

**TOBARA FROM BONE TALONDO**  
*Tobara Dari Bone Talondo*

Property of the State  
Not for Commercial Use

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

## **TOBARA FROM BONE TALONDO**

Translated from  
*Tobara Dari Bone Talondo*  
written by Wati Kurniawati  
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	Geddy Ramadhan
Reviewer	Rahayu Hidayat
Editor-In-Chief	Theya Wulan Primasari
Editorial Team	Emma L.M. Nababan Andi Maytendri Matutu Herfin Ariz Wijaya Saprudin Padlil Syah Didiek Hardadi Batubara

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

# Tobara dari Bone Talondo



Cerita Rakyat dari Sulawesi Barat

Ditulis oleh

**Wati Kurniawati**

## TOBARA DARI BONE TALONDO

Penulis : Wati Kurniawati  
Penyunting : Dewi Puspita  
Ilustrator : Gian Sugianto  
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 6  
KUR  
t

#### **Katalog Dalam Terbitan (KDT)**

Kurniawati, Wati  
Tobara dari Bone Talondo: Cerita Rakyat dari Sulawesi Barat/Wati Kurniawati. Penyunting: Dewi Puspita Jakarta: Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa, 2016.

vi 56 hlm. 21 cm.

ISBN 978-602-437-130-2

1. KESUSASTRAAN RAKYAT-SULAWESI
2. CERITA RAKYAT- SULAWESI 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**

The story of the origin of Talondo Village came from the West Sulawesi region. This story is obtained from informants, namely Bangsa and Sillas Tamassi/Tobara (2015). In addition, the story was obtained from informants, namely Muhaimin Faisal, Sadrak Kombo, Silas Rustam, and Jefri Elazar (2016). The origins of Talondo Village have several versions, depending on the region or village of the speaker. This unpublished story is intended for elementary school students.

The story of the origin of Talondo Village is titled Tobara from Bone Talondo. It contains moral teachings, namely diligence and mutual help shown by the Tobara. In addition, they are always patient and enthusiastic.

The writings of this story cannot be completed without assistance from various parties. In relation to that, the author would like to thank Prof. Dr. Gufran Ali Ibrahim, as the Head of Center of Cultivation, who has given the author the opportunity to write this story. Furthermore, the author would also express his thanks to the Folklore Writing Committee in line with the 2016 National Literacy Movement which has given the author the opportunity to work on writing folklore and participate in this selection. Hopefully this story will be useful for students throughout the nation.

Jakarta, March 2016  
Wati Kurniawati

## Table of Contents

Foreword.....	v
Preface .....	vii
Table of Contents .....	viii
TOBARA FROM BONE TALONDO .....	1
1. Bone Talondo .....	1
2. The First People.....	9
3. Tobara Luwu .....	19
4. Tobara Gowa .....	23
5. Tobara Dupa .....	26
6. Tobara Tabulahan.....	29
The Author.....	37
The Editor .....	40




## TOBARA FROM BONE TALONDO

### 1. Bone Talondo

The sun had just risen on the east. A column of smoke rose to the air at the top of a mountain. That smoke meant that people lived there. On the mountain, the Blackwood trees thrived. Blackwood trees, sometimes were also called Ebony, were unique to Sulawesi. Some of the trees were tall and big, some were shorter with dense foliage. These trees formed a dense forest on the mountain.

On the tree branches, birds were chirping cheerfully, filling the morning air with beautiful sounds. Some of them flew from branches to branches. The morning air was cool. The mountain top was surrounded by white clouds. The leaves on the trees rustled when a breeze blew. The old and dried leaves fell down to the ground, forming a carpet of leaves in the forest. Blackwood was not the only trees in the forest. There were some *kaluku* (coconut) trees, too.

In the mountain, there were rivers with very clear water. From the surface, once could see fish swimming in groups. Some of them chased each other. On the muddy river bank, huge shrimps could be spotted. They moved very swiftly. Once or twice, a shrimp would jump.



Bone Talondo  
nan asri.

There were many rivers flowing in this area. There were around twenty of them. The main water flows were Karama and Bonehau Rivers. Other rivers were smaller but not less important, such as Hinua, Mao, Salumasin, Takalama, Saruru, Paniki, Pullale, Salulondoan, Salunene, and Pasio Rivers.

On the mountain top, there lived *tambu pulo* (which meant ‘thirty’ in Talondo language) courageous people. These thirty people lived in an ancient village called Bone Talondo. Bone Talondo was located on the mountain side. The word *Talondo* meant ‘superior, humble, shameful, and patience’. Superior meant that the people of Bone Talondo were courageous. Humble meant that the people of Talondo were never arrogant. Shameful meant that the people of Talondo would always avoid any actions that would bring shame to them. Patience for Talondo people meant self-restrain. They would let other people be unkind to them three times. On the first time, they would employ self-restrain. On the second time, they would still be patience.

On the third time, they would give warning. If the other people were being unkind for the fourth time, Talondo people would take action.

The thirty residences of Bone Talondo Village lived in wooden houses built on stilts. To get in the house, one should go up exactly seven steps. The empty area under the house was used to keep their animals. Animals like partridges and chickens were

kept in bamboo coops under the house. Dogs were not usually kept in a shed. They would stay outside near the house. *Anoa*, pigs and buffaloes were kept behind the house, in a fenced area. *Anoa* was a small buffalo-like animal. It was around one-meter-tall and native to the inlands and forests of Sulawesi. Some people also raised these three kinds of animal across the river that ran near the village. At the first light of the morning, roosters all over the village crowed, waking the villagers who might still be sleeping.

The people of Bone Talondo worship their ancestors. One of their rituals was *ma'buak*. It was a post-harvest ceremony in which they presented offerings to their ancestors. It was their way of saying gratitude towards the Creator of the World who had blessed them with good harvest.

The post-harvest ceremony was held on a field or any open space. The people brought some *rodak* (rice cooked in a bamboo tube). They would eat the rice with buffalo, pig, and chicken meat. The meat was usually roasted, and the people called it *panene*. They also brought some soup of *kallipoa* leaves, which they also cooked in bamboo tube. This soup was called *bebik*. Everyone was always enjoying themselves in the ceremony.

Rumah panggung  
di Sulawesi Barat.

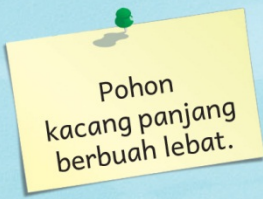


Life in Bone Talondo was nice. The people always helped each other. They lived in peace and harmony. To ensure the peace and harmony in the village, they used cultural laws and rules.

Cultural laws and rules were observed strictly in Bone Talondo. Anyone breaking the cultural laws would be punished or fined. For instance, in a case of theft or robbery, the perpetrator would be fined. He or she had to give the victim a buffalo, or some money and chicken. In the case of kidnapping, the kidnapper had to pay a fine of six buffaloes. One of the buffaloes would be slaughtered and presented to the family of the kidnapped person as a token of peace. Five buffaloes would be slaughtered to cleanse the village from sin. The victim's family was not allowed to take any part of these five buffaloes. Should they do so, an outbreak of disease would befall the village.

The people would suffer from hard-to-cure illness like *maropaita* (diabetes). The kidnapper was not allowed to eat the buffaloes, too. Should he break this rule, he had to pay another fine of one buffalo or several chickens. The kidnapper could only return to his village after all the fines were paid.

The peace in Bone Talondo was once disturbed by a tribal war. The thirty courageous people of Bone Talondo fought against the enemy with all their might and managed to drive the enemy away. As the result of the war, Bone Talondo people took over the surrounding areas and expanded their region from Kamassi to



Pohon  
kacang panjang  
berbuah lebat.



Ulake. Kamassi was one of the ancient sites where one could find prehistoric artefacts such as tools, weapons, and jewelries.

These courageous people earned their living by farming. They cultivated green beans. The vegetable thrived in the area. Bone Talondo green beans were different. The pod was not too long and the beans were close together. They were white, black, or reddish brown.

Bone Talondo people also worked in rice fields. They cleared the forest by burning grass and leaves. The field was then cultivated to plant rice, corn, cassava (or *kundo* in Bone Talondo language), sago, and banana. They planted rice for a year in one field. They irrigated the field using the rainwater. The rice they produced were of good quality. Rice was their main food, while sago was their secondary food.

Near the fields, they planted coconut trees in neat rows. The trees always produced a lot of coconut. The people processed the coconut by drying them up. The dried up coconut was called *kopra*. *Kopra* was then processed to make oil. The oil was used for cooking and the people called it *kaluku* (coconut) oil.



## 2. The First People

The thirty Bone Talondo people were the first people in Sulawesi. They were all very courageous brothers and sister. They were called *tobara*. The highest in the hierarchy was called *Tobara Pondan*. His deputy was called *Topakkalu*.

*Topakkalu* was traditionally a woman. *Topakkalu* was charged with the duty of deciding who and when to cultivate the fields. The people worked together to clear a field in the forest. They also work together to cultivate the fields. *Topakkalu*'s job was to determine whose field was going to be cultivated and when was the best time to begin.

In addition to *Topakkalu*, there was also *Tobara Parau*, who was responsible for religious and cultural rituals. *Tobara Parau* was responsible for keeping the village safe from disasters and calamities. He was also responsible for peacekeeping.

Out of the thirty people, seven of them were the ancestors of the present Sulawesi people. Five of them went to Bone, Luwu, Gowa, Dupa, and Tambulaha. However, the history did not record where the other two headed or where they finally resided.

The history recorded that a *Tobara* was sent to Bone. He was called Tobara Bone. He went to the south with some provisions, walking through forest and rivers for two weeks until he met a village.

That afternoon, the sun shone bright. Its rays were reflected beautifully on the surface of a calm river. Small birds flew around the river, some storks stood on rocks on the river banks. The afternoon air was cool with breeze ruffling the coconut leaves along the river banks. From the top of a hill, Tobar Bone saw a quiet village. He quickly headed towards the village, which turned out to be quite far. There were only five houses on stilts in the village and Tobar Bone went to each house. In each house, nobody opened the door for him. Those houses were empty.

Tobar Bone wondered, “Are they working in the field or hunting in the forest? The sun was going down, it’s going to be dark soon, why haven’t they come home?” Tobar Bone decided to stretch his legs and wait for the house owners to return.

He sat on the steps in front of one house. The sun set and darkness fell on the village. Time seemed to crawl. Tobar Bone was restless, waiting for the house owner to come. He wanted to rest. He was relieved when he heard a scuffle of footsteps from behind the house. A moment later, he heard the back door creaked open. He also heard two voices talking. Tobar Bone guessed that they were husband and wife. A thump sound was heard and Tobar Bone believed that the couple had just put down the basket of their day’s harvest. Clearly they had just returned from the field. A minute later, the husband walked towards the front door and opened it. He was a little taken aback when he saw

Tobara Bone  
dari Bone Talondo.



Tobara Bone sitting on his front steps.

The man greeted Tobara Bone, “Hey, young man, what are you doing there? Come on up, don’t just sitting there. Come in the house!”

“Excuse me, Sir! May I rest in your house tonight?” Tobara Bone asked politely as he walked up the steps. “Come in, young man, come in! Of course you can. I’m sorry that this is just a small house! *Salamakko sahe!* Welcome!” the man said.

“Thank you, kind Sir. My name is Tobara Bone. I come from Bone Talondo,” Tobara Bone introduced himself, shaking the man’s hand.

“Oh, a Bone Talondo man! It’s just me and my wife in the house. My name is Langi, and my wife is Herda,” the house owner said.

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Langi!” Tobara Bone said.

Mr. Langi then asked Tobara Bone, “Where are you heading?”

“I’m going to Bone,” Tobara Bone explained his quest. He then asked, “Is Bone far from here, Sir?”

“Well, it’s quite far. You need another one or two days to reach it, I think,” Mr. Langi said.

“It is quite far,” Tobara Bone agreed. “I hope I can reach it,” he

added.

“Well, come on sit down!” Mr. Langi said. They both then sat on the bench on the veranda. Mr. Langi lit the oil lamp and they began chatting animatedly.

“Are you going to the field every day, Sir?” Tobar Bone asked Mr. Langi.

“Yes, I usually do. Unless there’s an emergency or other matters to attend to. If a friend asks me to accompany him hunting, of course I’ll go with him. I also go fishing in the river sometimes,” Mr. Langi replied.

“Where do you hunt, Sir? Is it far?” Tobar Bone was curious.

“It is quite far, actually. We usually go to the forest near the mountain over there,” Mr. Langi said, pointing at the mountain he was talking about.

“What game do you hunt there?” Tobar Bone asked.

“Partridges, *anoa*, and boars, mostly” Mr. Langi said.

“That is nice,” Tobar Bone said.

A moment later, Mrs. Herda came with two glasses of water and a plate of roasted banana. She put the plate and the glasses on the table.

“Go on, have some!” she said, welcoming Tobar Bone to taste the banana. She then sat beside her husband. Tobar Bone reached for a glass of water and drank it slowly. He then picked up a roasted banana, peeled it, and ate it.

“This banana is amazing. It’s so sweet!” Tobar Bone commented.

“It is sweet. It’s from our field,” Mrs. Herda said, reaching for a roasted banana. Mr. Langi also enjoyed the snack.

The three of them chatted for a while. They were like old friends, chatting, joking, and laughing happily. Time flew by and it was getting late. The moon shone brightly in the night sky, amidst the twinkling stars. The laughter from the house had subsided because the three people had retired inside. Mr. Langi and his wife slept in their bedroom, while Tobar Bone slept on the mat in the front room.

Early the next morning, roosters crowed loudly, waking the three people in the house. Mr. Langi and his wife got ready to go to the field. Tobar Bone was ready to continue his journey. Before they left the house, Mrs. Herda served some steamed cassava for breakfast. The sun was just out when they left the house. The morning air was a little cold. Cool breeze blew among the leaves. The three people walked calmly, talking to each other every once in a while. Soon, they arrived at a Y-junction. They went their

separate ways there.

“*Salamakko lumao!* Farewell! Take care, young man,” Mr. Langi and Mrs. Herda said in unison.

“Thank you very much. Have a good day, Sir, Madam,” Tobara Bone said cheerfully. The sun got higher and the air became warmer. Tobara Bone went on his way alone, turning to the right, heading towards Bone. Mr. Langi and Mrs. Herda took the left fork and walked to their field. They worked hard getting rid of the weed and grass in the field all day. Sweat poured from their pores and thirst hurt their throats. By midday, the couple took a rest and had lunch on the field.

Meanwhile, Tobara Bone walked energetically. Even though it was hot, he did not care. He went in a forest and crossed several rivers.

He rested for a while on the bank of a river. He drank from a clean water source and had a swim. When he felt refreshed, he went out of the river and put on his clothes. He dried himself by sitting on a boulder, watching the birds above him. He resumed his journey in the afternoon.

From afar, he saw three men weeding out a green bean field. They worked expertly, pulling the grass from the ground and tossing them in a pile. The green bean in the fields grew so lushly. Tobara Bone went to the field and greeted the farmers.

“Good afternoon, Gentlemen!” Tobará said, smiling warmly.

“Good afternoon!” the three men replied.

“Excuse me for passing through your field,” Tobará Bone said politely.

“Please go through, it’s fine,” said the men.

“Thank you,” Tobará Bone smiled.

The tall man then asked, “By the way, where are you going?”

“I’m heading to Bone,” Tobará Bone replied, waving his hand to them and went on his way.

The sun slid down on the west sky. The sky turned bright orange. Soon, the sun set. Tobará Bone spotted a hut near a field. He quickly walked there. The hut seemed uninhabited. Dried leaves and twigs were scattered on its floor. Tobará Bone put down his luggage and began cleaning up the place. Once the hut was cleaned, he sat down and relaxed. He looked around and felt safe to spend the night in the hut.

The evening came. Stars began to appear in the clear sky. The moon shone brightly. The field was mostly quiet. Every once in a while crickets chirped outside. Tobará Bone shifted in his seat. Slowly, he laid down. Since he was exhausted after a day’s walk, he soon fell asleep.





Pak Langi  
dan Bu Herda  
menyiangi rumput  
di kebun.



The following morning, Tobar Bone woke up when the sun rays hit him from between the leaves. He left the hut and went to a nearby river to take a bath. After that, he continued his journey.

It had been to days since he left Mr. Langi's house. Tobar Bone finally arrived in Bone. He was very grateful. He thanked God for blessing him every day.

In this new place, Tobar Bone met many challenges. Many people challenge him for a fight, and he won every time. However, he did not become arrogant. He was still humble, patient, and kind. The people of Bone finally regarded him as a respected figure in the society. Tobar Bone lived in peace in his new village.

### 3. Tobara Luwu

Time passed by very quickly. That morning, the sky was clear. The sun moved slowly to its zenith. The morning sun casted orange glow around the tree tops. Birds began to wake up and flew among the branches.

Panjua was walking on a dirt road that morning. He was leaving Tobara Bone and heading north. In his journey, he had climbed hills and crossed rivers. He had passed open fields and forests. When it was raining, he would take shelter under the trees. If he found a hut on the road, he would stop and rest for a while.

He had been walking for a week in a forest. This morning, he was glad to finally come out of the dense forest. By midday, he saw a hut up ahead and decided to rest there. He met four hunters who were resting in the hut. An *anoa* and three partridges were on their feet. Clearly, those were the games they had managed to hunt that morning.

“Good afternoon, Gentlemen,” Panjua greeted them and shook their hands.

“Good afternoon, young man! Come sit with us!” one of the men said.

“Thank you, Sir. My name is Panjua. I’m from Bone Talondo and I’m heading to Luwu,” Panjua introduced himself.

“Oh, you are from Bone Talondo. How are things there? We are from the village over there. I’m Allo, this is Ambo, and they are Londong and Yafe. We are resting here after hunting all morning,” Mr. Allo said.

“Everything is fine in Bone Talondo when I left. It’s very nice to make your acquaintance,” Panjua replied politely. He then asked, “Is Luwu still far from here, Mr. Allo?”

“It’s not too far. Just rest here for a while,” Mr. Allo said.

“Well, thank you very much,” Panjua said. He sat in the hut, beside Mr. Allo. They were quickly immersed in a conversation. The four men shared their experiences with hunting. They showed Panjua several tricks he could use while hunting. They also explained to him various ways to catch fish in a river. After resting for a while, Panjua resumed his journey.

“Thank you very much for this nice chat, Gentlemen. Excuse me, but I have to continue to Luwu. I thank you all very much,” Panjua said, shaking their hands.

“Why the hurry? Come on sit for a little longer,” Mr. Ambo said while shaking Panjua’s hand.

“I’d like to, Sir. But I have to go to Luwu immediately. Thank you for the invite,” Panjua refused politely.

“Farewell, young man! Be careful. We hope you arrive there

safely,” Mr. Allo said, waving his hand.

Panjua returned the wave and walked north. He walked with a happy gait. After a few hours of walking, he arrived at a river.

He crossed the river carefully. Cool breeze caressed his face. He stopped near a water source and drank the clear water. It immediately quenched his thirst. Panjua washed his face several times and immediately felt refreshed.

He then entered another dense forest. Out of the forest, he found a region filled with bushes. After that, he passed a grassland. Panjua kept walking energetically. At one point, he smelled the unmistakable smell of *durian*. He knew he was close to a *durian* field. Once he arrived in the field, he met seven people who were harvesting *durian*. The big, round, and thorny fruits were put in a pile near their hut.

“Hi, young man, where are you going?” one of the man offered him a friendly greeting.

“I’m going to Luwu. I’m Panjua” Panjua replied, holding out his hand. The man shook it happily. “I’m Karlot. Those are my friends. Kila, Halong, and Tabonga are the ones sitting, while Toma, Kujan, and Matua are putting the *durian* in the basket.”

Panjua then asked, “Is Luwu near, Brother?”

“It’s the next village over there, about half a day walking. Come

on sit down with us for a while. Enjoy these delicious *durian*,” the man said, inviting Panjua to their hut. Panjua shook hands with the other six workers and sat in the hut. They ate *durian* together. *Durian* would fall down from its tree once it was ripe. The workers only had to search around the tree to find the fruits and gather them. *Durian* that Panjua ate was delicious. The pit was small and the meat was thick. He had never had more delicious *durian*. They ate a lot of *durian* that afternoon. Once they finished, the sun was down. The sky quickly darkened. The workers invited Panjua to spend the night in the hut with them. Panjua agreed. They slept soundly amidst the sounds of cicadas, crickets, and toads.

The dawn came quickly. The sky in the east turned red. Panjua and his new friends slowly woke up. The workers immediately prepared themselves to bring the baskets of *durian* to the market. Panjua thanked them and said farewell. He set out to Luwu.

Panjua took his time walking to Luwu. He knew he was close. He arrived at Luwu that afternoon. The people of Luwu welcomed him warmly because he was friendly. Panjua was a kind man. He was also very patient and always helped others. That was why the people of Luwu liked him. He never turned down anyone who asked him for help. Soon, he was known as Tobar Luwu. He became a prominent figure in Luwu.

#### **4. Tobara Gowa**

Sambeloa was sent to Gowa. He left Bone Talondo and set out to the south. He traveled across several hills. At the foot of one hill, he found a house on stilt. He approached the house and knocked on the door. Nobody answered the door. Apparently, the house was empty.

It was dusk and the sun had gone down. Sambeloa sat on the terrace of the house. Since he was so tired, he quickly fell asleep, laying down on the wooden floor.

The night fell. The moon casted a soft light on everything. The sound of cicadas and crickets filled the quiet night. Sambeloa was still sleeping soundly. He even snored.

Before the sun was fully up, the roosters crowed here and there. Sambeloa woke up and looked around. He saw the rays of sunlight peeking from among the leaves. He stretched and sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. A few moments later, Sambeloa was ready to continue his journey. He stepped down from the house and walked south.

Soon, he heard the trickling sound of water. He arrived at a river. The water was so clear and inviting. Sambeloa quickly went in the river and swam for a while. Feeling refreshed, he went out of the river and got back on the road.

Warm breeze blew the leaves up on the trees. The crisp sound of dried leaves under Sambeloa's feet was refreshing. The morning air felt really good. Sambeloa kept walking to the south until he saw a village in the distance. He was excited with the possibility of meeting people.

He soon arrived in the village. There were seven houses on stilts there. The villagers were gathering in one of them. Sambeloa greeted the people warmly when he passed in front of them. They were very friendly to him, returning his greeting with a smile.

An elderly man asked Sambeloa, "Where are you going, young man?"

"I'm going to Gowa, Sir. My name's Sambeloa," he replied, introducing himself and shaking the man's hand. He then turned and shook everyone's hand.

"Is Gowa far from this village, Sir?" he asked.

"It's not that far. Why don't you stop and rest here for a while? You can join us harvesting mangoes in our fields," the man offered.

"If that's not too burdensome, I think I can stop for a while. Thank you very much," Sambeloa said sincerely.

"Well, you can rest here or you can come with us to the field," the man said.



“I think it’s just right that I help you harvesting the mangoes,” Sambeloa said.

“If you are not too tired, you are very welcome,” the man replied.

Not far from the houses were the village’s field. It was a vast field full of mango trees. It was in season, so every tree bore ripe yellow mangoes. They were ready to be picked. The villagers walked to the field with their tools and equipment. Some of them brought baskets, other carried long bamboo sticks. Most of them had machetes on their belts. Sambeloa joined them happily. They harvested a lot of mangoes. When they were done, they rested and ate some mangoes. After resting for a while, Sambeloa said goodbye to his new friends and resumed his journey to Gowa.

He arrived in Gowa the following day. He was grateful to reach his destination safe and sound. The people there were friendly and welcomed him. He stayed in a villager’s house. Sambeloa worked hard to help everyone in the village. He was humble and kind that everyone loved him. Sambeloa became an exemplary figure in Gowa. Soon, the people elected him as their leader and he was known as Tobaru Gowa.

## 5. Tobará Dupa

The morning sun shone brightly. Its rays formed lines of light when it shone through the leaves. Partridges crowed loudly from the forest. The wind blew strongly, shaking the branches of tall trees. Dried leaves fell and scattered on the forest floor.

That morning, a *Tobará* was sent to go to Dupa. He was called Tobará Dupa. He set out with some provisions and walked energetically on the road. He went up the hills, across rivers and open fields happily.

He had climbed several hills, but he had not met anyone. He went down the hill and heard the trickling of water from a nearby river. From the foot of the hill, he saw a young boy swimming in the river. He quickly approached the boy and joined him in the river. They immediately became friends.

“Hi, nice to meet you. I’m Tobará Dupa,” Tobará Dupa introduced himself. He then asked, “Is there a village nearby?”

“There’s one behind that hill. My name’s Abu, by the way,” the boy said warmly. They swam and chatted in the river. Once they had swum long enough, they dried themselves. Abu invited Tobará Dupa to his village. They walked side by side, chatting animatedly. They arrived in the village and Tobará Dupa found the villagers were busy crafting sticks and spears from ebony wood. They would use them for hunting.

Warga sedang  
membuat tombak  
dan tongkat dari  
kayu hitam.



Other villagers were carving ashtrays.

Tobara Dupa decided that he wanted to learn how to make a proper spear. Abu and another boy taught him patiently. Tobara Dupa stayed in the village for some time and worked on his spear diligently. After a while, he was able to make a decent spear. He then learned to craft beautiful ashtray. Abu was genuinely happy because his new friend was now able to make a good spear for hunting. Tobara Dupa was also happy with his new skill.

He thanked Abu and the villagers before continuing his journey to Dupa. The villagers were a little sad when he left. It was as if they had lost a good friend.

Tobara Dupa walked slowly on the dirt road. He went around the hill to the south and passed a grassland.

It took him some time to reach Dupa. He was glad when he arrived there safely. Dupa was a village in Enrekang region. When he entered the village, the sun had just come out. He heard birds chirping overhead, as if welcoming him to the village. Tobara Dupa smiled when he saw the birds. Tobara Dupa then stayed in the village, living happily with the villagers.

## **6. Tobara Tabulahan**

Pongkapadang, another *Tobara* from Bone Talondo was sent to go to Tabulahan. Tabulahan was located at the border of Mamasa. It was quite a distance from Bone Talondo to Tabulahan. Since Pongkapadang stayed in Tabulahan, he was called Tobara Tabulahan.

One day, he received a grim news. His two brothers had gone missing. Pongkapadang was worried. He wanted to find them. Among the seven people sent out from Bone Talondo, only these two people whose whereabouts were unknown.

“Where could they be?” Pongkapadang wondered. He really wanted to find them. He thought about them every day.

Pongkapadang then met Londo Lura, one of his brother who lived in a nearby village. He told Londo Lura what had been bothering him. He asked Londo Lura to accompany him finding their brothers.

“I still haven’t heard anything from them. I don’t even know where they are. There is no news about them,” Pongkapadang said. “I think we should go and find them,” he added.

“I think so too, Pongkapadang! Let’s start an expedition to find them,” Londo Lura replied.

Pongkapadan and Londo Lura then made the necessary

preparation for their journey. Once everything was ready, Pongkapadang and Londo Lura set out towards a mountain. They had to cross several rivers to reach the foot of the mountain.

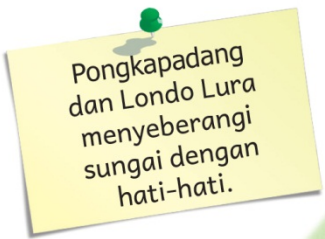
“Londo Lura, we have to cross this huge river,” Pongkapadang said.

“Yes, we do! We have to be very careful, though. The water runs so swift,” Londo Lura said.

They crossed the river very carefully. Once they were safe on the other side of the river, Pongkapadang said “Let’s rest for a while.”

“I’m exhausted,” Londo Lura replied, wiping the sweat from his face.

They rested on the bank of the big river. That river was called Bonehau River. Its water was clean and clear, but the stream ran very swift. To quench their thirst, Pongkapadang and Londo Lura drank the water from the river.



Pongkapadang  
dan Londo Lura  
menyeberangi  
sungai dengan  
hati-hati.



Warm breeze rustled the leaves over their heads. Birds were chirping beautifully on the branches. Other birds were flying low. The two men watched the birds from the ground. Around them were a lot of pebbles and boulders. The rocks were beautifully colorful. There were some with black and grey stripes on them. Others had red and yellow stripes. Some pebbles were shiny black, others were soft blue. Watching the birds and looking at the pebbles helped the two men to feel relaxed. Soon, their exhaustion vanished.

Pongkapadang and Londo Lura then continued their journey. They arrived at a crossroad near the upper end of Sa'dan River. Taking the right fork, they soon arrived at the foot of the mountain. They looked for their brothers in the area. However, they had no luck there.

Pongkapadang decided to stay in the region and continued searching for his brothers there. Meanwhile, Londo Lura kept walking towards the mountain. He wanted to explore the mountain. Londo Lura possessed a unique gift; he could see through thick mists and smoke. At one point, he saw a column of smoke at the top of the mountain. He quickly climbed the mountain to find the source of the smoke. He hoped he could find his brothers there. On his way up, Londo Lura met two beautiful women.

Londo Lura asked the two women, "Do you happen to meet two



men that looked like me? I am looking for my missing brothers.” He then described his brothers to the women. “One of them is slim and tall, and the other is short and stout.”

“I’m sorry, we never saw anyone else coming to this area,” the women replied. They then continued walking.

The sun was getting low by that time. The west sky was bright orange. One of the women walked towards the river. Since he did not know their names, Londo Lura called the first woman ‘Miss’ in his head. The other woman, whom Londo Lura secretly called ‘Pretty’, went to a nearby field.

Londo Lura decided to follow Pretty. He soon caught up with her and introduced himself properly. They walked side by side and had a hearty conversation. Soon, they arrived at Pretty’s house. Londo Lura introduced himself to Pretty’s family. They welcomed him warmly. Since it was already dark outside, they invited him to stay there for the night. Londo Lura refused the offer at first, but the family insisted. Londo Lura finally gave in and spent the night at their house.

While Londo Lura followed Pretty, Pongkapadang went to the river. He saw a woman was filling a bucket with water. It was the woman whom Londo Lura called ‘Miss’. Pongkapadang asked her, “Excuse me, did you see two men around this area? They are my brothers.”

“I’m sorry, nobody ever come to this area,” Miss replied warmly.

“Oh, that’s too bad. By the way, may I come to your house?” Pongkapadang said carefully.

“I think there’s no harm in it,” Miss said.

They walked together to her house. The family let Pongkapadang spend the night there.

The next morning, Londo Lura and Pongkapadang regrouped at the foot of the mountain. They continued their search. A week later, they arrived in a village. They made inquiry and asked the villagers about their brothers. However, no one in the village ever saw them. The two brothers did not despair. They left the village and went on searching in other areas.

It was a month later that they finally found their brothers. The two brothers had been living in a village on the side of the mountain. The reunion was very emotional.

“How are you, Brothers? Please forgive us for not sending news to you. It has been a while, hasn’t it? We’ve been living in this village all this time,” the tall brother said, embracing Pongkapadang and Londo Lura warmly.

“Come on in, Brothers!” the stout brother invited them to the house.

“We have been searching for you two everywhere. We did not know where you were. I’m glad we finally find you,” Pongkapadang said.

“We are fine,” Londo Lura said, sitting down beside Pongkapadang.

The four brothers then exchanged stories about their journeys. They talked for hours. Everyone was happy to finally meet each other again.

Six months later, Londo Lura married Pretty, while Pongkapadang married Miss. They had a wedding ceremony in Bone Talondo tradition. It began with a proposal ceremony. The two parties exchanged questions in this ceremony. The man would bring various things, from salt to household equipment, to give to the woman’s family. They would also bring betel leaves and areca nut. These were traditional symbol of unity. In proposal ceremony, both parties would agree on a date for the wedding. In Talondo language, there was an expression that went “*berpagar budaya orang*” (observing other’s culture). This expression was realized in a tradition called *mengaka*. It meant that the future groom agreed to come and meet his future bride’s family and the future bride agreed to wait for her future groom. Before the actual wedding, the groom would come to the bride’s family and presented everything they need for the wedding ceremony and reception.

On the wedding day, the groom and his family would bring the wedding gifts and presented them to the bride's family. They would be welcomed with *sayo* or *sayogi* dance, which was also called *sumayo*. The dancers were all young girls. After they were married Londo Lura stayed in a small village with his wife. The village was later known as Talondo Village. Meanwhile, Pongkapadang and his wife stayed near Bonehau River. The place was later developed into a village called Bonehau Village.

## The Author



Nama : Dra. Wati Kurniawati, M.Hum.  
Pos-el : watikurniawati62@yahoo.com  
Bidang Keahlian : Linguistik Interdisipliner

### **Riwayat Pekerjaan**

1. 2010–2016: Peneliti Madya
2. 2013–2014: Kasubbid Bahasa
3. 2005–Sekarang: Penyunting
4. 2016–Sekarang: Editor Jurnal Ranah

### **Riwayat Pendidikan**

1. S-3: Pendidikan Bahasa Universitas Negeri Jakarta (2013--sekarang)
2. S-2: Program Linguistik FIB Universitas Indonesia (2003--2007)
3. S-1: Sastra Indonesia (Linguistik), FS Universitas Indonesia (1982--1988)

### **Judul Buku dan Tahun Terbitan**

1. *Bahasa dan Peta Bahasa di Indonesia* (2013)
2. *Penggunaan Bahasa Indonesia dalam Buku Ajar Sekolah Dasar* (2010)
3. *Kosakata Dominan Surat Kabar Ibu Kota dalam Kaitannya dengan Opini Publik* (2010)
4. *Diksi dalam Bahasa Indonesia Ragam Tulis: Brosur Seminar* (2009)
5. *Kohesi Leksikal dalam Editorial Surat Kabar Nasional* (2009)

### **Judul Penelitian dan Tahun Terbitan**

1. “Tindak Tutur Lokusioner dan ilokusioner pada “Mata Najwa’ di Metro TV” (2015)
2. “Olah Kata dalam Media Luar Ruang sebagai Industri Kreatif” (2015)
3. “Akomodasi Tuturan Masyarakat Sambau di Wilayah Perbatasan” (2015)
4. “Perbedaan Antara Homonimi Dan Polisemi Dalam Tiga Kamus Ekabahasa” (2015)
5. “Variasi Bahasa Lampung Berdasarkan Perbedaan Etimon Di Provinsi Lampung” (2015)
6. “Reduplikasi Nomina dalam Bahasa Indonesia: Kajian Sintaksis dan Semantik” (2014)

### **Informasi Lain**

Lahir di Cianjur, 4 Mei 1962. Menikah dan dikaruniai tiga anak. Saat ini menetap di Jakarta. Aktif melakukan penelitian kebahasaan. Ia juga aktif sebagai penyunting. Ia pun berperan serta di berbagai kegiatan di bidang Linguistik sebagai pemakalah di berbagai pertemuan ilmiah dan seminar (nasional dan internasional) tentang Linguistik, Dialektologi, dan Sociolinguistik.

## **The Editor**

Nama : Dewi Puspita  
Pos-el : dewi.puspita@kemdikbud.go.id  
Bidang Keahlian : Leksikografi, Peristilahan, Penyuluhan, dan  
Penyuntingan

### **Riwayat Pekerjaan**

1. Staf Subbidang Perkamusan dan Peristilahan yang pada tahun 2012 berganti nama menjadi Subbidang Pembakuan, Bidang Pengembangan, Pusat Pengembangan dan Pelindungan, Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa (2006—2015)
2. Kepala Subbidang Konservasi, Bidang Pelindungan, Pusat Pengembangan dan Pelindungan, Badan Pengembangan dan Pembinaan Bahasa (2015—sekarang)

### **Riwayat Pendidikan**

1. S-1 Sastra Jerman, Fakultas Sastra, Universitas Padjadjaran, Bandung (1995—2001)
2. Postgraduate Diploma in Applied Linguistics, SEAMO RELC, Singapore (2009)
3. S-2 Applied Corpus Linguistics, ELAL, University of Birmingham, U.K. (2012—2013)



### **Inormasi Lain**

Lahir di Bandung pada tanggal 1 Mei 1976. Pernah terlibat dalam penyusunan Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia edisi IV, Kamus Pelajar, Tesaurus Alfabetis Bahasa Indonesia, Tesaurus Tematis Bahasa Indonesia, dan Glosarium Bahasa Indonesia. Lebih dari 5 tahun ini, juga terlibat dalam penyuntingan naskah di beberapa lembaga, seperti di Mahkamah Konstitusi dan Bank Indonesia. Selain menyunting, saat ini ia sedang disibukkan dengan kegiatan konservasi dan revitalisasi bahasa-bahasa daerah di Indonesia.