

SARI GADING
Sari Gading

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SARI GADING

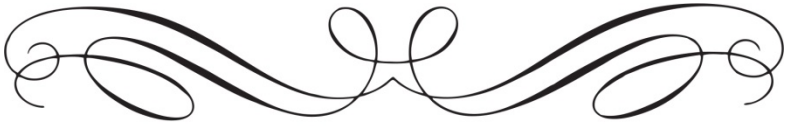
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Sari Gading

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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, 15 March 2016

Regards,
Prof. Dr. Dadang Sunendar, M. Hum.

Preface

Sari Gading is a collection of folk tales. In Sari Gading, there are three folk tales, namely "Cendana Cendini", "Balang Kesimbar ", and " Sari Gading ".

All three stories use simple Indonesian language so that it is easy to be understood by children. Therefore, this story can attract children's reading interest. Besides, after reading Sari Gading, I wish that the children can learn moral values presented by the story.

Hopefully, the story of Sari Gading is beneficial.

Harlina Indijati

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SARI GADING

Cendana Cendini

In a village lived two siblings named Cendana and Cendini. They lived as orphans for a long time. Cendana loved his younger sister very much, Cendini. Even though Cendana was a kid, he had been able to plant paddies, fruits, and vegetables for food. Bananas and papayas were planted on the sidelines of the paddy fields. All foods were available from their fields and gardens.

His body was so sturdy and robust that he could cut down trees. He often collected firewood for cooking. Cendini had also grown up into a beautiful girl. Her hair was long, her face was round, and her eyes were shining. She always helped her brother. Even though they were still young kids, their thoughts were mature like adults due to their living conditions.

They always woke up before dawn. Sometimes before leaving for the paddy fields, they fed their bred chickens until those chickens lay eggs every day. On top of that, Cendini helped Cendana mow the grass grown on the sidelines of the fields. She also picked green cassava leaves to cook. Their diligence and patience make the paddies flourish. Besides the paddies, Cendana also planted sweet potatoes and corn.

They never quarreled and always lived in harmony by doing all works together.

"Our clothes mostly tore, brother. You have to look for cotton in the forest and I will weave it to make new clothes for us," said Cendini to Cendana.

"Yes, sister. I'm going to the forest to find a cotton tree. Yesterday I saw one near the lake. Many seeds scattered to the ground until the cotton hovered like snow," said Cendana while leaning his head on a chair.

Before sunrise, he had taken a bath. He would go to the forest to look for bamboo for his sister's loom materials.

"You shall not go for long. I'm afraid of being here alone. Can I just go with you?" said Cendini to her brother, half sulking.

"If you come with me, who will look after the fields. A lot of naughty birds eat our paddies," said him while hugging his sister.

"I'm scared to be alone in the forest like this," said Cendini while holding her brother's hand.

"Don't worry, sister. I'm going to repair the tree house so no beasts will bother you. Don't be afraid!" said Cendana persuading his sister so she not sulking anymore.



Cendana repaired his house for days. It was located up on a tree. After being repaired, he laid the long ropes which were tied around one of the poles in the tree house. The rope in that pole was connected to a tree on the edge of the paddy field.

"Come on Cendini, let's go up to this tree house. Look, sister! The birds that eat our paddies will fly away if you move these ropes," said him while teaching his sister how to repel the birds.

Cendini obeyed her brother's order. She wiggled a rope connected to one of the poles and trees near the fields.

"Look ... look, brother! The birds fly away and scattered. They are afraid of eating our paddies," said her while holding Cendana's hand.

He continued to guide and convince her not to be afraid when he went to search for bamboo. In the morning, the rooster crowed. The sun has not yet appeared. The dew still stuck to the leaves. The rooster's sounds kept repeating and break the silence of the forest. Cendini was laid in her bed. Her left hand was used as her pillow. Cendana smiled when he saw his younger sister sleeping soundly.

"Our parents have passed away for long. I promise I will keep you safe. We should stay spirited and motivated," he said to himself while looking at Cendini who was in deep sleep.

After bathing, he prepared to go to search for bamboo to make looms. Then, he woke up his sister.

"Cendini ... I will look for bamboo and cotton to make looms. Do not leave this place, sister. I assure you that you will be safe," said him. She did not answer. She nodded and hugged her brother.

"All right, brother. Do not go for long, I'm afraid to be here alone," said her while sulking. Then, he came down from the tree house while noticed the sad face of his sister.

Cendini obeyed her brother. She did not come down from the tree house. She just wagged the rope to keep the bird away while singing.

"Shoo, o birds! Don't you eat my paddies. My brother is away. To make me a loom."

She kept singing and wagging the rope to keep the birds away. Her voice flowed, made people who listened to it curiously. Suddenly there was a rumbling sound coming from the cave at the foot of Mount Muteran.

"Yum ... yum ...yum. I want to eat!! Yum ... yum ... yum ..."

It was a hungry ogre's voice. The longer it gets, the louder the voice was. Cendini was very scared. To repel her fear, she sang again with her voice growing louder.



“Shoo, o birds! Don’t you eat my paddies. My brother is away.
To make me a loom.”

The ogre came out of the cave and
approached the tree house. Cendini’s voice
grew louder and she was really frightened.
She sang again until her voice
rivalled the voice of the ogre.

“Yum ... yum ...yum. I want to eat!!
Yum ... Yum ... Yum ...”

Then, the ogre’s voice suddenly



changed into a female one. She thought the voice to be her mother's.

"Mother, mother ..." there was an ogre's scary voice just now," said her.

"Do not be afraid, sweet girl, I always protect you. Come down, sweet girl!" said the ogre lying.

After hearing the voice, Cendini who was still an innocent girl came down from the tree house. Soon after that, the ogre caught the little Cendini and took her away. She cried and struggled until her favorite shawl came off.

Shortly after, Cendana came. However, he did not yet notice that his sister had been taken away by an ogre.

"Cendini ... Cendini ... look, sister! Here I have brought the loom you have asked for. I also brought you a sack of cotton," said him.

He began to have suspicions on the situation because there was no answer from his sister. Usually, Cendini always welcomed her brother cheerfully.

"Cendini ...! Cendini ...! Where are you!" called him as he running back and forth. His foot caught on a shawl and he immediately took it. He cried and held his sister's favorite shawl. Tears were streaming down his eyes. He kept his head down and



prayed for her that she could return home again. Almost two days he cannot eat.

He kept kneeling and praying to God so that his sister could be found again soon.

"Where are you sister. I can just found your beloved shawl," he whispered while wiping his tears.

The sun began to set. Its glow grew dimmer. Birds chirping were no longer heard. All the animals lived in the forest had entered their dens. Cendana felt more and more anxious about his sister. The wind suddenly blew hard together with the lightning.

"Where are you, sister. I hope you are alive Cendini," those words were always spelled by him in the middle of his cry. Suddenly Cendana heard the voice of a little girl crying in the distance. The voice was faintly heard and mingled with the sound of rain. He immediately stood up and sought the source of the crying voice. He came down half ran from his tree house. Leaves were parted and heavy rains were lunged only to find Cendini. His eyes looked at a soaked girl who sat by a boulder. He immediately shouted, "Cendini ...! Cendini ...!"

He immediately approached and hugged her tightly. They went home and closed the door of the tree house.

Cendini told her brother what really happened to her. "If only you had just obeyed my advice, you would not have been taken away by the ogre. Now go sleep, Cendini! I will settle a score with the ogre if he dares to come again to our tree house," said him. The night got very late, but Cendana could not sleep yet. His mind was still thinking about the ogre that had taken away his sister. While he lost in his own thought, he was shocked by an ogre voice that grew louder and louder.

"Yum ... Yum ...Yum. I want to eat!! Yum ... Yum ... Yum ..."

Cendana woke Cendini up."Get up...! Get up, Cendini! The ogre came. Sing your favorite song back!" said him. Cendini rushed to the balcony of the tree house.

She moved the bird repelling rope while singing.

"Shoo, o birds! Don't you eat my paddies. My brother is away. To make me a loom."

Her song coincided with the growling ogre's voice. Shortly after, the ogre came closer to the tree house. Cendana nimbly freed Cendini's hand from the ogre's grip. She also helped her brother fight the ogre. Togetherness between those siblings brought a tremendous power. The ogre could not fight them and he was finally drooping helplessly.

"Togetherness creates power. We have successfully defeated him because of our unity. We shouldn't be separated so we can solve the problems we face," said Cendana while stroking Cendini's head.

Cendana and Cendini were allegedly the forerunners of Rangka Leong who was famous for his supernatural power and bravery in the Leong region. The ogre's bones, who was defeated by Cendana and Cendini, were located in the cave of Mount Muteran.

Balang Kesimbar

Kampung Penyudu was located in Rembitan Village, Pujut District. There lived a very old man who lived with his grandson named Balang Kesimbar. Balang Kesimbar's parents had passed away a long time ago. They lived in difficulties and in needs. They live only by cultivate paddy fields. To earn more, they planted vegetables in some of the yards.

Balang Kesimbar was very obedient to his grandfather. All his advice was carried out solemnly. He was also a pious young man who worshipped god submissively. After plowing the paddy fields, he cooked rice and side dishes for his grandfather. In his busy activity of plowing and serving, he never forgot to pray. His friends loved him very much and they always invited him if a shadow puppet theatre was held.

"Today there was a shadow puppet theatre near the royal palace. Let's watch together, Balang!" said his friend.

"All right. I will leave after prepare my grandfather's meal," answered him.



Balang Kesimbar rushed home to prepare for his grandfather's meal. He quickly cooked rice and water. After all the meals were ready, he asked his grandfather for his permission to watch the shadow puppet.

"All right, grandson. Just go. Take good care of yourself. Don't you get involved in any kind of commotion," told his grandfather to him.

After got his grandfather's permission, he went hurriedly to the venue. However, he arrived late, the gate to the puppet theatre was closed because the venue was already full of audiences. He went around the venue, but could not find any other gates to enter. Then, He sat near the first gate he saw. Accidentally he saw a piece of charcoal nearby. To repel his disappointment, he drew on the wall of the gate with the charcoal. As he finished, he immediately went home.

The night was not so late. Balang Kesimbar went through the street which the right and left were full of trees. The night was very dark, only the moonlight peeped on the gap of the leaves. He was full of confidence and kept walking without fear. Shortly after, he was close to his home. His grandfather was wondered when he saw his grandson going home.

"It's not too late at night, Kesimbar. But you're home. Usually, you would come when the sun almost rises," said his grandfather to him.

"I am late, grandfather. The gate was closed so I could not watch the theatre," said him while taking water for a drink.

His grandfather tried to soothe him. He told Balang Kesimbar to go to sleep soon so that he can work in the field tomorrow morning. The situation in the house became very quiet. The sound of the chirping birds outside the house was no longer heard. The only sounds were of the crickets welcoming the cold night. Suddenly it was drizzling and the night got much colder. Balang Kesimbar huddled in the couch already. He was so tired that his eyes closed easily.

By the morning, the puppet theatre near the palace ended. The audiences flocked went to their homes. Almost everyone covered their bodies with the thick clothes because the air was still very cold. It was drizzling. The sun had not revealed its light. The leaves looked wet. The flowers were blooming and the water was still dripping through the lids.

The janitor started sweeping the yard in front of the puppet theatre stage. Banana trunks as the place to stick the puppet had also been removed. Decorations and banners began to be lowered.

There was a strange sight, the charcoal drawing on the wall near the palace gate. The janitor was very surprised to see the drawing.

Once observed, it was a tiger that had seven eyes.

Two eyes were on the face in a common position, two eyes on the side of the waist. The other two eyes were on the buttocks and another lied on the tail of the tiger.

"Who dared to draw a tiger on this palace wall? This charcoal drawing was very good, but The King will surely be angry if he sees it," said the janitor as he ran to report the incident to the king.

"Forgive me..., please forgive me, Your Highness. Your servant wants to report that on the wall near the palace gate, there is a drawing drew with a charcoal. The painting is very beautiful, forming some kind of a very creepy tiger. The tiger has seven eyes," reported the royal janitor while kneeling before The King.

The King was very angry after hearing the report. Then he immediately got off the throne and headed for the wall of the gate that painted the seven-eyed tiger.



"This tiger charcoal drawing is very good. Who dares to draw on the wall close to my palace gate? search for that person! Bring him to me!" said The King as he continued to watch the drawing.

"All right, Your Majesty. I will look for that man who drew on the wall," said a royal commander.

All the people gathered around the palace. However, no one acknowledged it. Balang Kesimbar heard the news. Then, with a courageous and honest spirit, he faced The King.

He admitted that the one who drew the seven-eyed tiger was himself.

"What is your name, young boy?" said The King to Balang Kesimbar who was sitting and kneeling in front of him.

"My name is Balang, Your Highness," he answered. The King looked at his handsome face. "Why do you draw a tiger on the wall of my palace gate? Don't you know that there is a ban of drawing on the wall or the gate of the palace? dare to draw on the wall means challenging me," said The King to him. He did not answer. He just looked down.

"Balang Kesimbar ...! You are honest and brave to admit your mistakes. It's good.

As the punishment, you must find a tiger like what you drew on the wall! Leave now! Don't come back before you caught that seven-eyed tiger," said The King.

"All right, Your Highness. I will search for that beast," answered him as he left the palace.

Balang Kesimbar immediately returned home. He told all of his problems to his grandfather and asked him for an advice.

"My grandson, Balang Kesimbar. All duties that The King has assigned to you shall be done properly. We must be responsible for the mistakes we made. Just go, grandson! Don't forget to pray to almighty God to resolve all your problems. You should go tomorrow morning. Now go to bed, my dear!" said his grandfather while holding the shoulders of Balang Kesimbar.

The next day before dawn, Balang Kesimbar awakened by his grandfather. After preparing the clothes and supplies, he asked for the blessing from his grandfather.

"Go, my grandson. Do your duty well. Don't forget to pray to God," said his grandfather as he escorted Balang Kesimbar out of his house.



He was sad to see his only grandson leave to fulfill the duty from The King. He did not immediately go into his house but paid attention to his grandson until he cannot be seen again.

Balang Kesimbar entered the forest. There were many difficulties to deal with. He descended the valley and climbed the mountain. However, he had not been able to find a seven-eyed tiger as The King wanted. Throughout the journey, Balang Kesimbar kept praying so that what he wants could be granted soon.

He was very thirsty. When he saw the vast meadow, his spirits began to rise again. He hoped that there was a well to drive his thirst away. He walked to the meadow thirsty. Almost approaching, he found centipedes crawling.

They looked very ferocious and ready to sting their prey. Tens of thousands of centipedes crawled together as if to migrate and search for food. A rustling sound scared those who heard it.

"Dear God ... protect me, your loyal servant. How can I pass through this meadow full of centipedes?" prayed Balang Kesimbar while looking down at the edge of the meadow.

He held his thirst, but the well was across the meadow with swarming centipedes.

"How can I cross this wide meadow? If I crossed, I would be stung by those centipedes," thought him.



In such difficult condition, he remembered the supply prepared by his grandfather. The supply was wrapped with betel leaves and tied with a rope. He took it from his bag. However, he did not know what was inside it, nor did he want to open it.

"What am I going to do with this bundle and a short rope?" he thought in his heart. He just looked at the bundle of supply tied with the rope.

He kept praying in order to solve the problem. Suddenly he threw it into the crowd of centipedes. Surprisingly the centipedes suddenly moved away and disappeared. The meadow, which was full of centipedes, looked empty, only seen the green grass.

The weather was very hot because the sun was over his head. He resumed his journey. He had to pass through the middle of the meadow. However, the meadow did not look green anymore because it was being swarmed with scorpions and snakes. These two kinds of animals moved together so that they created a terrible sound. The sounds were more terrible than those of centipedes before. Then, he threw the bundle into the middle of the meadow.

"Hushhh ...! Get away snakes and scorpions," shouted him as he swinging his hand and throwing the bundle. The snakes and the scorpions moved away and disappeared instantly. He was able to continue his journey.

Challenge by challenge has been passed. He was always grateful to the Almighty God for giving ways by all his efforts. When he resumed his journey, he suddenly heard someone snoring loudly. He sought for the source of the sound. It turned out that the sound was an ogre's snore. He sneaked around so that the ogre did not notice him. But suddenly there was a great tornado. He could not hold his body on the land and was throw away and stuck to the sapodilla tree.

He was always grateful to the almighty God for protecting him from all difficulties. The wind was not too strong. Sunlight was also not too stinging because it was almost evening. The situation was also not too quiet because the sounds of animals could still be heard occasionally.

He heard the sounds of woods colliding each other. He guessed it could be the sounds of a weaver. Slowly he shifted his sitting position with caution for fear of falling from the sapodilla tree. The sounds of the loom were accompanied by the voice of a humming person.

"Who is humming? Does the voice come from a small stage house over there?" he said to himself.

He immediately went down from the sapodilla tree and approached the small stage house. He saw a beautiful girl weaving but did not dare to say hello.



"It's unusual for anyone to approach my stage house. All fear of my grandfather. Run away, young man!" said the beautiful girl.

"Why are people afraid of approaching your stage house, Princess?" said him while looking at the girl.

"Why do you come here? Please get away from my house. My grandfather was a ferocious ogre. Go away ... run away!" said the beautiful girl.

"I want to look for a seven-eyed tiger. Please let me know if you do," said him.

Feeling sorry for Balang Kesimbar, she immediately told him to smear his body with orange water. The purpose was for the ogre not to smell his body odor, but orange one only.

"Go, hide into a big chest under my stage house, be quick!" said the beautiful girl to him. He followed her words. Shortly after, he felt the ground, where he was hiding on, trembled. As it turned out, the ogre went home and his steps shook the ground.

"My granddaughter ... I smell human near our house?" said the ogre to the princess. "There's no human other than me, Grandfather," said the beautiful princess, sulking to her grandfather.

"Grandpa ... I want to have a pet as my friend at home so I will not be lonely when you are away. Catch me a seven-eyed tiger," she continued.

The ogre was popeyed when hearing the request of his granddaughter. Because of his affection for her, he accepted her request.

The next day before sunrise, the ogre was out of the cottage and looked for a seven-eyed tiger.

Shortly after, he came back and said very loudly, "My granddaughter ... Wake up, Girl! Take a look! This is the tiger you asked for. I tether this tiger in the sapodilla tree."

She jumped straight from her seat. She was very happy because the request had been granted by her grandfather. The desire to help Balang Kesimbar was fulfilled already.

"My nice grandpa! Give me beautiful and sparkling gems to make me look even more beautiful," said her to the ogre.

"I will find it for you. I believe you are more beautiful, my granddaughter," said the ogre as he stroked his granddaughter's hair.

As usual, he always departed early in the morning to fulfill his granddaughter's request. When he was gone, the beautiful girl did

not waste the opportunity to meet Balang Kesimbar. She immediately told him out of his hideout.

"Balang Kesimbar ... get quickly out of your hiding. Take that seven-eyed tiger. Give it to your king as a proof of your responsibility. The tiger had been tethered by my grandfather on the sapodilla tree. Hurry up, go before my grandfather arrived," said her to him.

"Thank you, Princess. I will not forget your help."

Hastily Balang Kesimbar released the tether of the seven-eyed tiger. He immediately rode on the back of the tiger to the kingdom. It was soon handed over to the King.

"I have fulfilled my duty, Your Highness. Now I handed over the tiger that you want," said him.

"Extraordinary...! This tough duty has been completed well. Thanks to your honesty and diligence, you are able to accomplish this burdensome duty" said The King.

Because The King was very old and had no children, he considered that Balang Kesimbar was suitable to continue his position in ruling the kingdom.

The coronation ceremony of Balang Kesimbar to be a king was celebrated with a luxurious party. However, Balang Kesimbar's

mind was interrupted, his grandfather who had looked after him had passed away.

Moreover, he also remembered the beautiful girl, the granddaughter of the ogre, who had helped him find the seven-eyed tiger. He promised to meet her to return her favor.

Sari Gading

A long time ago, there lived a couple named Pan Sarinando and Men Sarinando. They lived on the beach. They lived by searching for snails and firewoods. Even though Men Sarinando was being pregnant, she still searched for snails and firewoods to meet the needs of their daily life.

Men Sarinando's gestational age went almost nine months old. Suddenly she had a stomachache and woke up her husband. In the midst of her confusion, an old man from nowhere had suddenly showed up in front of her.

"Listen carefully, my daughter! Shall your baby be born, take her to the beach. Stock her with red and white porridge and also a bunch of banana and a bamboo tube that contains water. Leave the baby on the beach. Don't hesitate, my daughter! If you do not obey my commands, your life will be unfortunate," said the old man.

After saying that, the old man suddenly disappeared. Men Sarinando could only cry. Not long after, she gave birth to a beautiful little baby. She cried to see her baby because she had to put her on the beach. In the end, Pan Sarinando persuaded his wife not to cry.

Pan Sarinando searched for bananas and cooked red and white porridge for his baby's supply.

"Well, my wife. All things and supply for our baby are ready. Carry her along with her placenta. We will leave soon," said him while kissing the cheek of the baby.

They left for the beach. The baby was put there. Men Sarinando did not stop crying. Her tears kept pouring as she stared at her newborn baby.

"My daughter, all of these are not our wills. Your father and mother always pray that there would be no difficulties in your journey of life. Hope that The Almighty God always protects you, my daughter," said her while kissing her daughter's cheek

"We will leave you on this beach, my daughter," said Pan Sarinando.

They looking at the baby for a very long time and after that left her.

They were shedding tears. Meanwhile, the sea was very wavy, the clouds were very thick, and the wind suddenly blowing very hard.

The baby raised her hands like praying for her parent's safety. She tried to reach out and ate the red and white porridge made by her father. She also only drank the water in the bamboo tube. Sometimes she ate fruits that fell from trees around the beach.

She never cried and got used to sleeping on the rocks as if her body was immune to the coastal cold wind.

Day by day the baby grew into a beautiful girl. Her long, thick hair almost touched the ground. Her face was round, her body was slim and tall, and her skin was yellow. No one dared to approach her. The villagers thought that the beautiful girl was the ghost of the beach.

In the morning the girl sat on a boulder. Her long hair was loose, black, and shiny because it was exposed to the morning sun. The villagers around the beach did not dare to approach her until a curious fisherman dared to get closer.

"Sweet girl ..., what's your name? Where do you live?" said the fisherman while approaching her. However, she did not answer. She just pulled her dangling hair covering the boulder of her seat. Although he repeated his question, she did not answer. She continued to comb her hair with her little fingers.



"I'm sorry if you're not happy with my question. I do not mean to disturb you," the fisherman continued.

"I'm sorry," replied the beautiful girl, looking down.

"I lived on this beach. I do not know where my parents are," she continued. Her answer made the fisherman felt pity for her.

"What's your name?" he asked more curious.

"Again ... I'm sorry. My name should not be mentioned. If I mention my name, I will disappear, sir," replied that beautiful girl.

The fisherman was amazed to hear her voice. However, he was still curious to know the girl's name.

"Okay, sir. I do not want you to be more curious. However, wait a moment, I will fix my hair first," said the girl.

After finish combing her hair, she went to the rocks on the beach. Shortly after, she returned with a bamboo tube.

"What is the bamboo tube for?" he asked.

"This bamboo tube contains the stocks of my life. Well, now I will mention my name. However, I beg you not to be surprised. Listen carefully! My name is Sari Gading," said her.



After mentioning her name, she vanished instantly. Suddenly there emerged a lush palm tree standing upright in front of him. He was trembling and frightened. All things happened so fast just like a dream. Then he ran all over the beach shouting for the beautiful girl's name.

"Sari Gading ...! Sari Gading ...! Where are you. I'm sorry!" he said while running down the beach. However, Sari Gading did not appear anymore.

He could not do much. He just regretted his act. All he could do was hugging the palm in front of him while crying.

The wind was blowing hard and wiggling the leaves on the branch of the palm. The sun almost set. He was still sitting frozen under the palm tree.

"Do not feel guilty. Wipe your tears. I am Sari Gading who turned into a palm tree in front of you. This tree is called gebang palm tree," the voice interrupted the fisherman's daydream sitting under the palm.

"I have been indebted to my parents, much more to my mother who has been born me for nine months. Therefore, it is my duty to return the favor. All the children of my parents who live on this beach will be guaranteed for life," said the voice which came from the gebang palm tree.

The wind stopped blowing. He was still sitting under the palm. He wished there was a sound coming out of the palm again.

"What's your next message, Sari Gading? I will obey your commands," said him as bringing his ear closer to the trunk of the big palm.

Shortly after, the palm speak again. "Cut the ends of my stem to make threads. You can make the fishnets using this thread. Do not hesitate. If you netted a lot of fish, do not forget to share some of those fish for people in needs," said the voice of the gebang palm tree. Then, the voice was lost and no longer heard.

The fishermen carried out all the palm's messages. Then, he inherited the messages to be carried out to his children and the people around the beach.

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Informasi Lain

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