

**FIGHT BETWEEN SULTAN MAULANA
HASANUDDIN AND PRABU PUCUK UMUN**
*Pertarungan Sultan Maulana Hasanuddin dan Prabu
Pucuk Umun*

Property of the State
Not for Commercial Use

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

FIGHT BETWEEN SULTAN MAULANA HASANUDDIN AND PRABU PUCUK UMUN

Translated from
Pertarungan Sultan Maulana Hasanuddin dan Prabu Pucuk Umun
written by Nur Seha
published by
Language Development and Cultivation Agency
Ministry of Education and Culture
in 2016

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

Advisory Board	Dadang Sunendar Emi Emilia Gufran Ali Ibrahim
Project Supervisor	Dony Setiawan
Translator	Dwicky Fandi Setyabudi
Reviewer	Rahayu Hidayat
Editor-In-Chief	Theya Wulan Primasari
Editorial Team	Emma L.M. Nababan Andi Maytendri Matutu Didiek Hardadi Batubara Lale Li Datil

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

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



Pertarungan Sultan Maulana Hasanuddin dan Prabu Pucuk Umun

Cerita Rakyat dari Banten

Ditulis oleh

Nur Seha

PERTARUNGAN SULTAN MAULANA HASANUDDIN DAN PRABU PUCUK UMUN

Penulis : Nur Seha
Penyunting : Sri Kusuma Winahyu
Ilustrator : Maria Martha Parman
Penata Letak: Papa Yon

Diterbitkan pada tahun 2016 oleh
Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa
Jalan Daksinapati Barat IV
Rawamangun
Jakarta Timur

Hak Cipta Dilindungi Undang-Undang

Isi buku ini, baik sebagian maupun seluruhnya, dilarang diperbanyak dalam bentuk apa pun tanpa izin tertulis dari penerbit, kecuali dalam hal pengutipan untuk keperluan penulisan artikel atau karangan ilmiah.

PB
398.209 598 2
SEH
p

Katalog Dalam Terbitan (KDT)

Seha, Nur
Pertarungan Sultan Maulana Hasanuddin dan Prabu Pucuk Umun: Cerita Rakyat dari Banten/Nur Seha. Penyunting: Sri Kusuma Winahyu. Jakarta: Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa, 2016.

vi 54 hlm. 21 cm.

ISBN 978-602-437-106-7

1. KESUSASTRAAN RAKYAT-JAWA
2. CERITA RAKYAT-JAWA BARAT

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

Thank God, *Alhamdulillah*, for finally this story can be read by students and literary lovers throughout Indonesia. Hopefully, this story will remain sustainable and not disappear. Indonesia is indeed rich in culture, especially about folklore (legend, fairy tales, and myth). All of that must be passed on to the younger generation as they are the future of our nation.

A folktale will slowly disappear if it is not preserved. Some of the stories in this book are quoted from page <https://wong-serang.blogspot.co.id/p/biografi-sultan-maulana-hasanudin.html?m=1>. That's why the author hopes that the existence of this story can be as useful as thirst reliever in this long dry season. The author realizes that this paper has many weaknesses and shortcomings. Therefore, the author hopes that the reader of this book will give constructive criticism and suggestions to perfect this story.

Nur Seha

Table of Contents

Foreword.....	v
Preface.....	vii
Table of Contents	viii
SULTAN MAULANA HASANUDDIN	1
1. The Order of Prabu Surasowan.....	1
2. The Meeting of Hasanuddin and Syarif Hidayatullah	6
3. The Conflict between Pucuk Umun and Maulana Hasanuddin	9
4. The Battle between Prabu Pucuk Umun and Maulana Hasanuddin	18
5. The Victory of Maulana Hasanuddin and the Leave of Prabu Pucuk Umun	31
The Author.....	36
The Editor.....	38

SULTAN MAULANA HASANUDDIN

1. The Order of Prabu Surasowan

It was told that once upon a time, there lived a *Sultan* (common addressing for a leader at an Islamic kingdom), named as Sultan Maulana Hasanuddin. He was the first sultan in Banten who was very influencing for Islamic proliferation in Banten area. He was granted a title as *Pangeran Sabakingking* (Prince *Sabakingking*) or Seda Kinkin, from his grandfather named *Prabu Surasowan*, who used to be the mayor of Banten.

Sultan Maulana Hasanuddin alone was the second son of Syaikh Syarif Hidayatullah, the son of Prince Cakrabuana, familiarly renowned as *Sunan Gunung Jati*, one of *wali songo* (the nine Islamic messengers in Java) and *Nyi Kawunganten* (the daughter of *Prabu Surasowan*).

One day, *Prabu Suwasowan* was sick. He suffered from serious illness. Many traditional healers were called to cure his illness. Many kinds of traditional medication and herbs, taken away from *Gunung Karang* (Mount Karang), were tried out: *pulosari*, *asepan*, and *pinang*, but unfortunately, none of which was successful.



“Stop it, Love! Enough! You don’t need to worry about me. I’ll be okay,” said Surasowan while clasping his wife’s hand.

“Don’t mention it, Your Majesty. I’ve tried my best to invite all the well-known traditional healers throughout Banten to cure you. But, it helps us nothing for you just still remain laid down here. I’m so sorry, Your Majesty,” said the wife.

Before taking his last breath, *Prabu* Surasowan said to his wife, “Hi, my beloved wife, please look after our children. Keep holding on and preserve *Sunda Wiwitan* (Sundanese culture) as a way of life for our descendants.” He told her while smiling at her and finally passed away.

“I’ll try my best to inherit *Sunda Wiwitan* as the way of life for our descendants and all the society of Banten,” asked the wife slowly, trying to cover up his sadness after the death of her husband, the one she loved very much.

Even though the wife knew that her husband could not listen to his promise, she still had a strong commitment to keeping on and preserving the teachings of *Sunda Wiwitan*, everlastingly.

When *Prabu* Surasowan died, the government of Banten was inherited to his son, Arya Surajaya, commonly known as *Prabu Pucuk Umun*. The central government encompassed Banten *Girang* (Banten *Hulu*), under the authorship of the Padjajaran Kingdom with its belief, *Sunda Wiwitan* religion.

“My Son, Arya Surajaya.” The Queen called upon her son.

“What is happening, Mom? I’m ready for any command of yours.” Arya Surajaya responded to the calling as soon as possible.

“I want to say you something from your father before his death.” The Queen said very softly while caressing her son.

“What’s that, Mom?” asked Arya Surajaya to his mother.

“Before he passed away, he told me to keep holding on the teachings of *Sunda Wiwitan* that we had been believing from generation to generation, either to your descendants or all the society under your lordship.” The Queen said while trying to hold her crying back, recalling her dead husband.

“Okay, Mom. You witness me. On the name of the father and you, I promise to keep holding on the teachings of *Sunda Wiwitan* for my all descendants and all my society.” Arya Surajaya promised in front of his mother steadily and certainly.

“I’ll always be remembering your promise, my son. I hope you never break your own promise down.” The Queen uttered while crying because she felt touched by his son’s commitment.

“Surely, Mom. I’ll never get my all promises broken.” Arya Surajaya was holding his mother’s hands, attempting to calm her down and make her relieved.

“Oh, I forget something, my son. Because now you’ve been the mayor of Banten, you now deserve to be named as *Prabu* Pucuk Umun.”

“Okay, Mom. By today, I’m *Prabu* Pucuk Umun and going to take a led the government as mandated by my father, *Prabu* Surasowan.” Arya Surajaya declared confidently while smiling.

During the authorship of Pucuk Umun, Syarif Hidayatullah, the father of Maulana Hasanuddin, had to go to Cirebon, displacing the dead *Prabu* Cakrabuana as the mayor of Cirebon. Until then, Prince Hasanuddin himself had been a teacher of Islamic Studies in Banten. Even, Hasanuddin was more well-known as the teacher of Islamic Studies who had so many students throughout Banten, so that he was granted a title as *Syaikh* (the addressing for Islamic teacher) Hassanuddin.

2. The Meeting of Hasanuddin and Syarif Hidayatullah

Despite the fact that Hasanuddin was living separately from his father, he still routinely had a visit to his father to get into a very close relationship. One day, when visiting his father to ask for guidance and suggestion to share Islamic teachings, he was mandated something by his father, instead.

“*Assalamualaikum* (May God bless you), Dad. I’m coming here to ask for guidance from you.” Hasanuddin greeted his father.

“*Walaikumussalam* (May God bless you too), son. You look healthy, don’t you? What kind of guidance do you suppose me to give to you?” asked Syarif Hidayatullah.

“Let me tell you, Dad. I’ve been learning Islamic teachings very well and seriously. Would you mind guiding me to put all the teachings into practice in the best way?” begged Hasanuddin to his father.

“My son, Hasanuddin. I think you’ve been mature enough. You’re very well-knowledgeable in terms of religious teachings,” said Syaikh Syarif Hidayatullah slowly.

“Mine has not been deep enough, Dad. I think I still need to learn. That’s the reason why I’m here now, to gain insight from you,” answered Hasanuddin.

“No, Son. By all your knowledge, I think you should start to share it thoroughly with all the society in Banten,” said Syaikh Syarif Hidayatullah.

“But, how can I preach about and boom Islamic teachings throughout Banten?” asked Maulana Hasanuddin. “All this time, I’ve just been sharing Islamic teachings to the children who voluntarily and gladly willed to follow all my sayings,” said Maulana Hasanuddin.

“Calm down, my son. I’ll accede you some insights on how to preach and share your knowledge with others. Also, I won’t stop crossing my fingers for you to get you successful and easier in completing the God’s mission for life,” answered Syaikh Syarif Hidayatullah wisely.

“Alright, Dad. I’ll try my best I can do,” answered Hasanuddin.

“Nice. May all your good wills be blessed by God Almighty, Son,” said Syaikh Syarif Hidayatullah.

“Amiiin. Thanks, Dad. I’ll be leaving, returning to Banten to execute this mission,” said Hasanuddin while kissing his father’s hand.

“Okay, Son. Take a nice care. Have a nice journey,” answered the father of Hasanuddin while stroking his hair.

“If someday I get in trouble, I’ll ask for enlightenment from you, Dad. I’m leaving now. *Assalamualaikum.*”

“Sure, son. Don’t hesitate about that. May Allah, God Almighty, bless and keep you protected. *Walaikumussalam!*”

Arriving at Banten, Hasanuddin executed the mission of Islamic sermon, as his father’s successor. Along with his students, he was walking around everywhere he could reach, from one region to other regions. Further, he began his mission from *Gunung Pulosari*, *Gunung Karang* or *Gunung Lor* to Panaitan Island in Ujung Kulon.

3. The Conflict between Pucuk Umun and Maulana Hasanuddin

Struggling for spreading through Islamic teachings, Hasanuddin often experienced a couple of trials. One of the trials was coming from his own uncle, *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

The relationship between the two was not that harmonic, as the former was strongly believing in *Sunda Wiwitan* as the main belief throughout the Banten Kingdom, while the latter was in contrary. In fact, *Prabu Pucuk Umun* deemed that his nephew had broken down the stability and tranquility of the kingdom.

Pucuk Umun asked for a suggestion from his main advisor in the kingdom about what his nephew had done. He hoped that his relationship with him got much better. Even in the deepest of his heart, he truly expected that his nephew believed in what he completely did. For that reason, all the advisors were gathered in the palace for giving him some insights and suggestions how to deal with his nephew.

“All the honorable advisors to whom I completely trust, as you’ve already known, my nephew had returned to Cirebon. I think he is trying to spread his belief over my territory,” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“Thanks for counting on us, Our Majesty. That’s completely true! It seems that he has much more followers. What makes you worried just like this, Our Majesty?” asked one of the advisors.

“I’m actually okay with his belief. Nonetheless, my father had ordered me and my family to keep holding on our ancestral teachings. I’m afraid that what he does today would distract my mission to always keep the order accomplished.” *Prabu Pucuk Umun* tried to explain his advisors.

“If so, it’d better if you ask Hasanuddin to get into a rendezvous and have a conversation. You could express anything that you consider as the burden of your life to him. May your nephew understand what you mean and give up to share the teachings from his belief,” said the advisor attempting to offer a win-win solution.

“So, I need to meet and have a talk with my nephew? Alright.” *Prabu Pucuk Umun* agreed to the idea suggested by the kingdom’s advisor. Afterward, he commanded one of his servants to meet Hasanuddin.

“Soldier!” called *Prabu Pucuk Umun* loudly.

“Yes, Your Majesty! Give me your command.” One of his trusted soldiers came.

“I want you to do something for me,” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“Roger that, Your Majesty. I’m ready for any command,” the soldier answered optimistically.

“You know my nephew, Maulana Hasanuddin, don’t you?” asked *Prabu Pucuk Umun* to his soldier.

“I do, Your Majesty. He now has had so many students and is often nomad. However, he often conducts a discussion session with his students in Banten *Girang*,” answered the soldier.

“Apparently, you know a lot about him, don’t you?” asked *Prabu Pucuk Umun* again.

“I’m sorry, Your Majesty. I actually don’t. There have been many people around me talking about your nephew,” answered the soldier doubtfully as he was afraid of making mistakes in talking to *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“Emmmm ... Okay, I need to meet him soon, then,” mumbled *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“Alright. Soldier, meet my nephew, Maulana Hasanuddin, soon! Tell him that I want to meet him in Sasaka Domas. I want to have a chitchat with him,” commanded *Prabu Pucuk Umun* to his soldier.

“Roger that, Your Majesty!” answered the soldier.

Finally, the soldier went to meet Hasanuddin to tell about the message from *Prabu* Pucuk Umun. Until then, Hasanuddin, who was known as the brave man, kept doing his mission of sermon, even though he had heard that Pucuk Umun was not quite welcome upon his action.

Along with his students who always kept him company during his mission, he truly expected that it would be as easy as possible to demonstrate Islamic teachings in Banten.

“You’re the soldier of Banten Kingdom, aren’t you?” asked Hasanuddin to the soldier, coming to him to tell about the order from *Prabu* Pucuk Umun.

“That’s true, Sir. Sorry, are you Maulana Hasanuddin?” asked the soldier.

“Yes, I’m Maulana Hasanuddin. What is happening?” asked Hasanuddin again.

“I want to deliver the message from Your Majesty *Prabu* Pucuk Umun. He intends to invite you to get into a conversation in Sasaka Domas,” said the soldier.

“Ah, yap. That’s my uncle, *Prabu* Pucuk Umun. Very kind of him to invite me for conversation in Sasaka Domas,” Hasanuddin responded very softly and hospitable.

“Anyway, what would the conversation be about?” asked Hasanuddin further to the soldier.

“I’m sorry, *Syaikh*. I don’t even know what he wants to talk to you. He just told me that he’d like to talk to you, *Syaikh*,” answered the soldier while lowering down his head.



“If so, please tell him that I’m willing to meet him,” said Hasanuddin softly, but firmly.

“Alright, *Syaikh*. Thank you. I’ll tell him about this. I’m leaving, *Syaikh*,” said the soldier while asking for permission to leave.

“Anytime. Take a good care,” said Hasanuddin smiling at him.

The day was coming, and Hasanuddin went to meet his uncle, Pucuk Umun, in Sasaka Domas. In fact, Sasaka Domas was the venue earmarked to holy people for hermitage and praying. Further, Hasanuddin had been ready to get into the conversation with his uncle.

“How’s life, uncle? May Allah (God Almighty) bless you,” Hasanuddin showed his hospitality.

“Oh, my nephew, Maulana Hasanuddin, I’m very well. Anyway, do you know why you are invited here?” asked *Prabu* Pucuk Umun.

“I’m sorry. I’m afraid not. But, it seems that there is something very serious you want to talk to me here, in Sasaka Domas,” answered Hasanuddin.

“Alright. My aim of inviting you here is to talk about your action in booming out the religion you believe in,” said *Prabu* Pucuk Umun carefully.

“Is there something getting you in trouble, uncle?” asked Hasanuddin.

“Hasanuddin, even though you are my nephew, I won’t let you continue your religious mission in my territory,” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“Excuse me, uncle. Why do you feel uncomfortable with what I’m doing?” asked Hasanuddin again.

“I’ve promised to my father to keep holding on the teachings of *Sunda Wiwitan* in Banten and keep inheriting it from generation to generation, including to all the society under my lordship. By the reason, that you’re coming here with your mission has got me in trouble,” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“I do too, uncle. I’m just trying to dedicate my life to my father, trying my best to do all he wants me to. If what I’m doing on right now has got you in trouble, I’m very sorry, uncle,” said Hasanuddin trying to avoid conflict with his own uncle.

Apparently, Hasanuddin had got *Prabu Pucuk Umun*, as the king of Banten Kingdom, offended by his statement. Feeling pressured and threatened, *Prabu Pucuk Umun* decided to cut off the mission of Islamic sermon by his nephew.

“If you keep trying on spreading through the Islamic teachings in Banten, you need to get me down, therefore,” said Pucuk Umun firmly.

“I don’t want to get into a fight with you, uncle. I put respect to you as the blood brother of my mother,” answered Hasanuddin trying to calm him down.

“We won’t get into a physical battle, Hassanuddin. I don’t want all my people to get harmful. Let’s play a cockfighting. If you succeed to defeat my cock, *Jalak Rarawe*, you deserve to displace me,” answered *Prabu* Pucuk Umun upon Hasanuddin’s question, firmly.

“What about if I cannot get you defeated? What will happen, uncle?” asked Hasanuddin.

“If you lose to me, you must stop your sermon,” said Pucuk Umun.

“What about if you lose to me, uncle? What will you do?” asked Hasanuddin confirming.

“If I lose, you can do everything that you want, to me and all my people,” answered *Prabu* Pucuk Umun simply.

“Alright. I accept the challenge, uncle. So, where will the cockfighting be held?” asked Hasanuddin trying to end up the tension between the two.

“We’ll have it on the slope of Mount Karang. See you around,” said Pucuk Umun.

“Okay. I’m fine with your request. The challenge’s accepted” answered Maulana Hasanuddin.

They did not even want to get into a physical battle for that would result in many victims. *Prabu* Pucuk Umun and Hasanuddin preferred to have a cockfighting session to avoid chaos and injuries. *Prabu* Pucuk Umun also decided the venue at the slope of Mount Karang as he considered it a neutral spot to have the cockfighting.

4. The Battle between Prabu Pucuk Umun and Maulana Hasanuddin

Pucuk Umun's cock, *Jalak Rarawe*, was a black chicken fighter that never lost to any other ones in cockfighting contests. It was created from steel, mercury, and even magnet. "Your Majesty, what will you do with *Jalak Rarawe* to win the duel?" asked one of the advisors. "I've put my best effort, my advisor. I'm sure that he wouldn't lose," answered *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

The chicken fighter of *Prabu Pucuk Umun* had been spelled to get him very strong, unbeatable. Also, in his both spurs, venomous *keris* (traditional weapon in Java) was attached on.

"*Jalak Rarawe* wouldn't suffer from any loss. I've asked all the experts to grant him a power to get him very tough and make him the strongest cock. In addition, I've asked the Maharishi for creating *keris* to be settled down at both spurs of *Jalak Rarawe*. Next, I'm going to pour down a poison on the *keris*, which would be the main weapon of *Jalak Rarawe*," though *Prabu Pucuk Umun* while caressing his chicken fighter.



Meanwhile, Hasanuddin came with his chicken fighter named as Saung Patok, which was a manifestation of, at once, a soldier and advisor called Muhammad Saleh. He was the student of *Sunan Ampel* (one of the nine Islamic messengers in Java) and lived at *Gunung Santri* on Bojonegoro, Serang. Because of his excellent knowledge and God's will, he shape-shifted himself to be a white rooster.

“Saleh, Thanks a lot for your help to voluntarily get into the duel,” said Hasanuddin full of calmness.

“Don't be worried about it, Syaikh. This is just to help you in your mission of Islamic sermon in Banten,” answered Syaikh Muhammad Saleh.

“Do I need to put something on your spurs as your main weapon, Saleh?” Hasanuddin asked worriedly.

“No need, Hasanuddin. Just let Allah (God Almighty) save my life during the battle,” answered Saleh optimistically.

“May Allah protect and help you out, Saleh. *Amiiiin ya Rabbal 'Alamin*, (Hopefully, God makes it true!)” Hasanuddin crossed his fingers for his friend to be safe and win the battle.

Even though *Saung Patok*, Maulana's chicken fighter, did not have any weapon settled on, his body was unbeatable; none of the

weapons could get him harmful since he was the manifestation of very well-knowledgeable and blessed man.

Before the battle was started, Maulana Hasanuddin prayed to ask for enlightenment so as to make him win the cockfighting versus his own uncle.

“Oh Allah, God Almighty. Please guide us to effortlessly deal with all the trials which attempt to hinder my mission, going to your blessed way of life,” Hasanuddin prayed by heart very hopefully.

At night, Hasanuddin was dreaming out to meet his father in Cirebon. He, then, expressed all his worries to him.

“*Assalamualaikum*, Dad.” Hasanuddin greeted his father.

“*Waalaiikumussalam*, son. Apparently, you’ve got a serious problem with your effort for Islamic sermon. What can I do for you, son?” asked Syarif Hidayatullah as if he knew what his son was worried about.

“Let me tell you something, Dad. My uncle, *Prabu* Pucuk Umun, likely doesn’t take any fancy upon what I’m now doing on Islamic sermon. By that reason, whoever losing in the cockfighting should follow all the rules from the winner.” Hasanuddin started to tell him about the root of the conflict.

“Then, what are you concerned on, son?” asked Syarif Hidayatullah.

“You must know Syaikh Muhammad Saleh. He’s willing to help me out as my chicken fighter. I know that he is well-knowledgeable, but I’m still worried about his security, Dad.” Hasanuddin, eventually, told his father all his heart was feeling.

“My son, Muhammad Saleh does have an excellent knowledge. But, we can’t deny that he’s also a humankind. I can feel what you feel, actually. I suggest that you bring your chicken fighter to the well at *Masjid Agung Banten* (Great Mosque of Banten). Then, get him bathed in the water from the well. Afterward, recite some verses of Al-Quran upon your chicken fighter. By then, yours would win by the God’s will,” suggested Syarif Hidayatullah calmly, but certainly and unquestionably.

“Okay, Dad. Thanks a bunch for the suggestion. I’ll try to follow it,” answered Hasanuddin steadfastly.

Hasanuddin woke up from his sleeping happily. One of the students felt confused when looking at his cheerful face. Consequently, he tried to ask about what made him so excited, whereas the battle had been nearly about to begin.

“Excuse me, *Syaikh*. What have you been dreaming about so that it could get you excited just like this?” asked one of the students to Hasanuddin.

“I’ve got a help from my father by a dream. I guess this is the answer to my prayers all this time. That’s why I’m very cheerful. I think we would win the battle,” answered Hasanuddin.

The time had arrived. Both were coming to the venue, in the crowd. Not only did *Prabu* Pucuk Umun and Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin carry their chicken fighter, but also their troops to watch and jazz up the battle session. Even the troops from both parties were well-armed in case of chaos.

Prabu Pucuk Umun brought up a machete slipped into his waist, and lance in his grasp. Meanwhile, Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin only lugged his ancestral *Keris* from his father, *Sunan Gunung Djati* (Syarif Hidayatullah).



Prabu Pucuk Umun took a position at the northern edge, having a black outfit, with long and shaggy hair, and also wearing a headband. Meanwhile, Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin was standing at the southern sphere of the battlefield, wearing a white cloak and turban in his head.

From the edges of the arena, both looked so tense. All the entourages of Syaikh Maulana Hasan (*ustadz* and *santri*) and Pucuk Umun (advisors and soldiers) did not stop mumbling. The former kept reciting the prayers to Allah God Almighty, while the latter reciting the spells.

In the middle of the tense situation, there came forward one of the soldiers from the each of both sides, coming into the arena and read out the information loudly.

“Your Majesty, Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin, and *Prabu* Pucuk Umun let me read you the agreement as follows. The first, as it’s agreed, if *Prabu* Pucuk Umun loses, Maulana Hasanuddin deserves to spread through Islamic teachings in Banten. In contrary, if *Prabu* Pucuk Umun wins, Maulana Hasanuddin must stop all his activities regarding Islamic sermon in Banten. The second, the lost party should confess his loss by giving in all his weapons to the winner. At last, whoever here should not intervene during the battle.”

After all the rules were read through by the soldier, a sound of howl was heard, a sign that the battle started.

“The time for battle is coming,” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“Don’t forget your promise, uncle,” answered Hasanuddin.

“Surely not. If I win, you leave from my territory,” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“And if I win, would you follow me to believe in Islamic teachings?” answered Hasanuddin to his uncle.

Prabu Pucuk Umun directly cut off the chitchat, “Stop talking too much! Let’s start the cockfighting. I’m really sure mine will win.”

Both the chicken fighters were released from their cage. The situation was getting more jam-packed. The voices of attendees were very showy as they kept giving a countless courage to both the chicken fighters.

“Come on, *Jalak Rarawe*. Hit down your foe. You can do it as you have the most magical power. Come on! Hit him down!” shouted *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“Keep on fighting, *Saung Patok*. *Insyah Allah* (by God’s will), you’ll win over *Jalak Rarawe*,” said Hasanuddin.

In the arena, both the roosters were moving to get closer to each other. Somehow, both were crowing, by turn, just like challenging each other to fight. When facing at about two meters long, both were bluffing each other too by leaning down their bulks while walking around the arena. Just like two real fighters in the real arena, both roosters kept moving, dancing over the arena, cautiously and readily to hit down. There had not even been an initiative from both to start the attack. Apparently, these both roosters were waiting for the first attack by the opposition.

Shortly after, suddenly, *Jalak Rarawe* stopped moving around and stepped back for about a half meter long to square off. Powerfully, he moved forward and conquered *Saung Patok* while targeting his spurs, with the poisonous *keris*, to his opponent's chest who had been ready to get the attack.

“Baaaaang!” Unavoidable, a physical crash happened between the roosters, battling for their owners' grace. *Saung Patok* welcomed all the attacks from *Jalak Rarawe*, getting them bounced away back. Astonishingly, no physical wounds were left at *Saung Patok*. Hasanuddin's rooster was likely harmless. Instead, he got back and tried to calm down after the first attack.

Moreover, they were back facing each other, ready to attack and be attacked. All the eyes were kept on both the rooster. Seemingly, the rooster of Pucuk Umun had been set into fire. All his movements were getting wilder. His eyes turned reddish.

Then, he attacked once more to tear down the chest of *Saung Patok*. At that time, *Saung Patok* moved to the left side, trying to avoid the poisonous *keris* from the spurs of the rooster of Pucuk Umun. Suddenly, “Bluuuump!” the right foot of *Saung Patok* hit down the right rib of *Jalak Rarawe*. *Jalak Rarawe* could not strike out very well, useless. Even, he had got a real kick. The battle was getting blissful. The shouts of the attendees from both the sides were getting flashier, supporting their own favorite rooster.

“Viva *Prabu* Pucuk Umun! Come on, *Jalak Rarawe*!” said all the followers of *Prabu* Pucuk Umun.

“Viva Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin! Keep fighting, *Saung Patok*” shouted the supporter of Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin, louder than that of the opposition supporters.

The roosters were fighting again. The nuance was a bit ghostly. By a so-called wild movement, *Jalak Rarawe* looked crazier and would like to give his opposite the deathly attack. He tried to take a revenge and meant to tear down his opponent’s chest. Feeling insecure, *Saung Patok* tried very hard to defend from the second attack of *Jalak Rarawe*. *Saung Patok* kept moving to the right and left, trying quite hard to avoid the *keris* from *Jalak Rarawe*. *Jalak Rarawe*, further, was getting more annoyed as all his attacks never got *Saung Patok* harmful. In addition, he could not help being so furious and finally attacked him wildly.



In a sudden, *Saung Patok* was flying over the air. *Jalak Rarawe* did too. Further, they got into the wild air battle. The people were looking at the battle, on the air. That was such an epic battle on the shady spot in Mount Karang. Shortly after, there was something exploding.

“Baaaaaang!!!!”

Then, finally, the rooster of Pucuk Umun was defeated, getting down on the ground, bleeding, dying, and finally kicking the bucket. The supporters of both sides suddenly remained in silence.

“What is happening? *Jalak Rarawe!* Get up!” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

“It seems that yours has been dead, uncle,” answered Hasanuddin.

“No! It couldn’t happen! Go take a look the rooster! Check if he’s been dead or not,” commanded *Prabu Pucuk Umun* to one of his soldiers.

Afterward, the soldier got closer to *Prabu Pucuk Umun*’s rooster and found it dead. The soldier, further, told him very loudly, “I’m sorry, Your Majesty. *Jalak Rarawe* has been dead. In fact, the rough kick from Hasanuddin’s rooster has hit down your rooster’s heart. And now he’s dead already,” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

All the supporters of *Pucuk Umun* were speechless. Different from them, the supporters of Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin was very cheerful, jumping out while shouting, “Allahu Akbar (Allah is the Greatest)! Viva Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin! Viva Islamic teachings!



5. The Victory of Maulana Hasanuddin and the Leave of Prabu Pucuk Umun

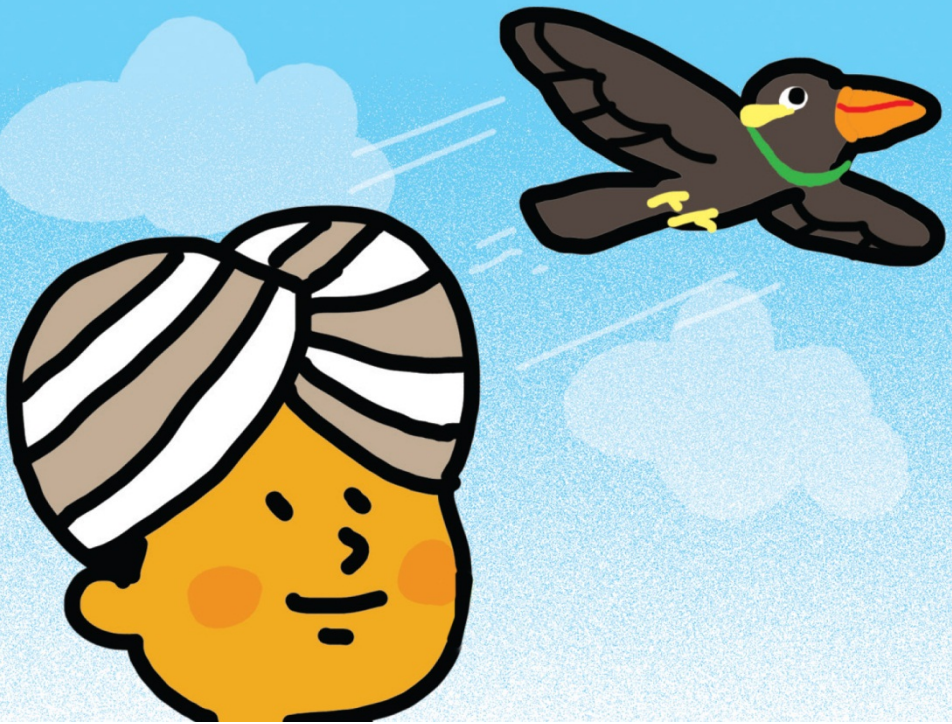
Finally, Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin won the cockfighting.

“Congratulations, Maulana Hasanuddin! I confess all my loss to you. These are my weapons for you, machete and lance, the symbol of your victory. These weapons symbolize the lordship upon Banten Girang. I give in all of these to you,” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun* making a confession

“Thanks, uncle, for you’ve completed one of your promises. I receive your weapons, and your lordship too as the leader of Banten Girang.” Hasanuddin received the machete and lance from his uncle.

“As we agree in the beginning, now you’ve been free to carry out your mission of Islamic sermon, and deserve to be granted as the leader of Banten *Girang*,” said *Prabu Pucuk Umun*.

Right after *Prabu Pucuk Umun* gave away the weapons and the authorship, *Saung Patok* turned out to be a humankind. Hasanuddin just recalled the promise his uncle had made for him. He wanted to ask for realization, “So, what about our agreement, uncle? You’ve promised me to believe in my belief, haven’t you?” asked Hasanuddin.



After the accident, *Prabu Pucuk Umun* was very surprised. In a sudden, he shape-shifted to be a parrot. The parrot, furthermore, flew away and said, “Think of this, Hasanuddin. I may let you run your mission of Islamic sermon. But, I’ll leave out of here. Also, never did I say, even promise, to believe in your belief if I lose to you.” “But, you should be conquered to me,” said Hasanuddin.

“I’m sorry, Hasanuddin. I’m still counting on what I’m believing now. Never enforce me and also my subordinates who have committed to stay believing ours,” said the parrot, the incarnation of Pucuk Umun, while leaving out Hasanuddin.

One of the students of Hasanuddin tried to approach him, and said, “Should I chase out the parrot along with one of my friends, Syaikh?” asked the student.

“No need! We don’t need to enforce them to do what we believe in. Let alone, he’s my uncle. Let him choose one he likes and trusts the most,” answered Hasanuddin carefully.

The parrot was flying away to leave out Maulana Hasanuddin. When wandering, the parrot saw a sand overlay, just like a dessert. He got interested and then flew down, returning to the ground.

Afterward, he returned out to be *Prabu* Pucuk Umun. Shortly after, he found out some of his people following him there. They could not receive the Islamic teachings, and finally establish the new colony in South Banten, specifically at Lebak. People said the place where Pucuk Umun shape-shifted to be the parrot was named as *Cibeo*. Additionally, the place where the parrot found the dessert-like spot and returned out to be Pucuk Umun was familiarly called as *Cikeusik*. The last, where Pucuk Umun established the new inhabitation was named as *Cikertawana*.

Moreover, *Prabu* Pucuk Umun commanded all his people residing at around the upstream of Ciujung, nearby Mount Kendeng.

“Listen to me, all my loyal people. I hope that you will always preserve this heavily-forested area. Don’t let it get broken down by irresponsible ones. Keep holding on and preserving our current belief, from generation to generation. Remember and hold on my order. During having a life here, I’ll make sure that you’re going to be safe and prosperous.”

People said, all the followers of Pucuk Umun were the ancestral father of *Kanekes*, familiarly known as *Baduy* tribe. They were said to still currently be preserving the teachings of *Sunda Wiwitan*. Until then, the rest of the followers of *Prabu* Pucuk Umun, just like advisors and servants of Pajajaran Kingdom, declared to convert to Islam in front of Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin. By then, Syaikh Maulana Hasanuddin was getting easier to run his mission of Islamic sermon in Banten.

By the success, he was granted by King of Demak as the mayor of Banten Region. The center of the government, used to be in Banten *Girang*, was moved to Banten *Lor* (North Banten), or Surosowan, located at the coastline of Java Sea, with Maulana Hasanuddin as the first sultan (mayor) of Banten.

Shortly after, Banten *Pasisir* had been seized by the Commander Fadhilla Khan and his armies. As the consequence, Hasanuddin was pointed out to be the major of Banten *Pasisir*. People said, when there was a chaos, Hasanuddin was assisted by some of his armies from Banten *Girang* and then got Banten *Girang* and

Pasisir united. Therefore, Maulana Hasanuddin officially became the leader of Banten *Pasisir* and *Girang*. During his authorship, almost all the people in Banten converted to believe in Islamic teachings. He, thus, was granted a title as “*Panembahan* Hasanuddin.”

To support his lordship, Hasanuddin established the region as the central part of the government and administration. He, even, built up a magnificent palace, named as *Keraton* Surasowan (Surasowan Kingdom), that was adopted from his grandfather’s name (Surasowan), the one he respected so much.

When *Susuhunan Jati* died, *Panembahan* Hasanuddin proclaimed Surasowan as the independent region, separated from Cirebon. Furthermore, Hasanuddin married to Princess Indrapura and had a son called as Maulana Yusuf. In the day after, Maulana Yusuf would be the successor of his father, to take a lead in Banten. Besides Maulana Yusuf, Hasanuddin also had some other descendants, one of whom was from his second wife named Ratu Ayu Kirana, commonly known as Ratu Mas Purnamasidi (the first daughter of Raden Patah, The Sultan of Demak). From her, he had been gifted a daughter named as Ratu Winahon. Someday, she would be the wife of Tubagus Angke, the mayor of *Jayakarta* (Jakarta). Hasanuddin also had a son, named as Prince Arya, who was adopted by his aunt, Queen Kaliyamat, later on, his son was known as Prince Jepara.

The Author



Nama : Nur Seha, S.Ag.

Pos-el : dzihni@yahoo.com

Bidang Keahlian : Sastra

Riwayat pekerjaan/profesi (10 tahun terakhir)

1. 2014–sekarang: Peneliti Muda Kantor Bahasa Provinsi Banten
2. 2012–2014: Peneliti Pertama Kantor Bahasa Provinsi Banten
3. 2006–2010: Staf teknis Balai Bahasa Jawa Timur

Riwayat Pendidikan Tinggi dan Tahun Belajar

S-1: Sastra Arab Universitas Islam Negeri Syarif Hidayatullah,
Jakarta (1994—1999)

Judul Penelitian dan Tahun Terbit (10 tahun terakhir)

1. Seha, Nur dan Ovi Soviaty Rivay. 2015. Wayang Garing: Fungsi dan Upaya Merevitalisasi Wayang Khas Banten. *Jurnal Metasastra*, Volume 8 Nomor 1, Juni 2015. Bandung: Balai Bahasa Jawa Barat
2. Seha, Nur. Parodi Politik dalam *Sokrates Atawa Telunjuk Miring di Kening*. 2015. *Jurnal Kelasa*. Lampung: Kantor Bahasa Provinsi Lampung
3. Seha, Nur. dkk. 2014. Fungsi Teater Rakyat Ubrug bagi Masyarakat Banten. *Jurnal Atavisme*, Volume 17, Nomor 1, Juni 2014. Sidoarjo: Balai Bahasa Prov. Jawa Timur
4. Seha, Nur. 2014. Ideologi Perempuan dalam Cerpen Karya Cerpenis Perempuan. *Jurnal Bebasan*, Volume 1, Nomor 1, Juni 2014. Banten: Kantor Bahasa Prov. Banten
5. Seha, Nur. dkk. 2014. Implikatur Percakapan pada Kesenian Ubrug Mang Cantel. Prosiding Seminar Bahasa Ibu, hlm 235—244. Sumedang: Unpad Press

Informasi Lain

Lahir di Jakarta, 6 Januari 1976. Menikah dan dikaruniai dua putera dan dua puteri. Saat ini menetap di Pandeglang, Banten. Beberapa kali menjadi pemakalah seminar kebahasaan dan kesastraan di Yogyakarta, Bandung, Lombok, dan Bogor.

The Editor

Nama : Sri Kusuma Winahyu
Pos-el : sriwinahyu@yahoo.com
Bidang Keahlian : Kependulisan

Riwayat Pekerjaan

1. Staf Fungsional Umum di Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa, Kementerian Pendidikan dan Kebudayaan (2005—2015)
2. Kasubbid Modul dan Bahan Ajar, Bidang Pembelajaran, Pusat Pembinaan, Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa, Kementerian Pendidikan dan Kebudayaan (2015—sekarang)

Riwayat Pendidikan

1. S-1 Sastra Indonesia, Fakultas Ilmu Budaya, Universitas Gadjah Mada
2. S-2 Ilmu Linguistik, Fakultas Ilmu Pengetahuan Budaya, Universitas Indonesia

Informasi Lain

Lahir di Yogyakarta pada tanggal 4 Juni 1975.