

**INDARA PITARAA AND SIRAAPARE**  
*Indara Pitaraa dan Siraapare*

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## **INDARA PITARAA AND SIRAAPARE**

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## INDARA PITARAA AND SIRAAPARE

### I. The Birth of Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare

Wakumoro was a small seaside village. There, in the village, lived La Jampi and his wife Wa Sara. La Jampi and Wa Sara were not people of means, yet they cherished any opportunity to help those in need.

It had been years since they got married but La Jampi and Wa Sara had not had any children. They prayed tirelessly so that the Almighty might grant them such a blessing.

“Husband, why is it that God has not given us any children? What err and sin have we committed that He should not see fit to grant our prayer!” Wa Sara asked La Jampi.

“Be patient, Wa Sara. You should not say such things. We cannot assume ill intention on His part. That would be a sin!” La Jampi replied to his wife’s protests.

“Have faith that God has other plans for us. We cannot expect every good deed to be rewarded in kind. That would be insincere. We should keep praying,” La Jampi advised his wife. Wa Sara realised how wrong it was to say those things and asked God for forgiveness.

A few years later, their prayers were answered. La Jampi and Wa Sara were finally given their blessing and were eternally grateful to God. Wa Sara gave birth to twin boys. But, to everyone's amazement, and the utter shock of the witch-doctor who helped deliver them, both boys were born clutching a kris in their right hand.

"This is truly miraculous! I've never witnessed childbirth quite like this. Let us hope it is a good omen," said the witch-doctor.

"Congratulations, La Jampi, your children are born. Twin boys," the witch-doctor said.

"Oh, can this be true? Thank you, God! You have answered our prayers! I am a father!" La Jampi shouted gratefully.

"I have children! I am a father! My children have been born! I am a father!" La Jampi proclaimed with glee. He knelt down, overcome with happiness. Afterwards, he went to his wife's side and took his two sons in his arms.

He was as surprised as anyone that both his newborn sons were each born with a kris in their hand. He did not care about the kris since he was too happy to think about it.

Then La Jampi glanced at his wife and said, "Wa Sara, God has answered our prayers! I'll name the older child Indara Pitaraa and the younger one Siraapare."

Wa Sara nodded, confirming agreement.

"Oh my God. May they become good and useful children in the future days," Wa Sara wished in all candour.

The birth of Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare had made the people of Wakumoro happy yet surprised at once. They thought that Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare were miraculous children because they were clutching a kris when they were born.

The years went by, and Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare grew into young men. Though they were twins, they did not share the same build. Siraapare was tall and thin whereas Siraapare was short and fat. Indara Pitaraa was selfish and Sirapaare had a terrible temper.

They also had different hobbies. Indara Pitaraa liked beating the gendang drums while Siraapare liked playing the flute. The twins would rather waste time mucking about in the market than helping their parents in the fields.

Over time, their mother and father became sad and disappointed. Their two children had grown up to be delinquents. They constantly talked back to their parents and acted against their parents' wish. Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare were also involved in some physical fights.

It seemed that the kris they had held since the time they were

born had been magically very powerful. They scared the people with their kris. Nobody dared to prohibit them from doing such delinquent acts. Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare were so bad-tempered that they would get angry when they were prohibited to do whatever they like.

Over time, Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare became more delinquent. They destroyed plants, beat people, and killed animals.

One day, Indara Pitaraa beat and hurt Lawakea, a vegetable seller in a market, just because Lawakea warned Indara Pitaraa not to disturb other children who were playing. Feeling annoyed and feared, finally, the people complained about the problem to the village head. They also complained about the twins' bad acts to La Jampi and Wa Sara.

"I'm embarrassed with what Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare had done. The village people have got annoyed. What will we do with our children? I'm afraid the village people will get angry and throw us out of this village," said Wa Sara. Her tears dropped.

La Jampi thought about the fate of his twin sons seriously. Then he remembered the day when the sons were born.

"The kris! The kris might have made the children delinquent. Will the kris lead to catastrophe for my children in the future?"

What will happen if they kill somebody? They must not be cruel." La Jampi was very anxious and was disturbed with various questions.

La Jampi failed to sleep the whole night. He constantly looked at his two sons who were sleeping soundly on the mat. Siraapare slept with his both hands folded on top of his chest. He put the kris beside his thin body while Indara Pitaraa was sleeping while clutching the kris.

"I'll have to take an action!" he said firmly to himself. The following day, he told his plan to his wife.

"Wa Sara ..., I have made a decision. Before the village people got angry with Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare, what do you think if we ask them to roam over the world? We ask them to go away from this village."

"What...! Why do you want our own children to go out of this village? No! I don't agree!"

"This would be for their goodness. I don't want it to happen either. But, what will happen if Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare do not change at all? Then the village people will get angry and kill your children."

"No! Don't do that. Where will they go? There are only jungles and mountains out there. Where will they sleep? I'm

afraid that they will die of cold weather or otherwise, wild animals will eat them. Ooh ... No, I can't approve it, La Jampi!" Wa Sara shouted.

La Jampi constantly persuaded Wa Sara by justifying the idea of asking them for a roam. Finally, Wa Sara gave in and approved her husband's idea. Then, they said to their sons.

"My sons, Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare, come here!" La Jampi called his sons.

Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare, who were cleansing their kris, approached their father.

"Please be informed that the village people have been annoyed with what you have done so far. We have given you much advice but you have never changed. You have made a mess in this village," said their father haltingly.

Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare, busy mucking about the kris, did not respond to their father's complaint.

"Therefore, before the village people got angrier, leave this village and explore the world. It's up to you, wherever you wish to go. In that way, we hope that you will change one day," said La Jampi convincingly.



"Are you throwing us out of this home?" Indara Pitaraa asked.

"No, son. We love you very much and we always want you to be with us here. However, I think this is the best way for you and all of us. Moreover, you have grown up and are ready to earn some experiences out there," said their father sadly.

Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare needed a long time to think until they finally agreed with what their father and mother had said.

"All right Mom and Dad. As you wish, we'll leave this village," said Indara Pitaraa.

"It's all right my brother Indara; we can learn much new knowledge in our journey out there. It must be nice to explore other countries," said Siraapare.

Then Siraapare imagined what he would have. He had heard some stories from the elderly in the village that pretty heavenly fairies usually played in the jungles and rivers.

"Let us hope that we can meet one of the beautiful heavenly fairies and I can get acquainted with them," thought Siraapare. Meanwhile, Indara Pitaraa was thinking seriously about the journey they would have to take.

Early in the morning on the following day, when the dawn had not broken yet sun had not risen yet, Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare were already prepared to leave Wakumoro village.

Reluctantly, Wa Sara released her twin sons. She gave each of them a parcel of seven eggs, seven ketupat (a rice cake boiled in a rhombus-shaped packet of plaited young coconut leaves), seven bars of sugar cane, half piece of young coconut and two coconut shells.

"Indara and Siraapare, learn the lessons from the exploration. You will have to take care of each other. Remember, you will find many obstacles out there. I don't know the kinds of handicaps that you may face up. However, I am sure that you will be able to overcome them," said La Jampi to his sons.

"Go to the north and you'll pass jungles and mountains. After that you probably will find kampongs." La Jampi gave his last advice to his sons.

Then with their tears dropping, La Jampi and Wa Sara hugged their sons before they left. Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare frequently looked back to their parents who constantly waved their hands to them. Wa Sara was very sad. She got deeply sad to know that no villagers accompanied her to see Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare leaving. She kept looking at her sons until they were out of sight at the village street's corner.

Indara Pitaraa and Sirapaare kept walking to the north under the searing heat of the sun. They had to climb up hills and mountains, swim across rivers, and walked through jungles.

## **II. The Journey of Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare**

It was already dark when they entered the jungles. The sounds of nocturnal insects accompanied the steps of the twin brothers. They found a bhetau tree with large roots. Siraapare felt very exhausted. He asked his older brother if they could take a rest.

"My brother Indara, I'm very exhausted. Can we just take a rest here?" Siraapare said to his older brother.

"All right. I am feeling very thirsty too," replied Indara Pitaraa.

Indara Pitaraa looked around. There were some old and tall teak trees around them and one bhetau tree with large roots and thick leaves.

They heard the incessant sound of turtledoves and hornbills far away.

Meanwhile, Siraapare had unloaded the food parcel prepared by his mother. He ate a ketupat and an egg. To quench the thirst, he also bit a bar of sugarcane. He took a rest there and when the night came, they slept on the large tree roots.

"Siraapare, Siraapare ..., wake up! It's already morning," shouted Indara Pitaraa. Siraapare woke up right away. He did not know why suddenly he felt anxious.

"Brother, I want to go home. Last night I failed to sleep. I did not sleep well last night. Now my body is aching and it's very cold here," complained Siraapare.

It seemed that last night Siraapare had a nice dream about his home. He dreamt that he was sleeping on the mat when his mother came and covered him with his favourite blanket of bhia-bhia.

Siraapare still looked annoyed since his brother had woken him up from his sleep. Moreover, he did not have any breakfast as his mother usually prepared. Usually, when he woke up, he would have got a plate of boiled cassava on the table.

Indara Pitaraa ignored his younger brother's complaint. Instead, he pulled his younger brother's hand and left the jungle.

Siraapare went on walking although he constantly complained. When he felt tired, sometimes he got behind his older brother. Siraapare began to feel bored. Along the way, he kept swishing his kris to clear and cut trees and bushes. They had walked for five days through rivers, valleys, mountains, and jungles. Siraapare always whimpered to ask for a rest.

Seeing that his younger brother was exhausted, Indara Pitaraa always put his younger brother's head on his lap in order that

Siraapare could sleep soundly. Likewise, when he knew that his younger brother had not been satiated yet, he always shared an additional half of his meals to his younger brother.

Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare kept going that way until finally they arrived at the peak of the seventh mount of Nepa-Nepa, the highest and most dangerous peak. The way to the peak of Mount Nepa-Nepa was very sheer and steep with sharp and slippery rocks.

It took five days for them to reach the peak of Mount Nepa-Nepa. Having not slept for ten consecutive days, Indara Pitaraa finally became very tired. He had to stay up that long to keep his younger brother Siraapare sleeping.

"Siraapare, let's take a rest for a while. I want to sleep for a moment. Could you stay awake? After that you can alternately take a rest," said Indara Pitaraa to his younger brother.

"All right, Brother," replied Siraapare.

It did not take a long time for Indara Pitaraa to fall asleep soundly. Feeling pity on his older brother's condition, he put his older brother's head on his lap. Although he was very sleepy too, Siraapare attempted to stay awake.

While he was sleeping, Indara Pitaraa had a dream that he saw a glaringly bright light approaching him. Indara Pitaraa was

shocked and scared at once. While he had not recovered from his shock, suddenly he heard a clear voice calling.

"Oh my son, Indara Pitaraa!"

"Who's...who's speaking? Who are you really?" Indara Pitaraa asked.

"Look, my son! The kris that you had brought since you were born will miraculously protect you." The magic voice was heard again.

"You..You mean this kris?" Indara Pitaraa asked nervously. Indara Pitaraa pulled the kris off his waist and looked at it fearfully.

"Don't be scared. The kris, named Parigi, derive from Parigi heaven. If you have good deeds sincerely and patiently, the kris will have much more miraculous power and you can get stronger," said the magic voice.

The glaring bright light faded away immediately. Indara Pitaraa woke up from his sleep right away. However, he did not tell his dream to his younger brother. Indara Pitaraa tried to memorize his dream while looking at the kris in his hand. Suddenly, he got shocked when he realized that the kris had a glaring and shining colour.

"What's going on with my kris? After the dream, it changes.

What does it imply?" He asked quietly.

The colour of kris Parigi endowed to him since his birth turned into golden. The metallic handle edge carved with rose sheath shone brightly as well.

"Now I understand why the people threw us away. We had abused the magic power of the kris. Poor mom and dad! They must have been suffering," said Indara Pitaraa.

Finally, Indara Pitaraa realized that so far he and his younger brother had done wrong to the people. Even worse, they had mistreated their loving parents who had brought them up. Indara Pitaraa regretted what he had done so far. However, he did not know how to apologize to the village people. In case he returned to the village, he was not sure if the people would forgive him and his younger brother.

Indara Pitaraa asked his younger brother to sleep. He took the turn to stay awake to keep his younger brother. Unexpectedly, when Siraapare was sleeping he also had the same dream as Indara Pitaraa's. After taking enough time to rest, sleep, and have meals, they went on their journey. When they had got out of the jungle, they found a residential village. But, they found that the village was not such a quiet and peaceful residence. It was terribly ruined. The houses were damaged while plants and the gardens were destroyed. Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare

wondered why the people whom they met were scared and run every whichway.

"What's going on with this village?" Indara Pitaraa asked.

"Humm. What's going on? Everything was in a mess," said Siraapare.

"Have wild animals from the jungles entered this village and destroyed everything? But, why have the people run away and looked scared when they met us?" Indara Pitaraa continued his question.

"Let's find the village head, Brother. Perhaps, he knows something."

Then they looked for someone whom they could ask. However, nobody was willing to talk to them. Everybody was scared to talk to foreigners. Moreover, Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare clutched a glaring and shining kris.

Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare found a hut at the edge of the village. The hut with palm leaves roof had partially been damaged. Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare stopped in front of the hut and expected the dweller to get out.

"Excuse me..., is there anybody home?" Indara Pitaraa called loudly and peeped into the widely-open door.



"It seems that nobody is inside. But it sounds that someone is crying. Let's just get in, Brother," said Siraapare. Both of them entered the hut. It was quiet inside. Indara Pitaraa stepped farther to the kitchen. There he saw an old woman sobbing.

"Hey, the old lady, why are you sobbing? What is going on here?" Siraapare asked.

The old woman got surprised and scared to see them coming. But she did not reply Siraapare's question.

"Why are you sobbing, Ma'am? Why are all of the people here scared?" Indara Pitaraa asked.

The old woman did not reply at all. Instead, she covered her face with both of her hands. She constantly sobbed and was persistently scared.

"Don't be scared, Ma'am," Indara Pitaraa said while touching the shoulder of the old woman. However, the old woman got more scared.

"No...No, young man. You had better leave this place!" Finally, the old woman managed to speak. Hearing what the old woman had said, Indara Pitaraa got more curious.

"Why are you asking us to leave? We don't have any evil intent," Indara Pitaraa confirmed.

A moment later, an old man entered. He was the husband of the old woman. He pushed Indara Pitaraa.

"Go! ...Just leave this place!" the old man said angrily.

"We just need a place to spend one night here, Sir?" Indara Pitaraa said.

"Don't be stupid, young man! Don't you see that this village has been destroyed? We don't even know where we will live. Leave us...leave quickly!" the old man pushed Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare away from the hut. Finally, the brothers left the hut.

"That's enough, Brother. We had better go on our journey.

Let's take a rest in the forest." Siraapare said and left his older brother who was still standing and looking at the old hut.

"Wait, Siraapare. It seems that something wrong has happened in this village. We have to find out what's going on!" said Indara Pitaraa.

"Come on, Brother. This damage may have resulted from the delinquent act of adolescents. You may stay, but I'll leave!" Siraapare grumbled and left his older brother.

"Wait, Siraapare. We'll stay here until we know what is going on in this village!" Indara Pitaraa said angrily.

"No! ... I'm leaving now!"

"You can't go alone, Siraapare. We have to be always together." Indara Pitaraa ran after his younger brother and pulled his hand abruptly. Siraapare finally gave in.

"Huh, it is annoying to live with such unfriendly villagers." Although Siraapare got irritated, he finally followed his older brother.

After a long walk, they met, La Poleang, a martially skillful young man of their age with a kris in his hand.

Indara Pitaraa greeted the young man in a friendly way. After getting acquainted with them, La Poleang described what has happened with their village. A group of sea pirates had attacked and killed the people of the village. The pirates looked for offshore residence since the storm had destroyed their ship.

They robbed the people of their belongings and horticultural produces. They had killed the village head. The pirate group was led by La Kapopo. Nobody dared to fight against such a strong man as La Kapopo.

"My brother, Sangada, was the strongest man in this Sabampolulu village. Unfortunately, when he helped the village people he was killed by La Kapopo," said La Poleang

sadly.

"Therefore, I want to end the crime of La Kapopo," he continued.

Hearing what he had said, Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare got angry. The Tobelo group was very cruel.

They had killed the fishermen because they refused to share their fish capture.

"We have to fight against the group of Tobelo!" Siraapare urged.

"Right. Where can we find them? We'll back you up!" Indara Pitaraa confirmed.

"All right. The three of us will fight against them. We have to terminate their crime immediately!" La Poleang shouted loudly and enthusiastically.

Indara Pitaraa, Siraapare, and La Poleang walked to the jungle to look for La Kapopo and his men. Knowing that someone had challenged him, La Kapopo got infuriated. They attacked the three young men. There was a fierce fight in the jungle. However, the fight did not equal. La Kapopo had five ships with one hundred men each. However, Indara Pitaraa managed to stand against La Kapopo by himself.

"Shall I back you up, Brother?" Siraapare asked while constantly attacking La Kapopo's men.

"No. It's not necessary. You had better back up La Poleang. It seems that he is in trouble," Indara Pitaraa said while jumping over to avoid the attack of La Kapopo. Siraapare looked at La Poleang. Indeed, he saw that La Poleang was at a loss when he had to fight against La Kapopo's approximately hundreds of men. Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare managed to avoid the attack of La Kapopo's men.

Although finally Indara Pitaraa, Siraapare, and La Poleang successfully defeated La Kapopo's men, La Poleang failed to get rid of La Kapopo's attack. He died on the lap of Siraapare. Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare were very sad to see that their new friend was killed. Then both of them attacked La Kapopo. In a moment, La Kapopo gave in.

Siraapare was about to kill La Kapopo. He was very angry because La Kapopo had killed La Poleang who attempted to protect the village people. Frankly, Siraapare began to like La Poleang and expected that he could join his and his brother's exploration.

At that time, La Kapopo was powerless in the hand of Siraapare. Siraapare could have easily killed La Kapopo with his kris.

"Please forgive me ... forgive me! Don't kill me. I'm begging you. Forgive me!" La Kapopo begged.

"You are very cruel, La Kapopo! You've killed innocent people," said Siraapare angrily.

"I'm sorry. Forgive me. I promise not to commit any crime any longer. I'll obey whatever you wish as long as you let me live! Forgive me ... please ...!" La Kapopo begged in a miserable voice.

"You are begging for a mercy because you don't have any man alive. You damn evil!" Siraapare said while pointing his kris to La Kapopo's arm.

La Kapopo screamed when his arm was hurt and bleeding. Seeing that, Indara Pitaraa soon prevented Siraapare from committing a further act.

"Stop, Siraapare! Don't kill him. He is powerless. He has begged for mercy and promised to do right." Indara Pitaraa shouted.

"Don't trust him, Brother. He doesn't deserve a life! He will certainly commit crimes later!" Siraapare was persistently eager to kill La Kapopo. However, his older brother prohibited him to do so. Finally, they forgave La Kapopo. They submitted La Kapopo to the village people of Sabampolulu to get

appropriate punishment.

Meanwhile, to memorize the merit of La Poleang, the jungle in which La Poleang died was named the Jungle of Poleang. The village people expressed their gratitude to Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare and asked them to lead their village. However, they declined the request.

"We are sorry. We can't live here. We have to go on our journey," said Indara Pitaraa to the village people.

They left the village of Sabampolulu that day. All of the village people released Indara Pitaraa and his younger brother to go on their journey. They walked through mountains, jungles, and streams and stopped when they arrived in a valley.

"Brother, are we going to climb the mountain?" Siraapare asked while pointing his finger to a very high mountain.

"Yes, Siraapare. Hopefully, it's the final peak of the mountain that we have to pass," said Indara. It seemed that he could not enjoy the journey any longer.

When they arrived at the mountain peak, Indara Pitaraa gazed around. At that evening, the breeze blew softly. The air was very cool. Feeling sleepy due to the blow of the soft breeze,

Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare finally fell asleep soundly. When Siraapare woke up, he realized that the previously soft breeze had turned into a strong wind. Soon, he woke up Indara Pitaraa.

"Brother! .... Brother! ... Wake up quickly, Brother. There's a storm!" Siraapare shouted and shook his brother's body. Indara Pitaraa woke up right away. He saw a scaring view at the peak of the high mountain.

Sssh... ....sshh.. ...sshh...

Slowly they heard the breeze blowing. Gradually, the breeze blew faster. Soon Indara Pitaraa realized that something bad would happen to them.

"There will be a storm," said him quietly. He held his younger brother's hand firmly. Siraapare had anticipated that a threat would come soon. Suddenly he felt terribly scared. When they were about to leave, the storm came and attacked them.

Hush...hush...hush ....

Crack.....crack....crack....

The wind was blowing along with the sound of the rubbing twigs. The leaves were falling and flying. The trees were pulling off the ground one by one. Indara Pitaraa held his younger brother's arm more firmly.



"The storm is coming. Hold on Siraapare!" Indara Pitaraa said while connecting his belt to his younger brother's. When the storm came quickly, it flew whatever it encountered at the peak of the mountain. It also flew both Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare over the sky.

"Siraapare! .... Hold on firmly! Don't get your hands off!" Indara Pitaraa shouted.

The twin brothers flew over the sky like two cotton pieces. They held on each other firmly. Meanwhile, another faster storm struck.

Unexpectedly, the belt connecting their bodies was cut off. Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare were equally surprised. The storm had parted them.

"Brother Indaraaaa...!"

"Siraapareeeee...!"

They flew apart from each other in the sky. They parted even farther. Finally, they could not see each other any longer. Both of them felt sad and scared since they worried each other's condition. They did not know if they would be able to see each other again.

### **III. The Fight in Negeri Lambu Balano**

"Attack!"

"Save this country!"

Siraapare woke up. The voices had woken him up.

"Oh my God! Where am I?" he said slowly.

It seemed that after flying over the sky for some time, he had fallen down and hooked onto a tree branch. He found that he still had the kris around his waist. Then Siraapare peeped up from the trees to identify where the voices came from.

He found out that there had been a battle in a field. Siraapare did not recognize who they were. However, their attire indicated that they were the royal soldiers who were fighting against gigantic demons.

"What a pity! I have to help them," he uttered in the sense of horror. Without taking any consideration, Siraapare jumped and got involved in the battle. A middle-aged man who was in trouble of the enemy's attack saw and called him.

"Hey, young man. I don't know who you are. But, please help us. Labolontio and his men are attacking us," shouted him.

"Who is Labolontio? And who are you? Why are you engaged

in the battle?" Siraapare asked.

"I'm a kapitalao of the Lambu Balano Kingdom. My name is Ramate. Our king has been defeated by the gigantic demons," shouted him.

Siraapare felt horrified hearing what Ramate had said. However, he encouraged himself. Soon he pulled out his kris. A golden yellow shine came out of the kris. The light had glared the eyes of the people.

"Don't look at the glare of this kris. Close your eyes!" Siraapare shouted to all of the royal soldiers.

The glare of Siraapare's kris had resulted in a severe ocular pain for the gigantic demons. When all of the gigantic demons were in severe ocular pain, Siraapare attacked them. With a single attack of his kris, he could kill a hundred gigantic demons at once. Knowing that all of the gigantic demons had been killed, Labolontio appeared.

"Ha..ha..ha...ha..! Hey, little man. How dare you kill my men. It means that you are challenging me!" Labolontio's rumbling voice did not make Siraapare frightened.

"Oh ..., here you are, Labolontio. How ugly you are! You are as ugly as your name and character!" Siraapare mocked the gigantic demon leader.

Labolontio's face turned red because he got furious with Siraapare's mockery.

"How dare you have mocked me. It seems that you don't love your life. You come here to give up your body. I'll crush it into pieces!"

"Ha..ha..ha.... I'm not frightened of seeing your ugly face at all. I can't wait to kill you immediately," challenged Siraapare to the gigantic demon.

Labolontio, the gigantic demon leader got infuriated. He stamped his foot on the ground. A single foot stamp had flown the war commander and his troops over the sky. Such was also the case of Siraapare. However, he managed to regain balance into the initial position.

Labolontio was extremely surprised to know that Siraapare managed to survive. The gigantic demon leader blew and dashed off his weapon. Soon after that, some gigantic and pointed thorns rushed to Siraapare. However, Siraapare successfully warded off the attack with his kris.

Siraapare and Labolontio fought for all day long. The gigantic demon had used his entire weapon. However, Siraapare survived. Finally, it was easy for Siraapare to defeat Labolontio. Negeri Lambu Balano returned to be normally peaceful. All people adored Siraapare as their hero. Having

lost their king, the people of Negeri Lambu Balano asked Siraapare to replace him. However, Siraapare declined their request.

"It had better that you become the king, Uncle Ramate. I can't!" said Siraapare.

"I can't become the king either. I'm already old. Moreover, the people want you to ascend the throne rather than me," said Ramate.

"Does the king have no children, relatives, or any other family members eligible to ascend the throne? Not me! Moreover, I am not a native of this country," said Siraapare.

Ramate persistently persuaded Siraapare to become the king. However, Siraapare consistently declined the request of becoming the king. He thought that becoming the king was not a simple matter. It would be even more difficult to lead a large kingdom.

"Come on, Uncle Ramate. Find another person to become your king. It's enough for me to have helped you and I don't expect any reward. I'll go on my journey to find my lost brother," said Siraapare.

Kapitalao Ramate got confused. After having a meeting with other royal officials, he had to appoint the king to prevent the

country from having no leader. He worried that unless the country had a king, a rebel might take over the power.

Siraapare thought seriously how he could meet his brother Indara Pitaraa. He also thought of how to become a good man and returned to his village to live with his parents.

"What can I do so that I can be useful to other people?" he asked to himself. He regretted that he had wasted his time for playing and disturbing other people. He had no farming or trading skill. He could not work as a fisherman either. In the night Siraapare had another dream. He heard a magic voice.

"My son, Siraapare. You have accomplished your task of saving this country from the evil demons. Now your task is leading this country. It means that you will have to be willing to be appointed the king," said the mysterious voice.

"But...but... I can't, ... It's too hard for me!" Siraapare replied in hesitation.

"Yes, you can, my Son! If you do it sincerely and earnestly like what you have just done in the fight, you will be able to lead this country. Trust me! Remember, Siraapare! You are born to bring the goodness. Then, keep doing good things all your life long."

Then the voice faded out along with the fade of the glaring

light.

After taking a long consideration of what the mysterious voice had said, Siraapare regained his awareness that he had a large responsibility for this country. He had the magic strength and power. It was the time for him to do right to compensate his past mistakes. He declared that he was willing to become the king.

All people and royal family members celebrated the inauguration of Raja Siraapare. Since then, Negeri Lambu Balano had turned into a prosperous country. The people lived peacefully and prosperously. Siraapare ruled the country justly and wisely.

#### **IV. Indara Pitaraa in Negeri Wuna**

Having flown over the sky for a long time, Indara Pitaraa finally fell onto the country of Wuna. When he was looking at his facial reflection in the water, suddenly Indara Pitaraa longed for his younger brother. However, he did not want to continuously be in deep sadness since he still had to go on his journey. After he had walked for a long way, finally he found an unoccupied village. He found an empty house in which there was a large traditional drum. Indara Pitaraa was very fond of beating the drum. He beat the drum.

Bum...bum...bum...bum.....!

Suddenly, he heard a voice yelling.

"Don't beat the drum!"

Indara Pitaraa was surprised. He looked for the origin of the voice, but he saw nobody. He beat the drum again. He heard the same yell prohibiting him from beating the drum.

"Don't beat the drum! The gigantic hawk will come when it knows that humans are here."

He finally found that the voice originated from the inner side of the drum. Then Indara Pitaraa tore the drum's lid with his kris. How surprised he was when he opened up the drum. He found a girl hiding in the drum.

"Who are you?" asked the girl. She was angry and scared to see Indara Pitaraa.

"My name is Indara Pitaraa. Who are you and why are you hiding in the drum?" asked Indara Pitaraa.

Then the girl answered nervously.

"My name is Saronai. I am the maid of the royal princess. I am hiding here to keep away from the gigantic hawk that will attack me. You have taken me out of this drum. Can you help me?"



"All right. I'll help you. I'll fight the gigantic hawk. What is happening with this country? Where are the residents of the country?" asked Indara Pitaraa.

Saronai described the tragedy in her country. In the past, Negeri Wuna was a peaceful and safe country. King Beteno ruled the country wisely and fairly. The problem began when King Beteno's daughter, Wa Melai, was born. The king had forgotten to invite the witch king Lakabodu-bodu in the birth party.

Although King Beteno had apologized for the negligence, Lakabodu-bodu got angry and cursed Princess Wa Melai that when the princess turned seventeen years old, Lokabodu-bodu's pets, a gigantic hawk named Barangkaka and a gigantic dragon named Watulu would seize her.

Watulu and Barangkaka had attacked the palace and killed the king, the queen, and Princess Wa Melai's brother. They also seized some of Negeri Wuna's people. Nobody could defeat the two pets of Lakabodu-bodu. Luckily, Bhonto Turanga, a royal guard, saved Wa Melai.

Indara Pitaraa realized that the country was in a serious threat. His duty was to save all people of Negeri Wuna. Then he remembered the mysterious voice in his dream.

"It's the time for me to cherish help for the weak and stop the

crimes," he said.

At that time, the sky suddenly turned cloudy. The wind blew wildly and the weather turned very cold. It was an omen that the gigantic hawk would show up. Barangkaka came and perched on a mango tree. It got angry when Indara Pitaraa challenged him. The gigantic bird swooped down and attempted to seize Indara Pitaraa.

However, Barangkaka failed to defeat Indara Pitara. When its claws were ready to grip, Indara Pitaraa managed to avoid the attack by jumping onto the tree.

When Indara Pitaraa had a chance to attack, he defeated Barangkaka with a single hit. Barangkaka's body fell down after it was stabbed with the magic kris Parigi. Barangkaka was killed. Some of the village people who survived from the attack went out of the hiding place.

Saronai remembered that Princess Wa Melai was also in a hiding place. "I'm afraid Watulu would have found and seized the princess," said Saronai to Indara Pitaraa.

"Calm down, Saronai. Now, let's find Princess Wa Melai," said Indara Pitaraa to soothe her.

"All right. We have to find Princess Wa Melai now. Tomorrow, her age will be 18 years old. When the princess is

already 18 years, Lakabodu-bodu's curse to her will no longer be effective. Therefore, we have to find the princess before Watulu finds her," said Saronai.

Indara Pitaraa and Saronai looked for Princess Wa Melai. After a long walk, they arrived at a house. In the house, there was a crowd of people sobbing. A princess was being dressed up. Saronai immediately bent her body to salute the princess.

"Rimbi Wa Melai, I'm appearing. Forgive me for the late appearance," Saronai said politely.

"That's all right, Saronai. Thank God that you are safe. Who is the young man coming with you?" asked Princess Wa Melai.

"This young man is Indara Pitara. It was him who had defeated Barangkaka," replied Saronai.

"What's going on? Why are you dressing up Rimbi Wa Melai that way and why are you sobbing?" asked Indara Pitaraa to the people.

"We are sobbing because we are going to sacrifice the Princess to the snake."

"You don't have to sacrifice the Princess to the snake. I'll fight against it," Indara Pitaraa assured.

"No... Don't do it!" Princess Wa Melai disagreed, "I've

promised the snake to sacrifice my body. I have consented to do so, as long as it releases the people of this country.

"Rimbi, don't trust what the snake had said. After he has seized you, it will seize the remaining people of this village. Therefore, it is useless to sacrifice your self Rimbi," said Indara Pitaraa to assure Princess Wa Melai.

"Saronai, go to the hill over there. Take Rimbi Wa Melai and all people with you. I'll stay here to replace you." Indara Pitaraa said decisively.

"Let's pray for the safety of Indara Pitaraa and all of us," said Princess Wa Melai.

Indara Pitaraa expected the coming of Watulu by himself. At the same time, knowing that sacrifice time was long overdue, Watulu got angry. It got out of the hideaway. Watulu did not come by itself. With his extremely large body, Lakabodu-bodu came along Watulu.

From a distance, Indara Pitaraa already heard the sizzling sound of the dragon and the furious voice of Lakabodu-bodu. Indara Pitaraa was not frightened at all. He remained calm and had been prepared to fight.

"Hey, man. Where is the princess that you have promised to sacrifice," asked Watulu to Indara Pitaraa.

"I'm your prey today!" Indara Pitaraa challenged.

With an infuriated fizzle, Watulu attacked and swallowed Indara Pitaraa. However, it was a miracle that although the dragon had swallowed him three times, Indara Pitaraa always managed to get out of the dragon's mouth. Lakabodu-bodu was shocked. When Indara Pitaraa had a chance to attack Watulu, Indara Pitaraa managed to kill Watulu in a single stab of with kris Parigi. The large snake was killed.

Seeing his snake pet died, Lakabodu-bodu got furious. He pointed his stick in his hand to Indara Pitaraa. A red light in the form of a tongue of flame flashed and attacked Indara Pitaraa. Indara Pitaraa dodged and avoided the attack. His feet moved faster than the light flash of the tongue of flame deriving from Lakabodu-bodu's stick. While avoiding the attack, Indara Pitaraa pointed his kris to Lakabodu-bodu. The tongue of flame from Lakabodu-bodu's stick met the golden yellow light from kris Parigi.

It was apparent that Lakabodu-Bodu failed to stand against the glaring light of kris Parigi. The light from his stick soon faded out and flashed back to attack him.

He had a long dying scream. Lakabodu-bodu was killed.

After Watulu and Lakabodu-bodu had been conquered, Negeri Wuna turned into a safe and secure place. The people

celebrated Indara Pitaraa's victory. Princess Wa Melai finally escaped from the curse. The people were so happy that they asked the Princess to appoint Indara Pitaraa the king of the country. Since then Indara Pitaraa ascended the throne and became the King of Wuna. The country grew into a peaceful and safe country and the people were all prosperous.

## **V. The Kings of Two Countries**

After becoming the king of Negeri Lambu Balano, King Siraapare wished to go hometown since he longed for his parents and his brother Indara Pitaraa. While he was away, he delegated the country governance to Uncle Ramate.

Likewise, in Negeri Wuna, King Indara Pitaraa suffered from a home sick too. Since he had longed for his parents and his twin brother Indara Pitaraa, he decided to go hometown to Wakumoro village.

The life of Wakumoro Village had not changed much since Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare left. La Jampi and Wa Sara, the parents of Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare looked much older and thinner because they kept thinking of their twin sons.

Since Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare had left the village several years previously, Wa Sara, their mother, had been physically ill. However, because she was sure that one day she would meet her sons again, Wa Sara survived although she was

severely ill.

Wakumoro market was crowded at that time when suddenly a young man shouted and distracted people's activities.

"A Radha (king) rally is coming here!" the young man shouted.

"What's up? What's going on?" All people asked each other.

"The king and his guards are coming here. There are many troops!" the young man continued.

The village people had never seen such a king party. They guessed who the kings were.

It seemed that the people did not recognize the two kings, King Indara Pitaraa and King Siraapare. King Indara Pitaraa smiled at the people.

King Indara Pitaraa approached an old man standing at the front row. The old man was Lawakea. Long time ago, Indara Pitaraa once had hurt him. But, not recognizing Indara Pitaraa, Lawakea knelt down and saluted King Indara.

"Get up, Uncle Lawakea," Indara Pitaraa said while holding Lawakea's hand. Hearing that his name was called by the king,

Lawakea was surprised.

"Don't you recognize me any longer? Come on... look at me. Long time ago, I disturbed your son when he was playing. Now, I come here to apologize for the past mischief, Uncle," said King Indara Pitaraa while holding Lawakea's arm firmly.

"Now we have returned. Forgive our past mistake. We have annoyed you all," said King Siraapare sincerely and loudly.

The people whispered incessantly. It seemed that they had recognized the two kings.

"Hah! .... Is that you? Indara Pitaraa and Siraapare?" asked the people almost simultaneously.

"Right! We return to see our parents and apologize for our past mistakes and faults," said King Indara Pitaraa.

Finally, all people of the village competed to shake the hands of King Indara Pitaraa and King Siraapare. King Indara Pitaraa and King Siraapare were very happy with the warm welcome from the people. Indara Pitara and Siraapare immediately went to their home.

King Indara Pitaraa and King Siraapare were very sad to see their parents' humble house. A moment later, the door was opened. An old woman was shocked to see a crowd in front of her house.



King Siraapare ran to welcome his mother. Wa Sara got even more confused to see a handsome young man approaching and kneeling down on her feet.

"Mommy ...!"

Wa Sara was shocked. She felt as if she was struck by a thunderbolt when she heard her name called. Her dried lips trembled. She wanted to say something but she failed. Her thin and pale face turned fresh. God had answered her prayers. Her long expectation had resulted in a sweet outcome.

Then she approached King Indara Pitaraa. She held her beloved sons whom she had missed for a long time.

"Thank God, Thank God," she sobbed in happiness.

"Mom, where is Dad?" asked King Siraapare. While her mother had not replied yet, an old man rushed and pushed his way through the crowd to meet his family. They gathered again in happiness.

Indara Pitara and Siraapare realized that they could learn a lesson from the magic power they obtained from their kris. They knew that the power had to bring benefit for the weak people.

"My younger brother Siraapare, remember that we have to keep our kris and pass them to our next generations. We are

blessed to consistently do right," said King Indara Pitaraa with the kris around his waist.

"You are right, my older brother Indara. I'll always keep this magic kris," replied King Siraapare.

They gathered with their parents and the people in a welcoming party arranged for the return of the two kings of two kingdoms.