

TEARS OF CILUBINTANG

Air Mata Cilubintang

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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

TEARS OF CILUBINTANG

The Birth of Children of Andan and Dalima

How wonderful is the creation of God. A small island, which is like a little piece of heaven on earth with the soaring mountains and clear, blue expanse of the sea, such was the nature's landscape of the exceptionally beautiful Banda Island, a small island which lies in the southeastern side of Ambon Islands, Molucca.

Once upon a time, there lived a married couple on the Island of Banda. The husband was called Andan and the wife Dalima. Andan and Dalima treasured each other and they worked hand in hand together. The couple lived in Mount Kumber. That time, Mount Kumber was also known under the name of Mount Kulit Cipu, Mount Bendera, or Mount Sarua.

Andan and Dalima lived modestly and they got along well. Andan was a very responsible husband. They lived their days in a small hut with a dirt floor and roof made of palm leaves. One day, Andan found his wife *crying, with sobs racked through her body.*

“What happened, Wife?” asked Andan.

For a moment, both of them kept silent. Andan stared at his wife's face with anxiety and confusion. “Has anyone harmed you?”

“Say it and I will hunt them wherever they go,” Andan continued. He was very fond of Dalima. This was the first time he saw her crying. “I feel guilty to you, Husband,” replied Dalima, wiping out her tears. They were tears of sadness that she had been holding in desperately in the last few days. “What did you do wrong? You have been a good wife all along. You are obedient, and you’re always there for me in joy and sorrow. So, what was your mistake then?” asked the husband.

Dalima was a beautiful lady. She always showed respect and deference to her husband. Every day, Dalima did all the housework wholeheartedly. She, who always wore *her hair neatly tied up in a bun*, prepared food and occasionally followed her husband to work in the fields near their home. She was also soft spoken.

“It has been five years since we started living our married life, but I could not give you a child. I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.”

“Is that what makes you cry? It is not your fault, Wife. We should persevere in prayer. Perhaps God has not granted us with a child yet. Suffice for me just to have you as my companion. It is the greatest gift of my life,” Andan persuaded.

A few years later, Andan and Dalima were blessed with a son. They looked so happy. After a long time waiting, their prayers were granted. The baby boy that they had longed for was finally

born. He made his parents's days more colourful and happier. The baby boy was named Kaki Yai. Kaki Yai grew into a cheerful and bright child. One year later, the couple was blessed with the second child. The child was named Kele Laiy. Kaki Yai and Kele Laiy became the source of happiness of Andan and Dalima then.

“Our children are getting bigger. They grow up bright. When the time comes, I will have them watch over the small islands nearby so that those islands will not be taken over by the outsiders. What do you think, Wife?” Andan asked his wife.

“I believe that whatever decision you take will be the best, Husband. Later, I'm sure that they will become men of bravery and great courage,” said Dalima with an eager hope.

As time went by, the children's joyful laughter graced the lives of Andan and Dalima on Mount Kumber. Their lives were perfect. Kaki Yai loved his brother, even though sometimes there were bickerings between the two. Being an older brother, Kaki Yai had always been taught by his mother to yield to his younger brother. Since childhood they had been taught to love and care for each other. It was until sometime later that the little family was blessed with two more boys, the third was named Lele Waiy and the fourth was named Kele Liang.

What Dalima predicted turned out to be wrong. She had thought that she would be getting a daughter. She once dreamed of seeing

a very beautiful little girl. The child was playing and running around their house yard.

“Hmmm, perhaps it was just a part of my rich imagination. Be it a boy or a girl, we should be thankful either way. A child is the greatest gift of God,” Dalima realized.

Every day, Andan went fishing and snail hunting in the sea. But in unfriendly weather, Andan provided for his family by tending the fields near their home.

That was how Andan fulfilled his responsibilities as head of the family. He always worked hard to meet the needs of his wife and children.

“Let us help, Father,” said the three brothers when they saw their father diligently pulling out the weeds and cleaning up the fields.

“Go inside the house, Son. It is going to rain,” the father ordered, as he looked up to the darkening sky. It was a very cloudy day. The air was cold, palm trees swayed. It looked like it was going to rain.

“Go back there and get your father home, Son. It’s going to rain,” requested the mother to her eldest. “Yes, Mother,” he replied.

Before long, the rain fell. All family members gathered inside the house. This kind of mood was rarely felt by Dalima and her

children. It was because sometimes, their father had to work until the day turned into night.

“Come on, eat before the food gets cold,” Dalima encouraged their children.

“Hopefully tomorrow will be bright and sunny so we can go to the sea,” said the father, as he stared at the gloomy sky. Besides tending the fields, Andan also fished diligently. He normally anchored the fishing net in the sea not far from the shore to make it easier to watch. That morning, the sky looked fairly bright. Andan walked to the beach to check his net. That time, the water was receding.

“This coastline is really beautiful. It was truly a perfect creation of Almighty God. The azure water, festooned with small colourful corals and a stretch of white sand, really enhances the beauty of this shore,” thought Andan to himself. After waiting for a while, Andan started lifting his net. Not many fish were caught. But all of a sudden, the net felt heavy.

“I finally catch a big fish. I hope I can bring it home for dinner today.”

Unexpectedly, Andan did not catch a big fish as he had thought. “What is this?” Andan thought to himself as he pulled out a fabric that was stuck in his fishing net. “Could it be that on this island there were other folks beside my family?” he continued his train

of thought. At that time, Andan and his family were the only residents of Banda Island.

“Maybe it is just a shirt that drifted in the ocean and get washed up on the shore here,” he asserted himself. The incident suddenly brought to his mind the wish of Dalima who yearned for a daughter. However, he decided not to tell this matter to her. Several years later, Andan and Dalima were blessed with a daughter. Kaki Yai and his three siblings were full of joy.

“We finally have a sister,” Kaki Yai said.

“Children, promise me that you shall take care of her. Treat her as the little queen of our family. Mother believes that all of you will fulfil Mother’s wish,” said Dalima as she held her baby girl in her arms. Andan and his family elatedly welcome the birth of this daughter.

“What will be the perfect name for our little princess?” Andan asked, curiously.

“Hmmm, what would it be?” asked Kele Liang as he held his head in his hands.

Suddenly everyone was quiet. “Cilubintang,” said Dalima, breaking the silence. “This child will shine like a star and brings light to the world. She comes and makes our happiness complete. Love your sister and do not ever make her cry.”

“Yes, Mother, we will take care of her. We promise that we will not tease her,” answered the two children.

“We also promise that we will not make her cry,” another chimed.

People Came to Andan Island

Weeks turned into months, and months turned into years. People started to come and live on Andan Island. Any interlopers who wished to settle on the island must seek permission from the landowner of Banda Island that was then called Andan Island. “Master, would you allow us to stay for some time here?” one of the early settlers pleaded.

“What has brought you into this island?” Andan replied. “We sailed through the sea and unexpectedly saw a magnificently beautiful island,” said another. Banda was the name of a cluster of small islands located in the southeastern part of Ambon, the capital city of Molucca Province. The sea had an abundance of fish and coral reefs. It was truly an exotic sea garden. Anyone would feel at home when residing in these small islands.

“You can stay here for some time. After that, come back,” Andan decided.

“Aye, Sir,” said them in unison. In the end, they stayed there for quite some time. The beauty and serenity of Banda Island had made them reluctant to leave.

“More and more people are coming to this island,” Andan said anxiously.

“What do you worry about, Husband?” asked Dalima.

“I worry that the more people come, the more likely they will seize control over the island,” said Andan. “Calm down, Husband. Wouldn’t it be nice if more people are coming? They can help us in processing what the nature has provided, be it on the land or in the sea. That way, this island will become more established. Banda islands are bountiful and very rich in natural resources,” Dalima explained.

Andan just paused and listened to Dalima’s advice. It made him even more confused. Andan believed that his sons were not capable enough to look after all the islands. “I will tell those drifters that they can stay and live on this island,” Andan said.

“Right, Father. We will keep an eye on them. They seem to have no desire to take over this island,” the eldest responded.

“Yes, yes, I agree, Father. I promise to look after this island just like what brothers did for me,” Cilubintang exclaimed with a smile.

The night’s silence was instantly broken with laughters and banter of Andan dan Dalima’s children. After staying for awhile on Banda Island, it was time for these people to go back to their

homes. Andan had told them that he allowed them to stay on the island.

“Our gratitude, Sir. We promise that we will make the island prospered from now on,” said one of them while kissing Andan’s hand in token of his gratitude.

“We will bring our families and relatives here for them to witness the magnificence of Banda Islands,” a middle aged man continued.

Eventually, they returned to their respective homelands and spread the news about the beauty and wealth of Banda Islands, a little bit of heaven that fell to the earth.

The news was quickly spread. Since that time, people had come flocking to the island to earn their keep while staying on Andan Island.

Because so many migrants had arrived and became the residents of Andan Islands, its name was gradually changed to Banda Islands. “Banda is a treasure trove worth a fortune.” That was what they said.

Hatta Island (Rosengin Island)

Andan Island that was once quiet now became a very crowded island. Andan and Dalima’s family started to blend in and

mingled with the new residents. That morning, little children were running around and playing in the yard.

“Do not run, Child,” said Darmi, an old lady who had migrated from Java Island.

The village was very safe, calm, and tranquil. They lived in peace and helped each other. There was no feeling of alienation on account of different ethnicity. It was this environment that made everyone felt at home when staying in Banda Islands.

“Mother, Mother,” cried the eldest as he ran to his mother who was busy cutting and shaving the stalk of coconut leaflets and turning them into a broomstick.

“What is going on, Son?” enquired the mother gently.

“I heard news that the drifters have spread to Hatta Island. Did Father know about this, Mother?” Kaki Yai continued, his curiosity piqued. “Hmmm, apparently not yet, Son. Your Father hadn’t told this to me. I will ask him as soon as he returned from the sea,” she replied. Unbeknownst to Andan, the drifters fanned out and settled on Hatta Island which was once known as Rosengin. Hatta was an uninhabited island. The island had an alluring and wonderful underwater attraction. The sea was crystal clear and dotted with bright colours of corals.

“You have returned, Husband,” said Dalima.

“Yes, Wife, we have to divide the fish caught from this morning first with everyone,” said Andan as he brought out his catch for the day and his fishing rod.

Not only rich in history, Banda was also known as bountiful islands, rich in marine products. Fish, from the smallest to the largest size could be obtained easily. Most people were reliant on the ocean wealth to meet their everyday needs.

“Did Father know that drifters have spread out, and created settlement that even reached up to Hatta Island?” asked Kaki Yai.

“Who told you this, Son?” the father asked back.

“The itinerant who lived on the adjacent hill told me when we were tending the fields,” explained his son.

“Tell your brothers. Father ordered you to move to Hatta Island. Stay there,” his father instructed.

“As you wish, Father!” he obeyed what his father had decided.

Kaki Yai agreed with what his father had said. He realized that he as the first-born was supposed to support and obey all of his father’s commands. Especially, as it concerned their territory. But, Kaki Yai’s obedient nature was different from the character of his younger third brother, Lele Waiy. He was a tough child who was somewhat self-centered. He felt that his father and mother had no longer loved him.

“Why don’t you two just go?” Lele Waiy argued.

“This is what Father has ordered. You should not argue!” Kele Laiy said decisively.

All the five children of Andan and Dalima had different personalities. As parents, Andan and Dalima sought to love them equally without differentiating one child from another.

In the end, Kaki Yai together with his two brothers, Kele Laiy and Lele Waiy stayed on Hatta Island. They set out in a *kora-kora*¹.

“Go on, Son. Father shall leave everything in your hands. Father believes that you shall be carrying out Father’s order responsibly,” said Andan.

“Yes, Father. I will take care of my younger brothers and protect our territory,” answered Kaki Yai as he hugged his father. The three siblings arrived at Hatta Island. On the seashore people stood watching over their arrival.

“Who are they?” one middle-aged woman asked.

“Perhaps they are wanderers who want to settle on this island,” answered the other.

¹ *Kora-kora* (*belang* boat) is a simple sea transport craft that resembles a *sampan* (canoe) and is approximately 10 meters long.

All of them were asking to each other. They were curious about the people inside the *kora-kora* who were about to scull the canoe to Hatta Island.

“It is obvious that they are not a mere commoner. Look at their canoe,” said the middle-aged woman.

“Yes, it is true, but don’t be rash. We should not think badly. Once they arrived, we will find out their purpose for coming to this island,” answered the other.

“Are they going to chase us out of this place?” Asked a woman who wore white kebaya with a simple sarong. The air that morning was tense. Everyone flustered.

“Your humble servant, Sir,” they greeted.

“Greetings,” said the eldest.

“May we know who these Lords are?” they continued.

“We are the sons of the owner of Banda Islands including all the small islands around it. Do you know of this? So, have you asked for our permission to settle on this island?” the eldest carried on. No one could answer the question of Kaki Yai. Everybody bowed their heads and went silent.

“We were ordered by our father to stay on this island. No one is allowed to take any natural resources on the land or at sea without

our knowledge. Do you understand?” Kaki Yai said resoundingly. By their staying in Hatta Island, the three siblings were able to investigate and observe the daily activities of these drifters. The eldest and his two younger brothers mingled and lived in harmony with the new settlers of the island.

Hurricane

Hatta Island became established. It had lush plantations and abundant fish in the sea. Andan was so proud of his three sons. They were able to carry out his order well.

“I am sure that my three sons are capable to lead everyone in Hatta Island well,” stated Andan. After staying for some time in Hatta Island, Kaki Yai and his two brothers wished to visit their parents and sister. They missed their only sister, Cilubintang.

“These people and the island have prospered, Brother. Do you not miss our parents and sister?” asked Kele Laiy, staring at the beautiful landscape of Hatta coastline.

“Then, what will happen if the three of us leave the island? Who will keep an eye of all the people here, Brother?” asked Lele Waiy. His older brothers were so happy to see a change in their brother’s attitude. Lele Waiy had been an unruly child. He often defied the orders of Andan and Dalima. However, since he lived in Hatta Island, Lele Waiy had turned into a more obedient lad.

“We will leave the island to someone that we can trust,” the eldest continued.

In the end, they decided to visit their parents and two younger siblings. However, the weather that day was unusual. The ocean swelled. The day was overcast with dark clouds and the sound of children crying was heard everywhere.

“What is happening? I feel that something was amiss this morning,” Kele Liang pondered. A few minutes later, the winds suddenly picked up. Big trees were uprooted. The houses’ roofs were blown away by the wind. People instantly became panicked. Children and adults alike were rushing outside.

“Hang on, everyone! Hang in there!” Kele Laiy shouted, trying to calm everybody there. No one can predict that there would be a hurricane coming that morning. Thunderstorm, which caused the swell of the sea added to the tension of that moment. This situation was also felt by Andan, Dalima, and their two children.

“Mother, Mother!” Cilubintang screamed.

Their houses were destroyed beyond repair, and children separated from their parents. Everyone was powerless to help the other. After some time, the weather turned calm again. But the tranquility of that beautiful village could no longer be seen. Debris was seen everywhere. Trees were down, blocking the path. “Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, where are you?” Kele Liang

muttered. His body and hands streaked with blood, scrapped and scratched by sharp objects.

“Help, help,” someone was heard yelling from a distance. The happy family had scattered. Kele Liang did not know where his parents were. After a while, he heard that his sister, Cilubintang survived the calamity. They met at Mount Keliy. Both Kele Liang and Cilubintang did not know the whereabouts of their parents.

“Mother, Father, come back. Where are you? You have to go back. We will live together like we used to,” Cilubintang mumbled to herself.

Kele Laiy and his two siblings also experienced the same thing. The violent windstorm had caused Hatta Island to drown. The serene and lush island later became known as Hatta Atoll. When the water receded, the island would appear like a coral island submerged in water some two to three meters deep, but it became invisible when the water rose.

“How are your parents, Child?” asked Silawane, a settler who ended up living together with Cilubintang and her brothers.

“They will come back!” Kele Liang firmly said it while embracing his sister, Cilubintang.

“Be strong, you both. Your parents were very kind and generous. Everyone here will love you.” Silawane continued his words.

“Yes, Sir. Thank you,” Cilubintang said.

At Mount Keliy they lived together with the other settlers. Kele Liang and Cilubintang thought of them as their own family. Cilubintang was cherished by everyone. The little girl was like a princess who was always surrounded by her guards. The lassie grew bigger every day. She grew up to be affable and modest despite being the daughter of the owner of this land. They lived by helping each other to meet the daily needs of everyone.

“Allow me, Ma’am,” said Cilubintang while lifting some water buckets made of bamboo. At that time there was no water source at Mount Keliy. To get water, they had to go to Mount Kumber. It was a mountain that became the silent witness of Cilubintang and her family’s happiness.

Tears of Cilubintang

The night grew older. The sound of crickets chirping was still heard. The air was colder. Life at Mount Keliy was tranquil. Their abode now was not as lively as their parents’ home at Mount Kumber. “What are you thinking about, Sister? Go to sleep, it’s getting late now,” said Kele Liang.

“Do you not long for Mother and Father, Brother? Mayhap they still alive somewhere? What about Eldest Brother and the others? Where are they?” said Cilubintang. “Be grateful, Sister. At any rate, both of us are still allowed to live. Brother will always take

care of you and will not let you feel sad. Sleep, Sister, sleep” Kele Liang coaxed as he stroked Cilubintang’s silky loose hair.

Kele Liang and Cilubintang lived their lives together with all the residents on that mountain. They stayed together in harmony. There was no distinction between natives and non-natives. They lived in diversity. There were people coming from Java, Bugis, Buton, and other islands. Until now, Banda Islands was renowned for its open and diverse community. That day there was a commotion when the residents of Mount Keliy discovered a dead body. The calamity still left a great trauma. “Is it male or female? Old or young?” exclaimed a Bugis woman as she ran to the shore.

“Hmm, was it a victim of the disaster last time?” another settler guessed.

It was tense. All of them were suddenly reminded of their kins and relatives who were lost when the calamity struck. The village was instantly in uproar.

Unlike her brother, Cilubintang was keen to find out the identity of the lifeless person. Kele Liang preferred to finish his work in the fields.

“Who is he? It’s hard to recognize his face,” said Cilubintang.

“We could not identify him either,” answered the other.

“How unfortunate this man is,” Cilubintang thought. But deep in her heart Cilubintang was grateful because the body did not belong to one of her family members. The incident grabbed the attention of all villagers.

“Hurry up, let us get back to work.”

“I wish that God Almighty protects us and this village at all times,” said Kele Liang.

After discussing about the corpse, all villagers were finally returned to their works. It was early afternoon. Those who sailed already had their fishing boats close to the pier. Twilight became the time of the day that was most eagerly anticipated by Cilubintang. “I wish they were here. It will be more meaningful,” she thought to herself. Cilubintang always kept her sadness inside. She did not want to make her brother worried about her. The charming, mocha-skinned girl did not want to be a burden to her brother. She would keep a smiling face even though sometimes her heart was crying. Until one day, she could no longer hold back her sorrow. She missed her family so much.

“Where are you, Mother, Father? Please come back, come back. I cannot live without you. Poor Brother...I do not want to be his burden for ever.

Come back,” she quietly mumbled to herself. Unable to bear her grief and sorrow, Cilubintang wept and rubbed her feet on the

ground. She cried so forlornly. This was the first time she broke down in tears. Cilubintang had been treated like a princess in her family. She always showed her smile and happiness.

“Forgive me. I cannot bear my tears any longer, Mother. Forgive this daughter,” she cried. Cilubintang’s tears were streaming down her cheeks before falling down on the ground. Unknowingly, her pool of tears formed a pond. The water from the pond was then believed to be the sacred water used in folk rites or ceremonies. Furthermore, the tears of Cilubintang were believed to have the power to cure illness. Currently, Cilubintang tears were referred to as *air kampung*.

Returning to Banda Island

Roosters crowed, heralding the arrival of the bright morning sun. There was no one there. It was an unfamiliar island. The hurricane had caused the eldest and his two siblings Kele Laiy and Lele Waiy to be stranded on the island. They could not determine on what island they ended up on. After staying for a while there, the eldest thought that they should return to Banda Island and meet their parents and younger siblings.

“Brother, we have to go home. This is not our village. Not our island. Do you remember the assignment that Father gave us? What happened to those people now?” said the eldest, after some hesitation.

“You are right, Brother. Let us go home. Father and Mother must be looking for us,” continued the second brother, Kele Laiy.

Eventually, the two younger brothers agreed with the wish of their older brother. However, the desire of the three brothers to return to their homeland did not automatically go according to their wishes.

“Pray that we may arrive safe on our island,” said Kaki Yai, reminding his two brothers.

That morning the weather seemed rather pleasant even though dark clouds rolled in the distance. The three brothers departed with the aim to return to Banda Islands. However, their prediction turned out wrong. It was as if Mother Nature refused to let them leave in their journey. Suddenly, the ocean swelled and the winds howled. The sky was overcast; the rain came pouring down along with the surging waves.

They were panicked. “Help, help!” the younger brothers shouted desperately. The older brother attempted to remain calm and reminded his brothers to keep holding on.

“Whatever happened, we have to get to Banda Islands. Hang in there!” so he said as Kaki Yai held onto his two brothers with all his might.

“Brother, Brother! I’m scared! Father, Mother!” yelled Lele Waiy who was almost carried away by the waves. It made both his brothers terrified.

“Hang on, hang on!” the older brother repeatedly encouraged his siblings.

However, their boat was hit again by large waves. The older brother tried to protect his siblings, but ended up falling into the sea and was carried away by an immense wave and its strong current.

“Brother, Brother, Brother!!!” the two cried out. “This is my fault, come back, Brother,” said Lele Waiy quietly.

The two siblings bowed down, lamenting their capricious and unpredictable fate. They had suffered a great ordeal. Kaki Yai had been a parent figure for his two younger brothers. He was a brave man. He always strove to fulfil whatever task entrusted to him wholeheartedly.

“What should we do, Brother?” asked Lele Waiy, breaking the silence.

“We must continue our journey to Banda Island. That was the last wish of our Brother before he disappeared,” Kele Laiy responded. They continued the journey with a heavy heart. It felt like everything was but a dream. Their brother was gone.

“What should we say to Father and Mother? To our brother and sister? It was my fault, all my fault. I could not help him,” Kele Laiy said, regretting what happened.

“Do not look back with regret, Brother. Look ahead. Remember that life goes on,” he replied as he encouraged his older brother. After a few moments passed, in front of them was a towering mountain. “What is that mountain, Brother?” asked Lele Waiy curiously. “That mountain...” They both fell silent for a time. They felt joy and sadness mixed with affection and wonder. It was Banda’s Volcano.

A Touching Reunion

It was sundown. Kele Laiy and his brother cheered each other. Nevertheless, the happiness they felt was lacking without their eldest brother at their side.

“We are here, Brother,” said the younger one. They quickly turned their canoe towards Mount Kumber. However, they did not meet anyone there. Both were at a loss, not knowing what to say or do.

“Do you think we are wrong?” the older brother asked. “No, Elder Brother. This was where we lived. Then...?”

“Do not give up. We have to look around this mountain,” the older brother continued. It was until they arrived at Mount Kaliy.

From afar they saw their youngest sibling Cilubintang sobbing her heart out. Her longing for her parents and two brothers turned the cheerful Cilubintang into a loner.

“Is she our sister, Brother? She had grown up into a very beautiful girl. Come, Brother, let’s go to her,” said Lele Waiy as he pulled his brother’s hand.

They began to choke up, their throat soured. “Please stop crying.” Their mouth felt stiff, their words stuck in their throat. The tears had said it all. Their gaze was full of longing. It was the affection between siblings that will endure over time.

“Big Brother, where have you been? Where did you go? Do you not love me anymore?” said Cilubintang as she squeezed her two brothers tightly.

Her brothers could not say anything. They sunk into silence upon looking at their sister’s sorrow. “What happened to our family?” asked Kele Laiy. “Father and Mother, where are they going, Sister?” Lele Waiy continued.

Cilubintang told everything she and her brother had experienced. About their parents who were not returned until now. She also spoke of their lives with the migrants at Mount Kaliy.

Furthermore, the younger sister also told them about their oldest brother who some time ago had returned and now lived together

with her and her other brother. Kele Laiy and Lele Waiy were taken aback, confused.

“Is it true that Brother still alive?” Kele Laiy inquired.

“This is impossible! Brother was drowned in the middle of the ocean when we were crossing to Banda Island,” Lele Waiy explained. A few moments later came the eldest and Kele Liang. The five siblings were reunited at last. But this reunion felt incomplete without the presence of their parents. However, the eldest taught his younger siblings to always be grateful to what Almighty God had preordained.

The eldest felt that he was to be a replacement of their parents and be there for his younger siblings now. Although sad, he remained strong and encouraged his four brothers and sisters. Confusion was still visible on the faces of Kele Laiy and Lele Waiy. They stammeringly asked their brother. “What happened?” Kele Laiy questioned.

“How did you get into this island?” Lele Waiy continued. The eldest began telling about the incident that befell him in the middle of the sea. He was helped by a giant shark with star markings on its body. Bandanese knew it by the name of *eo sarasa*. A *serui* fish showed him the way and a school of *tali-tali* fish (*momar*) became his guiding light. The story of Kaki Yai was now immortalized in the *Kabata* and *Cakalele* dance from the

Lonthoir country. *Kabata* was a collection of poems containing stories or historical account about an event or occasion.

The time went by. Kaki Yai lived happily in peace with his four siblings. One day, there came a capitan who wished to court their sister, Cilubintang. The four brothers approved his good intention on the condition that he provided a dowry of 99 nutmeg fruits. The fruits should be given directly by the capitan to Cilubintang.

Hearing Cilubintang's request, the capitan was stunned because he only learned about the nutmeg fruit that time. He did not even know its form and shape. After some time searching for the fruit, the capitan then returned bringing 99 nutmeg fruits as her dowry. Unfortunately, he passed away before the wedding date. The nutmeg fruits gifted were planted by the five siblings at Mount Kumber and Mount Keliy. The fruit flourished and used by all settlers who had lived in Banda Islands for many years.

With the passage of time, more and more people came and chose to settle in Banda Islands. There were people from Borneo, Celebes, and Andalas. Everyone lived in peace and safety, regardless of ethnicity. They said, as Bandanese we were all brothers and sisters.