

**DAUPPARE**

*Dauppare*

Property of the State  
Not for Commercial Use

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

## **DAUPPARE**

Translated from  
*Dauppare*  
written by Nurlina Arisnawati  
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
Project Supervisor	Dony Setiawan
Translator	Hafiz
Reviewer	Rahayu Hidayat
Editor-in-chief	Theya Wulan Primasari
Editorial team	Andi Maytendri M., Ayu Dwi N., Didiek Hardadi, Ferry Yun, Hardina Artating, Herfin A., Lale Li Datil, Larasati, Meili Sanny S., Putriasari, R. Bambang Eko, Rizky Akbar, Roslia, Saprudin Padlil, Syukron Ramadloni, Toni Gunawan, Yolanda

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, Ramangun, Jakarta  
Telepon (021) 4706287, 4706288, 4896558, 4894546  
Pos-el: badan.bahasa@kemdikbud.go.id  
[www.badanbahasa.kemdikbud.go.id](http://www.badanbahasa.kemdikbud.go.id)

## DAUPPARE

Dauppare was a pretty girl. She was fair-skinned, tall, and slim. She carried herself with a humble personality. Dauppare was the only child of a wealthy couple. Her parents owned vast fields, where they planted fruits and paddy, in several places. Dauppare and her parents were known to be generous people, particularly to the poor people around them. Even though she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, she had never wasted money or anything. In fact, she was very frugal and always tried to save as much as she could.

When the harvest season came, her parents would employ hundreds of people to harvest their fields. The same was true during planting time. They would call people from various villages to help with the works in the paddy fields, from tilting the soil to planting the seeds. During those times, there were dozens and dozens of people in their fields every day. In this situation, Dauppare was always asked to bring foods for the workers from their home to the fields. It was an unwritten rule in the area, employers were obligated to provide foods and beverages for their workers as long as these people worked for them.

“Dauppare, your job is to bring the foods for our workers. They must be hungry after working hard all day long. Every day, they

work from dawn to dusk, we cannot be cruel and not give them foods and drinks,” Dauppare’s father gave her instructions.

“It’d better if you cook the foods there, where they are working. It will be difficult if you have to go back and forth from home to the fields, particularly because there are so many workers there. I can’t imagine you haul foods for hundreds of people by yourself,” Dauppare’s mother added.

“Yes, Mother. You don’t need to worry about that. I promise our workers won’t go hungry,” Dauppare said to her parents.

“Cook something delicious. Give them something to drink for a break, tea or coffee, it will help keeping their spirit. Isn’t it good if they finish working our fields quickly? You can even bake them some cookies, if necessary. Do you get it, Dauppare? Don’t let them go hungry or thirsty. Promise me you won’t disappoint us,” said Dauppare’s mother, stressing the point.

“I get it, Mother. I promise I won’t disappoint you,” Dauppare said before leaving for the fields. She would stay in a small house her parents owned there to oversee the workers until they finished working the fields.

A week had passed, Dauppare’s Mother was wondering why Dauppare had never returned home to pick up new supply. Certainly the rice, meat, and other provisions she initially brought to the fields had been used up by now. How could hundreds of

workers work if they did not eat properly? She finally decided to go and see Dauppare in the fields. When she arrived, she found Dauppare was cutting sticks of hay in the middle of the field.

“What are you doing, Dauppare?” she asked.

“I’m just cutting hay, Mother, to kill time. Have you been here long?” Dauppare nervously replied. She was worried her mother would find out what she was actually doing with the hay.

“Why are you cutting them? Don’t you have anything better to do?” Dauppare’s Mother scolded her.

“I told you, I’m just killing time while the rice is cooking. I’m bored, Mother. Cutting hay into little pieces like this makes it a little less tedious,” she tried to convince her mother.

“You act like a child, Dauppare.”

“There’s no harm in reliving my childhood, isn’t there, Mother?” Dauppare smiled sweetly to her Mother.

“I suppose so. As long as you don’t forget why I sent you here.”

“Don’t worry, Mother. I treat the workers very well. I’ve cooked many foods for them, provided coffee, tea, and delicious cakes and cookies. Believe me, they are happy working for us,” Dauppare said, trying to convince her mother.

“I hope you don’t disappoint me. It’s not about me or you; it’s about our family’s good name. We are supposed to treat them well. If we don’t, no one will help us in the future. Even though they work for us, we have to appreciate them because we need them. We need their skills and their time. So, don’t you ever treat them badly,” Dauppare’s Mother lectured her.

“Yes, Mother,” Dauppare said. She was secretly worried because she had done something she was sure her mother would not approve of. But she had her reasons.

“Very well, I will go out and take a look at our field, monitoring how much have the workers done,” Dauppare’s Mother said.

Dauppare’s Mother went around the vast field, watching the workers. She could not shake the feeling that Dauppare had done something to them. She knew her daughter very well. Dauppare was a good kid who loved to do experiments, even though the results were often disappointing or even making no sense. However, seeing how happy and high-spirited they were, she was confused. Dauppare did not bring more provision, yet the workers seemed to be strong healthy. What did they eat? With mind full of curiosity, Dauppare’s Mother asked the workers.

“Excuse me, Gentlemen, I was wondering what did you have to eat this past week? Dauppare never came home to take more food. I am so sorry because you must have been hungry,

gentlemen,” Dauppare’s Mother said.

“What are you talking about, Madam? Dauppare is a diligent, generous, and filial daughter. She brings us food, drinks, and snacks every day,” one of the workers explained.

“We have never run out of food, Madam. On the contrary, there is always extra foods around here,” another worker chimed in.

“Seriously, Madam, you don’t have to worry about it. Your daughter is so generous and understanding. Not once has she ever left us hungry or thirsty,” yet another worker told her.

“She is a friendly and nice girl. She always cares so much about our needs. O, what joy it is to work here and have her as a company. Every day she accompanies us, chatting and telling jokes, making this work feel less hard,” he added.

“O, thank God she does that. I’m always worried she would pull one of her pranks on you,” said Dauppare’s Mother.

None of them knew that when she cooked, Dauppare always mixed a handful of little pieces of hay with three grains of rice in the pot.

Somehow, the hay always turned into rice when they were all cooked. She did this every day since she discovered that she could do it. Today was no exception.

Dauppare was in the kitchen, cooking rice for today's lunch, when her mother came back from the field. She could see that her mother was satisfied with whatever the workers told her. However, Dauppare's Mother had something else in her mind now. She wanted to know how Dauppare cooked the rice because clearly all workers loved it. Dauppare knew her mother very well. She knew that she would be scolded if her mother knew she mixed hay with rice. Therefore, when her mother reached out to open the lid of the pot, Dauppare quickly put herself between her and the stove.

"Mother, don't! Don't open the lid. It will ruin the rice. It's not fully cooked yet," Dauppare exclaimed nervously.

"Why will it ruin the rice, Dauppare? I just want to see. Why can't I? The workers said that they loved your cooking. I want to know how you do it. I need to learn from you," Dauppare's Mother was very curious to see what was in the pot.

"No, Mother! You can see it later, when it's fully cooked," Dauppare kept trying to stop her mother from seeing the hay in the pot.

"Very well, then," Dauppare's Mother finally gave up.

"Why don't you take some rest, Mother? Surely you are tired after going around checking the workers. I'll call you when the rice's cooked," Dauppare suggested. She was very relieved.



“Alright, don’t forget to call me when it’s ready.” Dauppare’s Mother agreed because she was indeed tired. She wanted to lay down for a while if possible.

Although Dauppare’s Mother seemed to let Dauppare have her own way, it was not entirely true. She was still curious why Dauppare seemed so keen not to let her open the pot. When Dauppare’s guard was down, she tiptoed to the kitchen and took a look at the pot. She was taken aback when she saw the content. The entire pot was filled with small pieces of hay.

She quickly called Dauppare.

“O, my God, what have you done, Dauppare? How can you do this to them? They are good and honest people, giving their time and energy to work for us. We should take care of them and cater to their needs, not cheating them like this. What would they say if they found out you have fed them hay all this time? We have more than enough rice at home to feed everyone. Dauppare . . . Dauppare . . . don’t you ever think about the consequences? Are you trying to bring shame to our family?” she exploded in anger.

“Forgive me, Mother. I never meant to embarrass you or Father. I did that just to save our rice supply. Even though we have plenty, in surplus in fact, sooner or later we will run out of rice if we do not start to save. We employ myriad workers, hundreds of them. If we do not save our rice, we will be in deep water. We

may not experience it yet, but as I said, sooner or later it will all go away and we will end up being hungry.”

“What in the world makes you so sure it will happen? Don’t you know God promised to replace what we spend for good deeds with something we never expect? I am disappointed with you. I cannot believe you would have such an idea,” Dauppare’s Mother said angrily.

“But Mother, God also told us not to waste things, to live frugally. As the saying goes, frugality brings wealth, isn’t it Mother?” Dauppare tried to defend herself.

“It is true. But do you know what is considered wasting? It is also true that we need to be frugal, but there is such a thing as being too much. Do you know what I’m saying?”

“Being too much in anything is considered a waste. That is why we need to save as much as we can. If we keep saving, surely we will be wealthy and if we are wealthy, people will never look down on us,” Dauppare innocently replied.

“You are quite right, but that’s not all there is. You need to learn more to be not that shallow. You have to be able to distinguish what is considered wasting and what is considered sharing,” said Dauppare’s Mother.

“Spending your money on useless things or for personal desire,

that is wasting money. If someone spends more than what he earns, he is wasting money. But it only applies if he spends it on useless things. If he spends his money to help the poor, sharing his wealth with the unfortunates, it is called *sedekah*. God loves it when we give alms like that. God even promised to replace what we spend to help the unfortunates with even more wealth.

Being frugal means you do not spend more than you can afford. It means we have to manage our finance and our wealth carefully, but it does not mean we can cheat others,” she explained.

Dauppare’s Mother then continued, “We have more than our workers do; we can and should share with them. Particularly since they are working for us. It’s just a decent thing to do. Providing them with foods and drinks just one way of appreciating their helps. It is not wasting, it is being humane to other people. It means we appreciate them as human beings who have feelings. What you have been doing is inhumane, Dauppare. There is no excuse you can make that justifies what you did, feeding them hay.”

“Yes, Mother, I’m sorry. I made mistakes. I didn’t think that far,” Dauppare sincerely apologized.

Dauppare’s Mother was still angry. Mainly because she felt that what Dauppare had done brought shame to the family name. That was why she ignored Dauppare’s apology. She thought that she

needed to teach her daughter a lesson so she told Dauppare to go home.

“Go home, now, Dauppare. Just go home and spin our cotton. I’ll stay here and take care of our workers. You are a disappointment. I cannot trust you with anything. I asked you to take care of the workers because I thought you could do it well. But now, what you have done is really embarrassing. What will the workers say if they knew they have been eating hay? You cannot imagine how disappointed I am. Just go home.”

“Mother, please, forgive me! I’m doing all that merely because I want to save our rice supply, Mother!” Dauppare said, half begging and half defending herself.

“What did you say? Saving rice? Saving? Have you ever considered that those people have been working all day, from dawn to dusk, non-stop? How could you only think of yourself? How could you give them hay to eat, Dauppare? We have plenty of rice. Don’t you have any sympathy for those people? They are human beings, Dauppare. They have feelings. You cannot just do that to them. We have to appreciate and treat them as human beings. You have to give them delicious food if you can, not hay. Do you understand?” Dauppare’s Mother really exploded with anger.

“Mother, I’ve told you I just wanted to save some rice. You

yourself taught me to save things, to not waste stuff, and to not brag about what we have.

I swear I just wanted to practice what you taught me. That's why I only cooked three grains of rice every time. I know what I did was wrong, I'm sorry," Dauppare said.

"Whatever your reason is, it is wrong. What you did just showed people that you are cheap and greedy. Every drop of sweat from those people, who have helped us so hard, have to be appreciated. At the very least, we have to treat them as humanely as possible. Considering that they have worked hard to cultivate our field, we should give something back to them. And if we are giving something to others, we should always give the best. So, if you are providing food to them, give them the best food, delicious and satisfying food, not some hay-mixed rice. Do you get it, Dauppare?"

"I thought you would be glad if they finished cultivating our field and our rice supply is still full. I thought long and hard to find an idea to make it work. I tried to mixed hay with rice and it did work. The workers were content and had no complaint whatsoever. I thought there was no problem with it. They were content and I could save the rice. There was no harm at all. Why can't I keep doing it?" Dauppare asked.

"Before I answer your question, let me ask you. Do you want to

eat rice mixed with hay; especially with more hay than rice?”

“Of course not, Mother. I’m not a worker. I cooked it and have tried it. I know what it tastes like,” Dauppare answered softly.

“You yourself, the cook, do not want to eat it. Do you think they like it?”

“Who said they don’t? They never complained to me about it. In fact, they worked even harder than they used to,” Dauppare retorted.

“Right, they did not complain because they were tired. When you have worked hard, any food tastes delicious. That’s why they did not say anything. They did not care if their rice was soft or coarse. Have you tried it? How did it taste? How hard was it to swallow it? But, that’s not the point. The point is, no one has ever mixed hay with rice because it is inhumane. Period.” Dauppare’s Mother concluded.

She then continued lecturing Dauppare, “God hates cheap and stingy people, Dauppare. All that you have belong to God. You are just lucky to have them for a while. That’s why you cannot be greedy. You should not envy what other people have nor brag about what you have.

God loves good and generous people, those who help and respect others. God will grant you more things if you do what you are

supposed to do. You said that our workers were content with your cooking. It may be true. But I believe they will be very disappointed if they know what they ate was hay mixed with three grains of rice. They have the right to eat good food, Dauppare.”

“I understand, Mother,” Dauppare said softly. She bowed her head in embarrassment and regret.

“Do you know why you should not mix hay with rice?”

“No, Mother.”

“Hay is not food. We only use it as medicine, as antibiotic. It is given to people with bad wounds. Another use of hay is as shampoo. People burn hay and mix the ash with water. It creates a lot of bubbles and is good for washing hair. With more sophisticated technology, hay is made into shampoo and is marketed all over the world. No one has ever mixed hay with three grains of rice, not even the poorest of the poor. So, don’t you ever do that again! What you eat, that’s what you give to others. It will be even better if you give them more delicious food than what you have,” Dauppare’s Mother explained.

“I understand, Mother.”

“Now, go home. You don’t have to come here anymore. I’ll do the cooking for our workers,” said Dauppare’s Mother.

Dauppare left her mother with great sadness in her heart. All the

way home, she cried buckets of tears. She was mostly sad because her mother had been so angry with her. When she arrived at home, Dauppare immediately went to the kitchen to do what her mother told her to, burning the cottons to be spun. Then she moved to south room and saw the cotton smoke drifted up endlessly. The cotton had become threads. She began to spin them. When her mother got home from the field, Dauppare had not finished spinning the threads. That just upset Dauppare's Mother even more. She scolded Dauppare again.

“Just what have you been doing all this time, Dauppare? You have been home for hours but you haven't finished spinning at all?”

“I'm sorry, Mother,” Dauppare said meekly. She did not even dare to see her mother's in the eyes. Dauppare's Mother was furious.

“I don't understand. Why can't you do something right, Dauppare? You always get on my nerves. If that's how you spin it, you will never ever finish spinning the threads,” Dauppare's Mother watched her closely.

“Why are you always so angry with me, Mother? Can't you be more understanding to your own daughter? Or at least speak nicer? I'm your only child, yet not once have you ever feel proud about me. Why, Mother? Why?” Dauppare cried.



“How can I not be angry with you? You always mess up everything. You should think carefully when working. In fact, you should think about whether or not what you do is right. If you are not sure, learn it first. Ask someone who knows. Don’t be arrogant. If you know you don’t know how to spin, you should have asked. Now look at what you have done. All you manage to do is messing up the house. And you expect me to smile and be proud of you?” Dauppare’s Mother yelled furiously.

“I am not smart, Mother. But it does not mean you can just yell at me. Shouldn’t you teach me how to do it, instead of just yelling at me?” Dauppare said between her sobs.

“I don’t have to teach you. If you truly want to learn how to spin cottons into threads, you can always learn by closely watching me when I do it. But what do you do? Whenever I spin threads, you just stay in your room, doing God knows what. How can you learn anything with that attitude? You only do something if I or your father told you to. Look at other children. They are so quick to help their parents. But you...?” Dauppare’s Mother shook her head.

“Enough, Mother! That’s enough! I am your daughter. I have feelings, Mother. Stop scolding and yelling at me, please. It hurts, you know? I know I’m wrong and I have apologized. Why are you still scolding me? I will try to learn the appropriate way to spin cotton. I will try not to disappoint you. But you have to

give me a chance.” Dauppare sobbed.

At that time, Dauppare’s Father had just arrived home from watching the workers in their other fields. He was surprised and confused hearing the sound of sobs from the house.

“Who is it?” Dauppare’s Father asked himself. Curious as to the source of the sound, he quickly climbed the steps to the front door; their house was one of the houses on stilts, the common traditional house in the area. Once inside, he found her wife pacing back and forth, her face clearly showed that she was furious. In front of her mother was Dauppare, kneeling and sobbing to her hands.

“What happened here, Mother? Why is Dauppare crying?” Dauppare’s Father asked his wife.

“She is what happened, Father! Every single day, she drives me mad,” Dauppare’s Mother said.

“What did she do that got you so angry? Look at her, don’t you feel bad? Come on, Mother, just forgive her,” Dauppare’s Father tried to calm his wife.

“Imagine this if you can, Father. I asked Dauppare to cook rice for our workers, and she gave them hay. Hay! She cooked hay mixed with three grains of rice. Then I told her to go home and spin the cotton into threads and you can see yourself what she did.

She has been home for most of the day and she is still so far from finishing this simple job. How can I not get mad? She is our only child, yet we cannot expect anything from her. I was coming home with a hope that I can take a rest. But you see, she gives me more work instead. And she does this every single day. Won't you be furious too if you were me?"

"Let it go, Mother. I bet she has had more than her fair share of scolding from you. Let it go. Forgive her, Mother. We can teach her how to spin the cotton tomorrow," her husband tried to persuade her.

"You always side with her, Father," Dauppare's Mother said.

"I'm not siding with her, Mother. I just wish you don't make a mountain out of a mole. You can just teach Dauppare the correct way to spin, can't you? What do we get from scolding her all the time? Nothing. It will only make her sad. She might even hate you for that. Keep scolding her and one of these days people will call you a broken radio. He he he..." Dauppare's Father tried to soften his words with a joke.

"Broken radio? What do you mean? Are you calling me names?"

"Who calls you names?"

"What do you mean by a broken radio?"

"You know how a broken radio makes strange irritating noises

instead of good songs? That's what I mean. Those who hear you in the height of your temper feel like they listen to a broken radio, including Dauppare. Surely she feels uncomfortable or embarrassed when you scold her. She might even turn to hate you if you don't stop. As parents, we have to be wise. No matter how mad we are, we should not say anything bad. We should be patient and explain what she did wrong and how to correct it."

"You are right, Father, but Dauppare always repeats the same mistakes over and over again. I'm tired. I'm fed up with it. Why can't she learn like other kids? Kids her age have known how to spin the threads since years ago. Why can't she? That's what makes me mad."

"Come on, Mother. Just stop scolding her! Aren't you tired of yelling at her? Besides, all our neighbors can hear you. Do you want them to talk about you? They might think you and I are having problems and arguing."

Dauppare's Mother began to see his reasoning. As a mother, she loved Dauppare very much. She was her only child, after all. Of course Dauppare was irreplaceable. Even though Dauppare always drove her mad, she still pitied her. Moreover, she did not want to lose Dauppare.

Unfortunately, Dauppare was broken-hearted and felt unloved. Her mother always had a reason to get mad at her. She could not

take it anymore. She ran out of the room and got their buffalo. The buffalo was kept under the house, as was common with other pets.

“Very well, I will leave you since you don’t love me anymore, Mother,” said Dauppare from the back of her buffalo. She was ready to go.

“Where do you think you are going, Dauppare? Come back here,” Dauppare’s Mother called her daughter.

Dauppare did not say anything and pressed her heels to the buffalo she was riding. The buffalo immediately started running away from the house. “Yeee Haa... Come on, run! Run like the wind!” Dauppare kept urging her buffalo.

Seeing that, Dauppare’s Mother jumped and chased her.

“Dauppare, wait! Dauppare! Wait for me! Where are you going, Dauppare? It’s almost dark, come back home.” she called out while running.

“Don’t come after me, Mother. You don’t love me, anyway. Just go away! Leave me alone. I am a useless child, aren’t I? I cannot help nor make you happy,” Dauppare yelled. She began to cry again.

“What are you talking about, Dauppare? It’s not true. No matter how angry I am, I will always love you. You are my only child.

Please, come back home, Dauppare! Wait for me!” Dauppare’s Mother cried, trying to catch up with the buffalo.

“Why don’t you just go home, Mother? Don’t mind me. What good will it do for me to come home? You are just going to scold me again. You never appreciate what I do, even when I intended it to help you. I am useless. Don’t bother to come after me and ask me home, Mother. Just go away! I will not come home. I will go as far away from you as I can,” Dauppare said.

“Dauppare, please. Please don’t go. Stop! Look at me, Dauppare. Please have pity on your mother. I am old, too old to run after you. Please, Dauppare, turn your buffalo around and come home.”

“Just go home, Mother! You don’t need me!”

“Dauppare! Come back! Please. Who said I don’t need you? Of course I need you in my life. You are my greatest source of motivation. I know I scold you a lot. But I did that because I love you. I want you to learn to do good things and be the best so people will respect you because you are smart, resourceful, and good person, not because you are my daughter.”

“Stop trying to persuade me, Mother! I know you are lying. If you truly love me, just go home. There’s no use coming after me, I will not return home. I love you and father, but you never understand me. You never appreciate whatever I do. So now I’m

doing the only thing that will make you happy.”

“I’m sorry, Dauppare. Please, come back with me. I promise I will never scold you again. If you leave, who will help me at home? Who will be my constant companion?”

Please, Dauppare. Your parents are not getting younger, we will need you, Dauppare. Come, let’s go home.”

“Did I hear you correctly? You asked who would help you, really? Then why do you always scold me, saying bad stuff about my work, every time I help you? You always think whatever I do is wrong, and now you want me to go home and help you? Am I dreaming?” Dauppare said sarcastically.

“I sincerely want your help, Dauppare. Come on, turn around and come home! I see my mistakes now. I should not have been so angry at you. Come on, let’s talk about this at home. I’m sorry, Dauppare,” Dauppare’s Mother begged.

“It’s too late, Mother. Nothing you can say will change my mind. I’m really hurt and disappointed, Mother,” Dauppare called back, urging her buffalo to keep running.

“Do you have the heart to leave your parents? Don’t you have pity for us?”

“Do you ever pity me? Every day, every time, you always scold me, yell at me. Nothing I do is right for you. I’m sick of it,

Mother. Just go home! Take care of Father. Don't mind me. Let me take all these pain away, I won't be a problem for you anymore. I know if I come home you will just do the same thing again and I've had enough, Mother."

"I promise I won't scold you again, Dauppare. Just come home, please," Dauppare's Mother begged and cried.

"I'm sorry, Mother, I can't. I can't go home. I won't go home. You have hurt me, Mother, I can't take it anymore."

Dauppare then ignored her mother. She kicked her buffalo to run even faster and left her mother behind. She ignored her mother's cries. Dauppare's Mother kept running after her daughter, hoping Dauppare would listen to reason and come home.

This continued for a long time. Every time her mother got too close, Dauppare flung a handful of rice behind her. Dauppare's Mother would then stop and collect the scattered grains.

"Dauppare, don't waste the rice. You can't do that. It's one of the greatest sins, you know. Wasting it means you are not grateful. Rice is what we eat, our source of energy.

Rice comes from paddy, and paddy is just one of God's creations. Wasting rice means you disrespect God."

"Really! Then why did you scold me when I tried to save our rice? Now you are just making things up so I will go home. I



don't buy it, Mother. If you care so much about rice, go on and picked them. Give them to your beloved workers."

"What are you talking about, Dauppare? You are my daughter, my only child. I love you more than I love anyone else."

"Listen to yourself. Of course you love your workers more than you love me. Collect the scattered rice, Mother. I don't care. You care about them more than you care about me." Dauppare threw another handful of rice and dug her heels to the buffalo's side. She ignored her mother.

She did it again and again along the way. Dauppare's Mother kept stopping and collected the rice her daughter threw away. She could not just leave them on the ground.

"Stop it, Dauppare. Come on! Let's come home! Stop wasting rice. It's a despicable thing to do," Dauppare's Mother cried while picking up the rice.

"If you want to go home, just go! I won't. So stop chasing after me," Dauppare yelled to her mother.

Dauppare's Mother ignored her request. She kept pursuing Dauppare. Finally, when they arrived at the lake, Dauppare's mother managed to catch up to her. She grabbed Dauppare's hair from behind, but strangely, the hair turned into moss.

"Mother..., my hair! What's happened with my hair? Help me,

Mother! Why does my hair turn into moss?" Dauppare cried hysterically.

"Huh? Dauppare! What's wrong with your hair? It truly turns into moss!" Dauppare's Mother stared open-mouthed at that strange happening. Her hand had slipped from Dauppare's hair and now hung awkwardly at her side.

"Mother..., please help me! My hair, Mother. Why does it change? Mother, help me. Please change my hair back, Mother. I don't want to have moss as hair." Dauppare cried, clutching her moss-covered hair.

"What can I do, Dauppare? What should I do? I don't know. I don't know how it can change like that. I don't know what to do." Dauppare's Mother rambled away. She suddenly stopped talking and stared blankly at Dauppare's head.

"Could it be...?" she said.

"Could it be what, Mother?"

"Could it be God's punishment for your mistakes? It is punishment for wasting rice and disrespecting your mother."

"Is it so, Mother? What should I do? I want my hair back, Mother."

"I don't know, Dauppare. I don't know! I forgive you. Even

though I often get mad at you, scold you, I love you very much. I don't want you to be like this, whatever this is. But I don't know what to do." Dauppare's Mother began to sob.

"Help me, Mother! I don't want to have moss hair. Do something, Mother!" Dauppare cried harder.

"Of course I want to help you, Dauppare. Tell me what to do."

"O, please forgive me mother. This may indeed be my punishment. I shouldn't have wasted the rice. I shouldn't have made you pick them up from the grounds."

Before Dauppare's Mother had a chance to reply, Dauppare and the buffalo she was riding suddenly turned into stone.

Seeing that, Dauppare's Mother cried hysterically. She was in utter shock.

"Dauppare...! O, my daughter! Why does it happen to you, Dauppare? What should I do to change you back? O, God, what has my daughter done to deserve this punishment?" Dauppare's Mother cried pitifully.

"Dauppare..., my daughter!" Her cries echoed in the forest, a hysterical cry of a mother who lost her daughter in a blink of an eye. It was worse because her daughter was not just lost; she turned into stone.

“God, please return my daughter. Please forgive her. God, I wish for nothing else but having her back. Please, God, return my daughter to me,” Dauppare’s Mother prayed.

Suddenly, she heard a loud voice echoing all around her. Her heart skipped a beat.

“Dauppare’s Mother,” the voice greeted her.

“I am. Who are you? Why don’t you reveal yourself? Are you a man or a spirit?” Dauppare’s Mother asked. She was shaking with fear and worry.

“Never mind that. It does not matter if I’m a man or not. All you need to know is Dauppare will never return to human again. So you’d better stop crying. She had done despicable things, turning against you, wasting food, ignoring you. You are her mother but she disobeyed you. You have apologized to her but she did not care. Clearly she did not have a heart. In fact, by throwing rice away, she showed that she did not want to live. Isn’t rice your main source of food? Listen to me. Don’t regret what has happened. This is a reminder to all human to not do what Dauppare did,” the voice explained.

“But she is my daughter. How can I live without her? She is my only child. What should I do?” Dauppare’s Mother asked and begged.

“Enough! Don’t waste your tears. It’s no use. She will never be human again. If you miss her, you can always come here and visit,” the voice replied. It then disappeared and silence enveloped the place.

“Dauppare, forgive me! I cannot do anything to help you. I promise I will visit you and pray that God forgive you,” Dauppare’s Mother said in desperation.

Dauppare’s Mother walked away slowly. Every so often, she looked back and saw her daughter still sitting on the back of the buffalo, still a stone. She could not believe what had happened, but there was nothing she could do.

She kept walking until she could no longer see her daughter. She did not know what to say to her husband. He would not believe her. He might even think the worse because he knew precisely how she always scolded Dauppare. He might think that she deliberately told Dauppare to stay away from home.

When she arrived, the house felt empty. She missed Dauppare. No matter how irritating Dauppare was, she was her daughter.

Dauppare’s Father came out of the kitchen and walked towards his wife. He was confused seeing how devastated she was.

“What happened, Mother? Where’s Dauppare? Didn’t you run after her to take her back?” He asked.

“Dauppare . . . , Father,” Dauppare’s Mother began to sob uncontrollably.

“What happened to Dauppare? Isn’t she coming back with you?”

“She . . . , she . . . O, Father...”

“What happened, Mother? For the love of God, speak clearly. What happened to Dauppare?”

“She turned into a stone, along with the buffalo she was riding.”

“What? Are you serious? How come a human being and an animal turn into stone? You can’t be serious. It’s not possible. Tell me what actually happened.”

“I’m telling you the truth. I was running after her. Every time I got close, she threw away some rice. You know I cannot let her waste the rice, so I stopped and picked every single grain from the ground. She did it over and over again. I once managed to grab her hair, but it turned into moss and slipped from my hand. After that, she and the buffalo suddenly turned into a stone. I cried, I begged, I prayed to God to turn her back, but nothing would change her back. Then there was a voice telling me why it all happened. It said that it was a punishment for Dauppare for being an unfilial child and for wasting food. O, Father, you know I love her. I wouldn’t want anything like this to happen to her.” Dauppare’s Mother recounted what had happened. She was still

sobbing and shaking.

“Is this true, Mother? Please tell me you are making this up,” Dauppare’s Father found it hard to believe.

“I’m not lying, Father.”

“But how? How can it all be true? You said our daughter and her buffalo turned into a stone. How can Dauppare turn into a stone? What happened? I don’t understand!” Dauppare’s Father was really confused.

“Father, I am devastated. She turned into a stone right in front of me. What mother want it happen to her daughter? She was our only child, Father. Now I feel lost and empty. We will never hear her voice again.

I know I scolded her too often, but it does not mean I don’t love her. She was everything for me. I wanted her to learn so that she could be a better person. Who knows it will end like this,” Dauppare’s Mother said, full of regret.

“Take me there, Mother. I have to see it with my own eyes.”

“I will. But promise me that you won’t get mad at me.”

“There’s no use crying over spilled milk. Even if I am mad, what good will it do? Just take me there,” Dauppare’s Father said to his wife.

They walked quickly, tracing the way back to where Dauppare was. They were in shock because they could not comprehend how a girl could turn into a stone. When he saw it, Dauppare's Father cried hysterically. His wife had told the truth. He was utterly devastated. All the way here, he clung to a little hope that his wife was lying. He hoped to see his daughter, alive and well. But now all hope was lost. He saw that stone and knew it was Dauppare. He could see all the details of her face and clothes.

“O, Dauppare. Why does it happen to you? Tell me, Dauppare, what can I do to get you back? What can I do to free you from this curse? Tell me, Dauppare. O, I can't see you like this. How can I? Dauppare, please. I am your father. Tell me, and I will do anything to turn you back,” Dauppare's Father said. Tears were streaming down his face. He was broken-hearted.

Dauppare's Father cried in front of the stone. He caressed it slowly, again and again, hoping it would change back into his beloved daughter. Strangely, the stone became wet, as if rain had just poured over it. Dauppare's Father looked at it in disbelief. His mouth was wide open in surprise.

“What is happening, Mother? Why is it wet? Look at the puddle?” Dauppare's Father exclaimed in confusion, pointing at the puddle of water at the foot of the statue.

“I don't know, Father. It is strange. Only the stone that's wet.



Look around us, nothing else is wet. The road, the trees, the leaves, everything is dry,” Dauppare’s Mother said.

“You are right, Mother. Is it possible that Dauppare could hear us? Can it be her tears? I know she regretted all that she had done. I know she wanted to come back home and live with us again,” Dauppare’s Father said to his wife.

“You may be right, Father. The voice I told you before also said something. It said if I missed her, I could always come here and visit. Maybe the voice was saying that Dauppare could hear us.”

“What was that voice, Mother?”

“I don’t know. There was nobody. The disembodied voice disappeared as suddenly as it came. I wanted to ask a lot of things but it had gone, right after it told me to visit Dauppare if I missed her.”

“Maybe it was the voice of the forest spirit, or anything that had cursed our daughter,” Dauppare’s Father looked at his wife, trying to make sense of this bizarre event.

“I don’t know. It may be so. Maybe Dauppare could hear us but she could not see or speak. I’ll just talk to her, no matter what. I need her to know that I miss her.”

“Go on, Mother. You have given birth to her. You have raised her. Surely such a connection cannot be easily broken. I just

can't believe this happened. What use is all our wealth without Dauppare in our live? Mother, please forgive me for not being able to do anything."

Dauppare's Mother scooted closer to the stone and said, "Dauppare, listen to me. This may be a punishment for you and for me. But I will never stop praying for you. I forgive everything you did, Dauppare. God may want to make you an example so that other people can learn from your mistakes. I love you, Dauppare; that will never change. I pray you are happy wherever you are. I pray you can return to be human again one day. Nothing is impossible in this world, Dauppare, believe me."

"Mother, we have to stay strong. This is a punishment for us all. As parents, we should have been wiser. We should have treated our daughter better. Let's pray that God forgive and protect her, Mother. We have to believe that this is for the best because God works in mysterious ways," Dauppare's Father concluded, trying to find a reason for himself to accept this situation.

"Father, let's go home. It's going to be dark soon. It's dangerous if we stay here at night," Dauppare's Mother asked her husband.

"Come on. Let's go home. This place is dangerous, no one lives near here. As hard as it is to accept all this, we have to keep living. Let this be a lesson for us and for everyone else. This

cannot happen to anyone else,” Dauppare’s Father sighed.

Dauppare’s parents walked away with heavy steps. Neither of them said anything all the way home. The evening sky darkened, as if it shared their pain. They walked without stopping until they arrived at home, the empty and quiet home without Dauppare.

Darkness fell slowly. The day ended and the night began. Dauppare’s parents missed their daughter very much. Tears streamed down Dauppare’s Mother’s cheeks. Dauppare’s Father wiped away his own tears with the back of his hand. They were devastated. They cried all night until they fell asleep. Dauppare’s Mother dreamed about her daughter. Dauppare looked so beautiful and serene. Only her eyes showed that she was as devastated as her parents. In that dream, Dauppare talked to her mother.

“Mother, please forgive me. I have sinned. I have let you down too many times. I never listened to you, even though I knew you meant well. You are a good person, not only to me, but also to everyone else. You were good to our workers and that had made me jealous. That was why I hated you. I did want to leave home and live alone. I wanted to live without anyone scolding me. I was in a wreck, Mother. Please forgive me. You never gave up on me, you kept running after me even when I told you not to. You loved me and I made you pick up all the rice I threw away. Please, forgive me, Mother. I cannot turn back into a living

human being, but I will be glad if I know you forgive me.”  
Dauppare knelt and bowed in front of her mother.

“Listen, Dauppare. I never hated you. I never held a grudge on you. You are my only child and I always love you. You are irreplaceable. Even before you ask for my forgiveness, I have forgiven you. I pray that God forgive you and protect you. I hope one day you will return to me, Dauppare,” said Dauppare’s Mother.

“Thank you, Mother. I’m glad to hear that. I’m going now, Mother. This is not my world anymore. I have to go there, to the quiet and dark place I belong. Stay healthy, Mother. Please tell father I’m sorry,” Dauppare said softly and hugged her mother. Then she gradually disappeared.

“Dauppare, Dauppare, don’t leave me. I miss you, Dauppare. Please come back home and stay with us. We will live together again,” Dauppare’s Mother cried in her sleep, waking her husband.

“Mother . . . Mother, wake up! Why are you crying? Wake up, Mother.” Dauppare’s Father shook her shoulders, trying to wake her up.

“I had a dream. I met Dauppare, Father. She had grown into a beautiful woman. She came to apologize to me. She also asked me to tell you that she was sorry. She said that she was happy

now. She was fine in that other world, accepting her punishment from God.”

“Whatever happened, I always forgive her. I love her because she was our only child. I pray that God protects her and forgive all her mistakes,” Dauppare’s Father said sadly.

“Yes, Father. I hope Dauppare is happy wherever she is now.”

Dauppare’s Father and Mother finally accepted what happened. They frequently visited Dauppare and prayed for her, showing how much they loved her. Even though she had turned into a stone, they still cared about her.

The stone that had been Dauppare and her buffalo was named Baine Stone, which in Toraja’s language meant ‘female rock’. We can still see the stone in a rice field called Sesean in Sillanan area. Anytime there is a cultural ceremony, the people still provide offerings to Dauppare and her buffalo, the Baine Stone.