

MANARMAKERI

Manarmakeri

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MANARMAKERI

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Manarmakeri



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Manarmakeri

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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 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

Folklore in Papua social life has a lot of functions. One of the functions of the folklore is as the source of information that deals with the origin of a tribe life. The origin of ancestral mythology is a story told by a lot of people in Papua. Figures that are often told are leaders of the community or founder of the village, like *Manarmakeri* in the story. Until now, the descendants of the *Manarmakeri* spread on various islands in Papua and they still consider that their ancestor will return after reaching seven generations.

Thousands of oral literature is primarily distributed throughout Papua. Unfortunately, that's not folklore compiled into script form. Rewriting the folklore in the framework of National Literacy Movement is the most appropriate media to gather all folklore of Papua into the shape of a script. In this occasion, the would like to convey sincere appreciation to Toha Machsum, M.Ag as Head of Papua Language Center and also as a National Literacy Movement 2016 organizing Committee, which has given opportunities and support. The authors would utmost gratefulness to author's beloved husband, Arman Mappiasse.

Hopefully this story will be useful for students and all reading community in this archipelago.

Asmabuasappe

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MANARMAKERI

Yawi Nusyado

On the west coast of Biak Island there was a village called Sopen. The people lived in harmony and peace. To maintain their survival, every day they worked in the garden. Behind Kampung Sopen there were three towering mountains called Mount Yamnaibori, Sunbiyabo, and Manswarbori by the local people. In Yamnaibori Mountain lived a young man named Yawi Nusyado. He was very handsome and his body was well built. He lived alone in a humble shack.

Like the other villagers, Yawi Nusyado grew betel crops and pumpkins in the garden to meet basic daily needs. One day his garden was damaged by a pig. Yawi Nusyado then prepared a *makbak* to catch the pig. *Makbak* was a kind of *nibung* spear with a very pointed tip. Approaching the middle of the night vaguely Yawi Nusyado heard the pig's steps. In a flash he threw the *makbak* at the pig.

"Oooh, my goodness! Yamnai (I stop)!" shrieked the Pig. Yawi Nusyado's *makbak* seemed to precisely hit the Pig.

"Isn't that a human voice? Yes, Lord, have I speared a human being?" Yawi Nusyado was shocked to hear the moan. The night

was so dark that he did not see clearly the condition of the pig which in a moment had disappeared.

The next morning, Yawi Nusyado went to the garden very early. He was curious about the event last night. At the edge of the garden, he found human footprints. He followed the footprints. Unconsciously he had entered a cave. The young man gasped when he saw his *makbak* leaning against the cave wall.

"You must be Yawi Nusyado, the owner of *makbak* that has speared me last night," suddenly a voice was heard that made Yawi Nusyado startled.

"Yes, I am Yawi Nusyado. I do not know if you are a human being transformed into a pig. I am sorry to hurt you," he replied as he searched for the origin of the sound. However, he did not find anyone.

"I purposely came to your garden, then ate your taro in order to bring you here," continued the voice without the figure.

"What do you mean?" asked Yawi Nusyado who did not understand.

"You have lived alone patiently, like helping people who are in trouble, and work diligently. I want to take you to a peaceful place in return for your praiseworthy nature. There is no poverty,

no work, no hunger, no pain, and no war. The place is called *koreri* or heaven," he explained further.

"Turn your face in the right direction!" He instructed Yawi Nusyado.

Nusyado followed the order. A beautiful village spread before him. A clean and bright settlement. There were people gathering in a green garden. None of them looked sad. Their clothes were luxuriously sparkling. Women were decorated with pure gold so that they looked more beautiful. The food served was excellent.

"That is *koreri*, the heaven of eternal life. Your time has not yet come to inhabit this place," said the voice.

"If you want to live in *koreri*, you have to do a lot of good things and avoid bad deeds. Be patient with whatever events happen to you. If you can pass various tests, you will experience a happy life. Now go back to your house," the voice reigned again. At the same time, the beautiful village that had been seen now vanished from view. Yawi Nusyado screamed when he realized he was on a catwalk or a very narrow road. On the left and right there was a very deep gaping chasm.

"Take your spear with you and walk out backward! The great snake in front of you will lead you out of this cave," the voice was heard again giving command.

Yawi Nusyado turned around very carefully. A big snake had been waiting in front of him. In a state of fear and trembling, he followed the Snake. The big snake patiently guided and waited every time Yawi Nusyado paused. Several times this burly young man took a breath and closed his eyes with tension. He managed to get out of the cave, but his whole body felt weak. The Snake looked at him with a pity. Immediately he thanked the snake who had helped him. However, the young man was very surprised when he saw that all over his body had been filled with *armarker* or scabies. His handsome face had turned into the face of a wrinkled old man. His strong and sturdy body turned to be thin.

From that time Sopenese residents called him by his new name, Mansar Manarmakeri, which meant “scabby and frizzy old man”. Yawi Nusyado accepted the fate gracefully. He believed that if he passed several tests in his life, he would live happily. In addition, when he came out of the cave and became a Manarmakeri, the mysterious sound had provided him with knowledge to protect himself from the persecution of others.

The Adventure of Manarmakeri

Kampung Sopen was headed by a *manawir* or head of the village. One day the *manawir* ordered the villagers of Sopen to catch a cassowary. The *manawir* promised to give a gift to the man who could catch the cassowary. Biak community called the cassowary as *Manswar*. The cassowary was living with a very beautiful girl. Both loved each other.

Manswar and the girl lived in Kampung Manswarbori. One day Manswar walked around on the rocks in search of watery places. Those places were occupied for a while. Then, he went to the beach and moved all the feathers of his body. Every time he moved his body feathers, little fish fall on the sand. And soon the beautiful girl came up to pick up the fish and put it in a basket. Biak community called the basket by the name of *inawen*.

Many people have tried to catch both, but they always failed. Manarmakeri also offered to participate in the group to capture the Manswar. Instead of accepting his offer, Manarmakeri even became the laughing stock and the banter of the people. Finally, Manarmakeri broke away.

One day on the way home from the beach, Manswar and the girl were again confronted and attacked by a group of people. The girl immediately climbed into the Manswar's back. Surprised by the sudden onslaught, Manswar ran away without paying attention to

the intended direction. The girl screamed in terror. They finally took wrong way and through the Manarmakeri hideout. The opportunity was well utilized by Manarmakeri. From his hiding place, Manarmakeri jumped out. He then used his wand to hook the two legs of the Manswar down with the girl. Quick as a flash he held the girl up who was still unconscious. Manarmakeri ran as fast as possible to the village of Sopen.

The girl was then handed over to the *manawir* of Sopen. However, Manarmakeri was very disappointed. He was given only a *yawat* pig by the *manawir*. *Yawat* pig was the best type of pig in Biak. Perhaps out of disgust at his skin full of scabies, the *manawir* broke the promise of marrying his daughter to Manarmakeri as the man who had caught the girl.

After the incident, Manswar broke his legs until he did not have the strength to find the girl. The sadness of losing the girl caused Manswar to leave Biak Island and go to Yapen Island. Since then, the island of Biak to this day has not been inhabited by the cassowary. The place where the girl was seized from the Manswar was called *sunbiyabo* which meant 'the woman has been taken away'.

Mansar Manarmakeri then handed the *yawat* pig to his *keret* or his clan for slaughter. He advised that the pig be eaten together with all members of the clan. They began to be busy preparing a *barapen* party or *bakar batu*. *Barapen* was done by burning

stones on a pyre of firewood. After the hot stone was smoldering, the pig was placed on top of it, then flipped until it was cooked and ready to be eaten with taro and pumpkin. Manarmakeri also looked for firewood. However, he was very disappointed when he came home. He found that the pork was already eaten out by his *keret*. The man then decided to leave his hometown. He traveled eastward. On the way the west wind blew hard suddenly. Manarmakeri decided to land in Maundori Village. When he was about to land, Manarmakeri was confused because in front of him a wide coral sprawled that caused the waves to break into the shore. He quickly scratched the rock that blocked his boat with his wand. The result of the scratches formed a canal. He rowed his boat through the canal. Finally, Manarmakeri successfully landed safely. Arriving on land, the man felt very thirsty. He scratched his wand again on the rock. As a result, water from the coastal reefs came out. Manarmakeri drank as much as possible. The water was still used by the people of Kampung Maundori and they called it *war Manarmakeri* which meant 'water of Manarmakeri.'

The next day, Manarmakeri rowed his boat to Samber Village. In this village he caught an *inmanmen* with the help of his magic wand. *Inmanmen* was a kind of big fish, it tasted good, and was very popular among the people of Biak His adventure continued into Mokmer Village. The arrival of the man was warmly welcomed by his cousin named Padawankan. Before leaving

Kampung Mokmer, Manarmakeri was provided two old coconuts by Padawankan. One of them was already sprouted.

Yawi Nusyado taking the form of Manarmakeri continued his journey to Moekbundi. In spite of his scabious existence, his arrival at Moekbundi was well received by the community. He immediately planted the coconut that was given by Padawankan. It was magical that by in the afternoon the coconut had grown and produced much fruit.

One day he found the *nira* that was still left in the tree that had been drunk by someone unknown. He then stayed up to catch the thief. On the third night Manarmakeri saw a glowing object sliding from the sky to the top of the coconut tree where Manarmakeri was hiding. It turned out that the one stealing his *nira* so far was Makmeser or Sampari. Makmeser was another name of the Morning Star. Manarmakeri immediately attacked the Morning Star. The struggle lasted until dawn. Makmeser began to be pressed and frightened. He also asked to be released immediately before dawn. He promised to give *koreri syeben* to Manarmakeri. The *koreri syeben* was the resurrection of the dead and the coming of heaven or eternal life.

"You will see the efficacy of the *koreri syeben* after meeting with Insoraki, daughter of Commander Rumbarak. When you meet her, take the *bitanggur* fruit and throw it into the sea! You'll see



something happen to Insoraki and that's the miracle of the *koreri syeben*," Makmeser said before he flew to the sky.

The next day, Manarmakeri walked down the beach. He saw a group of girls bathing. One of them was separated some distance from her friends. The girl was very beautiful. His eyes did not blink at her. "Insoraki, let's go home!" shouted one of the girls to a beautiful woman who turned out to be Insoraki.

Manarmakeri knew that Insoraki was the daughter of Commander Rumbarak, the ruler of Wundi Island. Suddenly he remembered Makmeser's remark about the miracle of the *korerisyeben*. Yawi Nushado taking the form of Manarmakeri soon climbed and picked *bitanggur* fruit. Biak community also named this fruit with *maresbon* fruit. *Bitanggur* fruit was a type of fruit that grew on the coast. The fruit was often processed into a top, *gasing*, and played by children. The fruit was then thrown into the sea. The pounding from the waves moved the *bitanggur* fruit toward Insoraki and touched the girl's chest. The Manarmakeri threw the *bitanggur* fruit three times, and the chest of Insoraki was also approached and touched by the the fruit three times.

Despite the odd feeling with the three *bitanggur* that always came to touch her chest, Insoraki did not care about it. She went home cheerfully with her friends. Arriving at the palace, she immediately felt asleep. When she woke up, she felt something strange about her. Her body felt very tired. Her head was heavy,

her stomach was queasy, and cold sweat soaked all over her body. It was like thunder blaring in the daytime when the royal healer declared that Insoraki was pregnant.

Commander Rumbarak was stunned on his throne. The wife lamented the fate of her daughter. Throughout the day, Insoraki, the prettiest girl on Wundi Island, adorned her days with tears of pain.

Insoraki Gave Birth to A Son

One night the Commander Rumbarak dreamed of being visited by a man in white robes. However, he could not see the man's face because his position was standing behind him. "Well, Commander Rumbarak. You do not have to worry about who is the father of the child born by your daughter. Later after he is born and able to speak, when meeting the man who becomes his father, the child will soon recognize him. Wait until the time comes." That was the message Commander Rumbarak received through his dream

Soon a very handsome boy was born. Commander Rumbarak named him Manarbew which meant 'peacemaker'. Insoraki's son grew healthier and more intelligent. As the time passed, his age has stepped on the fifth year. One day Manarbew wept for falling off the stairs. Insoraki then picked him up and persuaded him to stop crying. However, the child would not keep quiet.

"Manarbew, stop crying. Otherwise, mother will take you to the forest and leave you alone there," said Insoraki scaring his son with the hope that Manarbew would soon be silent. She was about to enter the house, when suddenly the little Manarbew asked questions that made Insoraki startled.

"Who is my father, Mother? Where is he? Why don't I have a father like my friends? "Asked Manarbew innocently.

The Commander Rumbarak's daughter was confused to answer her son's question. She immediately diverted the conversation to another matter. Insoraki tried to be calm so her nerves were not visible to Manarbew.

"Oh, yes, Manarbew. Mother forgot to say that your grandfather had caught a lizard in the forest. Do you want to see it?" asked Insoraki.

"Yes, I want to see it, Mother!" the boy cheered in his mother's embrace.

For some time Manarbew had forgotten the question about his father.

However, every time he cried or grieved, her mother was again preoccupied with the question "Mother, who is my father? Where is my father, Mother?" Fearing Manarbew's questions, Insoraki finally went to see her father.

"Father, Manarbew has asked me about his father many times. I am confused how to answer it. What should I do, Father?" Insoraki asked Commander Rumbarak.

When he heard his daughter's complaint, suddenly Commander Rumbarak remembered the message he received through the dream. Until he was five years old Manarbew just hang out and played in the palace environment. The boy had not met the entire

Moekbundi people yet. The old man who was present in his dream said that by the time Manarbew was able to speak, he would immediately recognize his father when he met the man. It meant that Manarbew's father was not from the palace. Until this moment no one was recognized by Manarbew as his father.

The commander then ordered the palace people to hold a *wor* or a dance party. Everyone in the villages was invited to attend the party. Insoraki's son, Manarbew, would be seated at the forefront next to his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, and mother. During the party a procession consisting of young people to old parents was also held. The parade troupe was adapted to their age and position. The first procession group consisted of unmarried youths. The next group was young men who have married. The third party of paradees was groups of middle-aged men who had wives and children. Meanwhile, the last group of the procession was old men, old parents. By holding this party Manarbew was expected to see all the men from all villages and immediately appointed his father.

"I'm sure that before the party ends, Manarbew has shown the man who caused Insoraki to become pregnant about six years ago," said Commander Rumbarak. He was very confident with the *wangsit*, susurrations received in his dream.

The day that was set for the big party came. Guests came from all over the village. The commander, his wife, and his children sat in the very front, as did the son of Insoraki, little Manarbew.

"My son, look carefully at the passers-by in the procession. Who knows between them, there is someone you know!" advised Insoraki to Manarbew.

"Yes, Mother," said Manarbew.

The first parade slowly saluted the Commander Rumbarak. Insoraki's heart pounded. Her eyes kept glancing at his son. She waited tensely. According to her father, the curiosity of her mysterious pregnancy event would be revealed today. In any case, deep down she hoped that the man appointed by Manarbew as his father would be a handsome young man who pleased her. Half the number of young men had already passed in front of them, but Manarbew remained calm. Insoraki held her breath. Disappointment appeared on her face when the youth on the first parade was up. No one was known by Manarbew.

The second procession consisted of young men who have married. Insoraki's mind began to tangle. She did not want the man who would be pointed by Manarbew had to leave his wife and children to go with her to the palace. The tangled mind grew more tangled after the procession had passed and Manarbew still did nothing. He did not know any of them. Commander

Rumbarak and his wife looked at each other, as did Insoraki and Sanarero. Manarbew sat still. The boy's attention was still to the parade. He did not flinch with her mother, uncle, grandfather, and grandmother worries.

The third parade consisting of middle-aged men who had been married and had many children started walking. Insoraki's face tightened. The woman was no longer looking at the procession, but she was just waiting for her son to point to one of them, a middle-aged man who was her father's age.

Seconds passed. The third parade was over. The four people took turns looking at each other. Unconsciously the Commander Rumbarak stood up, then sat down again. They sat restlessly. Little Manarbew still sat quietly while waiting for the fourth procession. The boy paid careful attention to the passing man as his mother had instructed.

Now came the last parade of old men, the elderly. In this last group, a hunchback man appeared at the tail of the parade. The skin of the old man was full of scabies. His hand was holding a stick and a leaf to drive away the flies. Insoraki sat lethargic. Her face was pale. She glanced at his father for a moment. Insoraki's head bowed deeply as she crumpled her stubby finger. Insoraki stared at Manarbew. She wished with all her heart that her son would never move his forefinger to one of the old men.

The fourth group began to move. The number of these grandparents was the fewest. Insoraki felt her heart slip away as his son looked at an elderly grandfather. The woman's heart really felt dislodged.

Manarbew pointed toward the old man full of scabies. "Mother, that's dad!" Manarbew cried as he ran to the Manarmakeri. Insoraki fell down drooping unconscious.

Yawi Nusyado who still took the form of Mansar Manarmakeri was touched. It turned out that that was the miracle of *syeben koreri* given by Mekmeser. The *bitanggur* fruits he had thrown into the sea and touched Insoraki's chest had caused the girl to be pregnant, then gave birth to Manarbew.

"May I know your name, father? Why is your skin full of scabies?"
"Asked Manarbew after being satisfied to hug Yawi Nusyado.

"My son, the people called me by the name Mansar Manarmakeri because I am old and my skin is full of scabies," replied Yawi Nusyado. "Are you not disgusted with your father?" Yawi Nusyado asked further.

"No, Father," Manarbew replied. When he heard the child's answer, Yawi Nusyado was even more moved. His profile was still as a Mansar Manarmakeri which made his hunched body seem so weak as to hold back tears. Occasionally he wiped tears that fell dripping down his wrinkled face.

Meanwhile, the attention of the people present in the *wor* was on Insoraki who was fainting. No one cared about Manarbew and Manarmakeri. After waiting for a while and Insoraki did not recover yet, the men were ordered to go home immediately to their respective villages. The residents of Moekbundi also returned to their homes. The party was immediately dispersed

The entire population of Wundi Island was angry with Manarmakeri. When Insoraki became conscious she screamed hysterically beckoning to his father. Her tears were constantly flowing. Her mother cried sobbing to remember the fate of her daughter. The woman knew her husband was a leader who abstained from breaking promises. This meant that Insoraki had to marry an elderly scabies man whom Manarbew had chosen as his father.

Meanwhile, Commander Rumbarak looked tough even though his conscience was crying. He sat in the throne chair accompanied by Sanarero. Faithfully, Sanarero accompanied his father. Sanarero was a burly young man. He was Insoraki's younger brother. This young man was very fond of his only sister.

"Sanarero, order the guard to look for Manarbew and his father immediately. Take them both here as soon as possible!" instructed Commander Rumbarak.

"Fine, Father," replied Sanarero. He also went out leaving his father alone. He instructed ten guards to find Manarbew and the elderly scabies man.

The two wanted men were still in the party arena where the procession took place. Without wasting time, the ten bodyguards assigned by Sanarero immediately took both of them to the Commander. Manarbew rushed into his grandfather's lap as soon as he arrived at the Rumbarak Commander's room. His father, Yawi Nusyado, in the form of Mansar Manarmakeri sat kneeling before the ruler of Wundi Island. "Grandpa, this is my father. His name is Man-sar Ma-nar-ma-ke-ri meaning the scabies old man," said Manarbew sulking as he spelled his father's name. The boy was still hanging on his grandfather's lap.

"Aren't you disgusted to see the scabious skin?" Asked Commander Rumbarak. But a shake from head of Manarbew was spontaneously seen.

"No, I am not disgusted with my father's condition, grandpa," Manarbew replied without hesitation.

When he heard the assertiveness of his grandchild to answer his question, the Commander Rumbarak became more convinced that the scruffy old man who was in front of him was indeed Manarbew's father. Insoraki must be married to Mansar Manarmakeri soon.

"Sanarero, prepare your sister's wedding with Mansar Manarmakeri immediately," the Commander said, making Sanarero startled.

"Daddy, is there no other way out than to marry them?" bargained Sanarero worrying about his sister's fate.

"No, my decision is inviolable. Just carry out my orders!" said Commander Rumbarak.

Manarmakeri Built the Island of Moekbundi

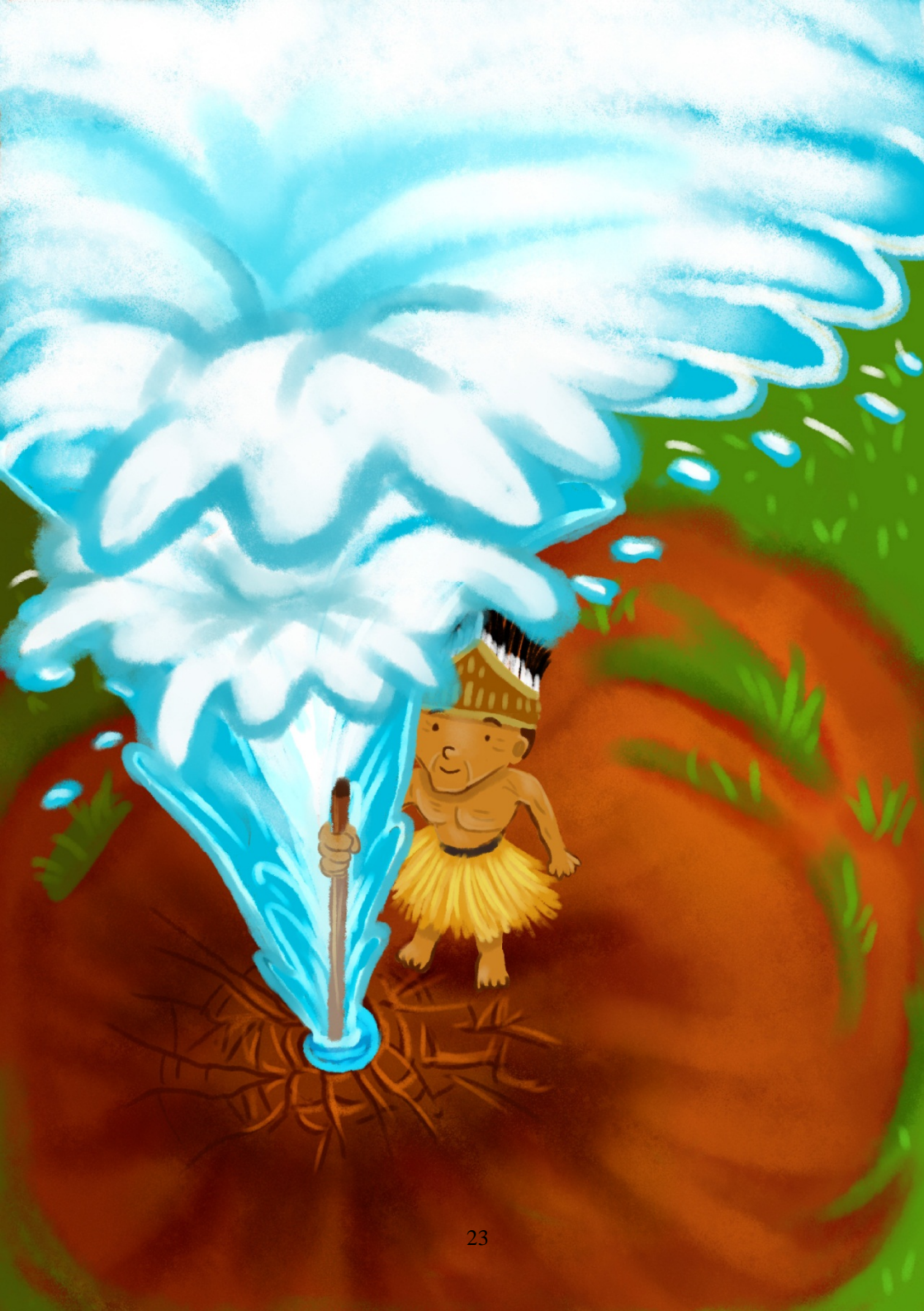
After the wedding, the traditional elders representing the entire population of Moekbundi met the Commander. They declared that they didn't wish to stay at Moekbundi. The people asked the Commander and his family to join them to Yapen Island, except Insoraki, Manarmakeri, and Manarbew. Although his heart felt heavy, finally Commander Rumbarak approved the wishes of his people.

Manarmakeri, Insoraki, and Manarbew were not allowed to join them. The cries of Insoraki and Manarbew were not able to melt the hearts of the Moekbundi people. They hated to see Manarmakeri's face. Before boarding the boat, Panglima Rumbarak still took time to entrust his daughter and grandson to Mansar Manarmakeri.

"Manarmakeri, I have no right to separate you from your wife and son. From this moment on, you are entitled completely to their lives. I leave my daughter and grandson to you. Take care of them carefully," advised the Commander Rumbarak. The mighty man's eyes filled with tears. "I cannot leave my brother and nephew, Father. Let me stay with them. Father and Mother and the entire population of Moekbundi may go to Yapen. Hopefully you all survived to the destination," said Sanarero while kneeling in front of his father.

Later on, the group departed to Yapen Island. When the four people returned to the palace, they were very surprised to see that the later departing Moekbundi residents had destroyed the life in Moekbundi. They really wanted to get revenge on the Manarmakeri. However, they forgot that Insoraki and Manarbew were also be in misery, including Sanarero who had decided to live with his elder sister. Unbeknownst to Commander Rumbarak, the residents wreaked their anger by destroying all life in all of Wundi Island. Wells were dumped with soil, unused boats were broken, palm trees were cut down, and houses were burned. Wundi Island suddenly turned to be arid, silent, and looked like a dead island, even the element of fire was extinguished. Insoraki's heart was increasingly wistful to see her birth place had been abandoned by its inhabitants. Since then, the place was called Moekbundi which came from *meos ko bur indi* meaning 'abandoned island'. Eventually, due to influence of the speech, the word was shortened to Moekbundi until finally became Meos Wundi or Wundi Island.

After taking a break, Manakmakeri took Sanarero to a place. The scruffy old man wanted to restore life on Wundi Island. "Sanarero, will you help me restore the ruined life on this Wundi Island?" Asked Manarmakeri, beginning a conversation with his brother-in-law. This was the first time he had spoken directly to Sanarero.



"Of course, Mansar Manarmakeri. But what can you do with this situation? Wells have been dumped, coconut trees have been cut down, houses have been burned, even the element of fire has been extinguished, "said Sanarero almost desperate to witness the condition of Moekbundi.

"Do not give up, Sanarero. As long as we try, the way out is always there," Manarmakeri said encouragingly.

Manarmakeri was satisfied that Sanarero was still able to talk to. Meanwhile, Sanarero was feeling rather happy. In spite of his ugly look, the elderly old man had kept such a great affection for his sister and nephew. The fact cannot be hidden by Manarmakeri. It was seen from the way he stared at Insoraki, treated Manarbew, and his attitude that preferred to keep silence even though he was berated, humiliated, and blasphemed by the Moekbundi people. He had never been rude to Insoraki. Since he was reunited in the *wor* party until they were abandoned on a deserted island, Manarmakeri had never touched Insoraki even though it was just a fingertip. All his time was spent with Manarbew.

"Go home, please take care of Insoraki and Manarbew! Let me work, "he asked Sanarero.

Manarmakeri immediately pulled out his magic wand. He stucked the wand to the ground and the water was spurted swiftly. He did

it in some places and created new wells. When Manarmakeri left Padawankan's home, his cousin gave him two old coconuts. One coconut was planted when he arrived at Moekbundi. He kept the rest in a place unknown to anyone. Now Manarmakeri took the budding coconut and planted it in the middle of Wundi Island. Like the previous incident, within a period of just a day the coconut tree had grown large and can be tapped.

The day was near dusk when Manarmakeri returned to the palace. The condition of the palace was no different from life in the village of Moekbundi. The trees were cut down, the wells had been buried, and the houses around the palace had been burned.

"Daddy, where are you from? I was with uncle Sanarero. Mother is alone in the park. Mother is surely grieving, Father?" asked Manarbew. The boy reported his mother's condition. "My son, try to accompany your mother. Entertain her, do not let her alone," Manarmakeri ordered softly to his son. "I'm going to talk about something with your uncle," he continued.

Manarbew jogged to see his mother. Insoraki was clearly overwhelmed with grief. Her eyes were swollen from crying too much.

"What are you doing, Mother?" asked Manarbew immediately hugging his mother.

"I remember grandpa and grandma. Now they are still in the middle of the ocean," said Insoraki as she stroked the head of her son. Manarbew paused for a moment. He clutched his stomach with a grimace.

What is it, Manarbew? " Insoraki asked anxiously.

"I'm hungry, Mom. I have not eaten since morning," Manarbew said quietly, making Insoraki's heart pinched.

Suddenly her hatred for Manarmakeri came out again. The old man had completely ruined her life. If it was not for Manarbew who did not want to be separated from his father, she would have spit on the scabies man's face, and then go with his father and mother to Yapen Island.

"Ask your father!" Insoraki snarled unknowingly, shocking Manarbew. The little boy ran to find his father. Insoraki was shocked realizing her own rudeness.

She hated the old man who was loved by his son. Insoraki let Manarbew ask for food to his father. The man must bear the consequences of his action. She hoped that Manarmakeri would be deterred and would be overwhelmed by Manarbew. When that happened, Manarmakeri would surely ask her to come to Yapen Island with her father and mother. Manarmakeri saw his son running around crying. He immediately welcomed Manarbew and picked him up

"What's up, kid?" He asked affectionately

"I'm hungry, Dad. Mother said ask your father, " Manarbew said sadly.

"Never mind, son. Now you go into the room. There is a meal for you and your mother, "Manarmakeri again stroked his son.

Manarbew immediately ran to the room. The little boy was surprised to find that there were different kinds of food in the room. Before touching the food, Manarbew searched for his mother. "Mother, Mother, there are a lot of food in the room!" Manarbew shouted hurriedly.

Insoraki did not believe at all what Manarbew said. However, she still followed her son.

When the door opened, then she was startled to watch the various types of delicacies. Without waiting any longer, Manarbew immediately took the dish and ate it. The boy ate greedily.

"Uh, delicious, Mom," Manarbew shouted as he added vegetables and fried chicken to his plate.

Manarbew ate deliciously, making Insoraki drool. Just like Manarbew, she had not eaten anything since the morning. Suddenly her stomach felt rumbling. The smell of food that pierced the nose caused Insoraki to slowly approach even though



she seemed reluctant. A few moments later, she was already devouring the available dishes.

"Could it be Manarmakeri who provides this meal in a moment?" Insoraki thought.

In a state of confusion, she stepped out to go to the park. The woman was again struck by the miracle that laid before her eyes. The park that had been ravaged, had now been reorganized with various kinds of flowers that were in bloom. In fact, the garden was much more beautiful than before. Insoraki was confused. She ran out to find Sanarero. However, she did not find anyone. In fact, she was again stunned watching the scene before her eyes. Dozens of coconut trees flourished with their leaves waving in the wind, complete with fruit hanging from trees. The water of wells that had been buried could now be drawn again.

"Who has done all these miracles?" Insoraki asked thoughtfully

The night had arrived when Manarmakeri and Sanarero went home. Insoraki and Manarbew were fast asleep. The next day, Insoraki woke up a bit late. Sanarero and Manarmakeri were gone. The two men left while she was asleep. Only Manarbew seemed to run to and fro, busy with his toys. Insoraki did not understand what Manarmakeri and Sanarero did. They left early and came home when it was already night. Almost no time to meet both.

The four people had been living on Wandu Island for a month. Insoraki had never cooked. However, every morning before she woke up, food was readily available. She didn't know who prepared them. It was certainly not Sanarero because the young man had never come into contact with the kitchen. Similarly Manarbew, the boy was still too small to do it.

Three full moons were gone. One day Insoraki wanted to take a walk to the beach. Her face began to glow. Accompanied by Sanarero, Insoraki started down the coast.

She was amazed to see the plants thrive. Especially when she entered the village residents. The houses had been standing upright and lined up neatly although the number was limited. The distance between houses was not too far apart. Two to three people passed while nodding respectfully.

"Sanarero, who are they? When did the housing exist? I thought all of them have been destroyed by the people who went to Yapan?" asked Insoraki confused. She did not expect that within three months, life began to sprout again in Moekbundi. In fact, signs of prosperity began to appear. The houses were bigger than before

"They are now residents of Moekbundi," said Sanarero shortly.

"Where did those people come from?" asked Insoraki to observe the village.

"They are fishermen from the neighboring island. Two months ago their boat landed here. At that time, I and Manarmakeri were fixing up this place. We planted empty fields with coconut trees, taro, and pumpkins. Manarmakeri has a secret of life so he can do as much as he wants. For example, in the morning he plants coconut, and in the afternoon the coconut will already bear fruit. He also has a magic wand that helps us a lot."

Insoraki nodded as a sign of understanding. When the brother and sister came home, the two found Manarbew engrossed in chatting with his father. Manarbew immediately ran to greet his mother, while Manarmakeri quickly dodged. He let his wife, son and brother-in-law to joke and laugh happily.

As the time passed, the Moekbundi population grew. The village was crowded again. Manarmakeri built a small palace for Insoraki. Insoraki began to feel the peace of living in her tiny palace. Some villagers were summoned by Manarmakeri to live in the palace to serve the needs of his wife, son and brother-in-law. The villagers knew that the one who rebuilt Moekbundi from destruction was Manarmakeri. That was why they treated Manarmakeri as *manawir* Moekbundi.

Manarmakeri was preoccupied with gardening activities as he did when he was still as Yawi Nusyado.

Manarmakeri and Insoraki Lived Happily

One day Manarmakeri excused himself at Sanarero. He wanted to go to the end of the island called Kaweri. He entrusted his wife and son. Little Manarbew who usually wanted to come, this time just calmed down. In fact, he released his father with a smile. Insoraki did not say much. She hated the old and scabies figure of Manarmakeri. But on the other hand, in her heart, she acknowledged the kindness, patience, and affection of the ugly man. She was glad the man was gone, but on the other side of her heart she felt something was missing.

Feelings of loss were increasingly felt when almost a week Manarmakeri had not come home yet. In fact, the man promised Sanarero and Manarbew that he would return three days later. The woman was getting restless. Every evening she sat looking toward the end of the road.

Meanwhile, Manarmakeri arrived at Kaweri after a one-day journey. Upon arriving at the place, Manarmakeri performed a meditation. For three days and three nights he did not eat nor drink. The old man focused all his heart, mind, and feelings on the Lord of the Universe. At dawn on the fourth day, he got up from his meditation and collected firewood. The pyre was then burned to the point of sending out flashes of light. He looked down, then closed his eyes. His mind was centered on the Lord of the Universe. The next second the old man jumped into the fire.

The flame grew larger, as if the Manarmakeri's body contained oil that ignited the flames until his body burned. Sparks scattered around the place. Few moments later, the flame began to fade and a very handsome young man came out of the flame. The ugly scabies old man who had jumped into the fire, now came out into a handsome young man. Manarmakeri had passed various tests with patience. Finally, he returned to his original figure, namely handsome Yawi Nusyado.

Like the previous afternoon, Insoraki sat in front of the palace accompanied by Manarbew. Both were chatting seriously. Intermittently, Insoraki glanced down the street. It was getting dark when from the end of the street a handsome young man stepped toward them. Glancing to the end of the street, Insoraki, who saw the young man's arrival, stood up to call Sanarero. Suddenly she was startled by Manarbew's shout. "Mother, look, Mom! Dad's back," Manarbew shouted.

"Your father was scabies and frizzy, not as handsome as the man, son," Insoraki replied. The boy ran to welcome the young man who was none other than Yawi Nusyado, Manarbew's father. Yawi Nusyado held out his hands to welcome his son and hugged him tightly. He held Manarbew exactly in the same way as Manarmakeri picked up his son. Sanarero who witnessed the incident came out to welcome Yawi Nusyado. He was confused to see Manarbew's familiarity with the young man. The more

surprising was that Manarbew called him father. In fact, Manarbew's father was Manarmakeri, an ugly scabies old man.

"Welcome to our residence. May I know, who you are?" welcomed Sanarero kindly

"I'm Yawi Nusyado, Manarbew's father," the young man replied simply.

"Sir, I am Sanarero, Manarbew's uncle and this is Insoraki, the mother of this child. We know exactly who Manarbew's father is. Please do not joke!" Sanarero said.

"You are right, but I am also not lying, nor joking. Yawi Nusyado and Manarmakeri who you know as Manarbew's father is the same person," explained Yawi Nusyado.

"You mean, sir?"

"We'd better go inside. It was dark and the air was getting cold. I'll tell you the whole series of real events," cut Yawi Nusyado.

After dinner Yawi Nusyado told all that had happened. He recounted the incident from the time he was still living in his hut in Kampung Sopen, when he turned into Mansar Manarmakeri, until today's events. Manarbew stroked his father's cheek, and Insoraki looked down in embarrassment. Her cheeks were reddish. Every once in a while she glanced at her husband who turned out to be a handsome young man. If a few moments ago

she missed Manarmakeri for starting to be affectionate, now she fell in love with her husband. Insoraki embarrassed herself if she remembered her behavior when her husband was still in the form of Manarmakeri. Fortunately she did not spit on Manarmakeri's face because it meant that she also spat on Yawi Nusyado's face. Happiness appeared on the face of Insoraki.

That night when Yawi Nusyado felt asleep in his room due to exhaustion after traveling far, Insoraki was just nervous. The handsome face of her husband was always pictured in her eyelids.

She had been trying to close her eyes several times, but she stayed awake. Manarbew was already asleep beside her. She looked at the face of the boy with love. Her hand stroked Manarbew's head and kissed her son's cheeks affectionately.

"It was not a mistake that your father gave you the name Manarbew which means peacemaker, son. You have brought peace in my life," Insoraki whispered.

Insoraki was very happy. Now she lived in a small palace accompanied by a handsome husband and a very intelligent boy. Now he had got the reward of his patience to have undergone the trials of life that came upon him in succession.

Although Insoraki's husband had declared himself as Yawi Nusyado, the people of Moekbundi had been accustomed to greet him with the call of Manarmakeri. The name Yawi Nusyado was

drowned again and the people were more proud to greet him by the name of Manarmakeri. Finally, the name Manarmakeri remained attached to Yawi Nusyado even though he was no longer a scabies and frizzy old man. Manarmakeri promised to make use of his life in the world to do as much good as possible in order to get true happiness in Koreri.

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