

**THE LEGEND OF BOAR AND
MONGREL ROCKS**
Legenda Batu Babi dan Anjing

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THE LEGEND OF BOAR AND MONGREL ROCKS

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LEGENDA BATU BABI DAN ANJING





CERITA DARI KALIMANTAN TENGAH

Ditulis oleh
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LEGENDA BATU BABI DAN ANJING

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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 human life also affects to the diversity of literature work because the contents are inseparable from civilized and dignified human 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

All praises be to Allah Swt. because of His grace and blessings, *The Legend of Boar and Mongrel Rocks* can be can be read by students and literary lovers throughout Indonesia. Indonesia is indeed rich in culture, especially about folklore (legend, fairy tales, and myth). All of them must be passed on to younger generation who will continue to develop the country.

An effort was carried out as a basic step so the local culture does not increasingly eroded by foreign cultures that seep through various media nowadays. With that in mind, documentation must be staged gradually and continuously. All critics, opinions, suggestions, and input will be happily received by the author for future improvement.

Palangkarya, April 2016
Noor Hadi

Table of Contents

Foreword.....	v
Preface	vii
Table of Contents	viii
The Legend of Boar and Mongrel Rocks	1
The Author.....	31
The Editor.....	33

THE LEGEND OF BOAR AND MONGREL ROCKS

A *jukung*¹ was seen splitting the stream of water. A man calmly rowed the canoe. He was around 30 years old. His face radiated serenity. His eyes were calm, even with a sign of weariness on his face.

A dog stood firmly in the forefront of the canoe, watching around while wagging his tail like a commander that observed his soldiers. The dog was proud to be the guardian of his master.

The golden twilight sky disappeared when the small canoe pulled over to the side of the lake. In a small jump, the dog landed smoothly on the ground. The man also landed, pulled the canoe to the land, and tightened a rope in the canoe to a wooden stake that was already plugged in at the side of the lake.

Sembuluh Lake was the name; a pretty wide and deep lake. Various kinds of fish lived in the lake and they became the living source of the people who were living around the lake. People catch the fish for their daily need. They also sold the fresh fish and dried the fish for their salted fish stock.

There was a house nearby the lake. The man and his dog lived in the house. The house looked old. It had already some cracks on

¹*Jukung* is a small wooden Indonesian outrigger canoe.



its wooden wall and the color of the wood had already faded. The house was rotten. It was a *panggung* house²; its wall was made of wood and its roof was made of sago leaves. It was a neglected house. Dried leaves were scattered on its front, side, and backyards. The darkness started to cover the lake and its surrounding. The night animals started to chat to each other. Sometimes the sound of night owls was heard; marking the night as their territory. The light from the oil lamp breached through the holes in the wall of the house. The night had come.

“Creak!” The sound of a rusty door opening broke the silence in that place. The man went out from his house, holding a cup in his hand. Then, he sat on the stairs of the house that squeaked a little bit when he landed his behind on it. Sometimes he took a sip from his cup, wholeheartedly. The dog, who never wanted to leave his master’s side, also went out from the house and sat beside the man. He mimicked his master. Its eyes wandered to the lake with calm water. A thousand of fireflies brightly flew above the water. The nocturnal animals showed their existences with their voices, which came deep from the forest.

The voices echoed across the air of the night. Crickets and other insects moved silently in the bush.

²*Panggung* house is a high footed wooden house, an Indonesian traditional house.

They fluttered their wings to show that they were there, by producing a unique sound only belonged to them. The hot afternoon wind changed to cooler breeze. The man started to get sleepy from a tiresome day that he had. He felt the weariness creep onto his body and he yawned. He moved his body to his bed after he closed the creaking door. His dog obediently followed behind him, and then he lay down under his master's bed. Soon, the man's soft breathing sound was heard. The night finally fell completely. Morning dews started to drip down from the leaves when the man opened his eyes after a restful sleep. Meanwhile, his dog was obediently waiting for his master. He sat quietly, waiting for his master to wake up and move to open a door for him. His eyes followed the body that still was still lying down lazily on the simple wooden bed that was covered by a mosquito net.

The master had not moved to wake up. His soothing breath was heard again. The dog barked three times as if he wanted to say, "Wake up. Wake up. It's late already." But, the master was still. Finally, she dropped his body again on the wooden floor of the house, whimpering. The sunlight breached through a hole in the roof, beamed into the man's face. The heat forced him to move on his bed. He blinked for a while, and then narrowed his eyes because of the dazzling light. He sat on the edge of the bed. The dog, which was waiting since early that morning and even tried to wake the man before, stood up spontaneously. He wagged her

tails to the right and left, showing that he was happy that his master was already awakened from his sleep. He barked once in a while. He bit her master's pants and pulled them, demanding something.

“What's wrong?”

“All right, all right, wait,” the man finally answered his dog's wishes.

He rose from his bed and followed his dog, who had released her teeth from his pants and trotted to the front door. After he reached the door, he opened the door; creating a creaking sound. The dog darted to the yard and jumped happily.

The sun was already high. The land was bright; it was a sign that life had begun in that morning. The man saw some canoes passed through the lake and then disappeared in the curve covered by dense trees. The day before was a tiring day, therefore he woke up late that morning.

The man took the half-full cup. He finished the drink to cure his thirst. He walked to the back of the house and took a towel that hung on the rope at the corner.

The first thing he wanted to do late that morning was to take a shower so that he could freshen up, even though it was late. Meanwhile, the dog stayed outside and took his chance to walk

around in the village not far from the house. Just like a little child, the dog ran happily to his heart contents. Once in a while, the dog stopped and smelled on the things around him. Sometimes he peed on something to mark his territory. When he finally felt hungry, he was more encouraged to look for food. Right at that moment, he lived just to find his food. He concentrated deeply to look for food and, controlled by that primal instinct, he wandered around without any clear destination.

The dog arrived at the edge of a jungle. He was stunned to see something in front of him, not far from the place where he stood. Around fifty meters from him, a wild boar stood in shock just like him. The dog met his enemy; the one that he would never let go even for the world. The boar's body trembled with caution. His feet were stiffened as he wanted to leave the incoming battle ground. His ears were attentive antennas that caught every detail of sound around him. The atmosphere of battle wrapped his body neatly and perfectly and completely, like it was an invisible shield that will deflect any attack or strike to his body. What a poor wild boar.

At the same time, the dog eyed his prey who was preparing himself for an endless escape. The dog slipped his tail between his back legs. Without blinking, he watched every movement that caught his eyes. He made a grimace, showing his sharp teeth, the weapon of the battle. He was burning with desire. The dog's head



was full of blood, coming from his heart that was pumping so fast. His body was ready. He lowered his neck, ready to attack and jump. Every second was precious. He expected an equivalent resistance because the prey in front of him would not have a chance to avoid the battle. The dog ignored a fly that stuck to his body. He just remembered that he had not taken a bath since the morning, after staying in the forest with his master all day long the day before. But the fly started to disturb his concentration. His annoyance reached its peak when the fly landed on the edge of his eyelid. He blinked. It was a precious split second for the wild boar that waited for his hunter to lower his attention.

The wild boar took full advantage of the rare opportunity in such a way that he unconsciously left his hunter a few steps behind. The boar jumped and turned a hundred and eighty degrees to the jungle. His steps were larger to escape the battlefield. The hunter was angry because he wasted his time and made a small mistake. His desire was getting higher and it drove him to move his legs wider and quicker to chase after his prey that already left a few steps in front of him.

Their eyes finally met each other. The boar trembled. In the later second, with an agile jump, the dog darted to plant his sharp teeth to the body of the boar. But the boar was also alert; he turned back and ran swiftly to the jungle. The chase was a clash between the desire of a hunter and the fright of a prey. That morning, they

both entered the fascinating moment between life and death. The jungle was silenced and quiet, becoming a helpless witness to the dog and the boar's life moment. The chase was inevitable, accompanied by the noise of the jungle that was played as the march of the battle. The jungle watched as the witness of such an event in its own body. The dog's and the boar's footsteps hit the earth loudly. From faraway, some gibbons shouted to each other as if they tried to liven up the race between the dog and the frightened wild boar. The boar tried to save his life that was threatened by the dog's fangs. No one knew how far they had the race. The distance between the dog and the boar did not change; it was around ten meters. It was a safe distance for the wild boar. The dog would not be able to jump on him in that distance. However, the boar started to feel unsure about his safety once he realized their position in the jungle. Knowing this jungle so well, he knew exactly that at the end of his runaway route, they would find a wide river that was at the other side of Sembuluh Lake. He knew that he would not find any place to hide or run again. The wild boar decided to protect his life to the last drop of his blood.

"I have decided," thought the boar in between his heavy panting.

The wild boar did not feel that his tears started to fall when he remembered his parents and siblings who would not find out how his life ended. He was just a young male wild boar without

experiences, much different from the dog that chased him; a decorated tracker, a highly-trained hunter.

It was about the time when he finally saw the river. Even the water of the river would not save him from the dog. His brain worked quickly to decide whether he should jump into the lake or stop and face his own death. He remembered his happy childhood and his parents who were always beside him. His parents always became his safe zone. They give him unprecedented love. His adolescence made him say good bye to his parents and siblings. A boar had to be able and brave to decide his own journey, his own future. Later, he should build his own family, have his own children, take care of them, and tell them how to survive in the middle of harsh jungle. The boar was slowing down and he stopped at the edge of the lake, and then turned his body.

The dog also slowed down and stopped at around three meters from the boar. They panted. The dog's mouth was watery. The wild boar's eyes were no longer showing any sign of his fear. That time, his eyes reflected his bravery. There was no place for him to run; he could only face his fate. Meanwhile, the dog stayed in his motive to pounce on the boar. His eyes were fierce. He saw red. At the next second, both bodies darted. The wild boar rammed his head. The dog, who had fought a lot of battles against boars, tilted his head to the side to put his fangs to the boar's neck. Both of them collapsed to the ground. The wild boar's neck

already belonged to the dog's mouth. The boar's revolt stopped for a while so that he could gather his strength for the next attack. Not long after that, the bite was slackened and then pulled off. The open wound enraged the boar. Blood was dripping to the ground and covered his own body. Then, he turned around and rammed his head to the dog's stomach with full power. The dog howled continuously. He felt that his inner stomach was crushed. Everything seemed to happen too quickly. Things happened just like how it should be. The jungle was silent. It felt sad but at the same time, understood about what happened. The law of the jungle had come to reality. No one could stop it. The nature had declared that the two lives had to end. A sudden explosion shocked all of the occupants of the jungle. The deafening sounds of thunder flashed and stroke the ground between both bodies. Silence fell between them. The two bodies that had finished their time in the world were scattered on the ground. They did their last defense. Without proper funeral, without any ritual, their bodies were left rotting on the ground of their motherland. Meanwhile, at the same time, the master was busy at home to prepare the breakfast for the dog. After he put the food in the container, he took it out of the house. His looked for his dog.

He started to get anxious when he could not find his dog everywhere. He hit the food container as a familiar sign for the dog to come. He waited for a while. It was silence. He hit the container again. It was quiet. He walked slowly and turned his

head here and there with a hope that he could find his dog that, he knew, was hungry.

With the sound of food container that he was hitting, the master finally arrived at the edge of the jungle, where the dog met his death. He asked some people who met him along the journey and those people led him to the edge of the jungle. He was stunned.

“Did he really go to play this far?” thought him.

“It was unusual for him to do this. He’s never done this before.”

“What was he looking for?”

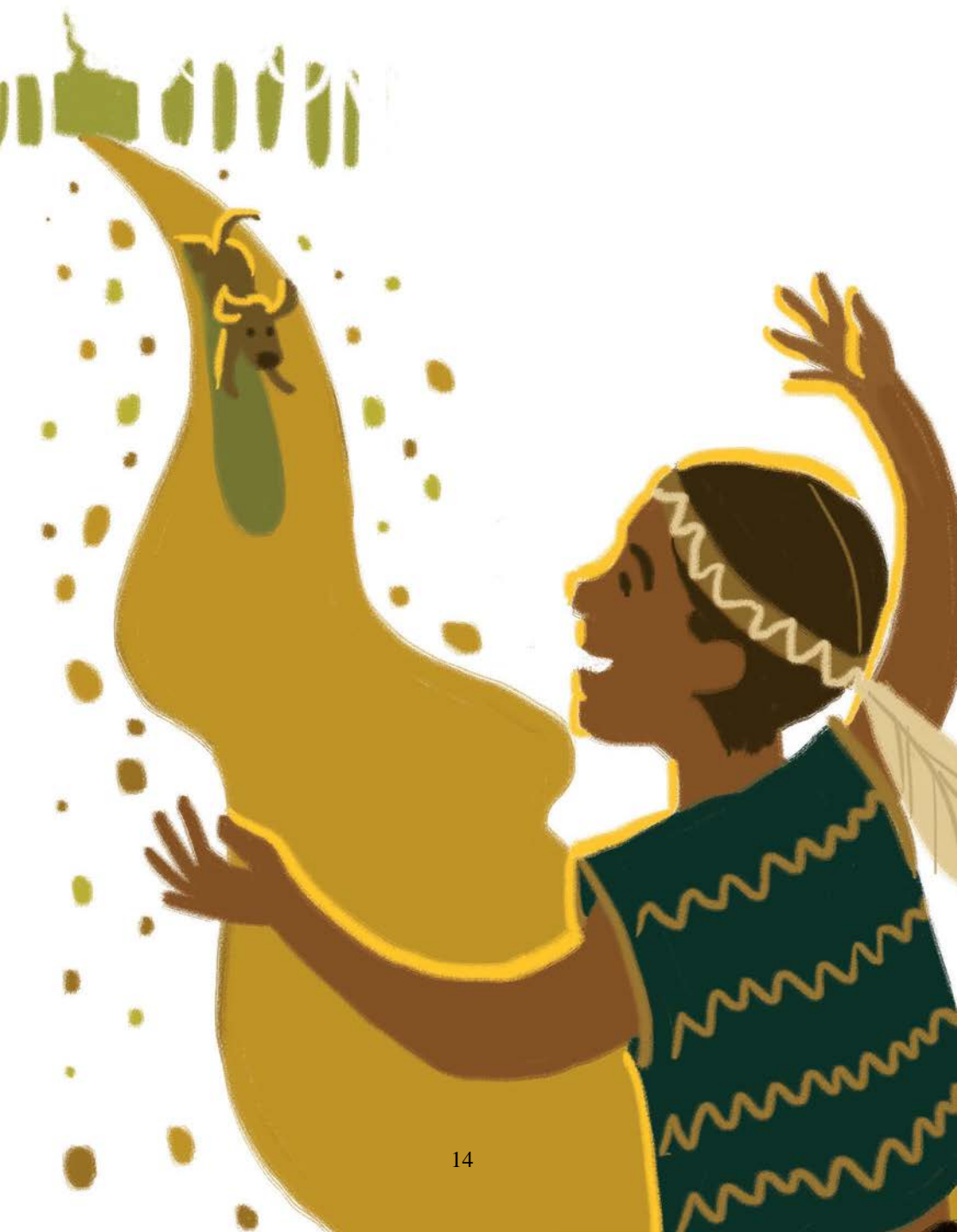
His anxiety led him to get deeper into the jungle to find his only loyal company who was always beside him when he was hunting. His hand still knocks on the food container; creating noise in the jungle which acted as if it wanted to give the hunter information about his dog’s whereabouts. He came to understand the language of the jungle. The news about his dog rang in his heart. So his worries were not without reason. The news from the jungle that came to him was true. He was anxious. The hunter walked faster to the battlefield. He felt the sorrow of losing his dog. He panted. He hit the food container louder and the sound was mixed with the noise of the jungle that was also getting louder. The shrieking of the primates made him wonder; he wanted to know what already happened. He went to a house that caught his eyes. A carpenter on the roof of the house heard the sound from the

hitting of the food container. The hunter went closer to the house. The carpenter on the roof of the house stared at him. The carpenter felt his pity toward the carpenter, which was none other than the genie of the jungle. When he saw the hunter walking to his direction, he felt the urge to heal the hunter's heart. He changed himself into a dog, just like the dog that he saw fighting against a wild boar.

That time, the man arrived in the front door of the house. He stopped knocking on the food container. He knocked the door of the house to ask about his dog's whereabouts. However, he did not do it because from an unexpected side, the dog appeared and ran to him. The dog was the incarnation of genie, an incarnation out of sympathy.

The hunter was stunned for a second, and then he hugged his beloved dog joyfully. The dog's eyes sparkled. He licked his master's over and over again while wagging his tail. It was an expression of their farewell, as if they did not meet each other for months.

"I was so worried looking for you. I don't know what I have to do if I didn't find you," said the man to his dog. As if he understood his master's words, the dog barked happily and he danced while jumping around.



“Let’s go home,” he said, while releasing his hug from his beloved one.

“I have prepared your food. I took it here.”

The man walked back to his house. The dog ran about and went ahead his master. There was nothing weird from his beloved dog. At home, he put the food container in the porch. The dog seemed to understand that the food was dedicated to him.

He ate the food hungrily. The master watched the dog while standing and smiling. Then, the man came into the house, leaving the dog that ate his food heartily. The sun went higher up to the sky. The day was getting hotter. The lake gets noisier with so many boats passing through. The man went out the house with complete hunting gear. The dog faithfully followed him. He had a new habit; barking often. The new habit irritated the master because it ceased his prey. It was a liability to hunt like that in a silent jungle. They did not get anything. The dog’s weird change caught the master’s attention. He thought, maybe it was because the dog previously went to play in the jungle. The dog changed. It was an unwanted change for him. The change affected him badly. They went out to hunt, but then they often came home emptyhandedly. Then, it started to affect him economically. It was difficult even to fulfill his daily needs. Why did his beloved dog bark more frequently? It was a new enjoyment for the dog, as if barking was a new delight in this world. He had a new world

after he entered the jungle without his master. What actually happened to his dog? He thought and thought, but he never had any plausible answer for the change of his beloved dog's behavior. So, he just accepted the fact. His upset getting climactic when he worked to make a boat from ironwood. Of course, the man never questioned the dog's loyalty, as he always accompanied him wherever he went. However, the dog's new barking habit was getting more and more annoying.

This time, the master just could stand it anymore. His anger exploded, and it led to a regrettable moment. The master had prepared the materials to build a boat. He had prepared, measured, cut, and formed all of the materials as needed. Tens of wedges had been prepared. The dog waited beside him while he was barking continuously. The day was very hot and the master was very tired. The dog's barking became disturbing noise to his ears. His blood boiled with rage. His eyes suddenly darkened. The only thing he saw was just the big hammer on his side. He took the hammer, lifted it up, he swung the ironwood hammer and hit its face to the clueless dog's. The dog did not even have time to groan; no time to bark. There was no time to breathe. The beating did happen just once. The hammer repeatedly hit the head of the dog that had already been beside him for a long time. After there was no barking voice anymore, the master stopped swinging the hammer. His desire had been fulfilled. His blood evaporated to the air along with his hidden anger. He was satisfied. What was

left from him was his heavy breathing. The trace of his anger spilled all over the place; it wetted his shirt, his ground, his wood, and on all of the boat materials.

He was shocked. Slowly, regret crept into his heart. It was an event that he would never completely understand, the death of his minion. The big hammer that hit his dog was still in his hand. Awareness struck him and he threw the hammer to the ground, his hammer of death. He fell down to the ground. Slowly, his tears melted on his face. He stared blankly, remembering that past event in his life. He felt exploding feelings of guilt and anger to himself. He dragged his hand to reach an axe. He stood up and swung the axe to the head of the ironwood hammer. He wanted to crash his heartbreak because he lost his beloved dog. The axe flashed a white light as it hit the destruction point.

“Clash!” The axe hit strongly, crushing the steel-hard hammer. The hammer was cut in pieces.

When he swung the axe for the second time, his hand stopped midair. A flashy thing rolled out of the hammer’s head. The thing was in the size of chicken egg. The man was stunned by the flashy light in front of him. The light blinded his eyes and it penetrated his mind. Slowly, he took the thing from the ground. He watched, observed, and identified the thing. It was a diamond. His heart beat so fast. He threw the diamond to the ground, as if it was a hot or disgusting thing. Fear and anxiety started to get his



heart. He could not understand what happened that day. He sat on the ground and thought endlessly about it. Death and diamond. He took the diamond carefully.

He dragged his body home in the evening, taking all of the things happened that afternoon while carrying a diamond in the pocket of his pants. He was exhausted.

The sun set at the edge of the sky. The wandering birds started to get back to their nests. The birds chatted with their family while they were resting after a full day of flying and chasing the sun. The jungle started its night life.

The man laid his body, resting his back on his bed while his head was full of questions. He took out the diamond from the pocket of his pants. He watched, observed, and analyzed it. He drifted into a deep sleep with his empty heart without his loyal minion waiting under his bed. He was anxious when he entered the realm of his dream. He dreamt of something he never wanted to see. His dream would change his insight about his world. An old man was approaching and came to him. The dream was like a reality. It was not an ordinary dream.

“I am a genie that turned myself into your dog. Your real dog is dead. Your dog hunted a wild boar until he arrived in the deep jungle. An unavoidable battlefield happened at the edge of this lake, on the other side of the jungle. He met a wild boar who was

on retreat. Then, both of them were struck by lightning and they turned into rocks.”

“As a matter of fact, it was my duty to look after the diamond inside your ironwood hammer. But now everything was revealed. The diamond had appeared before you. It is yours, dear human. Use it for goodness,” said the genie in the man’s dream. Then, he disappeared. The man was awakened and startled after he heard the story of his life from the genie that always accompanied him from inside his ironwood hammer. He took the diamond that he observed before he fell asleep.

“What will I do with this diamond? Should I cut it? Or, should I sell it like this? Ah, I will decide it tomorrow,” he muttered while he was closing his eyes again to continue his deep sleep. Early in the next day, the man went into the jungle, to the place where the war happened between the dog and the wild boar. He found two sinless animals’ bodies on the ground covered with dried blood, black blood. He wrapped the wild boar’s body and buried it. He also wrapped his beloved dog’s corpse and he took it home. At home, he directly went to the backyard. He put the dog’s corpse he carried from the jungle.

He took a hoe and dug a knee-deep grave to bury his beloved dog. Slowly and gently, he put the dog in the grave, as if he did not want to hurt the dog or wake him up from his rest. After he

finished, he took a moment of silence and stared at the grave in front of him.

“Good bye,” he said with broken voice.

“I will always miss you.” He walked to the house. He sat on the stairs of the house entrance. He recalled the memories he spent with his beloved dog, a loyal mongrel that followed him wherever



he went. The dog had always accompanied him to climb and go down a hill, stride along a river, and get to a deep and dark jungle until they had to stay there overnight in the middle of darkness.

His dog was his guardian. His dog was his life accompaniment. He was a friend who never left his side, a friend who knew what to do, who always comforted him when he was sad. The dog was his happiness. At that moment, the man became a rich man. He was famous everywhere. The news about travelled to nearly all villages. The diamond that he got from the ironwood hammer had made him rich. However, he did not forget the message from the genie in his dream, that he had to use his wealth for goodness. He helped people who were in need. He helped to build the village where he lived. He tried to improve people's economy by giving capitals to people who need to develop their businesses.

He just need to do one more thing, he wanted to make the journey of his beloved dog in the afterlife perfect. The process was called *tiwah*³. He wanted to complete his dog's journey with a *tiwah* when the time came. All villagers were busy that day. They did preparations for a big event that would be conducted for 7 days and 7 nights, a *tiwah*. The dog's grave was dug. All of his remaining bones were recovered. They gathered the bones and

³*Tiwah* is a ceremony to dig the grave and excavate the bones of the dead from that grave. It was believed as the finalization of the whole funeral process and it will complete the dead's spirit journey to heaven in the afterlife.

they cleaned it. A *sandung*⁴ had been prepared to place the bones that he had retrieved from the grave. However, something still bothered the man. A *sanding* needed an identity. Later, a name had to be written on *sandung*. He was worried and confused about all this.

To dispel his confusion, the man went meditating. He sought a celestial advice so that he would know, what would be the suitable name to engrave on that *sandung*. In the middle of his meditation, he remembered one of his dreams; that time when a rich merchant from Kahayan River named Bagalah visited. Bagalah was the one who gave him a revelation to start trading. Thus, it was decided that the *sandung* would be engraved with the name of the merchant from Kahayan River, Bagalah. The man's life started to change. He started his own family. His wife came from the neighboring village. She was the most beautiful lady in that village. Many men tried to get her. Her beauty was also famous in the surrounding villages. She had bright skin and long thick dark hair; and she moved gracefully like a princess. She had a perfect appearance that would attract everyone who saw her. The hunter was very lucky to have her as his wife. The lucky man who became the husband of the lady was a mere hunter who went in and out of the forest. At the end, he was a successful merchant. He was rich and respected by all of people. His old, rotten,

⁴*Sandung* is a miniature of traditional house that is used to place the bones of the dead after *tiwah* is conducted.

wooden house that cracked in here and there became a grand and luxurious house. Beautiful carpets were imported to decorate the house's floor. The wall of the house used to be made of common wood from the forest. It was replaced with high quality ironwood. The roof of the house was also replaced with ironwood plates. The pillars were replaced with big ironwood. A traditional ceremony was performed to build the house. The ritual was led by the elder of the community, who held and protected the local tradition. The ceremony started by tearing down the old house. The men of the village worked together to do the job.

After they cleaned the wooden ruins from the old house, the ceremony to place the first pillar was performed solemnly.

Prayers were recited so that the house that would be built would make its habitants be protected, happy, and prosperous. After the whole process of solemn ceremony, followed a party. All villagers were having a good time. Various food was prepared a day before the ceremony started. The women organized all of the ceremony and party needs. When it was time for party, everything was ready. That day, all villagers were really happy. On the next day, the people cleaned all trashes from the previous party. On that day, the new house started to be built. The construction was done by the men of the village. All men may work on the project and they were also paid well. People were having fun and they did their job seriously.

The elder of the community helped to give instructions on the direction of the house, which wood should be installed first, etc. The forms of the building, the door, and the roof were all under his supervision. One day, Bagalah, the rich merchant from Kahayan whose name was adopted as the *sandung*'s name where the hunter kept the bones of his dog, came to the village. He was surprised to see a *sandung* with his name. Further, he could hear a dog barking from inside the *sandung*. Bagalah was a very famous merchant nearly in all villages. He handled trading in many places. His commodities were rattan, latex, wood, and all of the forest products that were needed by the people from the other villages. The merchant heard about a hunter who became a rich man. His business intuition triggered him to come and get to know this person. For days, Bagalah started his journey from Kahayan River to Seruyan to visit the hunter. He traveled by a big boat that was full of commodities to trade and he was followed by some of his workers. He sailed while making stops in some villages to sell his goods. It was not a useless journey, even though the journey was long and tiring. He hoped that his effort was not in vain; he wanted to make the hunter his business partner. He needed someone with good capital to enlarge the network of his trade. Sufficient logistics were prepared. The boat was already checked. The gear for the journey was also well prepared. Bagalah boarded the boat while his wife and children escorted him and stood by the river. His workers skillfully pushed

the boat to the river, and they jumped to the boat to navigate it. Bagalah sailed to his place of hope, Seruyan. Seruyan was a promising land for him.

That area would give him freedom because it offered a wide and big business. He expected a big profit. He already imagined what he would have if he could have asked the hunter to join his hand. A giant business. The goods from his home had been traded with other goods from his trading during the journey. His ship was as full as before.

Sembuluh Lake was started to be seen. He commanded the workers to move the ship faster. It was a pleasant morning for him, because he would soon make his dream come true. The merchant came into the hunter's house and he was welcomed by friendliness. Their conversation was started by introduction to each other and they shared their stories of life. Later, they became good friends and started to do business together.

The merchant finally dared to ask about something that made him curious. His name was engraved in a *sandung* in front of the hunter's house. He also asked about the barking sound that made him uneasy. The hunter apologized for the inconvenience to Bagalah when he finally noticed Bagalah's feeling. Then, he told the whole stories about how he ended up using Bagalah's name on the *sandung* and what the barking sound was. Bagalah nodded his head and he listened to the hunter's stories. Since Bagalah



took the whole situation well, the hunter was relieved because he was afraid if he had offended Bagalah. Introduction, conversation, and business plan had been arranged well and smoothly. It was time for Bagalah to bid his farewell. With his wide smile, Bagalah went down the river to get into his boat. Bagalah departed. He left his shadow and a deep impression in the heart of the hunter when his ship disappeared into the thick forest. Soon after that, the hunter looked for the goods that he would sell together with Bagalah. The time to collect the goods had been decided. He had to move fast to gather everything. The man waited in the living room of the beautiful house. He heard a knock on the door and rose from his chair. He opened the door and saw Bagalah with his wide smile.

That time, Bagalah brought rattan, fatwood, and latex. Meanwhile, the man offered Bagalah's orders which were dried fish, sugar, salt, and various foods. The trading started. Both were happy and satisfied with the result.

Their trade cooperation continued, making them richer and more respected by people everywhere. They made a lot of visits to each other's house.

In the midst of their happiness, there was one thing that made Bagalah anxious and uncomfortable. The barking sound would always be heard every time he passed through the *sandung* in front of his best friend's house.



That day, he could not hold back his anger. He cursed and swore. So many bad words came out of his mouth as he heard the bark, then he pulled out the stake of the *sandung* with all of his strength and he threw it away as far as possible. He breathed heavily because of the exploding emotion and because he had used a lot of his energy. He did not care about where the stake of *sandung* went after he threw it away. As if it was moved by an invisible hand, the stake was thrown to the place where the dog and the wild boar fought to death. The stake fell in the water near the boar rock and the dog rock. Eventually, the stake drowned to the water and disappeared. The stake submerged into Sembuluh Lake.

Since then, the people around Sembuluh Lake would be very happy if they found a piece of ironwood when fishing around the area where the stake of *sandung* drowned. They believed that the piece of ironwood was a powerful amulet that brought them luck for trading. Until now, the descendants of the hunter who owned the dog still existed. They have a special feature in their body; a quite long vertebra in their back that makes it looks like a tail.

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