickly tied his chicken near the mortar in which the woman pounded the rice. Then, he ran after his father who had been walking ahead.

That afternoon, when he returned from the field, Buncir immediately went to the woman’s house. He wanted to take his chicken home. He was devastated to find that his chicken had died because the rice pestle had fell on its head.

“Ma’am, I’m taking my chicken back,” Buncir said.

“I’m so sorry, *Ujang*. I accidentally dropped the rice pestle and it hit your chicken. I’m terribly sorry that your chicken died.”

Buncir cried his eyes out. He demanded that the long, heavy rice pestle was given to him to replace his dead chicken.

“I can’t believe it! I left the chicken with you so it would be safe,”

Buncir sobbed. “Now, you have to pay. I want the rice pestle,” he continued.

“Umm...Ujang, what use is it for you?” the woman asked.

“Why don’t I give you some money for your loss? That way, you can buy another chicken,” the woman tried to persuade Buncir. She needed the rice pestle to pound rice. “No! I don’t want your money! I want the rice pestle that killed my chicken!”

The woman had no choice but to give him the rice pestle.

The next day, Buncir once again went with his father. And once again, he thought hard about his rice pestle. He brought it with him because he could not find a safe place to store it. On the way to the field, Buncir saw a shepherd. He decided to leave his rice pestle with the shepherd, who was watching his buffalo.

“Kang, may I leave this rice pestle with you for a while?” *Kang* was the shortened version of *Akang*, which meant older brother. Buncir used it to address the shepherd because the man was older than him.

“Where are you going? Can’t you take it with you?”

“I’m going to gather grass with my father. It’ll get in the way if I take it with me.”

“Very well, then, just put it under that tree.”

On the way home that afternoon, Buncir stopped at the field where the shepherd was waiting. He found that his rice pestle had been broken. A buffalo had accidentally stepped on it.

“I’m terribly sorry! It was so hot today and my buffalo was restless. So, I took him to take shelter under the tree. I forgot that you put the rice pestle there. My buffalo stepped on it and broke it.”

Again, Buncir cried his eyes out. He demanded that the buffalo, which had broken his rice pestle, be given to him.

“I don’t want to hear any excuse. I want the buffalo to replace my rice pestle,” Buncir cried. The shepherd did not dare to give the buffalo away because he was afraid his father would scold him.

“I’m sorry, I can’t. This is my family’s buffalo. My father will kill me if I give it away,” the shepherd refused.

Buncir would not have it. He then went to a judge and presented his case. The buffalo owner was called to the court and the judge decided that he had to give the buffalo to Buncir.



The next day, Buncir went to gather grass as usual. He was now thinking about his buffalo. When he saw a farmer, Buncir decided to leave his buffalo with him.

“Excuse me, Farmer, may I leave my buffalo with you for a while?”

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to the field over there to cut grass with my father.”

“Well, if that’s the case, you can tie the buffalo under that *limus* tree.”

Buncir tied his buffalo under the *limus* (*Mangifera foetida*) tree. *Limus*, or horse mango, was a fruit similar to mango. But, unlike mango, *limus* had a bitter tang. Once he had made sure that the buffalo was securely tied, Buncir caught up with his father. That afternoon, Buncir stopped at the farmer’s field to take his buffalo. Unfortunately, his buffalo was dead. A *limus* fruit had fallen on its head and killed it.

“I’m truly sorry! The sun was so hot to day and I was thirsty. I climbed the tree to pick some *limus*. One of the fruits fell down and killed your buffalo.” Buncir cried his eyes out. He demanded that the *limus* fruit, that had killed his buffalo, be given to him. The farmer gladly handed him the fruit.

## 5. Traveling

Ever since his buffalo died, Buncir stopped gathering grass. He felt that he had to do something else. After thinking a long time, he decided that he had to leave the village. Misfortune had always befallen him, and he felt that it would always be if he stayed in Ciherang. One afternoon, when his father returned from gathering grass, Buncir immediately approached him. He told his father about what he wanted.

“Father, I’m getting older now. I feel that I will not find fortune if I keep staying here. I think I have to leave the village.”

“Where are you going, Son?”

“Anywhere, Father. I just want to get some experience. I’ll travel and wander the land, away from Ciherang.”

“Please don’t, Buncir! I’ll be worried about your safety all the time. Please stay here with me. Even though we are poor, I can still take care of you.”

“I’ve made up my mind, Father. I promise you I’ll return one day,” Buncir convinced his father.

“Very well, if you insisted. But you must stay the night. You can leave tomorrow. I’ll prepare some provisions for you.”

Early the following morning, Buncir got up and got ready for his



travel. He packed some rice and salted fish that his father had prepared. He also packed his *limus* fruit. He kissed his father's hand and said farewell.

“Father, I’m going now, while the sun is still low.”

“If I cannot change your mind, go on, Son! Remember that I, and your late mother, love you. I’m sorry I could not give you a better life. Be careful and always be humble in your journey!”

“I will, Father!”



Buncir then left Ciherang. At the village border, he stopped. He turned and looked at Ciherang Village with teary eyes. Buncir felt a pang of sadness. He remembered his mother, whom he never knew. He remembered his father, who had been so patient raising him.

“Mother, please pray that I find my fortune. Father, please forgive me. I have to leave. I promise I will return and make you happy one day.”

Clenching his teeth, Buncir turned away from his village and began walking. Once he passed the village’s border, he would find a forest. He would go through the forest that he had never set foot upon.

Buncir entered the forest. He spent days walking in the dense forest. His provision of rice and salted fish had gone.

All he had left was the *limus* fruit he had gotten from the farmer.

One day, Buncir was starving after walking all morning. He opened his bag and only saw the *limus* fruit. It was still fresh and edible even though he had brought it for days.

As hungry as he was, Buncir did not want to eat the fruit. He chose to climb the trees in the forest and pick edible fruits. These last few days, he had been eating fruits and leaves he could find, so that he could leave his *limus* fruit alone.

## 6. Salaka Kingdom

Months went by since Buncir got out of the forest. He wandered from villages to villages until he arrived at the gate of a kingdom. The gate was guarded by two royal soldiers. They both were muscular and strong-looking. Long swords hanging from their belts. Buncir approached them nervously.

“Umm... excuse me, Juragan, could you tell me where I am?” Buncir asked, calling the soldiers *juragan*, which was equivalent with ‘*Sir*’ in English.

“This is the gate of Salaka Kingdom. Who are you? What are you doing here?”

“Umm... I’m sorry, Juragan, my name’s Buncir. If you allow me passing through that gate, I’m wishing to find a job and earn a living in this kingdom.”

“Of course you can enter the kingdom, as long as you follow the rules.”

“Thank you. I promise I will always follow the rules of the kingdom. I thank you very much, Juragan.”

Buncir went through the gate and resumed his journey into the kingdom. He walked along the border at first. Then, he turned towards the city in the center of the kingdom, trying to test his luck and find some work. As he walked, Buncir heard a female

voice singing beautifully.

Buncir went towards the voice, trying to find to whom it belonged to. He finally arrived at a building and found a beautiful girl was weaving a cloth. While her hands were busy weaving, she sang with a clear, pleasant voice.

Buncir approached the girl.

“Excuse me, Nyai Putri, may I have the honor of knowing you?”  
*Nyai* was used to address a woman one respected, while *Putri* meant ‘princess.’

“My name is Mayangsari. I’m the princess of Salaka Kingdom. Who are you, young man?”

“My name is Buncir. I’m looking for a job. I have walked far and felt so hot. May I leave this *limus* fruit with you, Princess? I’m going to refresh myself in the river for a while.”

“Just put it on the table down there. I’m busy weaving,” the Princess replied.

After thanking the Princess, Buncir went to the river near the building. He quickly jumped in the water and swam. While Buncir was refreshing and cleansing himself, Princess Mayangsari continued weaving her cloth. She ignored Buncir. One moment, her eyes caught the *limus* fruit. It looked so refreshing and inviting.

Princess Mayangsari could not help herself. She stopped weaving and walked down the stairs towards the table on which Buncir had put the *limus*. Without thinking, she ate the fruit and quickly finished it. Then the Princess went up and wove again.

When he felt quite refreshed, Buncir went to take his *limus* back from Princess Mayangsari. Buncir was furious when he saw that his *limus* was gone. Only its peels and seed were left on the table.

“Princess, who ate my *limus*?”

“I’m sorry, Buncir, I was so thirsty. I did eat your *limus*.”

“You are a princess, but you acted not like one. You are untrustworthy.”

“I sincerely apologize, Buncir! I’m a princess, I am extremely wealthy. Why don’t I give you gold coins to pay for the fruit?”

“I don’t want it. I don’t need your gold!”

“Then, you can pick whatever you want. I can give you anything.”

“No, Princess. I don’t want anything you can offer me! I don’t need them!”

“Then, what do you want?”

“Since you have eaten my *limus*, I want you to replace it!”

“What?” the princess was shocked.

Princess Mayangsari was in a dilemma. On one hand, she felt guilty because he had taken something that was not hers. She had acted like a thief. However, giving herself to Buncir was an impossible thing to do.

“Very well, Buncir, stay here. I’ll ask my parents’ opinions first.”

The princess went to the palace. She immediately went to her parents and told them the whole thing, sobbing uncontrollably while doing so.

The queen embraced her daughter. She also cried. The king sighed without saying anything. After a while, the king called Ki Lengser.

“Ki Lengser, go and find Buncir. Bring him here!” the king commanded Ki Lengser.

“I hear, Your Majesty. I’ll find him,” Ki Lengser replied and left the palace.

Soon, Ki Lengser arrived at the building where the princess often wove her cloth. He found a dark-skinned young man sitting on the steps, deep in thought.

“Are you Buncir?” Ki Lengser asked.

“Yes, Sir. I’m Buncir. May I ask who you are?”

“My name is Lengser. I come with the king’s command to bring you to the palace.”

They both immediately set out and arrived in the palace.

“Are you Buncir?” the king asked.

“Yes, Your Majesty. I am Buncir from Ciherang Village.”

“How come you ended in my kingdom? Please tell me your story!”

Buncir then told the story of his entire life, including all the misfortunes he had experienced. He did it in a *kawih* (traditional song).

“I went to catch a fish, I caught *anggay-anggay*. A chicken ate *anggay-anggay*, and I got the chicken. A rice pestle fell on the chicken, I got the rice pestle.

A buffalo broke the rice pestle, and I got the buffalo. A *limus* fell on the buffalo, I got the *limus* fruit. A princess ate my *limus*, and I’ll get the princess.”

“So it is true that you want my daughter as the replacement for your *limus* that she ate?”

“I beg your pardon, Your Majesty. I indeed want the princess to

replace my *limus*.”

The King thought long and hard. He then asked Buncir to wait outside for his decision. The king then called *Patih*, his advisor.

“Patih, you have heard his story, what do you say?”

“I beg your pardon, Your Majesty. The boy is simple and honest. He wants the princess not because he knew she is a princess. He does not want wealth. He asks for the princess because she has eaten his *limus*. If it was a farmer’s daughter who ate the fruit, Buncir would ask for her to replace his *limus*.”

“That’s what I think, too, Patih.”

“However, Your Majesty, Buncir is not a suitable match for Princess Mayangsari.”

“That’s exactly the problem. If I deny Buncir’s request, I will be an unjust and unfair king. My father had always told me that a fair king will always be loved, an unfair king will be denounced.”

The king lowered his head and thought, “Oh, God, I pray every day for a strong, handsome son-in-law to be my successor, but you have sent me this boy.”

The king realized that he could not defy fate. He could not avoid destiny. He believed that all this happened because God willed it.



The king finally made a decision. Patih should take Buncir home and raised him as his own son. Buncir should change his name into Gandarasa. The king promised that at a later date, when Gandarasa was deemed ready, he would be married to Princess Mayangsari.

“Your Majesty, if that’s what Your Majesty command, I’ll be happy to do it,” Patih said. Ki Lengser called Buncir to enter and told him that he would stay with Patih until it was time for him to marry the princess.

## 7. Gandarasa

Patih took Buncir home. His wife was surprised when she saw the bald, dark-skinned boy.

“Who is he? Why do you bring him here?” she asked.

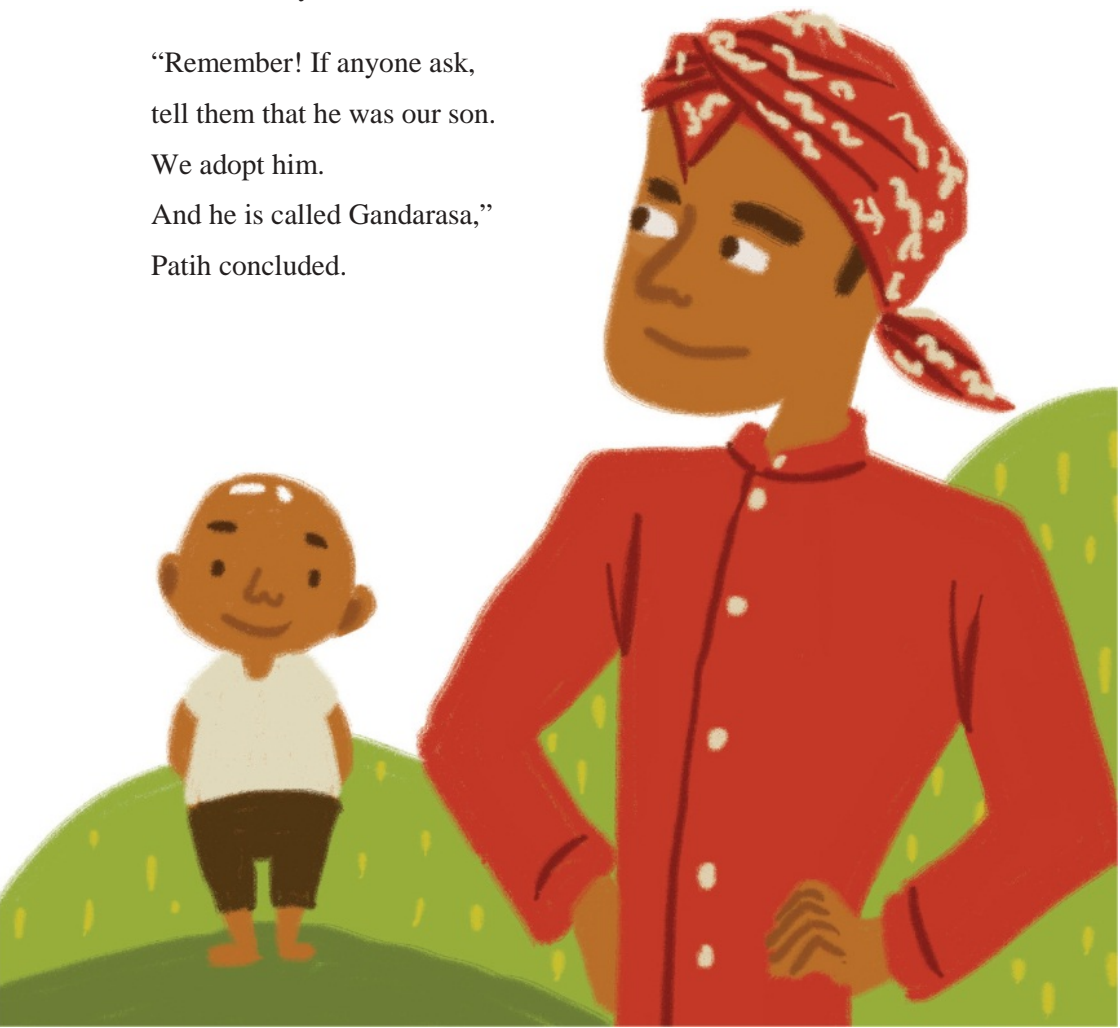
“Shhh! Lower your voice! The king wants us to raise him, so that’s what we’re going to do!” Patih replied. He then told his wife the story.

“Remember! If anyone ask,  
tell them that he was our son.

We adopt him.

And he is called Gandarasa,”

Patih concluded.



Patih then called Buncir and had a conversation with him. Buncir was wondering about what was actually happening.

“Juragan, why do you bring me here?” Buncir asked, looking around the big house.

“Do you know that I have no son of my own? I wish to adopt. You don’t mind, do you?”

“But I came to this kingdom to find some work, to get experience.”

“Of course you can work. In fact, you can work in the palace if you want. But you have to stay here for some time. I’ll teach you everything you need to know. Just listen to me, alright.”

“Yes, Juragan.”

“Good! Now remember, you have to introduce yourself as my son from now on.”

“Yes, Juragan.”

Since that day, Buncir stayed with Patih. He was taken care for very well at the house. He took a bath every day. His body was cleansed and treated. He was given good clothes and dressed like a son of a nobleman.

Patih and his wife taught Gandarasa various knowledge and

skills. They also trained him in the art of proper behavior, following the rules and tradition of Salaka Kingdom.

Days turned into weeks, weeks turned into months, and months turned into years.

After a few years staying with Patih, Gandarasa grew to be a handsome and strong man. He behaved perfectly as a nobleman; no one could tell his true origin.

## 8. The Wedding

One day, King of Salaka called Patih to the palace. He asked about Gandarasa. Patih informed him about Gandarasa's progress. The king was happy with the report.

"I think it is time to fulfill my promise. Gandarasa can meet my daughter, Patih."

"I hear, Your Majesty!"

Patih was glad with the king's decision. He quickly went home to tell his wife and adopted son the news.

"Wife, come here!"

"What is it, Husband? You look so happy."

"I bring a good news, Wife! The king has decided to marry Gandarasa and Princess Mayangsari."

"Well, Gandarasa should hear this, then."

"Of course! Go on and call him!"

"Gandarasa. . . come here, quick!" Gandarasa quickly came and sat in front of his adopted parents.

"Gandarasa! The king has decided to marry you to His Majesty's daughter. What do you think?"

“I put my fate on His Majesty’s hands.”

“Good. Tomorrow, I’ll inform His Majesty that you are ready to marry the princess.”

The next day, Patih met the king. He informed the king that Gandarasa was ready. The two of them then discussed the wedding plan. They decided that Gandarasa would marry Princess Mayangsari the following weeks.

Patih and his wife immediately prepared everything needed for the wedding ceremony. Patih’s wife prepared beautiful gifts as the dowry for the princess.

Meanwhile, Patih taught and prepared Gandarasa about the code of conducts in the palace in general as well as the code of conducts as the king’s son-in-law.

A few days before the marriage, everyone in the palace was busy to prepare for the ceremony. A huge stage was built in the city hall right in front of the palace. The gates and walls of the palace were decorated with bouquets and other accessories.

A week later, the wedding ceremony took place. The palace was lively and merry. In every corner of the palace there were beautiful decorations. Gandarasa and Princess Mayangsari sat happily at the wedding chairs.

Various cultural and religious ceremonies were held before the

wedding to ensure that the wedding ceremony itself went on without a hitch and that the happy couple were blessed by God Almighty. After all those ceremonies, the king wedded Gandarasa to Princess Mayangsari.

The city hall was filled with guests and common people. They came to see the handsome groom and the beautiful bride. Everyone was happy because their beloved princess had found her soul mate.

The king decreed that a celebration would be held for seven days and seven nights in the city hall. Various entertainment and amusement would be performed there. On the first day, *wayang golek* (puppet show) would be performed by the royal *dalang* (puppeteer) of Salaka Kingdom. On the second day, *calung* performance would be held. *Calung* was a bamboo xylophone instrument. On this second day of celebration, ensembles of *calung* from various parts of the kingdom would perform beautiful music all day long. On the third day, the people could enjoy *ronggeng* dance performance. On the fourth day, dancers would perform *ketuk tilu* and *topeng* (mask) dances. On the fifth day, it was the people's turn to perform rice harvesting dance. Finally, the last two days would witness *wayang golek* performance for two days in a row. The people were very happy and had a good time.

Now that Gandarasa had married Princess Mayangsari, the king

prepared to announce that he would leave the kingdom in the hands of Gandarasa. The king felt that it was time for him to go on religious retreat. He would meditate and focus on improving his spirituality. Canons were fired to celebrate Gandarasa's coronation.



## **9. The Coronation**

It had been a month that Gandarasa and Princess Mayangsari became husband and wife. They enjoyed their time together in the palace. Princess Mayangsari had no idea that Gandarasa was actually Buncir.

One day, as usual, the king sat on his throne. He called the queen to have a serious conversation.

“My queen, I have something to tell you.”

“What is on your mind, husband?”

“I think I am too old to rule the kingdom. I want to meditate, getting close to God Almighty. What do you think?”

“Oh, Great King, my lovely husband, whatever you decide, I shall follow you.”

“Thank you, Wife. I think it is a good time to leave the palace. Let’s our children be my successor to rule Salaka Kingdom.”

The queen left the room after bowing to the king. The king then called Patih and his ministers. He told them his wish and asked for their opinion. All of them supported the king’s decision, although some of them still had doubt about Gandarasa’s readiness. However, most of them believed that Gandarasa had the ability to be the king’s successor.

After a lengthy discussion, the king became more certain about his decision. He immediately instructed his ministers to prepare for the coronation of the new king.

The king called Gandarasa and Princess Mayangsari and told them about his decision to leave the throne of Salaka Kingdom to them.

“My children, Gandarasa and Mayangsari! I think it is time for me to focus on my spirituality. I want to get closer to God Almighty. I have decided to anoint you as the new king and queen of Salaka Kingdom.”

“Your Majesty, as Your Majesty’s son-in-law, I am prepared to do whatever Your Majesty command,” Gandarasa said, bowing deeply in respect.

“Good, prepare yourself for the coronation tomorrow!”

Gandarasa and his wife bowed again before leaving the room.

The following day, the palace was ready for the coronation. All people of the kingdom had come to the city hall to witness the ceremony. The king went out of the palace and walked towards a *pendopo*, large open structure in front of the palace where he usually received guests, facing the city hall. Standing on the *pendopo*, the king announced that Gandarasa would inherit the throne of Salaka Kingdom.

“My beloved people, this day will come sooner or later. I think I have ruled long enough. From now on, I will go to an isolated place and spend the rest of my life to pray to God Almighty.”

The people were sad when they heard that announcement. They had been following the king’s commands not because they feared him. Instead they followed him because the king always protected and cared for them. They knew that they would miss the wise king.

“I have decided to give the throne to my son, Gandarasa. Thus, I hereby declare Gandarasa the king of Salakanagara.”

The king took off his crown and put it on Gandarasa’s head. He also gave the royal sword to Gandarasa. Cannons were fired in succession to mark the coronation.

A day after the coronation, the old king and queen left the palace. They went to a spiritual retreat that had been prepared at the edge of the kingdom. Several loyal soldiers and guards followed them to ensure their safety. The king became a *begawan* (spiritual man) and spent the rest of his days at the retreat.

## **10. The Reunion**

After the wedding, Gandarasa and Princess Mayangsari stayed in the palace. They inherited the throne and became the new king and queen of Salaka Kingdom. They ruled the kingdom together

with wisdom and fairness. A few weeks after her parents left, Mayangsari missed them. She had never been away from her parents for a long time before. It was good that she had Gandarasa by her side.

Gandarasa and Mayangsari ruled and protected the people as good as the old king. In fact, the people felt that their life had become more prosperous since Gandarasa sat on the throne.

It was a few years since Gandarasa became the king of Salaka, and he remembered his father and his homeland almost every day. He wished to see his father again. One day, Mayangsari woke up and did not find her husband beside her. She immediately went out of their bedroom and found him sitting alone outside, deep in thought. He looked so sad.

“My husband, what bothers you?” she asked.

“I remember my father in Ciherang. I have left him for so long and now I miss him so much.”

“Don’t let it bother you, Husband. We can always invite him to the palace.”

“Hmm... I’m afraid he would not believe that I am his son. My story is too good to be true. What if he doesn’t want to see me, or worse, he doesn’t remember me?” Gandarasa thought.

He finally decided that there was no harm in following his wife’s

suggestion. He was going to tell Ki Lengser to find his father.

“Ki Lengser, go to Ciherang Village today!”

“I hear, Your Majesty.”

“Find an old man called Ki Jukut in the village. Tell him that I invite him to the palace and bring him here!”

“Your wish is my command, Your Majesty. I’m leaving now.”

Without further ado, Ki Lengser left to Ciherang Village. He rode on the best horse in the kingdom and brought two soldiers along with him.

Ki Lengser and his soldiers rode for days through the forest that separated Salaka Kingdom and Ciherang. Along the trip, they only stopped to eat and sleep. They wanted to reach Ciherang as soon as possible.

Once they arrived in Ciherang Village, Ki Lengser looked for Ki Jukut’s house. It was not hard to find the small hut amidst the big, beautiful houses in Ciherang. Ki Lengser quickly went to the front door and knocked.

“*Sampurasun*,” Ki Lengser said. *Sampurasun* was a greeting used in Sunda Land.

“*Rampes*” a voice replied from inside the house. The door opened

and an old man walked out. Ki Jukut was scared when he saw a stranger in royal attire and swords on his belt standing at his front door. Trembling slightly with fear, he asked the guest.

“Who are you, Juragan? What can I do for you?”

“I am Ki Lengser from Salaka Kingdom. My king told me to invite and bring you to the palace.”

“What? To the palace? What for? What did I do?” Ki Jukut was startled.

“It’s a long story. Come on, let’s just leave.”

“Did I do something wrong, Juragan?” Ki Jukut asked with shaky voice.

“You did not do anything wrong. Don’t worry. Just come with me. I will not do any harm to you!”

“Ye... Yes, Juragan. Let me make some preparation first.”

His heart full of fear and his mind full of questions, Ki Jukut entered his house and packed. Without a word, he followed Ki Lengser to Salaka Kingdom, riding one of the horses Ki Lengser had brought.

To cut a long story short, they arrived in Salaka Kingdom and Ki Lengser immediately presented himself to the king. “Your

Majesty, I have done as commanded. Your Majesty's father is here in the palace.”

“Why don't you bring him in?”

Ki Lengser went out and fetched Ki Jukut. Ki Jukut looked at his feet, did not dare to look at the king. His voice was shaking when he spoke, “I beg your pardon, Your Majesty, what had I done that Your Majesty call me to the palace?”

King Gandarasa smiled. He got out of his throne and approached Ki Jukut. He put his hands on the old man's shoulders.

“Father, come look at me!” Gandarasa was finally reunited with his father. Ki Jukut looked up nervously and saw the king's face.

“Don't you recognize me, Father?” Ki Jukut shook his head, unable to utter a word.

“I'm Buncir, Father!” Ki Jukut was startled and took a long look at the king's face.

“Buncir? Buncir? Is it truly you?”

“Yes, Father, it's me, your son. Years ago, I left you in our hut in Cihorang and arrived here, at Salaka Kingdom.”

“Who is that old man? Is he my husband's father?” Mayangsari thought while walking towards them. Seeing his wife, Gandarasa

quickly called her over and introduced her to his father.

“Father, this is my wife, the daughter of the old king of Salaka.” Mayangsari knelt and paid her respect to Ki Jukut. Ki Jukut and Gandarasa embraced each other and cried on each other’s shoulder. They had been separated for so long. Tears of longing and joy fell down their cheeks. King Gandarasa, a.k.a Buncir, recounted his experiences since leaving Ciherang until he became the king of Salaka Kingdom.

“Thank God, Son! You finally have happiness in your life. I have missed you for years. I always try to find news about you, but I heard nothing. It was as if you were swallowed by the earth.”

“Yes, Father. I beg your forgiveness. Even though I never sent any news, I never forget you, Father. I always pray that you are healthy, safe, and happy.”

They then spent the whole day talking with each other, rejoicing the fact that they were finally reunited. When night fell, Ki Jukut was shown to a room the maids had prepared for him.



## **11. Happy Ending**

Even though Buncir had become a king, he was still humble and honest. He did not hesitate to acknowledge his poor father.

Since they had found each other again, the three of them, Buncir, Ki Jukut, and Princess Mayangsari, left together happily in the palace of Salaka Kingdom.

The people of Salaka soon found out about Ki Jukut's presence in the palace. They finally discovered that their king was not of a noble descendant. He came from a common place like the rest of them.

However, it did not make Gandarasa lose the respect of his people. In fact, they had never been prouder. Their king was an honest man, leading them with humility. The fact that he came from a poor family only made the people believed in him more. They believed that Gandarasa would be able to be more understanding, considering that he had led the same life as his people.

Gandarasa and Princess Mayangsari ruled with wisdom and fairness. The people of Salaka lived in prosperity and peace. Salaka Kingdom grew to be more popular and prosperous. The people loved their wise and kind leaders.



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2. *Ikhtisar Perkembangan Sastra Sunda: Periode Prakemerdekaan dan Pascakemerdekaan*, Balai Bahasa Provinsi Jawa Barat, 2013, ISBN 978-602-1686-01.
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