

BAGAS MARHUSOR'S SPEAR
Tombak si Bagas Marhusor

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BAGAS MARHUSOR'S SPEAR

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Tombak Si Bagas Marhusor



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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

The book entitled Bagas Marhusor's Spear tells about King Parsahala Sotarihuthon who had avoided disaster. He was spared from disaster because of the help of Bagas Marhusor. After the king regains consciousness, the thanksgiving party was held. At the party, he expressed his gratitude to the invitees and the person who tried to help him. The story emphasized that everyone should express polite words and deeds. Polite people must be survived. Ignorance people must be perished. Good people cannot be deviated by the evil one.

We hope that this storybook will be useful.

Buha Aritonang

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BAGAS MARHUSOR'S SPEAR

Birth and Condition of Child

Once upon a time, there was a village in Pangguruan area. Its name is Lobu Sotartaban. In order to keep the enemy away, around the village was planted bamboo densely as fence. Twigs and leaves intertwined and hooked each other.

The king who ruled Lobu Sotartaban Village was King Parsahala Sotarihuthon. In his father's regime, the village would often be conquered by the enemy. However, the enemy's intention to conquer it is in vain. The village became famous by the name Lobu Sotartaban, meaning "Unconquered Party". A frightening name for the surrounding village.

A year after King Parsahala Sotarihuthon married, his father died. At that time, the wife of King Parsahala Sotarihuthon was still pregnant. Villagers wondered, "Why does a grandfather die when his grandson is still in the womb?" But the question quickly forgotten.

The first son of King Parsahala Sotarihuthon was born safely with the help of a traditional midwife. The child was expected to be the heir because he was male. During the waiting for the birth of the king's son, many villagers came. Food and drinks were

prepared. A boar was slaughtered and cooked for their side dishes.

At the same time, the son of Partiang Nabulus was born. Partiang Nabulus is one residence with King Parsahala Sotarihuthon in Lobu Sotartaban Village.

However, the birthday party of Partiang Nabulus' son was simple. The guests were only served with chicken. It was understandable because Partiang Nabulus was a mid-lower class family.

The birth of Partiang Nabulus' son was very different from the birth of another child. His crying was loud and tunable. The child was believed to be a sensible and wise child in the future. It was seen from the signs of his birth. The child was born in a heavy rain. Lightning sounded loudly and flashed continued.

Partiang Nabulus' son name was called Bagas Marhusor, while the name of the son of King Parsahala Sotarihuthon was called Panjahatua Todosniari.

Both often played together. Usually, there was always a match in every game. Surprisingly, every game was always won by Bagas Marhusor. Other children always lose, including Panjahatua Todosniari. Due to such frequent occurrences, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon became annoyed that his son always lost.

Although Bagas Marhusor always won in the game, he was not proud. Win was not needed, the most important thing is one must be honest in competition.



In the Lobu Sotartaban Forest

In his sleep, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon had a dream. He was approached by an old grandfather dressed like a datu. The old grandfather said, "Oh, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon, do you know the words of our ancestors?"

"Which words, Grandfather?" Asked the king.

"Words about the fate of human in this world," replied the old grandfather.

"I'm sorry, grandfather. I do not remember it, "said King Parsahala Sotarihuthon.

"Alright then. Listen carefully! The ancestor said that birds like chickens are ruak-ruak birds. The bird is a symbol of fate that cannot be determined. The desire of the heart cannot be achieved immediately. "

After delivering the words, the grandfather went away. At that moment King Parsahala Sotarihuthon immediately awoke from his sleep. Suddenly the face of Partiang Nabulus appeared in his mind. Hatred to Partiang Nabulus appeared right then and there. He hated because his son always lost match with Partiang Nabulus' son. The hatred was not exactly right. His child is lost in competition, but the victorious child is hated.

One day, in the east of the Lobu Sotartaban Forest, a bear once was seen. His body was as big as a human. If the bear is roaring, the branches of a large tree can be broken down. People cannot bear to hear his roar because it can make people faint and fall down. In addition, there were also tigers. They named them Halemun and Gelang. Both were nicknamed as the king of the jungle. Halemun was considered as a very vicious tiger.



Once, a resident went to the Lobu Sotartaban Forest looking for wood for the wall of his house. His name was Padot Nahipas. Arriving in the jungle, he was surprised to see the former place of a big animal battle. He uncovered the bushes anxiously.

Curiously, he looked around. The sprinkling of blood on the ground and leaves was visible. He said to himself, "Ha, the sprinkling of blood here must be a sign. There's an animal to be a victim of a fight. "His guess was right. Not far from the sprinkling of blood, the big bear had been dead. He said again, "I knew that the tiger killed the bear because there are traces of tiger foot here. The tiger was not far from here because the bear's body has not smelled bad yet. The fight has been just over. Let it be. I will bring this dead bear to the village and I gave them to eat. "

Spear Like Toy

A few days later, the body of Padot Nahipas and his friends became ill after eating meat of bear. They feel cold and disturbed in their sleeping dreams. One shaman said, "In a dream, Padot Nahipas and his friends always see the tiger fighting with the bear. That's what makes their bodies are cold and their sleeping dream was distracted."

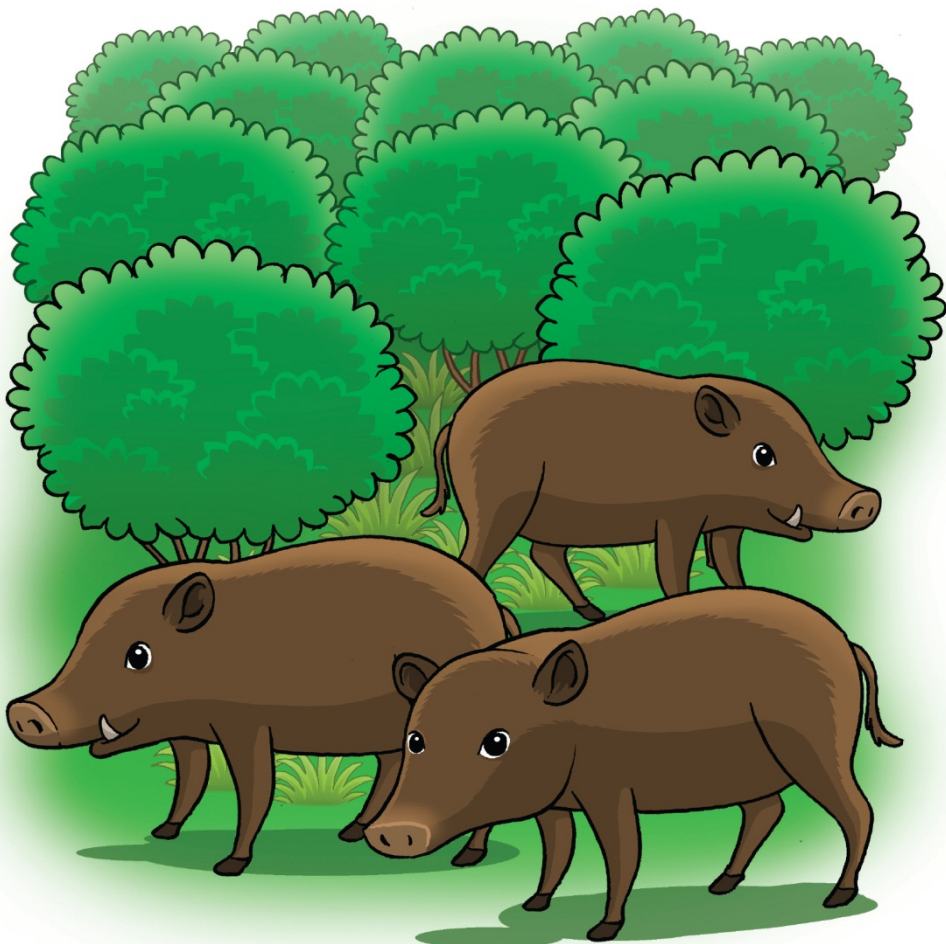
Due to the disease, not so long Padot Nahipas died. Before he died, the tiger and bear battle raged on his mind. Since then, the villagers of Lobu Sotartaban no longer dared to eat bear meat.

Unexpectedly, a group of wild boars came to Lobu Sotartaban plantation. If the residents drove him with a spear, the boar was not afraid. Despite frequent spears, no wild boar died.

A few moments later, the boar no longer came to destroy the plantation. Mothers with the help of their husbands were happy to harvest gardens. However, unexpectedly, the boars came again. Then the villagers together wield the spear and attack the boar. However, none of their spears can penetrate the boar's skin.

The King Parsahala Sotarihuthon was a bit upset with his citizens. He thought that his citizens were not serious at driving the wild boar away. Finally, the king summoned one of the citizens. His name was Partiang Nabulus. The king said to him,

"You're just a spectator. We've been serious about getting rid of the boar, you're just relaxing. "



Quite trembling, Partiang Nabulus replied, "I do not watch it, King. I already understand the power of the boar. It's not an ordinary boar. Spear for him is like a needle. What's the point of me spearing it? It's useless. However, we wait for its arrival. I or my son can definitely spear it. "

When Partiang Nabulus was at home, his mind hovered somewhere. He still remembered the king's words. His wife and two children, Bagas Marhusor and Martunas Panahatan, were confused. Their father was acting strange.

After dinner, Partiang Nabulus said to Bagas Marhusor, "Tomorrow, father goes into the forest to kill wild boars because they often disturb our garden."

Bagas Marhusor's Spear

The next morning, Partiang Nabulus was getting ready to leave. Suddenly, Bagas Marhusor asked, "can I go with you, Dad?"

"Of course, son. We hope that your mother and sister are healthy while we are away, " said Partiang Nabulus.

Arriving in the forest, Partiang Nabulus and Bagas Marhusor were resting for a while thinking about what they will do. While resting, they were attacked by a group of wild boars, including striped boars. Luckily both of them immediately climbed one of the trees while carrying their spear. Not far from the tree, the striped boar was waited.



On that occasion, Partiang Nabulus said, "I think this is it. I leave this spear to you. Take good care of it and use it necessarily. Take care of it well and do not give it to someone else. That is the spear of our ancestors' inheritance."

"Yes Dad," replied Bagas Marhusor, while wielding his spear. Very precisely, the spear of the heirloom was exactly into the boar's ribs. Bloody, the striped boar died slowly. The other boars ran away from their master.

The dead boar was brought together to the village. The flesh was slaughtered and distributed.

They believe that the disturbance of the boar would not happen again. However, Partiang Nabulus said to his eldest son, "There is still another striped boar. He will come back to destroy the plants in this village. Hopefully we can kill him. If I cannot do it, I will entrust it to you, son. No one else. "

"All right, Dad. I understand, "said Bagas Marhusor.

By dawn, the villagers heard the sound of wild boars coming to their place. They are also getting ready to drive them away.

In the house of Partiang Nabulus, the fire of the stove was always on. As the rooster crows, the Bagas Marhusor sat down holding his spear. Her mother, father, and sister were left to sleep. At that moment, he recited his spell, "A piece of split wood, translucent

bark, and a crack that unfolds. Good people should not be defeated by bad people so that they cannot be enslaved, right, Grandpa? Give me the spirit with full of passion. Give me the strength to my fingers to stick this spear to the villain who attacked me. "

From outside the house came a voice calling. His mother, father, and sister awoke. Not waiting for long, Bagas Marhusor quickly say goodbye, "Mom, dad, sister, I'm leaving. My friends are waiting. "

"All right, son. May you be safe and avoid danger. Bamboo is planted to be an opponent's barrier. Conquer all enemies, may all opponents run away. May my son spear the boar, "said the wife of Partiang Nabulus.

"Yes mom. I hope it too, "said Bagas Marhusor as he went to meet his friends.

Thanksgiving Party

In the evening, the moon shone brightly, the boar was very happy. In such an atmosphere, usually wild boars will roam. All crops ready for harvest will be destroyed by wild boar. Villagers had been told by King Parsahala Sotarihuthon to kill the boars. In short time, the residents have arrived at Lobu Sotartaban forest.

Striped boar and other boars are already destroying crops. Seeing that, Parsahala Sotarihuthon and his friends were moving fast. Boars that have been killed were five. Only the master that cannot be killed, the striped boar. Unexpectedly, the striped boar suddenly attacked King Parsahala Sotarihuthon. Before the king's leg was bitten by the striped boar, Bagas Marhusor quickly thrust his spear into the boar. The king's leg was spared from boar's bites.

The boar was trying to run even though the spear was still attached on its body. The others were already restless. They think the King Parsahala Sotarihuthon must have died. Apparently, it did not happen due to the dexterity of Bagas Marhusor.

Boars that had been killed were brought to the village. After slaughtered, the meat is given to the residents. King Parsahala Sotarihuthon's legs was still weak to imagine the events that happened to him. He called Bagas Marhusor. He said, "Thank you for your help and courage. I owe you at the striped boar attack."

"Thank you. May the King remain healthy and avoid the distress," the young man said.

The courage of Bagas Marhusor got praise. His action was considered an exemplary. However, there were some residents who are unhappy with his courage and dexterity. There were also those who feel ashamed of themselves because the young man could not be rivaled.

Meanwhile, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon still has not recovered due to the misfortune experienced. His wife said, "sweetheart, we must comfort the people of this village as a token of thanks. You have escaped the danger. We also ask for their prayers so we can be helped by God, full of strength, blessing, and prosperity in the future. We must also thank the Bagas Marhusor. "

"Yes sweetheart. He has risked his own life just for me. I'll tell you later. If there is a shortage, it should be fixed," said King Parsahala Sotarihuthon.

Thanksgiving party time has come. Some party participants had been using ulos ('Batak Toba's knitting cloth'). The musicians had been preparing to uning-uningan ('Batak Toba's musical instrument') for manortor ('dancing'), such as ogung ('drum'), hasapi ('harp'), and sarune ('trumpet'). The song "O, Tano Batak" was ready to be sung together. Before the entertainment, party participants had already eaten and drunk.

Afterwards, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon gave a speech, "Actually, thanksgiving party has long been planned. However, the best chance is today. Slow because there is something awaited, fast because there is something being pursued. We thank Bagas Marhusor. He was a brave and helpful-minded village boy. It was him, who saved me from danger. Hopefully, the children and other youths can imitate the character of Bagas Marhusor. As villagers, we are proud of what he does. "

As a form of gratitude, Grandpa Halobo representing the invitation said, "King, thank you. This party is really festive. Some of the invitations look beautiful wear our custom clothes. Music is provided. Some of us can sing and dance.

The song "O, Tano Batak" is really melodious, we sing it together. We have also enjoyed the dishes served. May the King live in fortune and far from distress. May the king's advice be done from this day on and forever. "



Between Intention and Speech

After the thanksgiving party was completed, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon assembled seven village elders at his home. One of them is Partiang Nabulus. On that occasion, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon said, "Among us must have known. Partiang Nabulus' son once helped and had risked his life to help me. Now ask me what your intentions are, Partiang Nabulus. I will meet it in accordance with my capabilities. "

Then Partiang Nabulus replied, "Why should we ask something after we help you, Your Highness? Naturally, we should help anyone in danger. We do not want to take advantage from our help. "

"That's not the problem, Partiang Nabulus. I know that you are kind and down-to-earth, "said the King.

"Then I encouraged myself to say what I want. What if my son, Bagas Marhusor, and the Princess of the King, Lantio Bulani, married? "

Hearing the remark, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon was surprised. He did not expect that it would be Partiang Nabulus's reaction. The King does not want his daughter to become Partiang Nabulus's daughter-in-law. Ompu Haloho who participated in the meeting whispered to his friend, "It is right, isn't it? Our king has been caught at the request of Partiang Nabulus. Any one of us and

anyone else must ask for the best. Partiang Nabulus deserved such a request. They're both right. King Parsahala Sotarihuthon deserved to give according to the person who helped him. Partiang Nabulus also got something right on his help. Only, Partiang Nabulus has no intention of getting rewards from the king. For him, helping others was everyone's duty. However, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon continued to urge Partiang Nabulus's wish. As a result, that's the way it is. "

Partiang Nabulus returned to his home. That night he did not share his request with his wife. Early the next morning, his request to King Parsahala Sotarihuthon was telling his wife.

After hearing his husband's statement, the wife of Partiang Nabulus could not do anything. The wife also said, "How can it be that you dare to ask such a thing. We must be laughed at by people for asking for something that does not fit our circumstances. "

"Never mind, sweetheart," said Partiang Nabulus. "Do not worry. I did not expect this to be the result. The King Parsahala Sotarihuthon urged. At that time, I was spontaneous. My mouth said that. "



Si Lantio Bulani

A few days have passed. News about the request of Partiang Nabulus to King Parsahala Sotarihuthon became the talk of village. It made Partiang Nabulus was sick and Bagas Marhusor was embarrassed.

In short time after that, Bagas Marhusor quickly disappeared from Lobu Sotartaban due to the words of all people in the village. No one knows where he's going. The spear of his father's gift was kept. Her mother was so sad and no one was able to entertain her. Partiang Nabulus and the younger sister of Bagas Marhusor also felt sad. Partiang Nabulus really understood the feelings of his eldest son.

After the departure of Bagas Marhusor, Partiang Nabulus saw his spear. He was surprised because the magic spears no longer existed. Martunas Panahatan tried to help his father's anxiety, but he did not dare.

Actually, Martunas Panahatan knew about the existence of an heirloom spear. Before the Bagas Marhusor disappeared, he briefed Martunas Panahatan, "Sister, I will leave this village first. Let your own self know. I take this heirloom so it can be my protector. Do not tell anyone about my leaving until three days before. After that time, then you should tell Mother and Dad. If it is allowed by the God, I will return soon. "

On the third day, Bagas Marhusor was tired. He seemed unable to continue his journey. He sees a hinged sparrow in the most branches of the tree low and whistling, “Tartoli-tolitului-tului; tartoli-tolitului-tului.” Thinking of Bagas Marhusor, the whistle of the sparrow was different.

He also seemed to hear the words, “Hold your spear; your enemy will still be defeated.” The sparrow still continued whistling so that the Bagas Marhusor was carried away to sleep.

While asleep, the Bagas Marhusor had a dream. He saw an old man who looks like his father coming to him. His hair, beard, and mustache were long. The old man's eyes gazed softly at Bagas Marhusor. He said, "Son, you've heard the sparrow's whistle. You are the one who is rebuked, do not be afraid. Continue to hold the heirloom spear. Your enemy will still lose if you do not do bad things. Help your surroundings in need. "

Then the old man grabbed the head of Si Bagas Marhusor, whispering something. In short time after that, the old man disappeared. The Bagas Marhusor was awakened from his dream. He said, "Why does the old man in my dream resemble my father? What does it mean? Thankfully, I still have my spear. May I avoid evil deeds and have a power in helping fellow human beings in distress. "



Bagas Marhusor stared at the sparrow. But the bird had left him alone. Then he went on his way.

Expression of Princess' Heart

While Bagas Marhusor continued his journey, the news of his departure had reached the neighboring village. Apparently, at time of the meeting of the seven village elders in her house, Si Lantio Bulani had heard his father's conversation with the father of Bagas Marhusor. When there was a chance, Si Lantio Bulani said to his father, "If Partiang Nabulus was not pushed by the father, Partiang Nabulus did not ask his intention. After all, everyone will ask for the best for him. "

King Parsahala Sotarihuthon laughed at his daughter's spark. He said to his daughter, "Never mind, my daughter, do not interfere with father's business."

Lantio Bulani was surprised to hear his father's words. Moreover, she already knew that his father had gone to the house of Bagas Marhusor to ask a question. At that time, his father did not meet with Bagas Marhusor. What he found was Partiang Nabulus, wife, and sister of Bagas Marhusor. They looked very sad because of the departure of Bagas Marhusor.

During his spare time, Lantio Bulani walked to the village of Bagas Marhusor. At that time, she took herself to the house of Bagas Marhusor. She met the wife of Partiang Nabulus. Unexpectedly, the wife of Partiang Nabulus greeted her with the words, "What is the purpose of your coming,

Princess. Do you know, we suffer so much from the disappearance of our son from this village? Please do not make us suffering more. You had come flipping the leaves and tearing banana leaves. The princess has also come to grieve the grief and unravel the suffering. Please. Do not disturb our family."



"Do not accuse me of that, Madam. I also disagree about my father's suggestion. My intention of coming here is not to bring up the family grief here. We know that Mr. Bagas Marhusor has two heirloom spears. The spear has helped my father so that the big boar was killed. It is your husband, who released my father from death. What a great debt we owe you. "

Lantio Bulani had finished expressing his heart. Partiang Nabulus's wife was still staring at the beauty of the princess while saying, "Go home, princess. I am worried there will be people who see us later, it will be the talk of the town again. You're really gentle. Please do not take it to your heart, what I said earlier."

Lantio Bulani smiled and went home. In the evening, the wife of Partiang Nabulus informed the arrival of the princess to their house. Partiang Nabulus wondered, "What is the meaning of the coming of the princess to our house? Was there something wrong for me? "

Wedding and Heredity

Not so long, Bagas Marhusor came home from his escape. His return was greeted by his family. He just knew that Lantio Bulani came to his house. His heart was troubled by the news. That night, his aunt also welcomed his arrival. When they sit together, the aunt wanted to introduce a girl to Bagas Marhusor. He said, "Do you like Lantio Bulani, the daughter of King Parsahala Sotarihuthon?"

"Oh come on, aunt. I do not seem to know myself. How could the princess want me. I am a despicable child. Let us not think of it, aunt," said Bagas Marhusor.

"Ah, what about if the royal family approached us?"

"It's up to you. I'll go along," said Bagas Marhusor.

"Ok. Let us take care of it all," replied the aunt.

The aunt immediately told it to King Parsahala Sotarihuthon. The king, his wife, and Lantio Bulani were delighted to receive news from Bagas Marhusor's aunt.

The event was immediately prepared and implemented. The wedding day and preparations for it were negotiated. Some residents of Lumban Partimbo and Parhehean villages are invited.

The time came, the marriage of Bagas Marhusor and Lantio Bulani was held. Invitations from Lumban Partimbo and Parhehean villages were welcomed by the Lobu Sotartaban community.



The invites danced as they surrounded the bride, King Parsahala Sotarihuthon and wife, Partiang Nabulus and wife, and the close family of the two brides. The kings and the elders gave advice to both brides to quickly get offspring, either boys or girls. They also advised that both bride and groom be polite in words and deeds. The polite man must have survived and the indifference will perish.

In the party festivities, an invitee joked, "If a mate, will meet, too, isn't it?" The feast lasted for three days. After the party was over, the invitations from Lumban Partimbo and Parhehean went home by escorted by Lobu Sotartaban youths.

A year after marriage, a baby boy of Bagas Marhusor and Lantio Bulani. Partiang was born, Nabulus became grandfather.

Not long after, they waited for the birth of a second child. While waiting for the birth of his second child, Bagas Marhusor was often daydreaming. His wife asked, "Why have not you set the name of our child that will be born?"

"I'm reluctant, Mom. Indeed, there is a tuck in my heart about the name of our child who will be born. Do you agree because the name is simple, but nice to hear, "said Bagas Marhusor.

Revealing the Parentage

One night when the harvest was over, Partiang Nabulus family gathered while resting. At that moment, the grandfather of Bagas Marhusor came. Somehow, the intention of Bagas Marhusor asked the origin of their ancestors. It was asked to his grandfather, Pitonggam. The grandfather replied, "Grandchild, please. You do not need to know about it. Let it be a story. "" Tell me, Grandpa. We want to know if anyone asks in the future, " said the younger brother of Bagas Marhusor.

"Alright. Our ancestors used to live in hilly villages. At that time many enemies faced by the ancestors. Their enemies are often anchored on the shoreline.

In the past, the work of his ancestors and his friends was looking for shimmering stones. Such stones were obtained from the bottom of the beach and stored in their homes and waiting the buyers. The stones they collect will be taken away by the enemy. But his ancestors and friends were not willing. They do not want their hard work to be taken away. Finally, when the enemy would climb the hill to plunder the rocks, Grandpa told the villagers to roll the rocks and the big woods from the top of the mountain. All the enemies die because of heavy stones and wood. They also survived the enemy attack. Years later, the villagers grew more and the more labor able land became smaller. Our forefathers went to find a wider and fertile land. Our

village was their destination and the village was founded. The king's descendants are now moving here, but now they forget the services of our ancestors. "

Hearing the story of the grandfather, everything fell silent. Meanwhile, the grandfather stroked the head of the youngest grandson who fell asleep on his lap. Suddenly, the grandson got up and called, "Grandpa?"

"Yes, granddaughter," said Ompu Pitonggam, while saying, "My granddaughter, I hope you will become a skilled person, knowledgeable, able to recognize one's character, and wise to speak."

Bagas Marhusor continued, "It's all right now." Martunas Panahanan also said, "That's what the brother said."

"Then, thank goodness we convey to the Almighty," said Ompu Pitonggam. You are my grandchildren. Son of my son, Partiang Nabulus. You are in a pair of kings. It is our heroic spear that makes both of you. I leave this heirloom spear to you. Whatever you use for. Remember the message of our ancestors. Palm trees curve, to the lips of young palm. The days of sadness have passed, the day of joy has come. "

Hearing that, the whole family was pleased and happy.

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