Iranun Traditional Narratives
Volume II

Narrated by various story tellers from Rampayan Laut, Kota Belud, Sabah, Malaysia

Recorded and transcribed by Dr. Datu' Bandira Datu' Alang
English translation by Batua Al-Macaraya and Howard P. McKaughan
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Abstract

Iranun Traditional Narratives, Vol. II, is a sequel to Vol. I, both part of a rich tradition of oral literature that is dying out among the Iranun peoples. These stories are narrated in Iranun (ilm) by various people from Kampung Rampayan Laut in the Kota Belud District of Sabah, Malaysia, and recorded by Dr. Datu' Bandira Datu' Alang. They have been roughly translated into English and edited lightly to give the gist of the stories with the purpose of comparing the English with the transcribed Iranun text, paragraph by paragraph. The purpose for publishing these stories is to encourage the collection of additional Iranun narratives which, when recorded, help preserve the culture and heritage of the Iranun people.
Foreword

Volume II of Iranun Traditional Narratives contains five more of the stories told for this collection. The last one, Paramata Bantugen, is a portion of the Darangen. There are many more episodes pertaining to the adventures of Bantugen yet to be collected. We want to encourage our Iranun friends to continue to collect such stories in order to preserve their exciting oral tradition.

We repeat here the Foreword given in Volume I for the convenience of the reader.

This collection of Iranun Traditional Narratives represents only a small portion of the rich tradition of oral literature to be found among the Iranun peoples. However, this oral tradition is in danger of dying out, and it should be preserved for the generations to come.

These stories were told by various narrators from Kampung Rampayan Laut in the Kota Belud District of Sabah, Malaysia. Dr. Datu’ Bandira Datu’ Alang recorded them in 1984, indicating at the beginning of each narrative in Bahasa Malay the name of the narrator, often the day and time, and also the location of the recording. Dr. Bandira later transcribed the stories in the original Iranun from the tape-recorded versions. He is responsible for preserving the stories compiled here in Volumes I and II.

Professor Howard McKaughan obtained a xerox copy of the stories in 1996, keyboarded them into a computer, and using a shoe box program produced by the Summer Institute of Linguistics, arranged the data for linguistic analysis and for the compiling of a wordlist of terms used.

Professor Batua Al-Macaraya, a speaker of Maranao in the Philippines, rendered a first draft free translation in English of the stories. McKaughan, with the aid of Maranao, Maguindanao and Malay dictionaries, edited these English translations. Paragraphs in the English translation herein match the paragraphs in the Iranun on facing pages with the paragraphs numbered in multiples of five. Page breaks, however, may not be at the same Iranun word due to grammatical differences in the two languages. The translation is quite literal, making it so a reader can follow the Iranun closely.

It should be remembered that the Iranun represents oral tradition, not written literature. Therefore, both the original and the translation contain oral traditional devices to keep the hearer interested. There has been no attempt to edit the original narrator's version of the story. Redundancy is a part of the oral original along with hesitation forms and memory lapses.

Haji Masrin Haji Hassin and Cikgu Ismail bin Sidik assisted McKaughan in editing the stories by proofing and where necessary correcting the written Iranun. The original transcription needed punctuation, including clause and sentence breaks, quotation marks and paragraphing. This has been done following grammatical clues rather than the phonology of Iranun, since the stories were not available to the editor except in a written form.

In places the English translation is rough, a full command of the Iranun still not in hand by the primary editor. However, the translation will give the gist of the stories, and it will aid the reader should he or she also not have a full command of Iranun. It may even assist Iranun readers learn a bit more English.

The orthography used in this collection is that suggested by the primary editor. It has not yet been fully tested, nor has it been agreed upon by all Iranun speakers. For example, the editor has chosen to write clitics as separate words, i.e., separated by spaces from the words upon which they are phonologically dependent. Thus, though the second person singular enclitic ngka does not stand alone in Iranun, it has been written separately from its preceding phonological base: e.g. Kua'a ngka su awang. ‘Take the boat’. Note that the pronoun moves from its position after the obligatory verb kua'a in Ayau ka kua'a su awang. ‘Don't take the boat’. The pronoun ka in the negative sentence is an alternant of ngka in the positive sentence. Determiners such as su, a, sa and ku are proclitics, but are written separately: e.g. su mama ‘the man’, sa inged ‘to the town’. Such clitics may be separated from the following noun as in su manga mama ‘the men’.

Some Iranun speakers prefer an /e/ before the present progressive prefix /b-/ preceding a homorganic voiceless stop. The editor has written these sequences, following the chosen Iranun phonology: bpaigu ‘bathing’, dsangur ‘going’, gkua ‘taking’. Some Iranun speakers prefer [ebpaigu], [edsangur] and [egkua].

While the editor has linguistic reasons for the orthography chosen for these stories, final decisions must be made by the Iranun speakers themselves. We have reproduced these stories with the purpose of giving more material for testing reactions of readers, and for giving a basis for further discussion.
A wordlist compiled from these stories and from other short texts written in Iranun writers' workshops has been compiled through the shoebox program mentioned above by the editor of this collection. Though not yet complete, the wordlist contains both English and Malay renderings of the Iranun entries as well as illustrative sentences for many of them.

The editor wishes to thank each of the narrators, the collector, Dr. Datu' Bandira, Professor Batua Al-Macaraya and the assistant editors, Haji Masrin and Cikgu Ismail for their part in this project. However, errors still in the text and in the translations are the responsibility of the editor and not of those who assisted.

It is to be hoped that this collection of traditional narratives will encourage Iranun colleagues to collect more Iranun stories, in order to preserve more of the rich heritage and culture contained therein. We have only scratched the surface here. Besides other narratives, there are many Bayuk (poems) still recited by some of the Iranun. A short collection of these Bayuk is being prepared with Haji Masrin, but more needs to be done.

This foreword would not be complete without the mention of Jim and Karla Smith, members of the Institut Linguistik (SIL) of Malaysia. They have undertaken a literacy project with the Iranun, conducting several workshops to teach the use of the computer in the collection of Iranun oral literature as well as contemporary items of interest, the reading and writing of the language, the skills of editing and illustrating Iranun materials, and the general encouragement of the use of the Iranun language. Participants in these workshops have produced to date almost 100 booklets and a short picture dictionary, all in trial editions of a few copies for testing the orthography and transcription techniques. Authors of these materials have included illustrations with the help of a few artists among the Iranun. The booklets have been scanned and keyboarded by Iranun participants and produced in an attractive printed form. Jim and Karla, as well as the many Iranun participants in these workshops are to be highly congratulated.

The overall motivator and person behind the scenes in all of this activity has been Y.B. Datuk Pandikar Amin B. Haji Mulia. His encouragement has been greatly appreciated. He desires to see the Iranun preserved for future generations. That desire motivates us to produce materials exemplified by this collection of Iranun traditional narratives.

Again, the editor wishes to add his encouragement to the Iranun peoples to continue their interest in their language and its recording for posterity.

Howard P. McKaughan
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[Cerita berikut bertajuk Raja Markama diceritakan oleh Tiawan Binti Emai dari Kampung Rampayan, Kota Belud. Rakaman dibuat oleh Dr. Datu' Bandira Datu' Alang pada 15 September 1984.]

1Na aya kun su Raja Markama ia ama' ian su Raja Angkasa, ia ina' ian su Paramaisuri. Ati ia su Raja Indar Dayu inagawan ian sa kawasa su Raja Angkasa. Ia su Raja Angkasa na niamskin den. Bpananaligkudan den sa lubaba ku Raja Indar Dayu. Ia si karuma ian, na ia kapakakan ian, na tumaligkud den sekaian na mukap den su Raja Indar Dayu na su midsabpa' sa likud ian, na giitu den ibpegken ian a lubaba. Aya si karuma ian si Lukus a Mama na penggurai den sa kayu, ka penggadi den ku Raja Indar Dayu.


Raja Markama

[The following story, entitled *Raja Markama*, was told by Tiawan Binti Emai who is from Kampung Rampayan, Kota Belud, Sabah, Malaysia. It was recorded by Dr. Datu' Bandira Datu' Alang, September 15, 1984.]

The father of Raja Markama was Raja Angkasa and his mother was Paramaisuri. Now Raja Indar Dayu snatched away the wealth of Raja Angkasa. Raja Angkasa was reduced to abject poverty. She kept exposing her back to the rice bran of Raja Indar Dayu. His wife, so that they could eat, turned her back to the winnowing of Raja Indar Dayu so that the rice bran might stick to her back and they would eat it. Her husband, Lukus a Mama, split firewood, for he was working for Raja Indar Dayu.

Now on one occasion, on a Friday night, Raja Indar Dayu had a dream. He dreamed that a man came to him and said, “In a short time you will have a replacement. Your new replacement will be born with a black palate.” All that he said came true. Raja Indar Dayu woke up. He thought to himself, “What is this dream of mine, is it true?” He said, “You go and bring,” he said, “the astrologer to look into my dream.”

When the astrologer arrived, he said, “You look into my dream,” he said, “look into my dream,” he repeated, “because there was a new replacement in the night before me, born with a black palate.” The astrologer looked into the dream. The astrologer said that it was true. “It is true,” he said.

He was worried but he kept on thinking. Because he was worried about what he said, he gathered all of the people. He said, “Look for midwives. They are to examine all the women to find out who is pregnant. It was determined that none of the women were pregnant. They said, “None are pregnant, Datu’.” “Well, you must call to mind,” he said, “which ones have not been examined.”

There was one person who answered and said, “Lukus a Babai is the only one that has not been examined. She is at the boundary of the country. He said, “You examine that one.” When Lukus a Babai was examined, the child went to her thigh, and when her thigh was examined, it moved to her abdomen. The examiner went home. She said, “Datu’, there was no one.” He said, “Well, what else is there to do because none were pregnant?”

Let us move forward in the story. When she felt the craving for a particular food that comes from being pregnant, she said to Lukus a Mama, “Lukus a Mama, you look for a young Mampalam fruit, because I suffer much from this particular food-craving, and my body is in bad condition.” She said, “When I can eat the young Mampalam, perhaps then my body will get well.”

Lukus a Babai said, “But where will I get this young fruit? The only one that has this young fruit is Raja Indar Dayu,” he said, “and this thing is carefully guarded,” he said. “You look for it,” she said. “Perhaps,” she said, “one has fallen down,” she said. Lukus a Mama went there, and Lukus a Mama was standing there.

It was God’s will that the wind should blow, and one of the Mampalam fruit fell. He snatched it up. Just as he snatched it, the ones guarding the Mampalam saw him. The ones who saw him do it, snatched it away from him, and they said, “So this is why the fruit of the Mampalam is missing, because you are getting it.” “There were none before this,” he said. “This is the only one,” he said, “because Lukus a Babai,” he said, “requested it.”

They beat up Lukus a Mama. They took the Mampalam from him. He went home. “Hey, Lukus a Mama, did you find some?” “I surely found one piece,” he said. “But they took it away from me and beat me up. You just look at my body how I am all bruised.” “Well, never mind,” she said.

10Pakaga'anen ta. Nimbawata' man si Lukus a Babai, babai man. Nigkataid-taid a wata', bidtuan ian sa ngaran si Puteri Mala Kasuma. Na kembu' den nimbawata' su Raja Markama, na malu den kialuangan si ina' ian agu' si ama' ian. Ah kagia den a madtai, ka mangala' den su manga wata', na nianeg den u Raja Indar Dayu ian si Lukus a Babai agu' si Lukus a Mama na aden a wata' ian, sakatau a mama agu' sakatau a babai.


“It is God’s will.” So, the abdomen of Lukus a Babai got bigger and bigger. After some time, she delivered the baby. The baby was a boy, born with a black palate. There was born with him, a twin, a magic amulet grasped in his fist. They gave him the name, Raja Markama. So, Raja Markama was growing up. After awhile, Lukus a Babai got pregnant again and gave birth.

Let us move forward rapidly. Lukus a Babai gave birth to a little girl. The child became very beautiful, and they gave her the name, Princess Mala Kasuma. Now after the birth of Raja Markama, life became easier for his mother and his father. But after some time, now that the children were growing up, Raja Indar Dayu heard that Lukus a Babai and Lukus a Mama had the children, one a boy, and the other a girl.

He said, “You tell Lukus a Mama and Lukus a Babai,” he said, “to send their children away. If they don’t send them away, later, I will kill them. I will certainly have them killed.” Lukus a Mama and Lukus a Babai cried. “It is a great pity about our children. We have to lose them after giving birth, and they will be separated from us.”

He said, “Oh, Lukus a Babai,” he said, “what can you get,” he said, “as provisions for these children?” Lukus a Babai cooked seven mounds of rice in coconut leaves. They gave this to their children and accompanied them out into the forest. They went back home, but the children walked on night and day. She said, “Oh, Older Brother,” she said, “I am hungry.” He broke off some from the small package of rice. He had her eat what he had broken off. So, whenever he got hungry, he would look for leaves of trees which wouldn’t make him dizzy. Those are what he ate.

Let us move forward rapidly. In a short time, they consumed the mounds of rice so there was nothing left. She said, “Ah, Older Brother,” she said, “I am thirsty.” Raja Markama was worried, but they kept on walking and walking. After some time, they heard the gurgle of flowing water. They went along and they reached the gurgling stream, they each drank from it and also bathed. She drank and bathed. He said, “Younger sister, don’t drink too much or you will be sick to your stomach.” After they finished, they continued to walk and walk.

After walking for a long time, they arrived under a tree. The tree was very nice. Underneath it, it was as clear as though it had been swept with a broom. She said, “Older Brother,” she said, “I am hungry.” “But where will we get food?” Raja Markama said. His sister cried. Just then a bird flew by and she said: “Older Brother,” she said, “you get,” she said, “that bird for me.” Raja Markama opened his hand and the bird perched on it. He was able to capture it.

She said, “You roast it for me,” she said. He said, “Indeed, how can I roast it? There is no fire.” She said, “You go look for fire.” So, he said, “Stay here,” he said, “don’t leave,” he said, “don’t leave this place under this lone tree.” He repeated, “Don’t go away from the trunk of this tree. I will go look for fire. No matter who may come here to you,” he said, “do not,” he said, “go with him,” he said. “Be very careful, your bird might get away.”

Raja Markama walked away. At the same time, he heard the crow of the cock. He estimated where the crow of the cock was. After some time, he arrived at the garden of a Mountain Man which was full of large and tall corn and bananas. They had a roaring fire for roasting corn. He went along the edge of the fence, looking for a break to pass through. Then those Mountain men observed him.

“Ah,” they said, “indeed you are the one that has been getting our ears of corn because you have been taking them.” “Oh, but I am not the one,” he said. “I came here to get fire, not those, because,” he said, “my little sister is hungry.” “Ah, no, but you are,” they said, “the very one that has been taking our corn.”
Na antuna pen iniketan iran, niapasad iran miket, na pirandeg iran. Uman ibpidsinawaruan a baribun ian na litusan a rugu'. Niapasad, tiagu' iran sa dalem a kaban, inulug iran sa kaludan giakutan iran.


Ia su Puteri Tiaya Kirani bagu bperagaraga bagu pegkumbung-kumbung, nggita-gita sa lamalama agu' su manga dayu'-dayu' ian, siayab u Ragasi. Bpeluluba'an den nabeluluba'an den u laki ian su Raja Bujangga agu' su Raja Bujanggi, na di'in pegkatu'un. Su rarag a matatapaya' na talegeben, su rarag a matatalegkeb, na tapaya'an na da' den a tiu'unan run, ka siyab i Apu' Ragasi.


What happened then was that they tied him, and when they finished, they beat him up. Blood oozed out of all the pores of his body. When they finished that, they put him in a box, tied it up and dropped him in the sea.

As for Princess Mala Kasuma, she kept on waiting, but her older brother did not return. Raja Mangandarasi had gone to his friends. He said, “Let us hunt deer.” They hunted deer, and they kept on walking and they even shouted in the forest. They saw no new tracks, and no old ones. “Why is it,” said Raja Mangandarasi, “that in the past when we hunted deer, we got them, but now we spend time and haven't been able to get any at all?”

Then he heard a dog barking. He went toward it and saw a child leaning against the lone tree. The child was very beautiful and was holding a bird. He was staring at her and then said to himself, “This child is not one of the commoners, but a child of royalty. Why is she here? Perhaps she is a victim of envy.”

Oh,” he said, “youngster, why are you here?” She did not speak. “Oh, why have you been left here? Tell me. You better come with me.” “I cannot go with you, because if my older brother returns, I will not be here,” “Why, where is your older brother?” “He went to get fire.” “Oh, we will look for your older brother, so you just come along.”

The child went along and rode with them on his horse. When they reached home, he called his mother. “Mother,” he said, “I have found a child,” he said. “You take her, Mother,” he said. There was no limit to her mother's joy. His mother took her, and his mother fed her. After that was finished, his mother bathed, soaped and powdered her. There was no end to the coddling by his mother and his father. Now let us move back to Raja Markama. That box just drifted and drifted aimlessly.

In the meantime, Princess Tiaya Kirani was in her adolescence, just newly wearing a veil, and was playing on the lawn along with her companions when Ragasi [a flying monster] swooped down for her. Her brothers, Raja Bujangga and Raja Bujanggi searched and searched for her, but they did not find her. The leaves that were face down, were turned face up, and the leaves that were face up, were turned down, but she was not found anywhere, for Apu Ragasi had swooped down and taken her captive.

Every morning Princess Tiaya Kirani went to the wharf looking for a sail because it was in her heart that if she could see someone, she would go with him. After a long time, she saw something floating. “What could it be?” she said. “Could it be a boat?” She waited for it. After a long time, it came near the shore. She swam to it. Oh my goodness, what could it be? What had arrived was a box.

She pulled it up. That thing was a box, all tied up. She opened it. She untied it and opened it. Oh my goodness, there was a man in it. He was a very handsome man. She backed away from the box, because she was embarrassed. After some time, Raja Markama said, “Oh ho,” he said, “Younger Sister, get me out of here. Be very careful. You come help me get out of here.” She went to him. She washed the face of Raja Markama with water.

Raja Markama opened his eyes. He then saw that princess who was very beautiful. His heart was moved because of her. This princess also felt love in her heart for Raja Markama. After some time, she said, “Why are you like this, Older Brother?” she asked. He said, “Somebody became envious of me,” he said. “He became envious of my father and my mother who were entitled to be Raja in our place,” he said. “Therefore,” he said, “he snatched away by force our wealth,” he said, “and we were sent away. If we had not been sent off, we would have been killed.”


“I myself,” he said, “went off,” he said, “to get fire, because my younger sister wanted to have me roast a bird. But I,” he said, “was beaten by the Idaan and they dropped me into the sea. Now I do not know where my young sister is. I just do not know,” he said, “where my young sister is.”

“What about you, Young Lady,” he said. “Why are you here?” “As for myself,” she said, “I was just a little thing, waiting to wear the veil. I was playing on the lawn with my friends,” she said, “when,” she said, “Apu Ragasi swooped down and took me captive.” “My brothers are Raja Bujangga and Raja Bujanggi. Now,” she said, “How can we go back to our homes?” Then they went to her place.

He said, “What will happen now if,” he said, “Apu Ragasi arrives? What will happen to me?” She said, “I will just hide you.” He said, “What will signal his coming?” “Good Lord,” she said, “it will get dark,” she said, “for the eye of the sun will be hidden,” she said. “The sky will be darkened,” she said. “I will hide you, but it won’t be a long time, Intan,” she said, “because it won’t be long before,” she said, “he arrives.”

She then hid him. “Later when he arrives,” she said, “he will want to be deloused. He will inquire, whether my heart is large now? I will say,” she said, “it is still small, Apu.” “When he inquires of you,” he said, “if your heart is large now, you tell him ‘Look for the heart of forty-four animals, Apu. These are what you should feed me. Then my heart will get big. Then maybe you will want to eat me,’” he said.

Then the Ragasi arrived. “Oh ho,” he said, “I smell the odor of a human.” She said, “Who indeed, could you smell, Apu? I myself am the only one here,” she said. “No other human could come here.” “Ah, no, I smell human odor.” “There is no one here, Apu. Maybe I am the one you smell.” Then they ate. When they finished eating, he lay down. Then he summoned Princess Tiaya Kirani to delouse him.

Princess Tiaya Kirani deloused him. Now his lice really were scorpions and centipedes. “Ah,” he said, “Young Lady, has your heart gotten big yet?” “It is still little, Apu. If you want my heart to get big, you look for the hearts of forty-four animals to feed to me so that my heart will get large.” It is said that Ragasi howled loudly as though he were two individuals. The animals that had been pregnant for seven months had miscarriages. Those that ran away were crippled and blinded through their fear. “Is it like that, woman?” “Yes, Apu.” So, they went away. “Until you find them, don’t come home.” They left. Thus, they went out searching.

She went over to Raja Markama. They went to the wharf. Raja Markama saw a sail. It was the size of a betel leaf, waving and waving in the wind. In a short time, it drew near. It was a boat. They said, “We want to be passengers with you.” They said yes. Then Raja Markama said, “Let’s first go back to the house.” They went to the house. He said, “All of the jewels,” he said, “that you want,” he said, “you just take them.” The princes took them. When finished, they made a trap door, er, there under the stairs. When they finished that, they lit a fire and then went to the wharf. Then they rode away.

After a long time, they were far away. The Ragasi saw the smoke where their house was burning. “Good Lord,” Apu Ragasi said to his wife, “the Princess has been burned up. Let us go home, the princess has been burned up. I have said that there is a human there that she has been hiding.” They went home. They cried. They said the Princess has surely been burned up. After they got home, they went up the stairs. They stepped into the trap and they died.


Let us go back to Raja Markama. Before he knew it, a raging storm blew up. The captain said, "Roll up the mainsail there," he said. Raja Markama started to roll it up, but he pushed him overboard into the water, and he thus fell into the water. The weather cleared. The captain went there to the Princess. She said, "Do not get near me," said the Princess. "I will choke myself. Where," she asked, "is my older brother?" "Where indeed," he said, "is your older brother? He fell into the sea. He has died." Therefore, this Princess began to cry.

Now as for Raja Markama, whenever he passed a fish, he tried to get it to swallow him. The fish would say, "I cannot swallow you," it said, "because I can't find you, and you have great power." The shark passed by. He said, "Apu Bagisan, swallow me." The shark swallowed him. He said, "Now you help me and don't separate from this boat as it goes to shore," he said. "Wherever they land, you take me there too." That was how it happened. As to that captain, he got to the shore, and immediately the shark landed there at the wharf of Lukus a Babai and Lukus a Mama there in that place. And, er, that datu' who found the younger sister was there also.

Lukus a Babai said, "Get up and look, Lukus a Mama, for a fish for us, because we do not have any and we are dying of hunger for we do not have any fish." "Ah, where shall I look, Lukus a Babai?" "You go to the edges of the sand, perhaps there is something that has drifted in." When Lukus a Mama went, he saw a shark that had come in there. "It is good," he said, "that I found a shark. My luck is very good."

He wanted to pick it up, but he couldn't carry it. He then ran to the house and came to Lukus a Babai. He said, "Lukus a Babai, you come quickly, I found," he said, "a fish but it is very heavy. I cannot carry it." Lukus a Babai jumped down and they tried to carry it, one on one end, the other on the other, but they could not ascend into the house. They couldn't carry it. So then they decided to split it. Raja Markama spoke up. "Apu," he said, "cut carefully or I will be wounded." They cut into it, and Raja Markama appeared in an unthinkable condition.

"Now what is going on?" he said. Lukus a Babai was getting the perfume flowers. "What, Apu," he said, "is this your work?" "By the good Lord, Young Man, this is our living. After the captain got here to shore, I have been selling these, Young Man, to make a living." "Ah, Apu, you go ahead and get plenty, because I will help you fix them." "Ah, Young Man, there is a very beautiful girl he brought. Whenever he approaches her, that girl will not consent to his advances. She only cries. Then later when I arrive, she is able to laugh."

They wove the flowers together, indeed he also helped arrange the flowers. He said, "Apu, separate out," he said, "the ones I arranged, and give them to her," he said. The old one left. When she came upstairs, the captain said, "Apu, come in here where the Princess is." She went inside and turned to where that princess was.

"Apu," that princess said, "Come on in." That princess looked at the goods. The captain said, "If you want to buy any, you go ahead and buy all you want." She bought some and after awhile, she said, "What is this, Apu, why is it that this one among the bunches is very pretty, but not expensive. Who, Apu, made this one that is so beautiful?" "Your relative who is a man, Apu," Lukus a Babai said. "What, Apu, does my relative, Apu, know how to make them?" she asked.

She discovered that there was a ring in it. She recognized her name, because she and Raja Markama had exchanged rings. "Why Apu," she said, "is there some person there with you?" She said, "There is no one," she said, "there, is no one Young Lady," she said. She said, "Apu, don't hide it from me."

The old one went home. "Tomorrow, Apu," she had said, "you just come along here to the shore." The old one went home. When the old one got there, he said, "Apu, what
kadtaru' ian?” tig i Raja Markama. “Na ibpagidsa’ ian raken, Dayang, a satiman utu, antawa i niumberal run.” “Pidtaru' aken, 'Si apu' ka a mama.’” “Na kua' ka Apu' pakadakel-dakela ngka a umbalen tu bu' amai magabi,” tig i Raja Markama.


Na ia kagia, ka inidsa’an a wata’ utu antuna i ngaran i an, di’ i an mbedtu’un. Na bidtuan iran sa Puteri Mayang Manguran. Na di’ gkakaing, ka kipeluluba’ ian si kaka’ i an baru sekayan miug kaingen. Na bpeluluba’ ian pen den niakuan den a inged anan, ka bpeluluba’an ian den su Raja Markama.

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did she say?” Raja Markama asked. She was inquiring of me, Young Man, about that one piece, asking indeed who made it. I said, “Your relative, a man.” “You get some more, Apu. Make a whole lot, as many as the two of us can make, even if it is at night,” said Raja Markama.

They made the bouquets again. After they had made them, in the morning, the old one left. He placed a letter he had written in them, and he also placed betel chew which the old one had prepared in them. “When you arrive there,” he said, “Apu, scratch your head. Then you will be deloused.” That old one arrived there.

When that old one arrived there, the captain said, “go there,” he said, “to the Princess.” When she arrived there, she said, “Apu, come in, Apu. Where, Apu, is your merchandise?” “That which your relative,” she said, “which your relative made, Apu?” “Yes,” she said this. She looked at them. “By Allah, they are beautiful, Apu,” she said. “Whenever you come this way, Apu,” she said, “you just have plenty made, and bring over plenty,” she said. That old one then scratched her head. “Why,” she said, “Apu, why Apu, do you have lice?” “There are, Young Lady,” she said. “Now you come over here,” she said, “I will delouse you.”

She deloused her. Then she saw the letter. She read it. It was from Raja Markama. Raja Markama inquired in the contents of that letter, “Do you remember him, Raja Markama? Have you accepted that captain?” She then answered that letter. Then the old one went home. When the old one arrived home, she told him about it. That old one said she gave her the letter, she repeated that she gave it to her. “Good, Apu,” he said.

Let us move on to Raja Mangandarasi. He said, “What about that child I found. She is perhaps now a young lady. I have not seen her indeed.” He went to the especially prepared place and he saw her. By Allah, she was already a young woman, and a very beautiful woman. He went to his mother and to his father, and said, “Mother, and you Father, will you approve if I marry that princess?” His mother and his father said, “By Allah, Young Man, ten thanks if you do marry her.”

Then they asked the child what her name was, and she did not tell them. So, they named her Princess Mayang Manguran. But she did not want to get married then, because she wanted to search for her older brother before she married. They searched and went everywhere, looking for Raja Markama.

Then they decided to play sipa [a game involving kicking a rattan ball]. When Raja Markama heard that there were those playing sipa, he went to attend the game. There he saw Princess Mayang Manguran. She went down to her older brother, and she brought him upstairs. Then they told each other their stories. After that, Raja Mangandarasi married her. The festivities lasted forty-four days. So the wedding took place, and they were married.

As for Raja Bujanggi and Raja Bujangga, they had gone out searching for her. That captain had also gone there, and the information was that he also ordered that one that he found to marry him. When Princess Tiaya Kirani arrived there where they were, she saw Raja Markama and her brothers. She embraced them. They killed that captain.

After these weddings, Raja Markama said, “Young Lady,” he said, “I must find our mother and father, because,” he said, “I don't know if they are alive or dead.” “Oh,” she said, “I will go along with you, Older Brother.” “Why is that,” he said, “are you not ashamed of Mother and Father? I will go on alone.” “Ah, but no,” she said, “I will go with you.” “You tell this to your husband,” he said. She told her husband that his wife would go along. They went and they prepared provisions for many Rajas. They got provisions and they left.


After he heard the crow of the cock of that place, he said, “Young Lady, you stay here, because I will find out about Mother and Father. Why,” he said, “are you not ashamed? As for Mother,” he said, “and Father, they were paupers,” he said, “and could cause shame.” He then went on.

After a long time, he heard the thudding of someone chopping firewood. He came to his father. He was splitting firewood. Now he, er, touched him. That is, first he called him. But because he was old, he did not hear him. So, he touched him, and he turned his head. The old man said, “Young Man, have you not, Young Man, have you not met a child somewhere?” “Oh, none,” he said. “Maybe,” he said, “he died, or” he said, “maybe he was eaten by animals,” he said. “Ah,” he said, “Young Man, if, Young Man, my child, Raja Markama, had not been lost, he,” he said, “might,” he said, “have looked just like you,” he said, “and his younger sister also was lost.”

He then said, “Intan, come on, let us go to the house.” “Ah, Young Man, how can I go home? I am splitting firewood.” “Oh, you throw that firewood of yours away.” “Ah, but I can’t throw it away, because we, your Apu and I could not eat.” As for Raja Markama, he took the wood and he threw it away. “Ah, Young Man,” he said, “why did you throw that away? We could sell that,” he said, “to the, er, sultan.” “Let us go home,” he said.

When they arrived at the house, my goodness, his mother was bedridden. He had them eat, and when they finished, he bathed, soaped and powdered them. After that was finished, he summoned the power of the magic amulet, and there stood a house for his mother and his father. Everything that Rajas might have was furnished, and that place there was brilliant due to the newly created wealth. He went downstairs. He said, “Do not leave this place.” He brought his younger sister and his brothers-in-law there. When they arrived, when each one arrived they embraced those old ones. Nothing could equal the joy of those two old folks.

55After a long time, Raja Indar Dayu heard about the progress there in that brilliant place. He said, “Who could have arrived there?” At the same time Raja Markama wrote a letter to be given to Raja Indar Dayu. They were about to repay him for the pain he caused in his heart. Raja Markama would compensate for the pain in his heart caused by the murder and because he was cast aside. He had now arrived a full-grown man.

As for the sultan, he gathered together all of his subjects. He said, “Let us fight him,” and they went to war. Raja Indar Dayu used, er, a rain of arrows. Raja Markama shot a rain of stones. Raja Indar Daya used a rain of spears. Raja Markama used a rain of iron-tipped arrows as they fought this war to the death. After a long time, he cut off the head of Raja Indar Dayu and hung it up. When that, er, son, Ramsah, saw it, he said, “My father has been killed.” He went down, for the greater portion of those subjects, in fact all had been killed. Ramsah went downstairs. He was killed too.

His mother saw this. She said, “Perhaps I will choke myself,” the mother said, “because I have no husband now, and I have no child.” “Oh, but no,” they said. “It is not our fault, it is the fault of your husband.” “Ah, no,” she said. “You go ahead and kill me.” So she also died. They killed her.

His daughter went down. Her name was Princess Bunga Sakti. She went downstairs. Then she said, “You kill me too,” she said, “because I have no mother, I have no father, and I have no siblings.” “Oh,” they said, “no way, no way,” they said. “No way,” they said. You are of great value. It would be a pity to kill you. They are the ones that committed crimes against us.” “Ah, but no,” she said. “You just go ahead and kill me.” They took her and brought her home.
Niakauma du'u inipanik iran ku Puteri Mala Kasuma agu' su puteri a dua katau utu kagia a ba'i. Inaid den du'u, na rinimbar den kagia a dua katau utu a manga ba'i. Kagian a marimbar iran inikipangaruma iran ku Raja Bujangga.


Na niapus den.
When they arrived, they went upstairs to Princess Mila Kasuma and to two other Princesses, because she was a woman. They brought her there and those two women entertained her. They entertained her, and then they married her to Raja Bujangga.

After a long time, then, that war was settled. Then Raja Markama said, “It is time,” he said, “for you, Young Lady, to return to your place. As for me, I will be here. You, Young Lady,” he said, “will accompany your husband.” So each one went home, each Raja and Princess, to his or her place.

It is finished.
Saudagar


Saudagar

[The following story, entitled Saudagar, was told by Hajah Afsah Binti Abpah, originally from Kampung Rampayan, Kota Belud. It was recorded by Dr. Datu' Bandira Datu' Alang on September 10, 1984 in the language of Iranun in the house of the narrator.]

I will tell you a story about Saudagar. Saudagar was already an adult, now a father. Saudagar said to his son, for there were two children. There was a girl and a boy, the older a boy. There were then two girls. He said, “Young Man,” he said, “I want to give you my last will. You observe it, Young Man,” he said, “when I die. I have given you my last will, and that should be enough.”

Now it is said that nothing could hinder Saudagar’s greatness, for his possessions were unlimited. He had said, “Young Man, I have made my last will for you. Please don’t let your younger two sisters marry a descendant of the common people. Even if someone is poor but a descendant of the datus, then you must accept him, Saudagar,” he said. “Even though they may be sincere, if the family is not of the upper class, do not accept them. Do not allow my children to marry such. Now you, Young Man, do not marry one who is not of the real people. Please marry only one who is like a true malong, only one of the datu’ class. In addition, Young Man, you should not establish friendly relations with an Indian. Don’t establish friendly relations with a Chinese helper. That, Young Man, is my last will for you, which is an important last word. Remember this,” he said to Saudagar.

What can you say? Let’s move this along faster. It came about that he died. That Saudagar died. It is true, Saudagar died. That son of his kept on thinking: “What about my father’s last will,” he said. “How can I find out whether that one is really true or not.” He became friendly with an Indian in one of his stores. Soon his property was consumed by the treacherous action of the Indian. He said, “My father was right.” Then he hired a Chinese in one of his stores. Again, his goods were consumed. He said, “My father was right.”

He allowed one of his sisters to marry a person who was not of the upper class. He had the other sister marry a person from the datus, though he was very poor. So, it was with his two sisters. One married a person not of the royal class, but an average person. He did those things to test the last will of his father. That, friend, was a wise person.

Now the sultan of that place had an only daughter. One of the people caught a barking deer and he sold it to the sultan. So, he got that barking deer. That barking deer was then trained as a pet for his daughter. It was for that young girl to play with. Every evening, the barking deer came running to the palace. Early in the morning, the barking deer went into the forest to the center of the field. At dusk it would again come regularly to the palace where it was trained to sleep.

The happiness of that only daughter of the sultan could not be estimated. Her joy with that barking deer was boundless. On one occasion, that, er, son of Saudagar stole—well because he was very poor having no possessions, he stole that barking deer. After he stole the barking deer, that evening he brought up to his wife some meat. He said to his wife, “Here it is, er, won’t we be able to eat now,” he said, “because of this? Now,” he said. “I haven’t eaten anything for there is no food. Here,” he said, “is some meat,” he said.

“Where,” she said, “did you get it?” his wife asked. “Don’t,” he said, “say anything,” he said, because I stole,” he said, “the barking deer of the princess.” “Good Lord,” his wife said, “Now we will surely die.” “Why,” he said, “must they know about it? They must not find out,” he said. “Don’t say anything. They must not find out about it. Please, just keep it a secret, because I will die; having nothing to pay, the sultan will kill me.” His wife said yes, so each time


he entrusted this to that woman. “What we do not eat,” he said, “you dry under the sun.” She said yes.

When evening came, the barking deer did not return. It was early when that barking deer left, and that barking deer did not come back again. The princess said, “Why is it that my barking deer has not come home?” Then she said to her servants, “You help,” she said. “You go down there and search for my barking deer.” They searched but were not able to find it. They were going to tell her father about it. “You tell my father for me,” she said, “that my barking deer is lost.”

The people kept hunting for it up until morning came, but it was said that they did not find the barking deer. The princess kept crying. She did not eat. She said this to the sultan, “Even if someone wanted to buy that barking deer,” she said, “I would not sell it, even if they filled this place full of riches.”

10“What,” he said, “has happened to my child? She won't eat and that princess just keeps on crying.” All the people roamed around in the forest, but there was nothing. The wife of Saudagar's son cut up the, er, the meat of that barking deer and dried it. She dried it because this man, that is, her husband, did not stay at the house.

Now there was a certain old woman. That princess, the child of the sultan said to her, “Oh, Apu,” she said, “how about you, Apu, helping to look for it. Even if you do not find it because it is dead,” she said, “or the people have eaten it, it will be enough,” she said, “if the one who got it is found.” That princess said this. “Don’t worry. I'll go out looking,” said the old one. She went out looking in the houses for it. There was a house quite far away. She went up into that house where the barking deer had been stolen.

When she arrived, the wife of that Saudagar said, “Stay here, Apu, right here.” The young lady gave her a pillow. The wise old one rested. “How are you, Apu?” “Young Lady,” she said, “I cannot endure my hunger.” “Why, yes are you really hungry?” “Good Lord, Young Lady, “it is because I haven't been able to eat.” “Why?” “I don't have any food. That is why, Young Lady, I have come here. Perhaps there are some crumbs of your food here, Young Lady, which I can eat.” “Ah, Apu, I will let you eat. Ah, Apu, there is some meat that has been cooked.” “What meat is this, Young Lady?” “It is the meat of a barking deer, Apu.” “Young Lady, I don't eat cooked meat. Don't you have some that is dried, Young Lady?”

“There is some, Apu, just wait awhile.” “Young Lady, where did your husband get this meat?” “Ay, it is the barking deer of the princess which he stole. How is it, Apu, that you do not know this?” “Ah, Young Lady, I really didn't know. Good Lord, how can the people searching find it since it is already butchered?” “Apu, do not tell, because then this secret will become known.” “But how, Young Lady, will it become known? Even if I were to be rewarded, Young Lady, I would not make this known because of your sympathy for me. Only, Young Lady, let me have what is dried, Young Lady, even if only the same as your forefinger. I will not eat what is cooked.” “Here, Apu, is one good piece, Apu.” “You wrap it for me, Young Lady.” The old one was happy because it was like she was given a reward. So, the old lady went home joyfully. She arrived there very rapidly.

She arrived there, that is, er, she arrived. When she got there, she went up to the palace of that princess. “Here, Young Lady, is the barking deer which I am placing before you. Here is your barking deer, Young Lady.” “My Lord, where did you get it?” “From the wife of that impoverished son of Saudagar. They dried it completely. They wanted me to eat what was cooked, but I didn't eat that which they cooked.” “Indeed, that is why it could not be found, because my barking deer was dead.” That princess cried bitterly. “I had thought that it,” she said, “had only wandered off.”

15She sent for her father. “You tell my father that the barking deer was found at that Saudagar's. They found it, for he butchered it. Here is that which has been dried.


Take it for me to my father.” They brought that which was dried there. The sultan said because the sultan found out about it, “You go for me, er, you go for me to Saudagar. How dare he do this to the pet of my child,” he said. “I thought it remote that this would happen,” he said. “No one in this place would dare to do this,” he said. “That barking deer was the favorite of the princess.”

The one ordered went and arrived. He said, “Where is your husband?” She said, “He is here.” Saudagar understood. He found out about it. “Why,” his wife said, “has the sultan sent for you to come immediately?” Saudagar said, “What is this all about? Why did he send for me?” “It is not known why that person ordered it. You just come quickly.” Then the person sent went home.

“Did you reveal the secret that I told you not to reveal?” he asked. “Why should I reveal anything? I am not crazy, am I?” “Yes, you are.” “Would I reveal something that will cause my death? What would I make known?” That man left.

That Saudagar went to the sultan. When he arrived, he said, “Datu’, why did you send for me?” He said, “So indeed, you are the one that got the barking deer of my child which was lost.” “Ah, no,” he said. “But,” he said, “here is the dried portion which your wife gave to the old lady. Your wife,” he said, “gave it to this old woman. How can you argue about it? Here is the evidence.”

“You are right,” he said. “It is the truth, because there was nothing from which I could get food. I could not eat. So, it was preferable,” he said, “for me to steal something, er, better that I steal the barking deer of the princess.” “You have to pay. I value you, so I will not have you killed, but you have to pay.” “How much,” he said, “will I have to pay?” He said, “Ten camels, paired so that if one holds a pole on each pair, the ten camels will be even.” He said, “I have to beg of you a grace period of ten days,” he said. “I will give you a grace period of seven days in which I will wait,” he said. He went down the stairs with a little laugh. And he left.

Saudagar went to his brother-in-law. That one had many camels. Though he was not of the upper class, he had plenty of camels. That man to whom he was going to see was sitting by the door. He recognized Saudagar coming, so he went inside. He went inside to rest because he recognized him. That one had the custom to rest like that. As soon as he appeared, the woman there saw him. She said, “Older Brother, come on up. Come up, you are surely my brother.” “Where,” he said, “is my brother-in-law?” “Sleeping.” His wife called him, because his wife knew he was awake. She said, “My older brother is looking for you.”

“How are you, Brother-in-law?” he said. He got up. “Don’t I have a purpose here? That is why I came here,” he said. “What is your purpose with me? Haven’t you heard what the situation is, Brother-in-law? Since I had no food, I stole the barking deer of the princess. I butchered it in the forest. When I went upstairs, I warned my wife. I warned my wife, saying that ‘If you tell about it, he will kill me.’” “How did she reveal it?” “She gave the old woman a dried portion and the sultan showed it to me. This is why I am begging for help.” That is what he was doing. “I am asking for your help, Brother-in-law.”

“Good Lord, Brother-in-law.” He cast his eyes down. He raised his head and said, “Brother-in-law, I can’t handle the plan. What,” he said, “is your agreement?” He said, “I begged,” he said, “for a period of grace of ten days, but he gave me,” he said, “seven days.” “After the seventh day comes, maybe we will see there an offspring of one of the camels. Perhaps there will be a little one. We may get an offspring of a camel.”


Saudagar said, “If there is only one among the offspring of the camels for me,” he said, “then don’t bother, because it does not come up to the ten over which,” he said, “one must hold a pole. If there is only one offspring of a camel for me,” he said, “then don’t help me at all. What,” he said, “can I do if there is really nothing?” He went home.

Then he went to the poor one. When his poor brother-in-law saw him, right when he saw him, he went out to meet him. He said, “Come on up, Brother-in-law.” Though poor, he was of the datu’ class. “You come on up,” he said. “Brother-in-law, come up because you just have that frown. Cook some food,” he said to his wife. “Cook some food,” he said, “so we and your older brother can eat.” She cooked some food, and that woman was preparing everything. They were very hospitable to Saudagar.

He said, “Now Brother-in-law,” he said, “what,” he said, “are you going to talk about?” That Saudagar said, “This,” he said, “is why I came to you. This is the reason,” he said, “I came,” he said, “to you. I have been hit with a payment of ten camels over which one can hold a pole over those large camels.” “Have you already gone to that other brother-in-law of yours?” “I indeed went to him. But he just said that when the agreement comes due, he will check to see if there is an offspring of the camels. As for me,” he said, “Brother-in-law,” he said, “it is certain,” he said, “that the sultan will kill me for lack of the ten camels.”

“He said, “Do not worry, Brother-in-law. Do not worry. Just make your heart feel good. Do not worry,” he said. “I have brothers that have many camels who will help, brothers who will help,” he said. “Do not worry,” he said, “even though it makes me borrow funds. You just go home, Brother-in-law,” he said. So, he went home. That one, er, said, “My father was really right,” he said. “That last will of my father is true.” And he went home.

“Why,” he said, “did you reveal what will cause me to be killed,” he said to his wife. “Why did you make known that secret?” “Ah, I did not reveal it,” she said. “The dried piece,” he said, “you gave her,” he said, “was evidence, that dried piece of meat. How can you deny that you told that woman?”

Let us move on rapidly. It wasn’t long before the time set for the agreement arrived. Though the agreement time had arrived, and the sun was high, indeed the sun was already high, still Saudagar on the seventh day had not arrived. His kuan arrived, that is, his brother-in-law arrived there, the one of the common people. He arrived on the seventh day. He brought the offspring of a camel. He led it with a rope to meet there with Saudagar.

Then the poor brother-in-law arrived, and he led the camels he had borrowed. He led them there. He said, “What about my brother-in-law,” he asked, “he has not arrived here ahead of us?” The sun was already high, and the sultan said, “What about Saudagar? I don’t think he kept in mind how if he doesn’t show up for the payment, then he has breached the contract. What could have happened?”

Then he acknowledged it. “What I led over here are not the same size, for they were borrowed. You may be dissatisfied, because they could not be the same in size.” He said, “Go, look for Saudagar for me. Tell him that just now they arrived here, but he didn’t keep in mind, er, what he was to pay me. They arrived, but the camels are different sizes.” So, when they were to be handed over, the people gathered there because of what was stolen. They had found out about the camels, the many required for the payment.

Suddenly the barking deer arrived. Suddenly it bounded up, and it ran to its home, that barking deer. Suddenly that princes screamed. “Good Lord,” she said, “it is my barking deer.” My barking deer has arrived,” she said, “my own barking deer has arrived.” The people consulted together, and they said, “Where did it come from? This thing which was butchered is alive. Where did it come from? It was butchered.” You could hear it. They cried out, “The barking deer is alive, it is alive.”


Niapus/Miapasad.
The sultan bowed his head. He was not able to talk because he was thinking. He bowed down and thought. He was confused mentally because it had come, er, it couldn't possibly have arrived, he thought. He bowed down, thinking about what happened.

Then Saudagar arrived there. Saudagar was smiling and smiling. “Hey, Brother-in-law,” his poor brother-in-law who had led over the camels said. “Well, Brother-in-law,” he said, “what will be done now?” he asked, “for here is my payment, the ten camels. But,” he said, “the barking deer has arrived too, and it is running about.” “But how could it be alive since you butchered that one?”

He laughed and laughed. He said, “Have your camels come along,” he said, and let's return. You bring your camels along. Go on home.” The sultan said to that Saudagar, “Come here by me. You come over here to me,” he said. “Tell me about what has happened to you,” he said.

Saudagar laughed. Saudagar sat down and he said, “Listen,” he said, “to what happened to me. At the time,” he said, “when my father still was alive, and I was a young unmarried man, and also my sisters were not yet fully grown,” he said, “my father said, ‘You draw near me here because there is this advice that I will give you in my will. Now you listen to my last will for you. Do not allow your two sisters to marry a person who is a commoner, because you are a sultan and your ancestors were datus. It is like a woman's malong. Do what fits. Do not forget my last will for you. Never allow an Indian to be a close friend. Don't take on as a friend a Chinaman.’ And so, Datu,” he said, “there was that one Chinese, he said, in the store of my father, and the Chinese caused the loss of everything. I had used a foreigner,” he said. “This is the way I became poor. He consumed,” he said, “my father's wealth.”

“Then I tested that will some more,” he said. “I,” he said, “married an average person. I went ahead and got married. Then I brought and butchered a goat,” he said, “in the forest. I corralled that barking deer in the forest,” he said. “I cut up and butchered the goat,” he said. “I brought it, and I said to her, ‘Do not reveal the secret.’” She said she wouldn’t. But she told the old lady about it. My father was right,” he said.

“And,” he said, “I had the other sister marry one whose ancestors were datus who was poor. That is the one that lead in the camels.” The other brother-in-law of mine,” he said, “was a rich merchant, but he was of common stock. He was the one that brought out here with him just one offspring of a camel. These things,” he said, “are what happened to me. I found out everything was true,” he said. “I found out everything, Datu.”

It could not be imagined what was in the heart of the sultan. He said, “His wisdom can not be imagined.” “Therefore,” he said, “this is my decision. You take away the wife of that merchant who is of the common people. Take his wife away so that you separate them. There is no hope for them. Also throw out your wife. I will have you get married. I will have you marry my daughter who played with the barking deer.”

That is the end.
Raja Sumayatin

[Cerita berikut bertajuk Raja Sumayatin diceritakan oleh Hajah Afjah Binti Abpah berumur 84 tahun berasal dari Kampung Rampayan Laut, Kota Belud. Rakaman dibuat oleh Dr. Datu' Bandira Datu' Alang pada 10-10-1984 di rumah informan sendiri.]


Magabi sa kapita’ na ia den pipikiren u Sulutan sa Ujung Pandan. “Amanayan,” tig ian, “i kabulusan sa manga wata’ ku aya?”


Raja Sumayatin

[The following story, entitled Raja Sumayatin, was told by Hajah Afsah Binti Abpa, Age 84. She is originally from Kampung Rampayan Laut, Kota Belud. The story was recorded by Dr. Datu' Bandira Datu' Alang on September 10, 1984 in the house of the narrator.]

Listen to the account of Sultan Ujung Pandan. Sultan Ujung Pandang fathered four boys. The name of the oldest was Abdul Daud. The one that followed was Sheik Nandin, then Sheik Janatun Katib and then Abi Bakaram. These were all his children. After the birth of these children, namely the four sons of Ujung Pandang, the happiness of Ujung Pandang could not be imagined.

Let us move on rapidly. When these children were older, they were told to read, but they did not want to do that. Their only desire was to wrestle. They wrestled as long as they were awake. Their mother would say, “You better eat,” she said, “because you will be hungry if you don’t.” They ate, but when finished eating, they wrestled. They wrestled and wrestled. When it was time to sleep, they would sleep, but even late at night, these fearful children would continue their activity of wrestling. They just wrestled.

The Sultan of Ujung Pandang said, “What hope do I have for my very different children,” he said, “for these, my sons? Where,” he said, “will you find such children as these whose only purpose in life is to wrestle? What will happen to them,” he said, “since they will not consent to read?” Evening and morning the Sultan of Ujung Pandang thought about this. “What will happen to my children?” he said.

When they awoke from sleep, they again wrestled, making a loud noise. They wrestled and wrestled. When told to stop, they continued as if they had not heard. One cannot imagine the pain it caused their father in his heart. “It is a pity,” he said, “about these children.”

But let us move forward rapidly. On one occasion when he was asleep, an old man came to him. He said, “Sultan Ujung Pandang, what is going on with your children? Their only purpose in life is to wrestle. So, what hope can you have for them?” he said. “If they are not able to leave each other alone, they will,” he said, “have no usefulness at all.”

The Sultan of Ujung Pandang said, “What should be done?” He said, “You should shoot them away. You shoot them away,” he said. “But retain,” he said, “one of them.” “Good Lord,” the Sultan of Ujung Pandan said, “My children will be lost.” He responded, “But of what use are they if their destiny is to wrestle? If you shoot them away, they will be separated. That would be good.” But he said, “There is no bow.” “Oh,” he said, “here is my bow.” He put the bow down there. You just imagine the effect of what he dreamed.

Sultan Ujang Pandan woke up very early. He saw the bow that he left there. Good Lord, it was the same as though his heart was broken. He said, “It is,” he said, “indeed real. There will be no waiting. This very strange thing that I dreamed is real,” he said. With downcast eyes he kept thinking, and then he cried. “What I am commanded to do is very real,” he said.

After awhile, his wife awoke. He said, “What do you think?” He said, “An old man came to me,” he said. “I dreamed that I was to use his bow to shoot the children away.” “Good Lord.” And his wife fell over heavily and said, “I cannot bear that.” He said, “Think carefully,” he said, “because that dream of mine may not be just a dream, because here,” he said, “is the bow that he left behind.”


He covered over his face with a cloth. After he covered himself, he went to his children and got his weapons. First, he shot Abdul Daud away, and following that, he shot Sheik Nandin Piundut away. Then next he shot Sheik Janatun Katib away. There remained only Abi Bakaram. Abi Bakaram was left. He went back and he laid down on his back without looking. They poured water on his wife.

The son that was sleeping awoke. (The sun was high when he woke up.) He looked all around, but he did not see any of his companions. He went downstairs to the ground. He went around the house, but he did not find them. His son went back upstairs into the house. He covered himself and that young man wept bitterly. Perhaps, it is said, he won.

Let us move on rapidly. For some time, the youngster was barely distracted by what his father explained. So, his father spoke this way, “Young man, it is time for you to get married. Don’t look for your brothers anymore. They have gone to a different place. They have gotten married,” he said, “in those places. So, you should go ahead and get married.” He told his son, Abi Bakaram, to get married. So, he was able marry someone there in their own place. Then Warna Megat was born, the child of Abi Bakaram, namely Warna Megat, his son.

Let us move forward rapidly. He died and Warna Megat was left alone in the world. It is acknowledged that the wealth of Sultan Ujung Pandan could not be calculated. This Sultan Ujung Pandan had been a prophet, and up to that time he had been called upon as one to lead prayers, namely this Sultan Ujung Pandan.

So it was that Warna Megat was left alone. He had nothing, for he was foolish, incompetent in his thinking. He went through all the wealth of his father. Then Warna Megat got married. He married Siri Kabayu. But even the name of his wife was of no use. He had married Siri Kabayu, the name of his wife, but he became a pauper. Now this is what happened with this survivor regarding his wealth. He took an oath. “I swear,” he said to Siri Kabayu, “that if only,” he said, “God will give us a boy, then I will cover his body all over with gold,” he said.

So, it is said that after awhile, his wealth was gone. It was at the time that he lost his wealth and he became poor that Siri Kabayu got pregnant. Good Lord, but it cannot be imagined the anguish suffered by Warna Megat. He said, “What has happened to me that God gave me a child when my body is all that I have left.” This is what he said.

Let us move forward rapidly. When the month for his wife's delivery arrived, Siri Kabayu indeed delivered a child. But she didn't even call a midwife, because there was nothing to give one. They were so poor that they had nothing of any kind left except their bodies. After his wife laid down, without help, the child was born. When the child was born, the child cried. He went over to look at it. He looked, and it was a boy. He went downstairs. They could not find him after that, for he left. He just walked away without saying anything. What he had sworn is that he would cover a child all over with gold if it was a boy. If that one had been a girl, he would not have gone away. But it was a boy. So he went away.

Now as for Siri Kabayu, she kept on crying while the child was there at the foot of the bed where she lay. She said, “Where is Warna Megat?” she said. “He has not come to me.” She kept calling her husband. Then she sat up because the child was crying. “Where,” she said, “is Warna Megat? If he will only give me some water, I will bathe this child,” she said, “and then I will cut off its umbilical cord.”

Where was Warna Megat? He did not come upstairs. She moved slowly because the woman had just given birth. She moved slowly and got water and she got a knife and cut off the umbilical cord which she got from the baby. She bathed that child. After she finished bathing the child, she kept waiting for Warna Megat. “Where is Warna Megat for we are very hungry,” she said. “What is there for me to eat, for I just do not have anything to eat. If only there were a young coconut that could perhaps satisfy me. If only there were a young coconut,” she said,


“then I could eat, and it would be enough. If only I could put something in my stomach,” the woman said. “It would be enough if only I could put something in my stomach. I just cannot endure my hunger.”

That child heard her. Pusedan got up. Pusedan got up and he slowly moved. He went down the stairs and he climbed the coconut tree. Then he looked up, er, that is, Sabandar stopped and looked up. He said, “What is this noise that is up there, this that is up in the coconut tree?” He looked up at the child. The umbilical cord was ragged. He was dragging part of the umbilical cord. “Good Lord,” he said, “Pusedan has gone up the coconut tree.”

“Pusedan,” he said, “you come down or your mother will die. If you don’t come down, your father will also die.” “The reason I climbed the coconut tree is so Mother will not die. If I do not come down, Mother will die. What shall I do?” he said. He detached the fruit of the coconut. He held on to it and fell. He went down with the fruit of the coconut.

But by God’s arrangement, he did not die. He dragged the coconut. He inched along. Because he could not drag the coconut up the stairs, he called his mother. “Mother, help drag up the coconut,” he said, “because I just can’t get it up there. His mother got the coconut. She then split it and his mother ate it. Now at least his mother had something in her stomach. So this child who was there, then, looked after her.

A woman who was an artist and her artisan husband who had no children heard about them. They said, “Siri Kabayu has given birth, but her husband left and ran off. He ran off,” they said. “He deserted,” they said, “Siri Kabayu, so she had nothing to eat. She could do nothing but beg.” The artist said to her husband, “let’s go now,” she said, “and let’s ask for that child, and then we will raise it.” He said yes to this. They went and they said, “Siri Kabayu, we want to raise your child. The child will be ours together, the three of us,” she said. “Yes, because Warna Megat can not be found. He did not show up,” she said. They carried the child, and that artisan and the artist raised it. They raised this child. He got bigger and bigger. That one continued to grow. The name of that one was still Pusedan.

Let us move forward rapidly. After awhile when the child had grown quite large, the sultan dreamed about a dagger. There was a man holding a dagger. The beauty of that dagger cannot be imagined. When the sultan woke up, he was very unhappy. “How can I find that dagger that was in my dream,” he said. He sent all over for an artisan. They went for an artisan, and they told him, “You go to the sultan.”

He went. He said, “Datu’,” he said, “why have you sent for me?” He said, “I will tell you the story. I had a dream about a dagger. There was a man holding it before me. Now you just make it for me. You smith it for me. If you do not smith it, I will kill you.” “Good Lord,” said the artisan. “How can I do that, Datu’?” he said. “How can I make what was in a dream?” “Ah, but no,” he said. “Just do it,” he said. “You make it and bring that thing here.” But that artisan said, “I cannot conceive of a plan of how it can be done.” He went home.

The woman artisan asked, “Why did he send for you?” He said, “I am forced to smith a particular dagger. But,” he said, “there is no sample. How can I be made to smith something like that? If I do not smith it, he will kill me. How can this be done?” he said. “But I will attempt it,” he said.

He tried to do it. He smitted way into the night. The artisan kept pounding. When the dagger was finished, the dagger all finished, he took it over. He said this, “Sultan, here is the dagger,” he said, “that you wanted made.” After the sultan looked at it, he said


Niakauma sekayan tig ian u tukang a babai, “Anda manaya a wata’ anan?” tig ian. “Pikidulug u sulutan
to the artisan, “It is only half right. It is not even half good enough.” “Good Lord,” he said, “how, Datu,’” he said, “can I do it? I can’t make it. There is no model to be seen. You have not given anything to me.” “There is nothing to give you.” he said, “because I saw it only in a dream. There is no model of it however remote that I can produce. You just go home. Perhaps you will be able to make it.” He went home. That is what he did, he just went on home.

After he went home and arrived at his house, his wife asked what had happened. “My Lord,” he said, “my sample was really far from right.” “How can this be done,” his wife said. “What will you suffer, Father?” she said. He said “The sultan is making me smith the dagger.” He smithed in earnest. When he was able to finish it, he took it to the sultan. The sultan looked at it and said, “It is not good enough. You will indeed die.” But then that sultan said, “I will wait for a third one. If you can’t do it, it will be our duty to kill you.” He said, “I can not be responsible. Even that last one,” he said, “I could not figure out how to do it, Datu’. I tried doing two others,” he said, “and I brought them to you. How will I do it?” he said. “I just will not be able to do it.” He said, “I will wait once more for you.” He went home again.

“What happened,” his wife asked. “Good Lord, it was really far from right. It was far from right,” he said. “I can do nothing. I have reached the limit,” he said, “of my ability as a craftsman.” “What is the matter, Father?” Pusedan asked. “What is your problem?” “As for the sultan,” he said, “I made two daggers and took them to him. I was not able to make them like the one in his dream,” he said. “But,” he said, “Father, you must think first. You are tired now. You just eat for you are hungry. Then you sleep. Just think carefully. Then you eat. When you finish eating, sleep, for you are tired. When you wake up, you will find something.”

“My Lord,” he said, “Young Man, so I will really find something?” “Yes, Father. You just try and do what I tell you.” “You, just go ahead and eat first,” his wife said. “Then follow what the child says.” “When finished, take a bath, Father. Then when finished with that, you sleep, Father.” The artisan laid down and went to sleep.

He went to the smithing shop. Pusedan went there and he began to smith vigorously. His father had said, “Pusedan, Young Man, you'll destroy that board, Young Man.” “I am only learning, Father. I am learning to smith.” After some time, his father woke up. “What I am telling you, Pusedan, is that it is already evening. How can I wait longer?” He went to the bench, and he said, “Here is a dagger. Take it along,” he said, “to the sultan. Take it along,” he said to the artisan. “Good Lord,” he said, “I’ll take it there.” He took it along.

The artisan went and he took it to the sultan. When he arrived, he said, “Datu’, here it is.” The sultan examined it. The sultan took it. He said, “Good Lord, what artisan smithed this?” He replied, “I did.” But he replied, “You didn’t. Two times you smithed them, and they were far from the correct one. It cannot be you. Tell me, who smithed it?” He said, “My son did it.” “What is your son’s name?” “Pusedan.” “Is he big?” “He is little, not really very big.” “You must bring him here to me! I want to see him,” the sultan said. “Bring Pusedan here to me.”

Good Lord, he was suffering in his heart. That artisan was suffering in his heart. He said, “What is this that I have done?” He kept thinking like this. He went home. Then he said, “As for my child, why did I allow my child to smith what I took to the sultan?” he said. “I might lose my child,” he said. He went home.

When he arrived, he said to his artisan wife, “What will happen to the boy?” he said. “The sultan


40Na riuran den su langun u pakakes a ku'an ian su langun u gken iran su langun u lutu' riuran, inaid den sa pangkalan. Da' a kapal a bpailain. “Antuna,”
wants me to take him there.” “Good Lord,” the artisan woman said, “I can not bear to lose him.”

“How come, was the dagger the correct one?” “Oh, in beauty, it exceeded that one in the dream. He
asked me who had smithed it. I told him I had done it myself. He seemed not to have heard me. So I
told him my son did it.” “Good Lord,” the artisan woman said, “I just cannot go along with this. Oh,
why are you this way? The sultan will kill us.

“Get dressed,” he said, “Young Man. You will go with us.” The child got dressed. “Why,” he said,
“are you crying, Mother? I will not be lost.” They went with the precious child. The man went first
and the child was there in the middle, and the woman followed. Then later on the woman went first,
and that one behind. So that was what happened in there as they went along the path.

When they got near there, the sultan observed them. He said, “That artist, and her artisan
husband must be crazy. Look at what they are doing there,” he said to his wife. “The man goes first,
and the woman last. Then the woman goes first, and the man goes behind. They continue doing
that.” The sultan laughed. Then they reached the stairs.

Having reached the stairs, the sultan looked and said, “Peace be with you, Raja Sumayatin,” he
said. “With his boat, Barat Laut Bernaga he is like the garuda. The prow is swift, and the steering is
swift too, like the garuda. All will retreat before him.” [A metaphorical Bayuk, the meaning unclear
here, but it is prophetic, concerning the exploits of the new Raja.] He then said, “Come on up. You
come up.”

Raja Sumayatin went upstairs. After he went upstairs, he picked him up and held him in his lap.
He changed his clothes, putting different clothes on him. He said, “Artisan and Artist, I am telling
you this. Later when you long for him, you just come here,” he said. “I myself,” he said, “will be a
father for the child.” This is what he said.

Good Lord, because that was the way it happened to those two people, well it cannot be
imagined how much they cried. Indeed, it just can't be imagined how much they cried. Now Raja
Sumayatin stayed there with the, er,there with the sultan. And so it was that his name Pusadan was
changed. His name was changed to Raja Sumayatin. Now it is said that he got bigger, this child grew
up. Raja Sumayatin was a very handsome man. He was a very handsome man as he grew bigger. The
happiness of the sultan just cannot be estimated.

Let us move forward rapidly. After awhile he said this. “Father,” he said to the sultan, “I will ask
you permission to leave.” He said, “How is that, Young Man, where will you go?” He said, “I will go
to the town Zainun.” Actually, he was going to look for his father. “I will go, Father, he said, “to that
place, Zainun.” “Why,” his father asked, “what is your purpose there in that place Zainun?” He said,
“Some of us are going to meet there,” he said. “There will be many,” he said, “that I will meet there.
I also know how many will be there.” He continued, “I will meet Raja Sheik Mardan, Raja Sheik Siah
Johan, and Raja Indara Patera. We will meet,” he said, “in the place Zainun.” “Oh, alright,” his father
said. He did not say that he would look for his father who was lost. So his father said, “Yes.”

On this occasion, his father said, “However, you should look into your departure, to know what
day you should depart, because I would not be hasty.” He looked for the departure date. When they
had found a departure time, then he was ready to depart, having made everything ready. The sultan
said, “Who is going to accompany him? Who,” said the sultan “will be the leader and accompany him
to bring this my son to that place? You accompany him for me.”

Now all the equipment and all the things to eat, all the provisions for the journey were ready.
They were made ready and they brought them to the wharf. But there was no boat there to be seen.
“What
tugu tau, “ibpageda’an ian aya?” Bpagusud den sekiran sa manga barang. “Antuna ibpageda’an aya, da’ aya a kapal.”


will he sail on?” the people said. They brought over the many things. “But what will he ride, on, for there is no boat.”

There was one person that he spoke to. He said to that one, “Let us go upriver.” Now you can just imagine it. They went along, and only the prow and the steering mechanism appeared. The body of that ship could not be seen. He went to the helm and greeted it. He greeted it. “Peace be to you,” he said, “Barat Laut Bernaga Garuda, fast moving prow and a helm that gallops like the garuda.”

He patted the Barat Laut. It ran under the influence of a Spirit. The Spirit was its keeper. The name of the boat was Barat Laut Bernaga Garuda Kanaikan. That was the boat’s name. The prow runs because it is like a dragon. The stern gallops along because it is like its name the garuda. It ran on that river where it appeared. The various items were then transported to it, these were placed on it, and they set out. But they did not see anything, not even oars. What sort of boat could this be? Indeed, the boat runs on the sea without rowing it.

He came to a certain place. (I forget the name of that place.) He came to it. When they came there, the people in that place said, “Oh, that boat is beautiful,” they said. He said, “What do you do for a living here?” he asked. They said, “We just pull our nets, just pull every day, “they said. “We pull on our nets.” He then said, “When ever you pull them in,” he said, “you just come see me.” They pulled in their nets, and they came to see him. He gave each one different things.

There was a very old man who was pulling out nets. He said, “Let that old one come to see me.” He said, “Uncle, I wish to ask you something. In the long time that you have been in this place, in that long time, then, has there been in this place,” he said, “a new person in this place?” The old one remembered. He said, “There was one, but not very young, not very certain, one who might live a long time. But he was not a person who had local customs,” he said. “He is not from here. He said, “Where is he now?” He replied, “That one is pulling nets, Young Man,” he said. “Why doesn’t he come here?” he said.

Now the fishermen went to him. They said, “Oh, Warna Megat, there is a ship here. When one visits it, they give out all kinds of things. They are giving out there all sorts of clothes. He is just giving them out.” “Ah,” he said, “that is shameful. No really good person will pass by there. Even if I were to die, I would not go there if they are giving out things,” he said. “But if he does not give anything out, then I will visit there.”

Whenever the fishermen came, he said, “Inquire for me about the old man,” he said. “How will we be able to find him? His wife is always sending him off.” “Ah,” he said, “you just go there, because he gives everyone that goes there all sorts of clothing.” He said, “Why do you do this? Why do you ask me to go there? All this is shameful. Why do you want me to go there just so I can be given things when I have enough?”

“Where is he, friend? He has not come by, here and he is not pulling nets,” said Raja Sumayatin. “How is it?” he asked. “Isn’t he forced to do so?” But they said, “No.” He said, “You tell him that if he does not come here to see me, then I will have him seized.” He said this. Some people went to him. They said, “Warna Megat, there is a problem, that sultan who has just arrived says, if you and your men do not go to his ship. He will have you seized. He will receive you,” one said. “I will see that he accepts you,” he said. “I will see to it.”

So, they said, “No, but change your mind and go up, change your mind and go on upstairs,” they said. He said, “He will seize me.” His wife said, “Why do you take so long?


55Niakauma sekayan sa isa a inged. Sadia du’u su istana sa kaititimu’an sa telu utu a datu’ a dtalabuken ian. Su Alahuta’alah, angkainu di’ utu mautu i su sakatau utu wata’ u Abdul Daud, su isa wata’ u Saik Ranggawi agu’ su isa wata’ u Sidangatul Khatib, telu utu sekiran. Na kagia makauman du’u sekiran sa istana utu. Matitimu’ du’u sekiran.

Ati ia ta pen man aya bandingen babai a dua katau da’ a karuma ian. Aden a wata’ ian sakatau uman isa rekiran mama dapat ku aki da’ a ama’ a manga wata’ utu manga tau a da’ barakanan ian. Dseseleda sekiran tabuay.

Jadi giaya a wata’ aya kagia dsagit kala’. Dsagit a paras ian. Dapat ku aki isa bu’ a ama’ ian. Ia pen man kagia, amaika mamantiari su isa a babai,
I tell you that that one will have you killed because you will not go to him.” He said, “I'll force myself to go, I'll just force myself,” he said. He went there slowly. Slowly he walked with his eyes cast down because he could not endure his shame.

“There he is, Datu,'” they said. “He is alone in the small boat,” they said. He paddled and arrived there and stopped there with downcast eyes. They said, “Come upstairs.” He went up. They pushed a chair to him, and he sat down on it. Raja Sumayatin came near him. He said, “You, friend,” he said, “are you someone from here? What is your background? Are you someone from here? Have you lived here since you were little?” He said, “No.” “Where are you from?” He said, “from Ujung Pandan.” “So why are you staying here? What about your former place? What, er, what about your place?”

He said. “I am the son,” he said, “of the Sultan of Unjung Pandan, and my father lived for quite some time,” he said. “Now I am ashamed. I made this vow,” he said. “Later, if I had a son, I would wholly cover him with gold. I had a son. But then I was poor. And, he said, “I was not even able to get clothes.” He said, “My wife bore a child,” he said. “When I looked at it while it was crying,” he said, “it was a boy. I went downstairs and without any hesitation, I left that place,” he said. He said, “That is how I came to be here.”

“Ah,” he said, “so indeed that is the way your plan worked out. So what wealth have you acquired in your long stay in this place?” There was gold which he did not leave behind because he was afraid someone would get it. “Do you have a wife?” He said, “I do,” he said. “I am married,” he said. “I used her land. Maybe there is a child or maybe not.”

“Accordingly, just put out what gold you have gotten,” he said. He said, “I have a coat,” he said. He said, “I got it.” “You put it out.” He then put it out there.” He matched it. There were trousers and a turban, for Raja Sumayatin had plenty of golden garments, because he knew, he knew that that was the reason his father had run away. So, he gave him those clothes made of gold.

“You must accept these, or your vow will not be fulfilled. I am your son. I am the very one who is your son from that place.” And then, friend, his father indeed fell, for his father lost his breath. In no time at all there was that young man for whom his father fell. He was then dressed up. He said, “Now it is as if you did not make a vow. You can go on home. You go on home now,” he said. “As for me, I will go to another place. I will be there a long time,” he said. “So you go home to Mother. Mother, he said has now become a merchant. Mother,” he said, “has become a merchant.”

We do not know if he went home. He gave him all kinds of money and provisions, because he said, “Go on home, you are not to blame.” He said, “Father, you go on home,” he said. “Mother,” he said, “is wealthy, and you are wealthy too, so you just go there.” Then he went away to another place.

He arrived at that other place. There there was a prepared palace where three datus were assembled that he was to meet. Good Lord, why shouldn't it be like that? One of them was the son of Abdul Daud. Another was the son of Sheik Ranggawi and the other the son of Sidangatul Khatib. Those were the three. He arrived there at the palace where those were gathered. He stayed there.

Let us turn now to discuss the two women without husbands. Each of the two had a son but I believe those children were without a father. Those children and those people had a hard time making a living. They were alone.

Now these children were the same size. They looked the same. I think that there was only one father. So it was that when one of the women made the living,


the other woman would take care of the children. For quite some time the one would replace the other and the other would leave. Now one of these two children was in bad health. The woman with the one in bad health said, “I cannot make our living now, my child is in bad health.” The other said, “You look after your child. I will be the one to earn the living,” the other woman said.

Then the child with poor health died. After he died, that woman then buried him. The other woman was not there. Her friend was not there. When that other woman arrived, she said, “Where,” she said, “is my child?” She replied, “Your child died.” “Oh, but this is my child,” she said. “That one is not my child.” “Oh,” said that woman, “your child,” she said, “the one with bad health did not die. But he did die, and she snatched the healthy one. They were healthy. She did not give it to me. That one,” said that woman, “is not my child.”

Then they went to all the courts. None were able to resolve the case those two brought. They said that in Zainun, they say, well, “I heard that there is a court that gives honest judgments. There are four sultans there that give honest judgments in court. She said, “Let us go there and we will have it judged,” said that woman. “Because that child died, we will have the court decide because the truth is,” that woman said, “I will not agree that my child who was not sick is the real one just because you claim that it died. Your child who was sick died even if you said it didn’t die.” They went to Zainun.

When they arrived in Zainun, those four people were gathered there. Then they said, “You women, you women, where are you going?” the people in the house, that is that palace, said. They said, “We have a court case,” they said, “for those four people.” “I myself,” one of them said, “will tell the story. That one brought the child, for she was the one that brought the child. That one was caring for the children. Her child was sick. We were alone and in one house. We did not have husbands. Whenever she was earning the living, she left the children with me. Whenever I was earning the living, I left my child there with her.”

She said, “So that child she is bringing, that one,” she said, “that child is my child,” she said. “Her child,” she said, “when I left, her child was sick,” she said. “When I got back,” she said, “her child was not there, because it died, and she buried it. She said the one left was her child. But that one is my very own,” she said. “No matter what the decision is,” she said, “that one is my own.” But that one who brought it said, “No matter what the decision, this is my child. Hers,” she said, “is dead.” They kept quarreling. Someone said, “Don’t be like that, you wait for a while.”

One of them told this, and when she finished telling their story, Raja Sheik Johan spoke up. He said, “Get a sharp sword.” Raja Sheik Mardan spoke also. He said, “Cut that child in two.” Indarapatra said, “Let’s see,” he said. “Who will get it then.” They got the sword. Then the child was laid down. Now when this child was about to be chopped in two with the sword, the one without the child fell prone on it. The other just let it pass, doing nothing.

“That one,” he said, “is the mother.” Raja Sumayatin said this. “That one,” he said, “is the true mother. The case is settled. The other one is the one who is responsible.” So the right one got the child. That one who was responsible for it all said, “Never mind,” she said, “it is dead. My child is dead.” Now the case was settled, the judgment given. That responsible one got the child because that one was the true mother. They said, “You go on home now. The case has been settled.”

Now there was then, er, there was a sultan who had four children. Two of them were boys, and one a girl. The two boys followed each other, and the girl was in the middle. Then there was the youngest, a boy. The sultan became very sick. He said, “Have my primary lawyer come to me, since all those children are young men and young ladies.” He said, “Have my lawyer come here to me.”


They went for the lawyer. “Lawyer, I will have you make my will,” he said. “I, for my part will not overcome this illness of mine. My will is like this, all my wealth,” (that wealth of that Sultan) “none of my riches will be shared with that youngest son. Even though he is the third, son, nothing goes to him.” The lawyer looked downcast. “You are out of your mind. Is there an arrangement whereby there are two children and one does not get a share, not even a broken needle?” he said. “It cannot be approved that it is divided like that.”

That lawyer bowed his head. He said, “Why is it like that, Sultan?” he asked. “Why only your one son when they are all together?” He said, “It has to be that way. So do you have it that it is not approved that he be given a share?” The Lawyer said, “Yes.” And so it came about that that sultan died. And these children, namely his children grew more and more mature.

Then it came about that the lawyer spoke like this. “I am the one that was given the will of your father.” That was a long time after the death of their father. Many many years had passed. “I will divide now the wealth among you. But at this time, it is not approved that the youngest receive a share,” he said, “according to his will to me.”

“Good Lord,” said the youngest brother, “what is that arrangement,” he said, “that I cannot get something? What indeed is that kind of an arrangement?” the younger brother said, “that I cannot get some possessions of my father? Is it only these three people that should get the shares? I will not agree that it is right,” he said. “I will not agree,” that younger brother said.

Good Lord. So, they went to all the courts to the lawyers. They went to all the courts, but they could not find in the law that it could not be divided that way. “I cannot conceive of a plan,” he said, “where I cannot get a share.” So, they quarreled. The two men argued before the lawyers. One said, “Father would not consent to dividing it that way.” But the lawyer was witness to this. “I myself,” the lawyer said, “am witness that his father the sultan would not agree to divide it.” They said, “If it stays like that there will be problems.”

Then they said, “There are four sultans there in Zainun. Would it not be good to have those four sultans judge the case?” they said. “Yes,” said that son, “let us go there. But the truth of the matter is that no matter what goes on,” he said, “I will not,” he said, “consent if later I do not get a share.” They went to Zainun.

When they got to Zainun, the people in that palace said, “You young children just enter,” they said. They went in. “What is your purpose?” said Raja Sumayatin. They said, “We want to request of you a decision, because we have roamed around about this from court to court.” “What,” said Raja Sumayatin, “do you want us to judge?” He said, “The lawyer's decision about the possessions of our father,” he replied.

“My father, a wealthy sultan, died. After my father died, when they divided his various possessions, they did not give anything to me,” said this younger brother. “The truth of the matter is that I will not consent. I will not agree unless they share at least one third with me. There are three of us. They did not give me a share.”

The four sultans looked down. Those four sultans bowed their heads. Raja Sheik Johan spoke, as it was that Raja Sheik Johan that began the discussion. The great Raja Sheik Johan said, he said, “We have to question those children,” he said. “We have to question those dear children, the three of them.”

Then he said to Raja Sheik Mardan, “Which one will dare to marry that woman amongst them who is alone? Who will dare, indeed, to marry her? Who will accept her?” They argued. Then Indar a Putra spoke. He said, “The one who dares to marry that one, your princess,” he said, “that is the owner of your property.”


The two men said, “Even if we do not get a single portion of that wealth, we will not marry
that sister of ours.” That one, the youngest one said, “I, even I will marry her.”

Raja Sumayatin said, “It is settled. That child cannot be given a share, for he is of the devil. It
cannot be approved that that one,” he said, “can be given even one portion,” he said. “It cannot be
divided. You go home,” he said, “it is indeed settled.”

So, what happened to that son, that son of the devil? That son of the devil wandered off. That
son of the devil dared to marry his own sister. That son of the devil who would dare to marry that
way, was not the son of his father. They said, “The reason why he did not get a share from the sultan
was because he was not his son.” They went home, for it was settled. That son wandered off into
other places.

Now this is the next situation. There were four people. That is, there were two groups that went
to hunt deer. A group of three traveled together. Now another group of three people were not
companions of the first group. Three went on a journey together, and the other three went on their
journey. Then this one group of three people got one. They got a deer and they butchered it. The
other three did not get anything. Those three suffered from tiredness not having success. One said,
“Our fortune is bad. But their fortune is good, for they got a deer.”

When the time to eat came, he said, “Let us eat.” Those that got it said, “Let us eat there. We
will butcher this deer.” They butchered it. They butchered the deer. “Let us eat it,” they said. So,
they roasted the deer for themselves.

Now the ones that had not gotten a deer, that tired group said, “What,” he said, “can we get
for a bit to eat?” Then one of them who had not gotten any said, “Friend, let’s go down wind there,
let’s go to the place where we can smell,” he said, “that which is being roasted.” So, they went there
to eat. They spread their provisions there, down wind because there up wind is where they were
roasting the deer. They were roasting and roasting.

The aroma was carried along, and those three people were eating. As they were eating, they
were satisfied The odor was sweet from that which they were roasting above them. They went on
eating. One of them said, “Our provisions are eaten up.” He said, “Our eating is good, even if we
have had nothing but just that salt. That, friend,” he said, “is the smell from what is being roasted,”
that one said. “Let us go home,” one of them said. Also, the ones that got the deer went home.

They met along the way. They said, “Oh, so you,” they said, “had bad luck. You didn’t get
anything.” They said, “We were not even able to see so much as the spirit of a deer. We didn’t see
anything.” They said, “We for our part got one buck.” “What,” he said, “will we do when we eat,” he
said, er those people who didn’t get anything said. “Later,” he said, “we all ate. We spread out our
provisions,” he said. “Then the smell from what you roasted came from up wind. That which we ate
was the smell of your food. We were satisfied, friend,” they said. “We ate what we had, as it were,
wrapped in the banana leaf. That was our food, that which you were roasting.”

“Good Lord,” they said, “that’s why there was no taste to our food, because you ate its savor. By
the good Lord, you have to pay,” those that got the deer said. “We will not be satisfied if you do not
pay.” “That is indeed why, when we ate, it was like some left-over food, because you ate its savor.”


“Why indeed should we have to pay when we didn’t even see that food?” “Even now you are saying that you ate because the savor of our food helped you eat. You have to pay up. The truth is that we will not be satisfied unless you pay.” “That is crazy. Why are all these people crazy? No matter where this is judged,” they said, “we would not have to pay. You would be right if you had given us even a slice of it, but we didn’t even see what it looked like.”

“Oh, No. Let us go to court.” They said, “Yes.” Then they consulted a judge. Those that got the deer said, “You give us a decision.” “You render us a decision. These three men ate all of the flavor of our deer. They were fully satisfied. We demand payment. They should pay us.” “Ah,” said, er, the judge, “How is it that they have to pay? They ate nothing. They didn’t even touch it. There is no law anywhere that they have to pay.”

“Oh, but we will not agree to that. If we are not paid, if it is not done, we will kill them. They ate the flavor of our deer and did not pay us.” “But it cannot be found in the law that those people have to pay,” the judge said. Then they transferred to another court where the judge said, “Where are you going?”

“Oh,” he said, “these friends want us to consult with you. We are collecting a debt because they did not pay what they owed us. It was like this. We went deer hunting and we ourselves got a deer. We roasted it. They took advantage and they ate the odor of it. They were satisfied. But when we ate, there was no taste at all. It was like something left over. That is why we should be paid. You have to pay because the truth is, you were satisfied. That is what I am telling you,” he said.

Now there were a great many who judged the case. But it could not be settled. Those, er, they would choke to death and still not pay. An old old man said, “Ah, there are four sultans gathered in Zainun. You go to court there.” “You go there because that one is a really good court. The judges there render a decision immediately.” “Yes, let us go there,” those that got the deer said, “because in truth we have not been paid.” So, they went there.

When they got there, they said, “Where are the four sultans gathered here in this palace. It is not the great Sultan of Zainun,” they said, “it is four new sultans gathered together.” “There,” they said, “there in that big palace.” Then they went upstairs. “Where are you going, Datus?” “We will get together with you,” they said. We want to consult with you now, and this is the story we want to tell you. We went hunting deer, three people in one group and three people in another group. “We got a deer. When we got a deer, those three got nothing.”

Then we killed our deer. We ate, well we roasted it and we were eating it. They took advantage of us, and they went down wind from us, and they were eating there. They were satisfied. As for what we ate, there was no flavor at all, not even a little taste. For that, we want them to be forced to pay us. We want them to pay, for the savor of the deer that they ate.”

Er, Raja Sumayatin said, “So it is for that that you are demanding payment.” “Yes,” they said, “It needs to be paid. Those are the ones that should pay,” they said, “it must be paid. They were very happy; those three men were happy. We claim there must be something to be paid because,” they said, “it no longer had any taste to it.”

Raja Sheik Johan then said, because he was the one who was to decide how to pay this, “Ringgit (paper money) is not acceptable. It is not acceptable. Only coins. It must be coins. You have to pay, you get coins. You get a great number of coins,” Raja Sheik Johan said. Raja Sheik Mardan said, “Count it here. Just count the money here in the room.” Then Indar Putra said, “The counting is not finished. Yes, and you must listen to it,” said Indar Putra. “You must listen to it.” “Yes.”


Niapasad.
They counted it. They counted it and because it was metal coins, it tinkled and tinkled. “You make the counting loud,” and they counted and counted. “Do you hear it? Do you three people hear it?” “Yes, we hear it.”

“Then it has been paid,” said Raja Sumayatin. “You go on home now. They smelled the savor of the meat you roasted. You heard the sound of their money. You go on home now. It has been paid.” That judgment was by default, and it was just. “We are telling you, er, we are having them pay you for what we didn’t touch.” Raja Sumayatin said, “There is no law that when they touch nothing, when they got no meat, you should receive money. But they heard the money, and so they have been paid.” They went home. So, it was settled.
Si Sulutan Mali

[Cerita berikut bertajuk Si Sulutan Mali diceritakan oleh Hajah Afsah Binti Abpah berumur 84 tahun berasal dari Kampung Rampayan Laut, Kota Belud. Rakaman dibuat oleh Dr. Datu' Bandira Datu' Alang pada 10 September 1984 dalam bahasa iranun di rumah beliau sendiri.]


Tuminindeg si Ibrahim aya kagia a mi'iga'. Liniwan ian kagia a ibpelibet aya sa inged a agung. Alata'alah minidtu'una' ian. Na kena' tau sa inged ian, ka tau sa inged a Bandar salakau a inged. Tig ian, "Antuna?"

10Tig ian, "a anda kanu niakapu'un?" tugu bpagagung utu a manga tau. Tig ian "Saya kami sa dalem a kalasan." "Anda kanu tau?" Tig ian, "Tau sa Magribi." "Ai, angkainu kanu saya kadtagu?" Tig ian, "Nianaladeng kami, na niadadag kami."

Sultan Mali

[The following story, entitled Si Sulutan Mali in Iranun, was told by Hajah Afsah Binti Abpah, age 84 years. She comes from Kampung Rampayan Laut, Kota Belud. The story was recorded by Dr. Datu' Bandira Datu' Alang September 10, 1984 in the Iranun language at the house of the narrator.]

1Sultan Mali lived in Magribi. He had a cousin. He was the only child of his father. So, he was the child of the Sultan of Magribi. There were two cousins who were brothers, Ibrahim Jawari and Ismail JariJari. On one occasion, when the three of them were young men, Sultan Mali said, “Younger brother,” he said, “let us go deer hunting.” Let us have some recreation in the forest. So, Ibrahim said, “Yes.”

Those two were first cousins. “Let us hunt deer,” he said, “in the forest.” After that he said this, “Let us take provisions.” “You take along,” his father said, “plenty of provisions, because datus” he said, “need plenty when hunting deer.” “We will be several days,” Sultan Mali said, “in the forest.” So, they took along the provisions. There were many people, and they had all of those provisions, so there was plenty to eat.

When they got there, they entered the forest. They were hunting deer, but they did not find any. So, they kept going and going. These three first cousins were riding their horses. So, they left the others behind, because they wanted to find a deer.

By the will of Allah, they traveled far from the others. So, they got separated from their companions. When they searched for all those other people, they could not find them. The more they searched the farther away they got from each other.

5“Let us stop,” that Sultan finally said. He said, “Let us stop, for what,” he said, “is happening to us, for we are just getting farther away.” So, they stopped.

They then estimated where they had been to where they had come. They consulted as to where the crowd could be, for, one said, they could not even hear their shouting. “Let us keep going on,” he said.

So, they traveled on and on. After traveling for a long time, night came. Then in the morning they continued to journey along. Then, after again traveling a long time, they found themselves in a seemingly populated place in the forest. Indeed, the name of the area was Bandar.

Then they just went in there into that forest. He said, “Let's eat,” he said. They were about to die of hunger, and it seemed that they couldn't endure any more. Suddenly, as they were lying down under the tree, they heard a gong sounding as though it would nearly break. Some person was beating and beating a gong.

[The Sultan said], “You just investigate, Berahim, what,” he said, “is that beating of a gong for? Where could it be coming from?” he asked. “Could it be from our place, or some other place? Maybe,” he said, “they are looking for us. Just try,” he said, “to find it, Berahim,” that Sultan said.

Ibrahim got up because he was lying down. He went out to find out about that gong which was heard all around the place. Oh, he found it. It was not by a person from their place, but by a person from Bandar, another place. He said, “What is this?” he asked.

10“Where did you come from?” asked the people beating the gong. He said, “We are just here, in the forest.” “Where are your people from?” He said, “We are people from Magribi.” “Why then do you say you are here?” He said, “We have been hunting deer, and now we have gotten lost.”

He asked, “What about you? What was that beating of the gong?” He answered, “We were ordered to do so by the Sultan.” He said, “We were commanded to beat the agong by our Sultan, in order to look for people.” “What sort of person are you looking for?” “A shaman.” “Why?”


He said, “His child needs to be treated for her eyes, because for a long time now,” he said, “she has not been able to see, indeed since she was a small child. She is a beautiful young lady now.”

“How many are you?” that man beating the agong asked. He said, “We are three that got lost. There is my older brother,” he said, “the Sultan Mali, and there is also my younger brother,” he said, “Ismail. I myself am Berahim.” He asked, “Does your older brother know how to cure people?” He replied, “He knows how.” “Then if that is so,” he said, “what if I take you there at once?” He said, “No. But you tell your datu’ about him.”

This beater of the agong went home. Those with the beater also went home. There were many with the beater of the agong. So they went home. They said, “We found one who is a healer. There were some people from Magribi who got lost. They were hunting deer and one of them came here. One of the others, it is said, is very knowledgeable. He is Sultan Mali.”

“Oh, my goodness, you get him,” the Sultan said. “Get the three of them. Have them come up to the palace.” They came up. The Sultan had two children. The older was Raja Darusi, a male. The younger of his two children was Princess Norila. His daughter was very beautiful, but since birth the child had not been able to see the world.

So they went upstairs. The Sultan Mali stared at the Sultan of Bandar. That is what the datu’ of Bandar was called. He stared also at Sultan Mali. He said, “Where have you come from?” He said, “I myself, your honor, am here, and I came from a place called Magribi, for night and morning I swat flies under the house of the Sultan of Magribi.”

The Sultan spoke up and said, “Young man,” he said, “you shouldn't talk like that, because when I look intently at a person, I know him. I know,” he said, “the one I see. The son of the Sultan of Magribi says that he swats flies under the house. I know about it,” he said. “I know, young man, that person,” he said. “I just look intently at his appearance.”

They laughed. “That is why, young man,” he said, “that I have come to you. So,” he said, “your young princess, since her birth,” he said, “has not seen the world?” “But,” he said, “examine her eyes. There is no obstruction to her sight, for her eyes are good.” He said, “It is possible, your Honor. I will see her.” He said, “We can bring her out to you.”

They brought Princess Norila out and placed her in front of him. It is not known what medicine he got. But he said, “Apply this medicine.” He said, “Just apply this medicine to her eyes.” Raja Darusi spoke up. He said, “It isn't possible for anyone to put on that medicine except you.” Her brother said that because he was nearly a holy man. That young man was almost a holy man because of his belief in God. They wanted him to get married, but he did not consent. Raja Darusi did not want to marry yet.

“So what you say,” he said. “You are the only one that can put it on,” Raja Darusi said. So he applied the medicine. He put the medicine on the eyes of that princess. Shortly after applying the medicine, he peeled it off. After he peeled off the medicine which he had applied, Princess Norila stepped back. She stared at Sultan Mali who was a very handsome man. She, being embarrassed, went into her room.

Her father, friend, was very very happy. Her father said, “Praise be to God, you cured my daughter, young man. I have sworn to God that whoever makes her well, that is the one she will marry.” He continued, “Indeed, young man, she is fortunate, for you are the one that made her well.” “Now therefore,” said Raja Darusi, “he must be wed to her.” So they were married.

After they were married, then Sultan Mali stayed there with them, accepted by them, and he made a living there for them. They stayed there for a short time. One month went by. So that one month passed by there. Then Sultan Mali said to his father-in-law, “We, moreover, will ask leave of you, your honor. Sir, it is time for me to return to my own country,” he said.


“Soon, if I have good fortune, I will find my place.” Raja Darusi said, “Take along your wife.”
“Good Lord,” he said, “that would be all right if I am able to find my place. But if not, it is better for me not to take her,” he said.

The three of them then left. They traveled and traveled and traveled, riding on their horses. They indeed traveled, going along the wrong way. They did not find their place. It was the luck of their bodies, their fate that they got lost.

So, they traveled on. In their traveling they came to the area of Badawi. They came out there to that area of Badawi. That area of Badawi was there in the forest. It was there that the people found them. When the people found them, the people asked, “What place did you come from?” That is what the people in that place asked. The people in that place were black.

He answered, “We came,” he said, “from the forest because we were hunting deer.” He said, “We went to another place,” Ibrahim said. Why, where is the house of the Sultan here?” Ibrahim asked. They replied, “Over there.” He said, “We will go to him, for it will look bad if we arrive at his place and we do not meet with the Sultan.” So those people took them along to the Sultan.

One of the men said, “There are three men that I found hunting deer. They were looking for the Sultan in order to meet him.” The Sultan said, “Where are they?” They came upstairs. “Where did you come from?” Sultan Janggutan asked, for his name was Sultan Janggutan. “Sultan of Badawi,” they said, “we were hunting deer, Datu’, and we went in the wrong direction. It has already been months, and we have not found our place.”

They were talking together. Then the Princess Tiarpa, the daughter of the Sultan, was standing there. Princess Tiarpa stood and she spoke up and said, “Father,” she said, “you just wed me to that man with whom you are talking.” The Sultan cast down his eyes. Yes, her father cast down his eyes. “How is that?” he said. “How will it be, young man,” he said, “if that child of mine should marry you?” “I myself, Datu’,” he said, “couldn’t marry your daughter, because I am lost. I am not permanent here. I must go everywhere looking for my place.” “Even so, just take her along, for she begged to be married to you,” Sultan Janggutan said.

“Oh, my goodness.” Sultan Mali cast down his eyes. She was black, the woman was very black. He cast his eyes down. “You cleanse yourself,” the Sultan Janggutan said. “You cleanse yourself, for I will marry you to her.” He was married, married to Princess Tiarpa. It cannot be estimated how sad this made Sultan Mali. “It is certain that I cannot go home. We will have to stay here in this village for a long time,” he said.

Berahim then spoke up. “We will go ahead, older brother, we will not wait.” “Oh, my goodness,” he said, “Don’t leave me.” “But this will result in our not being able to go home, because you have your wife here,” Ibrahim said.

Now when Sultan Mali would go downstairs, that woman would always follow him. When Sultan Mali had to go to the comfort room, that woman would follow him. There was no way he could leave. They tried to get away, but they could not escape. Night up to dawn, that woman did not sleep. She kept watching Sultan Mali to see if he would go downstairs.

“Oh, my goodness,” Sultan Mali said. “It is true that we cannot go home.” That is the way it was. Ibrahim frequently asked permission to leave. “We will go first along with my younger brother,” he said. “Don’t go ahead. If you proceed, then I will be here all alone. Wait for me. There will come an occasion,” Sultan Mali said.

Let us move forward rapidly. That woman got pregnant. Princess Tiarpa was pregnant. When Princess Tiarpa got pregnant, one cannot imagine how Sultan Mali suffered.

A pembawata’ den kbasaran u Alahutatalah. Sagit a gkabubug a inged sa kalilang langun a gita’ biuka. Kagia den a niakipitu gawi pengita’-gita’ den da’an a turug a tau sa inged utu pegkalilang ban sekiran langun a gita’.

A bperibat-ribat aya kagia su Sulutan Mali kabelalagui, na di’ pakapalagui. Masa a gkalilang su Berahim agu’ su ari ian a si Ismail ka mialagui. Sumiled sekiran sa dalem a kalasan, pembaling kun sekiran.

Pakaga’anen ta aya. Kagia niaipus su pitu gawi. Ia su Berahim nialagui agu’ su dadi’ ian. Kagia malagui su Berahim aya, kagia, ia kiauma’an ian si’i sa dalem a kalasan, si’i sa ragirayan, dua katau a babai mu’untud sa kilid a ragirayan. Dua katau a babai utu ia ngaran iran Rantan Asikin agu’ Rantan Badawi. Ia su Rantan Badawi aya kagia anda i kialayaa ian ku Beraahim tumialigkud, igkaya’ ian su Beraahim.


Amaika su Beraahim ipedtaru’, na ia ipedsambung run su Rantan Asikin. Pun su Raja Mali ipedtaru’, na ia ipedsambung run su Rantan Badawi. Nialagui su Rantan
“It is getting harder,” he said, “for me to go home. Now Princess Tiarpa’s stomach got quite big. Berahim spoke up again. “We will go home, you be here.” He answered, “Let us wait for her to deliver. Once,” he said, “she starts to deliver,” he said, “she cannot follow me.” They said, “Yes.”

By the greatness of God, she was about to deliver. It was as if the place would break apart with the festivities and all the games that were performed. For seven days there was no sleeping for the people of that place due to the games that they played. They really celebrated with all those games.

In the meantime, Sultan Mali was trying his tricks to escape, but he was not able to get away. During the celebration, Berahim and his younger brother Ismail escaped. They entered the forest, for they wanted to go home.

Let us move forward rapidly. Seven days passed. As for Berahim, he had run away with his younger brother. When Ibrahim ran away, he met there in the forest, there by the mountain stream, two young women who were sitting at the side of the stream. These two women were named Rantan Asikin and Rantan Badawi. When Rantan Badawi saw Ibrahim, Rantan Badawi turned her back because she was embarrassed by Ibrahim.

Rantan Asikin went to Berahim and talked with him. “Where did you come from,” Berahim said. “Don’t run away,” he said, “for we all are strangers.” He said, “We are strangers here. We lost our way. How about you?” he said. “Where do you come from?” “We also lost our way,” Rantan Asikin said.

As for Berahim, he couldn’t talk with Rantan Badawi. Instead, he was talking with Rantan Asikin. One cannot imagine the beauty of Rantan Asikin. They continued to talk together. He said, “Where are you from?” Rantan Asikin said, “We came from Parsi,” she said. “We got lost here in the forest,” she said, “because our Aunt had us watch her flower garden since our father,” she said, “sailed away.”

They were daughters of the Sultan of Parsi. “Our father sailed away. Then our aunt had us watch the garden,” she said, “because she had committed adultery. Because she committed adultery,” she said, “she made us run away. We ran away into the forest because we couldn’t endure it anymore there, watching that garden. That is how we came to be here,” she said.

Then Berahim spoke up. “Don’t go away, because you could get really lost. You wait for us, because we,” he said, “will go home to Magribi. But first,” he said, “I must go to see my older brother.” Rantan Asikin said, “Yes.” So Ismail was to watch over them. “You guard them, Ismail,” he said, “for someone just might come.” He went on his way to see Sultan Mali.

When he got there, Tiarpa was lying down because she was about to have her baby, and her stomach was very painful. He said, “Older brother, are you here? There were two women there, and we found them. One cannot estimate,” he said, “their beauty, there in the forest.” Hearing this, Sultan Mali went downstairs to find out more about it. “Oh, oh,” that one delivering the baby cried. “Oh, he is running away, catch the Sultan,” she said, “or he will run away. He is running away,” she said.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Sultan Mali said. “I’ll just get medicine, for you are not able to give birth.” She said, “don’t stay long.” “Yes,” said Sultan Mali. Sultan Mali went to Rantan Asikin to have a talk. Once Rantan Asikin noticed Sultan Mali, Rantan Asikin ran away because she saw Sultan Mali. So Rantan Badawi took over the conversation with Sultan Mali.

When Berahim talked, Rantan Asikin responded. Then when Raja Mali talked, Rantan Badawi responded. Rantan Asikin


Su kiangeg run a ba’i utu, siningkab ian su kulambu’ ka gkua’an ian a wata’ utu. Alata’alah yayan aki niailai bpiipikat su ulu agu’ su lawas a wata’ ian. Su kiailai ian run su Alahutalah agu’ su Rabi agu’ ian ipapes a lawas ian agu’ su kisek ian.
had run away. One just cannot imagine her beauty for it reached the heart of Sultan Mali. He said, “Wait here, I will go back.” He went back, for he had only talked for a short time with Rantan Badawi. He went back. “You wait here,” he said. “We will escape when seven days have passed.”

When he went back there, he broke down a tree. That tree was not just an ordinary tree. The leaf of the tree or the bud of the tree could cause death. He took a cutting of it. He pulled off just enough to make that one having the baby die. When he arrived at the house, he said: “Crush these,” he said. When she drank it, the baby came out immediately.

He had wanted to kill her. That leaf of that tree could cause death. Sultan Mali felt sad in himself because instead of dying, she delivered the baby. My goodness, the child was a boy. Sultan Mali cast down his eyes.

But my goodness, her father, the Sultan Janggutan, why he could hardly contain his joy. Good Lord, he stood up and said, “Bathe him,” he said, “and hold him for me.” After they bathed the baby, then he took it and held it. They took turns, he and his wife, doing this. They had a festival. You could say it was the same as if the place would collapse with that festival. One cannot imagine how great the celebrating was. Seven days passed this way until it was the eighth day. On the eighth night all the people laid down. All the people laid down and slept. The Sultan Janggutan also slept, and so did his wife. No one was awake in the depths of that town.

He built a fire and took his ring. He heated it in the fire. When it was heating in the fire, he lowered the mosquito net, that net of theirs, because Tiarpa was sleeping. That wife of his was sleeping and so was her child. He lowered the mosquito nets. Then he went to get his ring. He inquired about it. His ring was red hot. He put it on the head of that child. He branded him. Then he got his sword, and he butchered Tiarpa. He just butchered her, and then he descended to the ground.

He went downstairs to the ground and then he went to the forest. He said, “Let us leave here rapidly. You, Berahim, and Rantan Asikin go together. Ismail and Rantan Badawi, you ride together on one horse.” There was no one to ride with him. “Do not allow any obstruction as you escape, for we might be caught by those that follow,” he said. It got to be morning as they ran.

Because he put the ring on the top of the head of that child, and it stayed there, the child cried out with a loud voice. The ring sank in, and that child screamed. The child cried and cried. But the people sleeping in that house were not awakened by it. That child kept crying until morning. His crying finally woke up Sultan Janggutan. He said to his wife, “Wake up,” he said. “my Tiamata is crying.” He said, “He is crying, wake up.” He said, “Wake up his mother, wake up his mother.” They saw that the curtain was lowered. They thought that the Sultan lowered it. “Ah, she is sleeping,” she said. Her mother went around the bed curtain. Paramaisuri said, “Tiamata [Light of my eyes], Fruit of my Heart,” she said, “wake up, for your child is crying. Hand him over to me for awhile. Hand him over to me,” she was praising her daughter.

“Hand over to me,” she said, “that grandson of mine. It will be enough,” she said, “if you hand him over to me. Then you can rest and sleep. Hand him over to me.” “You just call and call,” he said to his wife. “Open up that curtain,” he said, “so you will know where the child is. Pick up that one, our grandson,” he said. “Hand him here. Bring him here.”

When that lady heard this, she lifted up the curtain in order to get that child. Good Lord, she saw the head and the body of her daughter separated. At the sight of it, Good Lord the Almighty, she collapsed, and she screamed.


55Giaya kagia a luk a padang utu malilibet utu kagia a lawasaig giaya a padang utu a maulad aden a kau y ian a su'kusukad i pu'un sa luk pitu pangkat a marigai ian. Aden a ba'i a kigaked sa marigai utu. Ia ngaran ian Norasikin Jin. Jin a ba'i. Piamelii'in kaita a marigai ian pitu ringket sa kayu utu a matilendu.


She didn't get the child. She just screamed. She said, “Where is our daughter, Tiamata? Her head and her body are separated. It can't be,” she said. “She is dead. Her husband has murdered her.”

The child was crying there. You can't imagine what happened to the Sultan and his wife. When she opened it and she and her husband saw it, he snatched his sword and he closed his eyes and tried to tear down the walls of the house. He wanted to cut up everything. Those there stopped him. The people gathered all around him. The people made a loud noise. He was crying. He said, “You get me the head of that accursed Raja. Get me the head of that accursed Raja right now. If you don't get it today,” he said, “I will have you massacred.” That is what he said.

“You just wait,” they said. “We will follow him.” They followed him. They followed him as he ran away. He said, “He is not a true Sultan, but an accursed Raja. Why did he kill my daughter?” he said, “for he could have left her.” He said, “Why did he have to kill her?”

You just imagine it, for you cannot know. When they followed the Sultan Mali, they caught up with him. They caught up with them because their horses were very tired. When they caught up with them, you just cannot imagine how it was. Well, they fought, and it was God's will that Sultan Mali killed a great portion of those Badawi. He indeed killed a great many of them. There were so many of the Badawi killed, that then the Badawi said, “If we don't stop, there will be no one to tell the story.” He said, “There will be no one to tell about it. Therefore,” he said, “let us go home, we must just go back.” He said, “Let us go on home.” The Badawi went home. Only a few were left. Sultan Mali had killed the greater portion.

So, Sultan Mali, because the Badawi reversed themselves, said, “Well, let us really proceed rapidly.” They arrived at a river. At the river there was a wide field which was set apart by the river. The river had surrounded it. They said that it had become like a lake. He said, “How can we cross it? We are in deep trouble,” he said.

There in the midst of that field surrounded by the river, there in that wide field at its edge there was a very large tree, and in the middle of it (the field) there was a palace of seven stories. There was a princess there, that was the sole owner. Now her name was Norasikin Jin. Actually she was a spirit. That palace was very beautiful with seven stories there in that tree being rectangle in shape.

Well, she looked, and there were some people standing at the other side. Once she saw them, she emptied the river. It was not a really big river. But it was the magic of that Jin, and the people actually looked at it as though it were a river. They thought they could not cross it because it looked like it was very deep, and seemingly there were crocodiles floating on it. But she emptied the river, so then they could cross it. They went direct to the tree. When they looked back, there was water again in the river. It became just a river again. But even a strong man could not cross it, and not even the Badawi who followed them there could cross it.

Berahim had been wounded when he was hit by an arrow in the eye during the fight with the Badawi. Norasikin Jin came down to them. She said, “You come up to this palace of mine.” That was because Ibrahim was blinded, hit by an arrow during the fight. Berahim spoke up, “But older brother, witchcraft surely will kill me. I will not be able to go home. I will not be able to accompany you. When I left home,” he said, “I was not crippled. Now I have been blinded by the injury.” Berahim said, “I will not be able to go with you.” Sultan Mali said, “I will not go home, younger brother, until that eye of yours is healed. I'll not go home alone,” he said.

Then they were served food up there. Norasikin Jin had her young ladies serve the food to all those people. Norasikin was there upstairs. Sultan Mali said, “Princess, I want to beg for some medicine from you. Cure my young brother for me,


Su wata’ u Sulutan Mali utu su Badawi. Bidtuan i apu’ ian Bandara Aldibal ngaran a wata’ utu sa Badawi. Mailem mapia i paras langun a Badawi minibida’ run, ka mataid si ama’ ian. Bandara Aldibal ngaran ian.


Ati kagian madtai a kabpelalakau ian aya kagia aden a luk a padang a kiauma’an ian aya. Kagia nigkualad-ulad a padang. Na dalem a kalasan, mauma ian su dalem a kalasan. Na makagemau man sekiran sa padang na makaseled man sa dalem a kalasan. Na mauma ian su padang a mauled.

Anda i kiauma ian ku padang a mauled gkuna-una su kuda’ u Sulutan Mali agu’ bu’ su kuda’ u Berahim a sesegedan u Rantan Badawi agu’ bu’ su u kuda’ u Ismail a sesegedan Rantan u Asikin. Gkuna su
for he has been blinded,” he said, “hit by an arrow in the eye. Please treat him for me,” he said. “That is easy,” she said. “That one will be well,” she said, “by tomorrow.”

When the next day arrived, Sultan Mali went and said, “Princess,” he said, “please treat the eye,” he said, “of my younger brother for me.” She said, “By tomorrow.” The next day arrived. “It will be tomorrow again, ai,” Sultan Mali said. Then Berahim spoke up and said, “Older brother, you don’t understand. If you don’t marry her, she will not treat me.”

It was true. The next day came, and then another day again, and seven days passed, and they were still there. Berahim said, “If you do not marry her, then she will not treat me.” “I think you are right,” Sultan Mali said. He went to see Norasikin Jin. When he got there, he saw her fanning herself near the window. Her beauty was like dazzling light, and he went to the window in front of her. He said, “I want to ask you something.” “Will you consent to marry me?” He said this. “If you agree, I will marry you,” he repeated. “Oh, it is up to you, if you are willing to marry an Islamic Jin.”

Sultan Mali withdrew. Then he went to Berahim. He said, “You marry us.” Berahim married them. When the wedding was finished, Norasikin Jin got the medicine. She got the medicine and she went to Berahim. She put it on Berahim’s eye. It got well, it cleared up. You cannot imagine how effective the medicine was.

After he was healed, they stayed downstairs in the palace of Norasikin Jin. Now as for he himself, Sultan Mali stayed there in the seventh story with Norasikin Jin. He went down to visit them. Berahim spoke up. He said, “Older brother, let us go home. We have stayed in this place for a long time but let us go home.” “Yes,” he agreed.

Norasikin Jin was pregnant. They had been there for one month. Although Norasikin Jin was pregnant, he said this, “I will ask leave of you to go.” Sultan Mali spoke. “I will just ask leave of you, for I will accompany those two ladies,” he said, “to Parsi and I will check,” he said, “on my place there in Magribi. It has been a very long time,” he said, “and I have not been able to go home to Magribi. I will return here later,” he said.

“In your case,” he said, “later when you come to have the one with which you are pregnant,” he said, “here is my heirloom,” he said, “because you cannot know whether or not I will be able to return or if I will die. This sword is my heirloom. Tell our child for me, whether a boy or girl, that if later he/she meets a young person that has the mark of a ring on the top of his head, it is his/her sibling.”

That child of Sultan Mali was in Badawi. His relatives named him Bandara Aldibal, so that was the name of that child among the Badawi. He was dark and handsome of appearance different from all the Badawi because his father was a handsome man. Again, his name was Bandara Aldibal.

When they started to go away, all of those ladies were crying, and also the wife of Sultan Mali. They all cried. But they journeyed along, riding on their horses. They went on and on, there being no end to their journey. They were looking for Parsi, for they were accompanying those two ladies.

After a long time of going along, they found themselves in the midst of a field where they had arrived. Indeed, the area there in the forest was very extensive. They had gone into a forest and they came to this field. Yes, they had entered into the forest and they arrived at this very wide field.

As they arrived at the wide field, the horse of Sultan Mali was first, and then the horse of Berahim with Rantan Badawi riding with him, and then the horse of Ismail with his co-rider Rantan Asikin. This
Sulutan Mali aya. Kagia palad aki makatukau di' ka katawan pakalek-lek ambu' su kuan. Sulutan Mali sa kawaraun andan i kiapakaselek a wata' ku tian a kuda' ian niatidau ian su kumeketed run a arimau. Pegken ian a wata' utu.


Sultan Mali was first. Now without previous knowledge, you couldn't know this: There was this animal there that causes much fear. But Sultan Mali, in his bravery, when a child crawled under the stomach of his horse, cut the pursuing tiger down. It was going to eat that child.

That child was a boy. When it was about to snatch it there under the stomach of his horse, where that tiger had dashed, he cut that tiger down. It died. The child closed his eyes there under the horse, for the horse had stopped. Sultan Mali had stopped his horse. You just don't know. That child closed his eyes, for he thought in his heart that he would die.

The Sultan looked at him. He said, “Open your eyes, for the tiger is dead,” he said. Good Lord, he opened his eyes, and then he came out from under the horse. “What happened to you?” Sultan Mali said. “I was playing on the lawn when suddenly I turned, and realized,” he said, “that the tiger was going to attack me,” he said. “I ran,” he said, “and came here. I wanted to go upstairs. I wanted to go to my house. But I could not get to the house, so I came here,” he said. “I ran here.” “The tiger is dead now,” he said. “So, I will not let you go from me ever. You just stay with me. You are my brother in this world and in the hereafter. Why, I did not die because of you. I will take you there to my house.” Sultan Mali agreed. He brought them to their house. Their house was large.

Let us move forward rapidly. After he reached the house, he spoke. He called his mother. “Mother,” he said this, “please come down. Older brother is here.” “Who is it?” “Ay, just come on down, Mother.” His mother came downstairs. His mother was already old. So, his mother came downstairs. “Here, Mother,” he said. “This one here,” he said, “is my older brother. He is your son,” he said. “He is my older brother on earth and in heaven,” he said. “He is my brother because if it had not been for him, Mother, I would surely be dead. A tiger was chasing me,” he said. “Good Lord, young people. Come on up, come on up, young people.”

They went upstairs. Then the two ladies got down off the horses and also went up. “You should eat first,” she said. So that old one cooked some food for them. Sultan Mali stared and stared. He stared at that house. Not even one child was there. He was seeing only monkeys. All were monkeys. The only humans were that woman and that child that went under the stomach of the horse. His name was Marmaya. There was another woman sitting there. She did not stand, because she was ashamed, for half of her body was a monkey.

She said, “Marmaya,” his mother said, “go to your older brother, the Sultan Monkey. Go,” she said, “to Sultan Monkey and have him come meet your older brother, Sultan Mali. Marmaya hurried. He went to Sultan Monkey and said, “Elder brother,” he said, “my brother,” he said, “is here, the Sultan of Magribi.” He said, “Mother sent for you so you can meet him. You would not know it, older brother, but if it were not for him, I would not be here anymore. I would be eaten by a tiger.”

Sultan Monkey spoke up. “Wait for awhile,” he said. “I will first braid my beard with jewels.” Then he braided the jewels into his beard. He braided it with the help of a big monkey. He said, “I am going now.” He walked, shaded under an umbrella with his beard with the jewels. Sultan Monkey was shaded by an umbrella. The monkeys went with him. There were plenty of them in groups.

So, the monkeys went along with him. They went there. Raja Mali stared and stared at them. “My Lord,” he said, “he is really a monkey,” he said. Many were with him. Sultan Monkey went upstairs. He shook hands with Sultan Mali. After he shook hands with Sultan Mali, he sat down. He said, “Have you seen the situation here in my country?” he said. “There are no humans here,” he said. He said, “We here are all monkeys.” He said,

Pianudtulan den u Paramaisuri.


“Da’ miug,” tig ian, “si ama’. Agu’,” tig ian, “peranga a amu’,” tig ian, “si ama’ “Da’,” tig ian,
tumiundug na su babai a sinatebpeda’. Na Marmaya tumiundug. Niabagi’ sa lu’uk sekiran, isa rekayan
a manusia agu’ satebped a manusia tampar sa ulu agu’ su isa satiman a amu’ agu’ sa tebped tampar sa
ikug.”

Kagia maneg ian su sarita’ niairan su Sulutan Mali. “Na niatai,” tig ian, “si ama’. Na gini den,”
tig ian, “i inged ami. Niaiinged kami,” tig ian, “si’i. Na ia su karuma ku, tig ian, “a Sulutan,” tig ian,
Kara.”

Na kagia pegkan den sekiran aya. Kagia piakakan a manga tau utu su Sulutan Mali, “Ugaid,”
tugu Sulutan Kara, ‘na merebpeda’ ta den sa pused. Bpagaria’ ta den Datu’. Ugaid na ia ku bu’ reka
imbanai na amaika aden a susa ka, na pakatukawa nga saken. Langun a kasusahan ka pakatukawa
tig ian, “na nggaganata tanu den maling kamin, ka sekami aya,” tig ian, “mawatan-watan
ambalingan, ka ia,” tig ian, “inged aken, Sulutan Kara, Magribi. Ia inged a ndulugan ku sa mana ba’i
aya a dua katau Parsi. Na marani malu a Parsi mawatan a Magribi.” Na kagia mautu den nialing den

Niakauma sekiran sa Parsi. Kagia makauma sekiran sa Parsi bagu ambu’ niakuma su Sulutan sa
Parsi. Tumiarus du’u su Sulutan Mali sa ki ama’ a manga ba’i utu. Tumiarus du’u su Sidulutan Mali sa
rekiran su wata’ ian a dua katau a manga raga. “Ai,” tugu Sulutan sa Parsi, “anda niakapu’un a wata’a
aya a dua katau a manga raga?”

dalem a kalasan.” “Ai, Siti Zariah,” tig ian ki karuma ian, “Anda niakapu’un a manga wata’ ku anan?”
Bagu niakauma a Sulutan utu inidisa’ ian, tig ian, “Anda su manga wata’ ku?” “Tumutunggu’ su
jambangan,” tig ian, ki karuman ian. “Siti Zariah,” tig ian, “anda su wata’ aken a dua katau a raga?”
Tig ian, “Tumutunggu’ sa jambangan.” Sasalikumbung su Siti Zariah sa malung a kasumba. Pedugsu’ na
pedugsu’ den du’u sa didalema a bilik. Giutu i nagan e karuma ian, Siti Zariah. Karuma ian a bagu. Su
ina’ a manga wata’ utu niatai, ina’ u Rantan Asikin agu’ su Rantan Badawi.

“Di’ ka katawan,” tugu Rantan Asikin giampanan ian si ama’ ian. Sumigad su Rantan Asikin agu’
Piakandadag-dadag kami,” tig ian, “i babu’, ka pamba’isan ian su Akas. Sekayan agu’ su Akas si’i sa
jambangan. Niawa’ kami,” tig ian, “nindadag-dadag kami. Giaya i kiabalaka rekami a manga datu’a
aya sa dalam a
“Let Mother first tell you about it.” Sultan Monkey said, “Mother, you go ahead and tell this Sultan the story.” So, then Paramaisuri told the story.

Paramaisuri told her story to Sultan Mali. She said, “Well, young man, I will tell you my story. I myself, “she said, “am the daughter,” she said, “of a Sultan. This,” she said, “is my place.” She said, “My father was a great Sultan. Once a monkey arrived,” she said. “He asked my father if he could marry me.” She said, “Who would agree to marry a monkey? Who could want a monkey?” Nobody wants a monkey.

She said, “My father would not give his consent.” She said, “And then the monkey fought my father,” she said. “He could not resist him.” She said, “He massacred the people. When my father died,” she said, “I married that Datu’ of the monkeys.” She said, “I bore the oldest, that one,” she said, “that Sultan Monkey. Then there followed a girl, half-and-half. Then Marmaya followed. They are divided in the middle. One part of her is human, for the half toward the head is human, and the other part is monkey, the half toward the tail.”

When he heard the story, Sultan Mali was astonished. She said, “My father died, and this,” she said, “is our place.” She said, “We lived here. My husband,” she said, “was the Sultan,” she said, “a monkey. The Datu’, a monkey, died,” she said. “After he died,” she said, “this one, Sultan Monkey, is the Sultan now.”

Then they fed him. When those people had fed Sultan Mali, Sultan Kala said, “We are blood relatives. We are brothers, Datu’. Moreover, I declare to you that later, if you have any trouble, then you just let me know. You let me know all of your troubles, for we two are brothers now.” “Oh, Yes,” Sultan Mali said. “Yes,” also said the Sultan. “But,” he said, “let us separate, for we must go home. We have a great distance to go to get home, because,” he said, “my place, Sultan Monkey, is Magribi. The place where I will go with these two ladies is Parsi. Parsi is somewhat near, but Magribi is far.” Therefore, that is the way it was, they left. They then left to go to their places. They went home.

Then they arrived at Parsi. When they arrived at Parsi, also the Sultan of Parsi had just arrived. When Sultan Mali reached there, he wanted to go to the father of the ladies. Sultan Mali proceeded to the palace of the Sultan of Parsi. “Ah,” the Sultan of Parsi said, “Where did you come from?” Accompanying them were his two young daughters. “Oh,” the Sultan of Parsi said, “where did my two young daughters come from?”

He said, well this one said, ‘Datu’, I brought them,” said Sultan Mali. “We found them in the forest.” “Oh, Siti Zariah,” he said to his wife, “Where did those my daughters come from?” That newly arrived Sultan had asked, “Where are my daughters?” “They are watching the garden,” his wife had answered. “Siti Zariah,” he said again, “where are my two young ladies?” She said, “They have been keepers of the garden.” Siti Zariah covered herself with a purple malong. She went in and out of her room. You see, that was the name of his wife, namely Siti Zariah. Actually, that was his new wife. The mother of those daughters had died, namely, the mother of Rantan Asikin and Rantan Badawi.

“You cannot imagine it,” said Rantan Asikin as she fell on her father. Rantan Asikin and Rantan Badawi cried. “We would,” she said, “never have gotten lost if it had not been that our aunt here sent us away,” she said. “Our Aunt made us go away,” she said, “because she committed adultery with Akas. She was with Akas, in this house,” they said. “That is why she drove us away. She made us go,” they said, “there to the garden. So, we left,” they said. “We went away. And that,” they said, “is how these datus met us there in the


Kagia sumangur sekayan sa Bandar aya kagia. Su karuma ian utu kagia su puru’ aya a marigai
The Sultan of Parsi spoke up and he said, “Young man, I just do not know how this should be handled in court. So, you be the one to judge this. You go ahead and make a judgment,” he said, “concerning Siti Zariah and Akas. Just render a judgment,” he said. “You be the one to render judgment,” he said. “Because you see,” he said, “it will cause doubt in the heart of Siti Zariah if I am the one that makes the judgment. So,” he said, “you go ahead and pass judgment.”

After this, Sultan Mali said, “Gather your people. Gather your people together.” They ordered all those men of that place to gather together so they could hear that judgment. Then all the people were gathered at the palace of the Sultan of Parsi. Thus, they were gathered. All the people were gathered so Sultan Mali could render judgment. He was to render judgment on the adultery of Siti Zariah and Akas.

85Now,” he said, “this is the sentence,” he said, “they are to dig a pit there,” he said, “at the edge of the path. There beside the path,” he said, “they are to dig a very big pit,” he said. “Make it deep for they are to be placed in it and they should sit down in the pit. Then they should pile up stones there. Then everyone that passes should pick up a stone and throw it at them. Whoever passes is to pick up a stone and throw it at the adulterers there inside that pit. They should be there in that pit.”

“Later after they die, their heads should be gotten and hung by the path, for that is,” he said, “their sentence.” Truly this punishment for their adultery was harsh. But that is the way the hole was dug. “Dig a hole at the edge of the trail. Then they are to put them there. That is the sentence for her punishment,” he had said.

Truly that punishment for the adultery was harsh. So it was that the hole was dug. They dug the hole at the side of the path there. They put Akas and Siti Zariah, the wife of the Sultan of Parsi in it. So, they put them in it and when they passed by on the path, they threw stones at them. In a few days Siti Zariah and Akas died, and they beheaded them and hung them like a flag beside the path there where the people pass by.

So, after that had happened, Raja Parsi said, “I tell you that my two daughters did not get lost because of you, Datu’. For that reason, since this is true, I will wed them to you,” he said to Sultan Mali. “I will wed you to that one, my daughter Rantan Asikin. I will wed,” he said, “the other one to Berahim.” Berahim was surely happy with the younger one, Rantan Badawi. Rantan Asikin was married then to Sultan Mali, and Rantan Badawi to Ibrahim Jawari. So they stayed there, and made their place there.

Let us move forward rapidly. In time Rantan Asikin bore a son, that older one. His name was Bandara Aldin. Now the name of the other one born to Badawi was Bandara Aldibal. You can see that those were suitably named. You ask about it, for they could not hear anything from just their names.

Bandara Aldibal was there in Badawi. That other child in Parsi was Bandara Aldin. Again, she bore a daughter Princess Norkamil. Her name was Puteri Norkamil. It is really not possible to imagine the beauty of the girl, Princess Norkamil. Her father and her mother were very good looking. When Princess Norkamil was becoming a young lady, so also her brother Bandara Aldin was becoming a young man.

Sultan Mali then said, “Berahim,” he said, “this place is all right.” For he was now the Sultan in Parsi. His father-in-law had been the Sultan, but his father-in-law abdicated. He did not want to be Sultan anymore. He said, “Nevertheless,” he said, “Berahim, you guard this place carefully. I’ll just go to find Bandar. I will just go there to Bandar,” he said. So, he then went to Bandar.

Therefore, he went to this Bandar. His wife there in that high up palace


“Panug ka amaika mapia ka a mama.” “Ai,” tugu Rozkana, “matai kan puta’an kun seka sa ulu.”


Ndadarayu ka puringana i kena’ pakagenek.


had also borne a son. His mother named him Rozkana. His name was Rozkana and he was bigger than Bandara Aldin because he was older. But Bandara Aldibal was also husky. He was quite a large young man.

Now then Sultan Mali said, “I will go,” he said, “find Princess Norlila there in Bandar. If,” he said, “I should be a long time, it is because I have gone on to Magribi,” said Sultan Mali. “You just guard this place,” he said. He said this to Berahim. Berahim said, “Yes.” Let us move forward rapidly. Thus, he went along toward the place of Bandar. It was a long time since he had been there.

As to Bandara Aldibal, he was riding his horse, roaming around to various places. He was going around, going to all those places looking for battle. Bandara Aldibal was the son of the Badawi. He was the one with the mark of the ring on his head. He was looking and looking for a fight. You can't imagine how bad that son of Badawi was. He journeyed on his horse to all those places. He would just travel on and on.

It became known that he was able to get there to where his father had married the Jin, there in the tall palace. He easily crossed over that water. He was riding his horse. Just imagine it. He was standing there looking at where that tree was which had the palace.

He said, “This house,” he said, “is of the devil. Why is it,” he said, “that there is a palace here in the tree?” He was looking up and he saw Rozkana, the son of Norasikin. Then it was that he saw Rozkana who was looking out the window from high up in the palace.

“Oh, son of the devil, come here. You come on down here and we two will fight,” is what he said. He was riding on his horse. He had his sword. “Son of the devil, you just come down here. We two will fight.” “Oh,” Rozkana said, “What does this son of a human want while I'm staying here? Why does he invite me to fight? Hey, what is it you want?” Rozkana said. “Do you know me? I am the son of a spirit, son of a Jin. Why do you have to fight me?” “Come on down if you are a good man.” “Oh,” Rozkana said, “you'll die, I will behead you.”

His mother said, “Watch out because of what your father told me,” his mother said. “Be careful,” his mother said, “because of what your father told me. It is only after this had become a lake,” she said, “that no human has been able to come here. Your father is the only one that could get here. That is the way it is, so you be careful because it is not known whose child that is.”

“Why don't you just come on down here? You come on down here.” But Rozkana flew in the air like an eagle. He said, “Come on down here, for I can not reach you.” He tried to swing up with his sword, slashing with the sword. Rozkana swooped down, but he didn't cut him although he had a sword. Also, he did not cut him, because Rozkana wanted to see the mark of the ring on his head. “If I can reach you, be careful!” However, the length of his sword was such that he could not reach him. Rozkana swooped down on him. He wanted to see the mark. He kept on flying, for he couldn't make him stop.

All of a sudden, he knocked off his turban. His turban was knocked off. When his turban fell off, then Rozkana could see the mark from the ring. Rozkana said, “Hey, don't invite me to fight, for you are my brother. That brand you have on the top of your head is a legacy from my father.” “Oh! Why is that son of the devil telling me lies? This fellow is trying to trick me. Why is he, a son of my father, living here?” “You are a devil,” that one said. “Come down here.”

“Oh, no, for you have the brand of the ring on your head. It was the testimony of my father. If I should meet someone having a brand from a ring on his head, then that would be my older brother, son of the Badawi.” “How could my father have arrived here?” he said. “It is true,” he said, “that I am a child of Badawi, for my mother is from Badawi. How could my father have had a child here?” “He married


105Aya piakadulug ian sa ulubalang. Ai mabandes aya a tantu. Inibegai ian sa ulubalang, inidulug a ulubalang si'i sa Parsi, pialad si'i ku ulubalang sa Parsi. Pialad ku ulubalang si'i sa Parsi, pialad a ulubalang ku Berahim. Na kogia mapalad ku Berahim aya, kogia inikisungan ian aya kogia su Bandara Aldin.


my mother whose people were Jin, yes Jin. We are brothers. What is the name of your father?” asked Bandara Aldibal. “He is Sultan Mali.” “What is the name of your father?” Rozkana said. “It is also Sultan Mali,” Bandar Aldibal said. “So that’s it,” Rozkana said.

“You should come on down here, if we are brothers,” Bandar Aldibal said. Rozkana, came down and they shook hands. “You come up, older brother.” Rozkana said. They went up into the palace. “Bring him up,” his mother said. He went on up. He went up, and he said, “I want to discuss something with you. What do you think about what I heard that there is a most beautiful princess [a model of a jewel] there in Parsi?” The model jewel in Parsi was Princess Norkamil.

“There is a model of a jewel there in Parsi. Therefore, it will be like this, we will marry her. Send a letter. We’ll buy her. We will demand the model jewel of Parsi. If they will not give her, we will find out the intention of the people of Parsi.” “Well, but how, older brother can we two marry her? That model is only one and we are two.” “We will cast about and ask her,” he said. “Whichever one of us she picks, let us not be sad. If she wants you, I’ll not be sad in myself. If she wants me, then do not be sad in yourself.” “Yes,” Rozkana said. He said it like that, for surely Rozkana would be preferable because he was handsome. The other was black, and ugly. So, yes, he wrote the letter.

“Let us go home,” he said, “there to my place, to Badawi.” Now in the contents of the letter that was given to the Sultan of Parsi, the two men proposed marriage with the model jewel whose name was Puteri Norkamil. It was Bandara Aldibal and Rozkana who demanded her. They demanded the model jewel. If they would not give her to them, they said they would turn their hand over, and then Parsi would also be turned upside down. If they turned the hand up, then Parsi would also be turned up. That was what was in their letter.

He asked one of the leaders to take it. Oh, this letter was indeed very strong. They handed it to a leader. The leader took it there to Parsi, and it was handed over there by the leader to Parsi. It was handed over by the leader there in Parsi. The leader handed it over to Berahim. After it was handed over to Berahim, he took it to Bandara Aldin.

He read therefore that letter. Bandara Aldin listened to the contents of the letter. Bandara Aldibal and Rozkana, those brothers, demanded the model of Parsi. If she was not given to them, they would turn their hand over. In the same way, Parsi would be overturned. If they turned their hand up, then Parsi would be turned up too.

Suddenly it became known that Bandara Aldin was very angry. Bandara Aldin was very angry. He let out a war cry. “There is no one that I know having a behavior like those two who want to marry,” he said. “Those two!” he said and ordered that a letter be written to those two who wanted to get married, namely to Bandara Aldibal and Rozkana. “There is no one that behaves like that,” he said.

“This is different,” he said. “Their behavior is like those people of Badawi,” he said, “and like those of the evil spirits.” And it was just as he had guessed. Therefore, this is what happened. He said, “Tell them,” he said, “regarding that Princess, I will not give them what they want.” “What is it that they really want?” he said. “They want to test us. They want to turn Parsi upside down, for no one acts like that,” he said, “except the spirits and Badawi. However,” he said, “what they intend to do, then I also will just do that to them,” Bandara Aldin said.

He answered the letter. Berahim wrote a letter. A leader, without delay, took the letter to Badawi. Then, before long, their letter reached Bandara Aldibal. Then he wrote a letter. He said, “Parsi better get ready. This is the day that I will attack, so Parsi should get ready, because they will not give me the Princess. Then they gathered there in Badawi. It was crowded with people, the same as ants, for they were ready to attack Parsi. They also gathered the Jin, for Rozkana gathered together his people.


Palalagui su kuda' u Bandara Aldibal. Da' ian ngatuliki palad makatukau niada'. Tig ian, “Si apu' niada’,” tig ian. “Si apu' a tumutundug raken.” Da' ian mailai a kiatangkapa ki apu' ian. Iniseled sa dalem a kuta' si apu' ian utu.
The letter got to Parsi. That letter had also arrived in Parsi, the contents of which Berahim read, and so they gathered the people together, because those were going to attack them. The people assembled together in Parsi. When the Badawi arrived, they fought there in Parsi. It was said that Parsi lost a lot of people. The spirits were flying and the Badawi were brave. The Parsi were not able to stop them. They fought for many days.

Then Berahim said. “Let us find,” he said, “my older brother.” He said, “A leader should find him in Bandar,” for you can say that the Parsi were about finished when Berahim remembered the agreement. Berahim remembered the agreement with Sultan Monkey. If later there should be trouble for Sultan Mali, he would not forgive him if he was not sent for, if he was not notified. He had ordered it that way.

Berahim wrote a strong letter that Sultan Monkey should come, for the battle had reached its limit in Parsi. But Sultan Mali was not at Parsi. The letter arrived there to Sultan Monkey. Sultan Monkey read it. Good Lord, there was a battle to the death there at Parsi. Good Lord. Then all his followers were gathered together. “Let us help my brother,” he said. “Let us help my brother, Sultan Mali.” He said, “There is not even a child there to resist them in battle.” So all the monkeys gathered together, and they arrived in the palace of Berahim.

He said, “What,” he said, “do you have in mind?” It got to be night. “Tomorrow,” he said, “let us concentrate together. The Badawi will attack for sure. Nothing obstructs them. It can be seen that the Parsi have reached their limit.” He said, “So what do you have in mind for tomorrow?” he said, “If there are no reinforcements tomorrow,” he said, it was Berahim that spoke, “then tomorrow,” he said, “these Parsi will have been captured.” They requested a prayer.

It got to be evening. When it was morning they asked for a prayer. They gave thanks. If only they could get him, and Raja Mali would be able to arrive. You don't know what might happen. Sultan Monkey said, “My thought is this,” he said, “you should bury me. Bury me,” he said, “in that field where the horses of Bandira Aldibal rush back and forth. Those two,” he said, “those could hardly be seen. Bandara Aldibal and his grandfather, Raja Janggutan, cannot be saved, they are killers of people. Also, that one that flies, Rozkana, he has been beheading them.”

This,” he said, “this, er, is what should be done.” Bury me there,” he said, “where their horses run around. Those two horses always follow each other. For,” he said, “those leaders are going to be lost. Those leaders, with those two horses are the ones. You bury me there,” he said this.

They buried him. When he was buried, his eyes and his arms were out. Sultan Monkey was holding a sword. There were also all the monkeys. “However,” he said, “you will be buried if these monkeys fight and you are opposed by the humans. But now, be buried. Ambush the legs of the horses.”

Sultan Monkey then was indeed buried where those horses of Bandara Aldibal and his grandfather, Sultan Janggutan would run back and forth. What happened was that when it got to be very early in the morning, Badawi arrived, expecting that he would conquer Parsi and also get the Princess, the model jewel. Accordingly, when dawn arrived, the Badawi attacked. The people of Parsi were sparse there. Then it became known that as the horse of Sultan Janggutan rushed about its legs were cut down, and the horse toppled. The horse fell over. Now the old leader was watching when he was captured. So, in the falling of the horse, they snatched Sultan Janggutan.

The horse of Bandara Aldibal was running too. He did not observe or know at first that his grandfather was lost. He said, “My grandfather is lost.” He said, “My grandfather, who was following me is lost.” But he had not seen that his grandfather had been snatched. His grandfather was brought inside that fort.
Palad aki makatukau a palalagui sekayan di'in sekayan kasagenatan. Pamuta' ban sa ulu. Si Rozkana sa puru' mautu ambu' pamuta' ban sa ulu. Tig ian di'in kataran aya amanaya aya a gkula-ula. Palad aki makatukau minikudepang man su kuda' ian. Niapata' su a'i an piata' u Sulutan Kara. Kagia maudtang man su kuda' ian kiagampanan peman ia tumiangkap run su ulubalang.


Kagia maudtang den su kuda' a dua timan, kuda' u Sulutan Jangitan agu' su kuda' u Bandar Aldibal, nindaladag den su Badawi. Kialemekan den, kialelemekan den su Badawi niakua' su langun u ulubalang a mategas. Ulubalang a mategas si apu' ian agu' su Bandara Aldibal.


Ia pen man aya kagia si apu' ian agu' su Bandara Aldibal agu' iran iseled sa kuta', na agu' iran tidawa'. Na di' pagutengan kadua-dua, di' pagutengan a dua katau utu. Siambil' iran di' pagutengan. Agu' iran nggarutia, giraruti su Sulutan Janggutan agu' su Bandara Aldibal. Langun a pu'un a baribun iran na litusan a rugu'. Da' kaubagi.


Na kagia gkgabi den aya kagia kiakilidan den ambu' su Badawi guminex sekiran. Inigenek su perang. Inigenek den su perang. Tig iran niapasad den su perang, ka kiakilidan su Badawi niagabi den.


Tugu Berahim aya, "Da'," tig ian, "a peleng ku run, Kakak ba sekiran." "Inuba," tig ian, "seka di' ka den pamarikesa. Niabubug," tig ian, "a lawas a
Suddenly, when it was running fast, he couldn't be resisted. He cut off their heads. As for Rozkana there on top like that, he also wanted to behead them. They said he did not see what had been happening. Suddenly he found out that his horse had fallen. Sultan Monkey had cut off its legs. When his horse was killed, that is fell down, the leader captured him.

When the leader of the Bandar arrived there, Sultan Mali was not there. He had gone home to Magribi. His brother-in-law, Rajah Damsi, said, “Princess Norlila, what advantage did your husband gain for you?” he asked. “Your husband” he said, “was not around in his place. So, his place was massacred. Have your people reinforced him?” he said. “Forty of his people reinforced him. They were armed, with brass armor and could not beat them. The people indeed of Bandar could not be resisted. They were very skillful. They snatched the people whenever their horses were incapacitated. They snatched the people. They would snatch the one falling with a rope.

When the two horses fell down, that is the horse of Sultan Janggutan and the horse of Bandar Aldibal, the Badawi got fewer in number. They felt weak; the Badawi were weak because all their strong leaders were captured. The strong leaders were his grandfather and Bandara Aldibal himself.

His younger brother up there was very angry. “My older brother and his grandfather have been captured,” Rozkana said. Good Lord. Rozkana cannot be resisted. He just swoops down on them. As to the people of Badawi, they were nearly defeated by their action. The people of Parsi were nearly winning the war. The people of Badawi couldn't fight very well for their leaders were captured.

Now as for the grandfather and Bandara Aldibal, they took them into the fort, and they hacked at them. But they could not cut them. They could not hurt those two people. They cut on them, but could not hurt them. Then they beat them with a stick. They beat Sultan Janggutan and Bandara Aldibal. All the pores of their bodies were oozing with blood. There was no restraint.

As for that old man, his body seemed dead. His departure would be his fate. If not he would be finished anyway. They put him inside the jail. They imprisoned them. Therefore, those two were there in the prison.

When it got late in the afternoon and the Badawi were weak, they stopped. They stopped the war. They indeed stopped the fighting. They said that the battle was finished, for the Badawi were at their limit, and it was already night.

Good Lord. Then Sultan Mali arrived. He came from Magribi. Indeed, he was gone a long time, because he had come from Bandar. He had gone also to Tasik, where his wife, the Jin was. He then had gone home to Magribi. He left for Parsi flying. He was flying when he arrived in Parsi.

He said, “What is this fighting? They found me,” he said, “because there was fighting.” Good Lord, then they told him the story about it. “Well,” they said, “there are none left.” They said, “the people of Parsi were scattered by the Badawi.” He said, “Where,” he said, “are the leaders?” They said, “The two leaders were captured. One,” they said, “was young. The other one,” they said, “was an old man. But there is one that could not be overcome for he was flying around. He is a devil. He couldn't be overcome because he is a flying devil.”

He said, “You bring me,” he said, “those in that prison.” They brought the two out. He went there. When he got there, Good Lord, he saw his father-in-law and the other one was his son. Those two could not move. Only their life was not lost. He said, Berahim, he said, “you are truly insane. Why,” he said, “did you do this to Bandara Aldibal and his grandfather? Why,” he said, “did you not look at them?” he said.

Berahim spoke. He said, “I did not recognize them, older brother.” “You are to blame,” he said, “for you did not examine them.” He said, “The bodies of


Pakapia den aya kagia a dua katau aya. Pakapia den su lawas iran a lumibag sagit a liking. Pakapia den su lawas iran, pagagapa'an den. Ia kapanug a tau magabi. Amaika mapita' di' pakapanug, panayab si Rozkana.


Na niapus.
these two people are broken up. What,” he said, “Berahim, are you crazy? Their leaders were captured, but you did not examine them for his well being. That one who was flying around, is also my son, the companion of the other one.” He said, “Of course he flies.”

“Surely that one,” he said, “is the child of Norasikin the Jin.” My goodness, an unknown thing happened. Sultan Mali indeed cried. He treated them. He treated those two with medicine. As to the old one, they were just looking at his spasms. He would probably die. But Sultan Janggutan was without restraint. His body was crushed. So, he treated those two relatives with medicine. They were treated and treated with medicine, but it was seemingly to no avail.

Later this war was stopped. However, it is true that that person did not come down, for the Jin there above wanted to behead them. “They think” he said, “that this fight is ended. I will not stop.” Then no one could make him come down, for he continued to swoop down on them. They said, “This one person is making trouble. He will not stop. No one can make him come down. He had become very angry.

Then it so happened that those two people were being caused to get better. Their bodies were healing, though the swelling had been the same as swollen fish. Their bodies were getting better, so they waited. The people were able to come outside at night. But in the daytime, they could not come down. Rozkana would snatch them.

When they got better, when those two were well again, Sultan Mali spoke to Rozkana. He said, “Rozkana come on down now.” He had flown away at dawn. He was flying around looking for people. He said, “Rozkana,” he said, “come on down now, for I myself am your father,” he said, “Sultan Mali. There is,” he said, “an heirloom I have for you, a sword that I left with your mother.” “Ah,” he said, “no, you will trick me. You are lying.” “Surely you are a liar,” he said. “How could I be your child?” “Oh, No,” he said this. “You are my son.” He said, “I don’t believe it,” Rozkana said. “You are disenchanted.”

Then Sultan Mali said, he said this to Bandara Aldibal. He said, “Can you come down, young man?” He said, “I can come down.” “You come on down then. Call,” he said, “your younger brother.” Bandara Aldibal called. He said, “Rozkana,” he said, “you come on down, because this is Father.” “But they betrayed you. You want me to come down. Later if I come down, they will kill us. You just don’t know. They haven’t really killed you yet, for I was up here before. I will not come down. I don’t believe him. We have no parents here. They have betrayed us.”

He said this, “No, but it is true,” he said, “this is our father, the Sultan Mali.” “I will believe that,” he said, “if all the people in Parsi, women, men, and big children of the people, gather in the middle of the field to throw down their weapons, and if they bring the little children too. “All right,” Sultan Mali said. So, all the people gathered together, women, men, children--large and those carried in arms.

They gathered them and Bandara Aldibal said, “You come on down now.” Then he came down. He was thinking. He went to Sultan Mali. Sultan Mali caressed him with his hand. He said this, “You are brothers. That one you want to marry is your sister, Princess Norkamil. That one,” he said, “is the one you are rivals for.” They said, “we did not know this.”

And so, they were able to be reconciled. For those two whose bodies were swollen so badly there, were able to be reconciled. Then they accompanied them to the town of Badawi. His father-in-law and his son accompanied him. Those were all able to be reconciled.

That’s the end.
Paramata Bantugen


1Ia kun su Tuminaman sa Rugung nimbawata'. Nimbawata' sekayan sakatau a mama sii. Di' ka da'an tanudan ku da'an su ngaran ian. Su ngaran ian kialipatan aken. Antawa utu a wata' ian utu a kaka'? a su Inayunan u Kampung Inayunan u Kampung Sinimba u Ra'iat wata' ian a kaka'. Nimbawata' sekayan da'suman mama si Madali', mama ambu'.


5Bpakala' den aya kagia su wata' i Bantugen. Bidtuan su wata' Baratamai Lumna', Pidtailan Diragen a Penduma su Sumabelau a Putri Dida'agen, ngaran a wata' ian utu a mama. Su ari na si Tumbiling Malen a Tumampad Mapamalui ngaran a wata' ian a ari. Dua katau a wata' ian kamb ar ki Inalang. Na niamaqala' den kagia a manga wata' aya kagia.

Ia pen man aya kagia si Bantugen, na niangaruma den sa langun a inged, ka mapia a mama si Bantugen, ka satiman a inged maka'sa sekayan lumumpat gkauma ian. Kagia a makakuan den sekayan mama kapangaruma den sa langun a inged.

Sumiung den si'i sekayan sa Sunggiringa a Dinar Sayana a Niara a niangaruma sekayan sa Ba'i du'u sa Sunggiringa a Dinar. Nimbawata' du'u sekayan satiman a mama si, di' ka da'an tanudan ku da'an a wata' a ian ya si Daridai Marinindu Lumbai Maug a Pindu. Giaya i wata' ian sa Sunggiringa a Dinar Sayana a Niara.

Paramata Bantugen

[The following story, entitled *Paramata Bantugen*, was told by Hajah Nasah Binti Abpah from Kampung Rampayan, Kota Belud. The relater was 84 at the time. It was recorded on September 7, 1984 in the house of the relater.]

1Now Tuminaman sa Rugung had a son. He had one boy here. But I just can't remember his name. I forgot his name. Who was that child, namely the older one? He was Inayunan u Kampung, yes, Inayunan u Kampung, Sinimba u Rakiat; that was his oldest child. He also had yet another son, namely Madali, also a boy.

   When he went home, he fathered twins, a girl and a boy. Now, er, the girl was there, but the boy was sent to another village. The girl stayed there in the home village. Her name was Inalang. Actually, Inalang of Nimbala, and Ganding of Mindibalui were the same as Inalang. The name of the child that was in that other place was Paramata Bantugen, Kumal Panudtulen, a male child. While he was there in that other place, Bantugen grew up. Inalang also got to be a young lady.

   Now Inalang sailed away. This young lady, Inalang, sailed away, because she said, “I will just enjoy myself in that other place where the child of Tuminaman sa Rugung is.” She arrived there at the, er, place where Bantugen was and they fell in love. But they did not know that they were brother and sister. They really did not know it. They made love, and after they made love, they recognized the ring. It was that particular ring which Inalang had been told, that if she should see, er a man with that ring, it would be Bantugen, her brother. She recognized him. She recognized the ring. It broke Inalang's heart. She told Bantugen the truth. She said, “We are brother and sister. Then she went home to her place. Inalang went to her place and Bantugen was there in the place where he had been.

   Then what happened was that Inalang got pregnant. Bantugen had made her pregnant. She gave birth to two children. So Inalang gave birth. But then this Bantugen just roamed around to all the villages, because he was searching for women. But he had not found out about what had happened.

   5The son of Bantugen was growing up. The child was named Baratamay Lumna' Pidtailan Diragen Penduma Sumabelau Prince Didaagen. These were the names of that male child. The name of the younger one was Tumbiling Malena Tumampad Mapamalui. These two children were the twins of Inalang. Now these children then grew up.

   Now as for Bantugen, this is the way it was; he would marry in all the towns around, for Bantugen was a very good man, for he would make only one jump, and he would arrive at each place. After he got there, then he would marry in all those places.

   He went on to Sunggiringa a Dinar Sayana a Niara and married the princess there in Sunggiringa a Dinar. There he fathered a male child. You do not, but I remember that it was Daridai Marinindu Lumbai Maug a Pindu; that was the child in Sunggiringa a Dinar Sayana Niara.

   Now this, er, Baratamay Lumna' Pidtailain Diragen Penduma Mabelau Prince Didaagen, had a long name. He was becoming a young man. Indeed, he had become a young man, and was already almost adult. The datu' there in Bembaran over their place, the one who ruled there in Bembaran, was Inayunan u Kampung, Sinimba u Rakiat. His brothers were Bantugen and Madali. Madali, that brother of that Inayunan u Kampung, said, “Let's have a discussion there,” he said, “in that, er--palace,” he said, “because that Bantugen went there and because it was known that that place, Bembaran, is where Bantugen kept returning.”
Mandiadi' kagia magupakat sekiran sa turugan. Tig i Inayunan u Kampung, “Saken ia ku rekanu ibpagupakat na giaya a pagari tanu aya si Paramata Bantugen a Kumala Panudtulen. Na pakapangaruma'an tanu. Antawa den i makarau ku langun u pagari tanu.” Pagari iran pen si Dalanda Da’rumimbang Daranda Andagdag Ndadaupa pagari iran. “Na antawan rekitanu i makarau ku langun i a pagari tanu mamala'i si'i sa Gindulungan Marugung? Antuna den makarau mamala'i.”

10Angkainu di’ mautu i giutun i makar sa atai iran agu' matai su Lumna’ makar sa atai iran ka nidsumbang marata'. Antawan i makarau mamala'i si'i sa Gindurungan Marugung?


Therefore, they met in the palace. Inayunan sa Kampung said, “I have called this meeting with you about that one, our brother, Paramata Bantugen Kumala Panudtulen. Let us have him get married. Who among all our brothers will agree to make arrangements?” One of their brothers was Dalanda Darumimbang Daranda Andagadag Ndadaupa. “Who among us, among all of our brothers, will agree to propose marriage vows for our brother there in Gindulungan Marugung? Who will agree to propose marriage vows?”

Why was it like that? No one wanted in their heart to go, and they knew in their hearts that Lumna’ would die if he went, because it was a terrible thing that he was from adultery. Who would dare make the marriage vows there in Gindulungan Marugung?

“Nevertheless, let us send Lumna’,” they said. They were whispering among themselves. “Yes,” several said. So, they sent for Lumna’. They sent for him because he was not there. But they said, “It is your older brother,” because he called him “older brother.” So, they referred to him as his older brother. All those brothers of his mother, he called them “older brother” because he was referred to as the younger brother of Inalang, so he was the younger brother to them.

They went to Lumna’ and they said, “Your older brother,” they said, “wants to have a discussion with you. You come and meet with him.” Then Lumna’ met with them. And then they turned to each other. They said, “Who will dare to propose marriage vows in Gindulungan Marugung? Who will dare to go?”

Daranda said, “If I will propose marriage vows,” he said, “in Gindulungan Marugung,” he said, “Maybe I won’t be able to return. Maybe I won’t be able to return,” because that one was indeed an angry type of man.

“Will you, Madali, agree to propose marriage vows?” He said “Indeed, not me,” he said as he answered. “If also I am not received, then I won’t be able to return either.” No one would agree to go. So, they said, “Lumayun,” also their brother, “Pamanai Lumayun,” they said, “Pandi a Lumialai, will you agree to propose marriage vows there?” He said, “I cannot agree to do so.”

Why then, are you like that too, Lumna’?” They were using treachery. They said to Lumna’, “You, Young Man, Baratamai Lumna’,” they said, “the Pidtailan Diragen, will you dare to do it?” they asked. The boy said he would try. He was still just a child, newly becoming a young man. He said, “I will accept it.” He felt it, yes, he felt the treachery. He went home. But he asked, “When shall I go?” he said. They said, “You go tomorrow. Tomorrow for sure,” they said.

When he arrived there at the house, Inalang said, “For what, young man, did they send for you?” He said, “We had a meeting.” “What did you meet about?” she asked. He said, “My older brother, Bantugen, is going to be married.” “Who will propose the marriage vows?” He said, “I am the one.” “Good Lord,” Inalang said, “You can’t go,” she said. “How can you be the one to go? You can’t go. You are only a child. You are only a child,” she said. “How can you go, Young man? I will not give consent.” He said, “No.” He said, “Death would be preferable to my not going.”

Then she said, “You look sharply, holding your weapon like this. You look sharply so you will see how to fight with a sword,” she said. Inalang felt uncomfortable. “You do not know how to hold the sword. I would like to prevent this. Good Lord, Bantugen is the same.”

“Now you observe carefully,” she said, “how Madali stands ready for battle. You observe him,” she said. He watched. She said, “Which will you follow? Here is the way Bantugen stands,” she said. “Which will you follow?” He said, “That way which is the way of Bantugen.”

And then Inalang worked with him with the sword. “I cannot prevent it.” Good Lord, she was an expert. He practiced all of these things because his mother taught him. However, he called his mother his older sister. When he had done these things, then she said, “Young man,” she said, “can’t I convince you not to continue?” But he said, “Yes, I must continue,
aku ban tumu' ku,” tig ian, “su kapatai amaika di’ aku makabulus.”


for,” he said, “death is preferable to me than not to be able to continue.”

When morning came, he dressed for travel. She said, “Bring,” she said, “that sword of Bantugen.” Bantugen left his sword there. “You bring that sword of Bantugen,” she said. He brought Bantugen's sword there.

Then he left. Tumbiling went after him, she said, because he was her twin. She overtook him, indeed, she overtook Lumna’. Lumna’ said, “I will not go,” he said. If you want to go along, I will not go, young lady.” I will not continue because you will be an encumbrance to me.”

She said, “whatever will be our practice,” she said, “older brother, it is better that the two of us, even better that the two of us,” she said, “not return to that place together.” But he said, “I will not continue,” he said, “if you are going to follow. I will not continue,” he said. So Tumambiling said, “I will go on home.” Then she went home.

Then Bantugen arrived. He said, “Inalang ku Mimbala,” he said, “where is Lumna’?” She said, “He was sent to propose marriage.” He said, “Who sent him, because I will kill him,” he said. She said, “No one sent him. Madali was the one proposed to arrange the marriage vows. He,” she said, “was the one picked for it.”

Bantugen followed. He followed him. So he followed Lumna’. But he was blocked in the middle of the path by a crocodile, a crocodile that was really huge, the same as a mountain. There is no way to estimate nor for you to know what would happen when he arrived at that crocodile which he could not go around.

He said, “What is this crocodile that is crazy? Why does it block the way?” he said, “How did it get up here?” He waited and stared at it. He was staring at this crocodile, but he did not run away; he was not afraid. He had no fear. He was not afraid because the crocodile was takad. He climbed up over it. He climbed over the crocodile. “Good Lord,” Bantugen said, “this cannot be endured,” he said. This was put in Bantugen's heart. He said, “it cannot be stopped,” he said. “It fears nothing.”

So, he went on. He kept going on his journey, there being no end to his walking on. He met a dragon. It blocked his way. “Here is,” he said, “both a dragon and also Bantugen.” He said, “The dragon is here. How can I get by this thing?” he said. He climbed over the dragon. He just climbed over it and passed by it.

Bantugen said, “Ah, nothing can be done for this Lumna’.” He walked on. Bantugen followed him. Then Bantugen revealed himself. He said, “Lumna’, I will be the one to go on,” he said. “You go home. I will not let you, Lumna’,” he said “continue on.” “Why,” Lumna’ said, “all those things that were used to cause me fear did not fool me,” he said. He said, “death is preferable rather than that I should turn back.”

He said, “Why do you do this; who commanded you to do it for me. You tell me because I will kill him.” He said, “No one commanded me to do it. It is I myself that keeps on going. Madali did not,” he said, “and that one, er, who was that? That one, er, Dalanda didn't. Those were chosen to be sent. But I was the one that went ahead into this trouble.”

Bantugen said, “Why are you like this, Lumna’? You will really do well,” he said, “just watch my swordsmanship.” Bantugen performed a war dance in the forest. It would be the will of God indeed if he couldn't succeed, for he saw it then.


Na tig ian, “Antawa aya?” tig ian ki kapal. “Alata'ala.” Niukit sekayan su kiaukit ian magabai su dua a kapal a manga sukad sa minanga utu. Magu'ubai ia su satiman a kapal Kadara'an ian su satiman ki Batara si Minalang a Datu’ si Minantara, pagari i Bantugen. Niunut mamala'i, ka sa balayan ki ina' ian su Kata'da'an. Kagia miaialai ian aya, kagia si Lumna a bpelalakau si'i sa pedtad. Kagia kuan piagenangan tentengan a Kadara'an aya.


Kagia madtai den a kabpelalakau ian aya, kagia aden a wata' a si'i sa sulap-sulap. Mbabantayan den kagia, mbabantayan kagia a kuan aya a wata' aya bpelalakau. Tig ian, “Wata' aya,” tig ian, “sa Bembaran.”

He continued walking. He walked on, and by the grace of God, he arrived there at the town, at the mouth of the river of Gindulungan Marugung. He arrived there at the outlet. When he arrived there at the outlet, there were war ships there of the Kadaraan because those of Kadaraan wanted to propose marriage in Gindulungan. They also wished to propose marriage.

There he saw a ship at anchor. He said, “This ship is very large. This ship at the mouth of the river is indeed a big one. Good Lord,” he said, “what if,” he said, “they also wish to propose marriage.” It seemed that there was just one ship at anchor there.

He said, “What is this?” he said about the ship. “Good Lord.” Then he passed it and when he passed it, there were really two ships at the large mouth of the river. Near by was the one Kadaraan ship, and then another, Batara si Minalang, the Datu' from Minantara, brother of Bantugen. He had come to propose marriage, because the Kadaraan were his cousins on his mother's side. Then they saw this, that is, Lumna' walking along the seashore. They were in doubt, and these Kadaraan stared at him.

“But,” he said, “this person,” he said, “er, this person,” he said, “is from Bembaran.” The people recognized the travelers he said were from Bembaran. That was in the hearts of the Kadaraan, and so they shot the cannon. They shot the cannon and Lumna' jumped away.

Batara sa Minalang rushed to the ship of his uncle. Batara sa Minalang was shouting. He said, “You stop shooting,” he said, “for he is my child,” he said. The people of Kadaraan said, “That will cause trouble,” they said. He said, “Oh, yes, but he is my child, a person from Bembaran.” “That is what you say.” He said, “If you are going to shoot him, then we,” he said, “will fight.”

Batara sa Minalang said this to his opponents, the Kadaraan. He is the child of Tuminamang sa Rugung here, and of the Princess of Kadaraan. The Kadaraan stopped. They in truth wanted to kill Lumna'. “You talk,” Minalang told them, “but if you people continue to attack this one from Bembaran, then,” he said, “we ourselves will fight right now,” he said.

The Kadaraan stopped shooting. “Now,” he said, “you just continue your walk. Why, young man,” Minalang said, “where are you going.” “Younger brother,” they called him. He was the son of Tuminamang sa Rugung. “Where, younger brother, are you going?”

He said, “I am going to propose a marriage in Gindulungan,” he said. He answered, “Be careful, younger brother,” he said, “the Kadaraan have already arrived,” he said, “they already arrived.” He said he would try anyway. He would perhaps try. He said this. He went on to Gindulungan. He walked and walked. He walked on the edge of the shore.

After a long time of his walking like this, then there was a child beside him, observing him. He noticed this child who was walking along. “This, er this child,” he said, “is from Bembaran.”

That man said that child who was observing him is named Masualang sa Baning Masuaraan sa Sumpa. He followed along behind him. As he followed behind him, he did the same walk as Lumna'. Lumna' walked the walk of Bantugen. The youngster followed. Then he walked the walk of Madali. This is a different one, for, Masarau sa Baning said of that walking style, there are many different ones. Then he performed the walk of Mabaning. He imitated the walk of, now who is this? Oh, its Madali. Then he imitated the walk of Daranda. “Oh,” he said, “this indeed is another one.” Then he said, “this one I cannot follow.” He said, “indeed, this one I can't follow.” But he kept following him there on the shore. He was following along on the shore.
Mandiadi' aden a kuan aden a niakakuan den sekayan sa kawalayan a Gindulungan Marugung. "Andan mangadai," tig ian, "i wala'i si'i a Datu'?" Inipangingidsa' ian den su walai a dsagadan ian. Gkasandai ian a wai iniids'an ian a wata' utu. Tig ian, "Anda," tig ian, "i wala'i?" Tig ian, "Ah kuan, si'i a datu' si'i gkauunutan kuan," kialipatan aken, a datu' aya sa Gindulungan.

Kialipatan ku su datu' sa Gindulungan. Babai su ngaran ian uga' id si ian utu a bpangaruma'an a bpamagagaun, na si Bulenta si Ginaun Ulan bpagandai-andai, si Bulenta si Ginaun. Uga' iaya a datu' aya kialipatan aken sa puru' a mudul aken.


Ia utu a Kadara'an utu, ia utu bpangaruma su kaka' a tantu madakel a pagari ian. Ia pagari ian na si'i makapal-kapal aya a bpagaria' di' ka da'an danudan ku da'an su manga pagari ian.

Ia pagari ian a sakatau si Midsuyau agu' tumundug. Pagari ian pen si Batu Apui Karaban a Watu a Di' Kakeritan, pagari ian pen si Midsuyau sa Diwata', gijutun i si Mindalanu sa Tunung Midsuyau sa Diwata' a pagari ian. Si Batu Apui Karaban a Watu a Di' Gkakeritan, a pagari ian pen si Magalayug a Niug a Mangetu' a Mama'an. Na pagari ian pen, Alata'ala, sakian-kian pen a pagari ian salakau aya i manga ngaran! Na madakel sekiran bpagagaria na du'un langun su wala'i utu. Alata'ala, kawasa langun sekiran du'u su datu' ian aya.

Ia utu a Kadara'an utu, ia utu bpangaruma su kaka' a tantu madakel a pagari ian. Ia pagari ian na si'i makapal-kapal aya a bpagaria' di' ka da'an danudan ku da'an su manga pagari ian.


Later on, there was, er, what is it? Er, the houses of Gindulungan Marugung. “Whereabouts,” he said, “is the house of the datu’?” He kept on asking at the houses he passed by. He arrived, and yes, he asked that youngster. “Where is his house?” he said. “Ah, er here, the datu’’s house is here where you followed me, er I forget--the one of this datu’ in Gindulungan.”

I forget the name of the datu' in Gindulungan. But that Princess, the one chosen to be married, she is Bulentai si Ginaun Ulan Pagandayandain Bulentai si Ginaun. But that datu' there, I forget, it is right on the tip of my tongue.

Then he went upstairs there. He went up there. Good Lord, my God, by the Almighty. The Kadaraan filled the house of that datu’ in Ginduluna. They filled it; the negotiations were already finished. They had made their choice of the woman to marry.

Now those from Kadaraan, well, that one that was to marry, the oldest, he had very many brothers. His brothers were there, and there were so many it is hard to estimate the number. You just can't bring them to mind, you can't recall so many brothers.

One of the brothers was Midsuyau, and those that follow him. There was his brother Batu Apui Karaban, a Watu a Di' Kakeritan, another brother, also Midsuyau sa Diwata, who was also known as Mindalanu sa Tunung Midsuyau sa Diwata, his brother. Besides Datu' Apui Kaharan a Wato a Di' Gkakeritan, his brother, there was Magalayug Niug a Mangetu a Mama'an. There were yet other brothers, good Lord, each with different names! There were so many who were brothers, and all in that house. Good Lord, they were all rich, and this datu' was there too.

Here then, at opposite sides at the posts holding the ridge pole of the house were the datus. Those who were with them were at opposite sides at the posts which hold up the ridge pole, and they said he came upstairs. They said, “Who is this?” they said. “Who, er, who is it? Who is this one that came upstairs; where is this person from?” They were surprised. “Oh,” they said, “he is a person from Bembaran. Yes, he is a person from Bembaran,” they said.

Then the datu' was called; that one inside the house was called. After he was called, that datu' stared at him. Good Lord, he recognized him as a person from Bembaran. “Now you be here at the high place; you just be seated here at the high place.” He had him sit at the high place.

The, er, the Kadaraan turned to one side then turned to the other side, for they were old enemies. All the Kadaraan just looked at each other. They said, “It has come true,” they said, “war is here now,” they said. “That person is from Bembaran. What can be his purpose here?” for at that time Lumna’ was carrying a crown. Lumna’ was carrying a crown and that crown represented a contractual agreement.

You need to hear about that contract. The father, Tuminamang sa Rugung, and that datu’ met there on the shore. The father of Bantugen and the father of that datu’ met on the shore. They wrestled till early morning. After they wrestled, they rolled over. Then they wrestled some more.

Now that other one, the father of that datu’ whose child was to be married, was riding a horse. Tuminaman sa Rugung was riding a horse. When Tuminaman sa Rugung rode the horse, he said, “You will die,” he said. “Right now, I will butcher you,” he said, “you are not” he said, “siblings, so no, I will kill you.”

So it will be like this,” he responded. “If I have a child,” he said, “and it is a girl, and you have a child that is a boy, then you choose my child,” he said. Tuminaman sa Rugung had a son and that one was Bantugen. That datu’ also had the one here that is to be married. That one was his child. She is pictured on that crown. Indeed, er, here on this crown she is pictured. He indeed brought the crown. When they wrestled, when those two people wrestled, that crown was there.


Lumna’ was sitting there. Lumna’ crossed his legs. He crossed his legs, having asked one of the datus if he could sit there by the ridge post. Why was Lumna’ obstructing the way? When he was sitting there, those, er, many others there were surprised.

Now those Kadaraan were restless. He said, that is, the datu’ of that place whose daughter was to be married, said: “Well,” he said, “I want to inquire,” he said, “Person from Bembaran,” he said, “it is like this,” he said, “I want to inquire of you,” he said, “what,” he said, “indeed what did you come here to Gindulungan Marugung for?”

“Oh,” he said, “I will answer you right away. I am looking for the tying of the waving flag, and the untying of the agreement that was finished with the small flag.” “Oh that, er,” that datu’ said, “What,” he said, “you speak of is the waving of the flag.” [*The waving of the flag* is a metaphor referencing the agreement.]

He then went to his father. Now his father was there curled up, because his father was very very old. “Father,” he said, “What about this person from Bembaran who knows about the agreement (the waving of the flag)? Where! (How is that?) You slow down.” His father said, “No, but you carry me near him.” His father was brought near him.

“Datu,’” he said, “this is, er Lumna’.” “Where do you come from?” He said, “from Bembaran, from that town of Bembaran,” he said. He said, “Are you bringing a crown?” He said, “it has been brought.” He said, “show it to me.” He showed it and displayed the crown.

He called his son. He said, “Approach right here,” he said. He said to his son, “Observe this carefully.” “I am here,” he said. “Here is Tuminaman sa Rugung, father of Bantugen,” he said. “We met,” he said, “on the shore. We wrestled,” he said. “I was not able to overcome his strength and conceded,” he said.

“So, I did not beat him with something like a rainbow; I did not,” he said, “oppose him, I did not oppose him any longer. When I did not oppose him further,” he said, “I made a promise.” He said, “I spoke like this: “Let us make an agreement so you won't kill me. If I have a child that is a girl, you are to choose that child. We made it an agreement that we would choose each other.” That is what he said.

“Why,” he said, “Father, has it been so long,” he said, “and you told me nothing? What reason made you keep it secret from me. That is a big problem, Father. The Kadaraan, have now been accepted. Yes, they were accepted. Indeed, only the wedding remains. Why,” he said, “Father, did you wait so long without telling me.” He replied, “I was really confused, young man. Being old, I forgot all about that agreement,” he said. He said, “Father, that will cause a great deal of trouble.”

So, then he spoke like this to Midsuyau. “But you yourself,” he said, “will be the one to know, you will have it in your power to decide,” he said. “I regret that I did not know about it.”

“But,” he said, “later when you have to ask for the dowry that they cannot offer, you ask for what they cannot meet, something they cannot afford,” he said. “Perhaps even in time,” he said, “I will not be able to break this agreement of my father and the father of Bantugen. But you will have the power to consent or not to the dowry. What then will happen?”

“You listen,” one of them said, “you youngster from Bembaran, as to whether later you will accept,” he said, “whether later you will accept what we demand here.” So, he said, “The first demand is a stone boat there, a stone ship there at the wharf, fitted with a raised flag, a rainbow, then you will be accepted.”


70“Na gianan anan,” tig ian, “a sumagayan anan a urai, na gaked anan,” tig ian, “i kuan gaked,” tig ian, “i antawa run, kagia a tumutundudug run utu a wata’ Iniradawan Tunung Initulad Diwata’ a sumagayan sa urai anan.”


“Na pakauntudan iu sa’an, pakaubayan iu raken su langun u pangeni, ka imantu ibetud ku saya. Na anda den kagia su niangeni sa aig sa su aig bpatu’ sa
“Now if you have the power,” said another one, “if you have the power and later you are accepted,” he said, “produce jewels up to the knee on the lawn, filling the area of the lawn. That,” he said, “is what you must do with jewels clear up to here to the knee.” “Good Lord,” that is what he said.

“So you have so much power,” said another, “you have such power,” he said, because there were ten brothers, he said, “later if you agree,” he said, “if you accept it,” he said, “then, er, you give me right now that winning quality talisman,” he said.

That talisman belonged to Bantugen. It was a talisman from their ancestor, Tuminaman sa Rugung. “Later if you are to be accepted,” he said, “then that winning talisman” he said, “you must give me now,” he said. “That is how it must be in order for you to be approved, that is,” he said, “for Bantugen to be approved.”

Now you just make your demand,” he said to another one. “Well, to be accepted later,” he said, “you must make that water there in the river ascend up to the mountain,” he said. “You must make the water flow up to the top of the mountain. You have to make that water reverse itself.”

He replied, “Your demand is hard, what else?” He said, “If later you are to be accepted,” he said, “right now,” the other one said, “make appear here,” he said, “right now, the gold one that dances.” That dancing one of gold is the only child of gold known to exist, the only dancing one of gold.

Now about Lumna’, I forgot something in his journeying. He had visited his ancestor, a spirit, and he got Inaladua Tunung, a spirit who followed along behind him. As a spirit, he could not be seen. He carried along the golden dancing one though, for he said, “It may be demanded of me.” In the same way as the spirit that went along with him, that, er thing, could not be seen. But, he said, “I must warn you, don’t pass behind me,” Lumna’ said. “There is a needling spirit there, and he pierces people.”

Now he said, “what else do you demand, what additional things do you demand,” Lumna’ said. “Don't you see,” he said, “that boat of stone fitted with its raised flag, the rainbow?” He said, “It is owned by Batara si Minalang, the Datu' Minantara; it is his responsibility.”

“As for those jewels,” he said, “er, those on the lawn,” he said, “the one responsible for the jewels on the lawn there is Darumimbang Dalanda, Dambetag Ndaraupa. And the one for the water flowing up to the top of the mountain here instead of down; so that water that goes down, and is to flow up, the one responsible,” he said, “is Masualau Mangadtak, our brother, an Idaan, the child of my father, an Idaan.”

He continued, “The one responsible for that dancing one of gold, the one responsible,” he said, “indeed the one responsible is, a, er who is that? it is the boy who followed, namely Inilajawan Tunung Initulad Diwata; he is responsible for that golden dancing one.”

“Now that boat,” they said, “which is to be there on the lawn. Now that is the responsibility of, er, of Madali. So,” he said, “each of my brothers is given something equally.” “As for that,” he said “that, er, what is it? that talisman, the one with a winning quality, well, that one is my responsibility, that is my share. Now don't you have any more demands?” he asked.

They said, “No one can come up with any more demands, because all of the demands have been exhausted; there are no more demands.” “Oh, but what about this?” he said. “There is one more demand. Who is it that demanded a golden bird?” (I forget the name of that bird). “Now then, is there no one among you,” he said, “that makes another demand?” They said, “There is no one.”

“You just sit here, you be near me, all of you who made these requests, because I will now present them to you. So where is the one that requested that the water be reversed, going up
puru' a manik sa puru', su aig sa lawasaig?” Na tig iran, “Katataya su niangeni.”


Na su nia’ar sa adimat? “Na katataya,” tig iran aya. Na adimat bikar ian sa kasadan ian a tig ian inibegai ian run su kiabegai ian run.


85“Ai saken man,” tig ian i kuan ka tig i Lumna’ utu. Kagia mautu tig i kuan su ki babai ba du’u.
on top, that water of the river?” They said, “The one that requested it is here.”

“You look, you go to the edge of the wharf.” He said this to that one who begged for a stone boat with flags of the rainbow. He observed that, er, boat there at the wharf, a boat of stone. They exclaimed, “How,” they said, “while he is in this house can it be there in the kuan.”

He then said, “Now for the one who requested,” he said, “the jewels up to the legs, the jewels on the lawn.” They said, “he is here.” “What about the one who demanded the boat in the middle of the playing field.” “He is here,” they said. They also pointed to the one who demanded the golden dancing one, the jewelry of gold. One of them said, “I myself am happy because of the golden child.” “And what about the one who demanded the golden bird?” “He is here.”

“How about the one who demanded the talisman?” “He is here,” they said. He unbuckled his belt at his waist, and he gave it to them. That was indeed his gift.

That man buckled it on. He buckled this talisman, this heirloom, on his waist. Then Inilajawan Tunung, Initulad Diwata was made to do the war dance. God forbid. As he danced, the golden toy dancer stood. He said, “You get that golden toy dancer,” he said, “the only golden child, the same as a human child.” He said, “You get that dancer,” he said. That man accepted the fact that when that golden child-like thing danced, you better be careful, for you do not know what God might take away. That place might start revolving; and also, you do not know about the water which flows up to the top,” he said. “You look,” he said, “at that lawn with the jewels up to the knees.”

He said, “You just look,” he said. “There is that boat on the river. That boat of stone is standing there, and they have posted as flags the rainbows that reach up to the sky, even the rainbows. God forbid, for you can’t imagine what might happen. The place might burn.

And that man who had buckled on the talisman, well, he was staring into the sky about to die. A snake tightened and was doing this. It tightened and was about to cut off his abdomen. “Oh,” he said, “you take it off,” he said to Lumna’, “get it off of me. You get it off. Get it off of me,” he cried. You just can’t realize how fast it was, for that person was about to die, because he was losing his breath. You just cannot estimate his panic.

Then that woman, the one who was to be married, stood up. Bulentai Si Ginaun Ulan Pagandayandai stood up. She stood there. As she stood there, she said, “Brother-in-law, who is not yet a brother-in-law, I have to be indefinite, for it is not known yet how you are related. You must indeed,” she said, “get that talisman back,” she said, “I am afraid.”

After that woman spoke, Lumna’ snatched at the talisman. That man was tired. He snatched at it, but he was not able to get it off. “Ah,” that man said, “I don’t want it. I don’t want it. I don’t want the talisman.” That man tried to throw it away. “I don’t want it.”

Then he said, “All that you demanded, you have indeed gotten.” All those people, er in the village cast down their eyes; the sultan who was the brother of the woman, cast down his eyes. He said, “All that my opponent demanded has been given.”

He said, “What do you have in mind? What,” he said, “is in your mind? I myself,” he said, “have done up to what has been demanded, but it is up to you.”

“What is this witchcraft,” they said. “We will truly not allow it,” said the Kadaraan. “We will not,” he said, “allow you to snatch away,” he said, “the one we are going to marry.”

“I myself will be the one,” he, that is, Lumna’ said. That is what he said to the woman there.


“Na manug tanu sa lup’a.” Pinggagana’an iran aki kagia wata’a sasakatau a matutundan su kampilan, matutundan ian su kampilan. Kagia dì’ ka katawan a panugan iran sa lup’a. Di’ ka katawan kagia tumindeg si Lumna’. Dsagayan sekean sakadsagayan i Bantugen a kabasaran u Alahuta’ala sagit aki a pipidau. Pidtimu’-timu’an iran sakian-kian a manusia Alata’ala.

Na kuan pedasap di kuan bapa’ ian si Minalang uba aki bpadula a Kadara’an? Alata’ala Tuhan ku Rabi atagen i Bantugen agu’ si Madali’. Atagen iran sekean su puru’ mageda’ sa patau. Atagen iran.


Ia pen man aya kagia si Bantugen tutunggu’an ian du’u kagia su tunang ian sa lamin si Bulentai si Ginaun utu, ka niatunang ian niapasad den. Ia man aya kagia si’i tunang ian aya sa kuan tunang ian si’i sa Sunggiringa a Dinar si’i sa Magalindai. Na su tunang ian du’u ia ngarang ian na si Minuyud. Si Minuyud i tunang ian du’u. Ia wata’ ian run. Wata’ ian ki Minuyud utu si Daridai Marinindu; wata’ ian utu a mama.

Na niadtai den aya a uleg aya, kagia si Bantugen na da’ ian den ngabalingi si Daridai Marinindu. Da’ ian ngabalingi si’i sa Magalindai Dinar, ka si’in sa langun a karuma ian, ka madakel i karuma. Mandiadi’ ia pen man aya kagia si kuan Bantugen aden pen man a tunang ian si’i sa Lalansayan a Delem. “Diadi i sa kuan aya kagia ia su Kadara’an aya,” tig ian.
“I do not know," she said. “You are the one that knows what to do.” She said, “Baratamay Lumna’ a Pidtailain Di’ Ragen,” she said, “what is your thought?” “Whatever is their wish,” he said, “it is my wish. What they will consent to,” he said, “then I will present it here.”

“Now,” they said, “it is war to the death.” “Oh, yes, but go slowly,” said Lumna’. Lumna’ said, “But let us go downstairs to the ground.” “Good Lord,” they said, “this child is important. He challenges when he is alone. This child challenges us,” they said, “by himself.”

“Let us go down to the ground.” They were swift in this because the child was alone and was pulling out his sword. He was pulling out his sword. So you may not realize it, but they were descending to the ground. You just may not realize it, but Lumna’ was standing there. He was feeling uncomfortable, but he was performing the war dance of Bantugen. By the will of God, it was the very one. Good Lord, plenty of people were gathered there around him.

Now he was being supported by his uncle Minalang. My goodness friend, what will the Kadaraan do? Good Lord, my God, Almighty, Bantugen and Madali are going to challenge them. They were about to oppose them, riding up on their shields. They were going to challenge them.

They stared at Lumna’ who was like a propeller there in the middle. God was watching over the child. By the will of God, he could not be hit. What, he was using the swordsmanship of Bantugen. He could not be hit or cut down. “There is no God but God.” Though you may not know it, he was being observed. Bantugen and Madali were observing him.

Madali said, “My friend,” he said, “let us go down there, let us descend, Lumna’ has been trapped,” he said. He responded, “Let him alone there, for if indeed he begins to lose, then we’ll help him, but not before, friend,” for Madali, that brother of Bantugen, the older brother of Bantugen, that older brother, could not stand it. “Later when you are really concerned,” Bantugen said, “you do whatever you desire. As for me,” he said, “I will not descend. I will let it continue.” Then he went up to the tower, which is taboo, and he laid his head against Bulentai Ginaun Ulan Bpagandayandai, that woman who was to be married.

As for Madali, he went down among them. He descended to them. He said, “You make every effort you can.” Good Lord, when Madali stood there, you cannot imagine it. They were rowing the boats they tied together. They kept rowing the boats they had tied together. The Kadaraan rowed and rowed their boats. But they had lost their guardian angel. “Good Lord,” they said, “We have been betrayed for we understood that there was only one child,” they said, “and now indeed there is Madali.” As for Bantugen, he was in the tower, watching Bulentai si Ginaun. He was resting his head against her thigh. He was even asking for the prepared betel chew.

The Kadaraan fled, rowing their boats which they had increased in size by tying them together. The Kadaraan went home. Bantugen was approved. He was the choice for that Princess. He was the choice indeed, and that was the way it was. So Bantugen was there in the tower. The Kadaraan went home. As for Lumna’, Lumna’ went back to Bembaran. Afterwards Lumna’ just went back to his house.

So, this is the way it was, Bantugen was keeping watch over his sweetheart in the tower, namely that Bulentay sa Ginaun, because he had made her his choice, a completed fact. This then was the chosen one there. She was the one chosen there in Sunggiringa a Dinar, there in Magalinday. Now as for his sweetheart, her name was Minuyud. Minuyud was his sweetheart. She had a child. Minuyud’s child was Daridai Marinindu; that one was a boy.

A long time had gone by, and she was impatient, for Bantugen had not come back to Daridai Marinindu. He had not come back to Magalinday Dinar because there were all those wives, because there were many wives. Thus, it was the case that, er, Bantugen had his sweetheart there in Lalansayan a Delem. “Now there is this kuan, this Kadaraan,” he said.


“What about it?” he said. “What about our marriage? Will we be opposed, or we will be opposed in our marriage,” he said, “by Bembaran? Where shall we get married?”

Later on, as for Bantugen, on his part, he was walking along. Bantugen walked and walked. He was going to one of his wives. It is not known how many, more than ten wives maybe, his sweethearts, not wives, because he was not married, they were sweethearts. Bantugen kept on walking and walking, there being no end to his walking. “What place,” he said, “is this where I have arrived? Where is this?” he said.

He had already gone a great distance walking when he came to this place, but I forget. Well, he arrived there at that orchard. As to the orchard where he arrived, you cannot estimate the clearness of that orchard. He said, “Where then are the houses, is this only an orchard?” He walked in this wide field. He walked in this wide field, and he said, “I can’t find any houses here.”

Then he entered a forest; he went into the forest. When he entered the forest, he came to a single house that was all alone. He said, “Where are the people of this house?” for that house was acknowledged to be very big. “Whereabouts are the people of this house?” he said. “There is no noise.” He attempted to hear something in that house. “Yipes,” he said, “why are there no people here in this house?” Therefore, he then went on up the stairs.

When he went up there, when he had gotten up there, he reached a curtain. He reached a curtain across the large part of the house. He said, “There are no people here.” He said, “Where are the people of this house?”

When he opened the curtain, Good Lord, there was a most beautiful princess embroidering. She was embroidering. That woman turned toward him. The name of that woman was, now let’s see, I don’t recall. Ah, Limbuan, that is it, that is the name of that woman.

As for Limbuan, she said, now she said this: “Brother,” was what she said. “Are you Paramata Madali, you come near.” But he did not reply; Bantugen didn’t reply. Then she said, “Brother, are you Da’ Romimbang Dalanda?” But again, Bantugen did not reply. Then she said, “My brother, Pamanai a Lumna’,” but he did not respond. All these who were brothers she finished. But Bantugen did not respond.

After a long time of not saying anything, she said, “My brother, Paramata Bantugen, you come over near me.” Bantugen sat down; he sat down near her. He wanted her consent to place his head on her lap because he was alone. That princess thought to herself what was hidden in her heart. “This one is a bad man, because I called him, he wants to place himself on my lap. He is all alone here,” she said, “this is a problem,” she said.

He said, “Let me chew a betel chew.” He said. “Let me just chew one betel chew. Indeed, has it not been said for me, my sister, that if some datu’ arrives here, then I should be given a betel nut chew?” he said. “It has been a long time and I have had nothing to chew for this very long time,” he said. He said, “I have had no betel chew,” and he kept saying this. But she said, “There is no chew to be had here, there is none for you. Let me look around for some food.” She just pretended, and she left to go up there to the second floor.

She went on up to the second floor. She arrived there in the tower. She sat down and said, “Watch out older sister,” she said, “Bantugen is down there,” she said. Her older sister was there upstairs. Her beauty cannot be estimated. On that occasion, good Lord, her beauty was like the moon. Yes, that young lady, the older sister was very beautiful.


Na kagia madtai den a kabpagindiga iran, na dukawan aki su babai amaika makadsangura agu' mama. Du'u kan ikarang sa kakashalagani ki Limbuan, dadi' ian utu. Nia'apug sekayan sa mbama'an, inikikapetan ian ki kuan kiapetan ian su palad i Maginar. Kiapetan ian su palad i Maginar. Inibetad ian kagia su mbama’an sa palad i Maginar kinua’ ian su lima i Bantugen. Inikipundut ian run. Na ilaya ngkan a akal ian ambu' kakashalagani run, ka langun man ambu' a ba' a niabalak i Bantugen terus-terus ban bpagapugan sekayan sa mbama'an.


Ia pen man aya kagia su manga pagari ian sa Bembaran, ka madakel a pagari ian. Ia pagari ian a babai sapulu' katau pagari a mama sapulu’ katau pagari i Bantugen. Niakagirau si Inalang si'i sa Bembaran “Dtaru'un kun rekanu langun tanu a bpapagaria’ upun makauma si Bantugen si'i, na kapedi’-pedi’ tanu bu' di' tanun gkudi’in. Di’ mapakaiden gkudi’in si Bantugen, ka niakagkaruma sa balbal.
She was near her older sister. Her older sister said, “Why, indeed, what is the matter, Limbuan?” she asked. “You be careful,” she said, “there is a datu’ here in the kuan, in the palace. He is coming here. He begged for a betel chew from me. He told me.” She said, “don’t go up there.” “Oh,” she said, “even if you do not invite him to come up, he will come on up. You know that Bantugen, in every place, he has a sweetheart in every place.”

Suddenly Bantugen followed her. He said, “Really she ran away from me, she just said she had to get food, but in truth she was running away,” he said. “She said,” he said, “she had to get food, but she in truth ran away.” He followed her.

By God’s will, he arrived, friend, and there was that princess whose beauty cannot be estimated. She was there near her younger sister embroidering, namely Limbuan. She said, “Older brother,” she said, “older brother, you come here, you just come over here in the kuan,” she said, “just enter.” He said, “yes.”

“Good Lord, the wisdom of that woman cannot be estimated,” Bantugen said. “The wisdom of this intelligent woman cannot be estimated. That is truly why,” he said, “she did not bring me the betel chew because truly she had a lovely sister up here.” This is what he said, yes, that is what he said.

This Bantugen exerted real effort and was artful. He said, yes, he said, “Young lady,” he said, “I am begging for a betel chew. I want you to give me a betel chew;” he said. He talked like this. That woman pushed over the betel chew case. Maginar pushed the betel chew case to him. “Here is the betel chew case,” she said. “I am not accustomed,” he said, “to getting the betel chew here from the case. Rather, I am used to,” he said, “getting it from your hand.” You can just imagine how artful he was.

“I will change it here,” he said, “getting if from the palm of your hand.” As for Maginar, she said, “My brother did not teach me,” she said. She said, “My brother didn’t make an agreement with me that when a man arrives here, I should put lime in the betel chew,” she said. Ah, now they kept at it. They matched wits against each other. “But if I do not get the betel chew,” he said, “I will go back to Bembaran if I do not get it limed. If I don't get it,” he said, “from your hand, it will not be my custom.”

Now after a long time of their challenging each other, both the woman and the man, friend, got tired in the confrontation. You can just imagine the wisdom of Limbuan, that young lady. She finally put lime on the betel chew, then she had it held by Maginar in her hand. She held it in Maginar’s hand. When she placed the betel chew in Maginar’s hand, then she got the hand of Bantugen. She had him pick it up with his fingers. Now you look at that wisdom, for all other ladies that Bantugen met, always put lime on the betel chew.

She had a hard time there, and after she finished, she went downstairs. She went downstairs. Bantugen was left with the one upon whose lap he had placed his head. Bantugen had put his head on her lap. He chose Maginar as sweetheart; in the end, he chose Maginar.

He made her into his wife; they acknowledged it, but they did not marry, as he did not really know marriage. That one was his wife. Therefore, she became his wife, but in truth that Maginar was his sweetheart. Then he returned home. He started for home. So, he just traveled to all places.

Now about other things, there were his brothers and sisters in Bembaran, for there were many siblings. Actually, Bantugen had ten sisters and ten brothers. Inalang then said there in Bembaran, “I tell you, all of my sisters, that when Bantugen arrives here, we will not have anything to do with him. We will not value or interfere with Bantugen because he married a witch.”


Ai wai, kiauma'an ian sekiran bpagupakat sa turugan su manga mama. Tig iran, "Amaika makauma si Bantugen, na kapedi'-pedi' iu bu', uba' iu ipembina' si Bantugen sa ids'an iu. Upun kanu ian ids'an, na uba' kanu dsamburg ka bunu'un ku sekanu," tig i kuau
What they were saying was that Maginar was a witch. Why you can't even imagine the beauty among all of Bantugen's sweethearts, though none were as beautiful as Maginar. “But later, when Bantugen arrives here,” they said, “we will have nothing to do with him because we might be infected by the witch. He married a witch,” they said, and they all agreed.

So likewise, all the men had a conference. They would not have anything to do with Bantugen, they would avoid him completely, “Because that one,” they said, “would not stop, he would not resist seeing those women. Now he accidently got a witch. So, we will not have anything to do with him, we will avoid Bantugen completely.” That was what they had discussed among themselves.

Therefore now, this is the situation. As for Bantugen, Oh yes, he had not gone away yet. Bantugen had not left. Bantugen was resting on her lap. As though spoken right in Maginar’s ear, she heard what was being said in Bembaran. Therefore, she got the pillow. She shifted Bantugen's head over to it. After she shifted him over, she left Bantugen. She went down below. She cried, and then she went to her younger sister, Limbuan. She cried.

Limbuan said, “Why are you doing that, older sister?” “That is what happened,” she said, “because I did not give the betel chew to Bantugen. You held it in your hand,” she said, “you held it,” she said, “with my hand. Then you put the betel chew on it.” “What about it?” said Limbuan. “Right now,” she said, “they are saying there in Bembaran that I am a witch. I am being put to shame,” she said. “They are going to boycott Bantugen,” she said, “because it is said that I am a witch.”

“Do not be such a fool, older sister, do not talk like that,” Limbuan said. “That talk of yours will not get anywhere.” “Oh,” she said, “no, and I am despised in Bembaran.” Her older sister kept on crying.

Then Bantugen woke up. Oh, he was lying on a pillow. “That lap has become a pillow,” he said. “What is this all about?” he said. “Maginar has changed her lap with a pillow.” She went downstairs. He said, “I will inquire of you,” he said, “I’ll just ask you, Maginar, why did you,” he said, “change your lap for the pillow? Among all my wives,” he said, for seven days,” he said, “I have slept, lying on her lap. But seven days have not passed,” he said. “Why did she change to a pillow. What reason is there. She has no reason,” he said. “No,” he said. “You tell me,” he said.

She said, “It is not right what you, that is, what your brothers in Bembaran are doing to me, saying you accepted me as a witch. Because they say I am a witch, they are going to avoid you completely. That is what they say.” “But you are not a fool,” Bantugen said. “Indeed,” he said, “don’t be a fool.” “No,” she said, “No, I am not. But you must go back home,” she said, “leave here,” she said, “please.” Then she said, “Don’t return here anymore. Just go home.”

He said, “First serve me a betel chew.” “Ah,” she said, “I cannot serve you the betel chew,” she said. “If I do this for you,” she said, “then I will be put to shame.” He said, “Serve me just one betel chew, for I am going home.” She said, “No. I will not serve you the betel chew.” Bantugen dressed and went home. So Bantugen went home.

Thus, Bantugen was going home. He went home to Bembaran. He went to Bembaran. When he reached Bembaran, he went up to the lamin (tower), that is, the tower of Inalang. So he just went to this tower.

Ah, yes, when he arrived, they were having a meeting there in the palace, the men were meeting. They said, “Later on if Bantugen arrives, you please only ignore him, notice Bantugen in his asking anything, but you just ignore him. If you talk to him, I will kill you,” the, er,


older brother said (what's his name, er), the Inayunan u Kampung. “If you answer Bantugen, I will cut off your head.” “Today Bantugen will arrive,” they said.

Not long after that, he arrived at that meeting of theirs. He said, “What,” he said, “are you gathered together here for. Tell me.” There was no response; not even a word was spoken. He said, “Darumimban Daranda Andagdag Endaraupa, why are you meeting here?” Not one word was spoken to him. “Ah, what is the reason for this meeting here, Pamanai Alungan?” he asked, and he also asked Pandi Mailailai. There was no response. So, he returned to the lamin.

125He returned to the tower. When he went back to the lamin, he was sleepy. So, he said to Inalang, “Give me a pillow,” he said, “because I am sleepy. I have not slept,” he said. He laid down and slept. He slept in the lamin until it was evening. Then it became evening.

Now the one who spoke, the one who arrived was, er, Ina’i Randang sa Baya. Ina’i Randang sa Baya arrived, and Maginar went to her. She said, “You get,” she said, “his soul, namely Bantugen; kill him. Get,” she said, “his soul, namely Bantugen.” Ina’i Randang went there. She got the soul of Bantugen who was sleeping. He died. Bantugen died.

Ah, then Inalang tried to wake him up. She could not awaken him, for he was dead. Inalang screamed. “Go,” she said, “and get me (who is that brother of his?), the datu', Inayunan Kampung. Tell him,” she said, “Bantugen is dead. That,” she said, “is their fault for their saying nothing to him.”

And now what is it friend, for they were raising a great tumult. But it was the will of God. Bembaran was in deep trouble. This Bembaran, it was a place surrounded by seven rivers. Bembaran was in trouble. You just cannot imagine it, friend. They on their part cried and screamed. If you tried to converse, you would not be able to hear anything.

So, they said, “Beat the gong for the dead, beat the gong for the dead,” they said. “Get the agung to beat for the dead.” God forbid, their gongs sounded in seven places, it could be heard in seven towns.

130You could only hear those gongs as if causing things to melt; there is nothing like that roar (making the people afraid). The Kadaraan trembled. They said, they said, “Bantugen is dead.” The sound of the beating of the death gongs is there. Nothing is like that dissolving, like that roaring sound.

Dalanda said, “You wait.” he said. “Keep beating the gongs.” He said this, “The kuan, the Kadaraan just might launch an attack, though Bantugen is not yet buried. What will happen to us?” This is what he said. “That,” he said, “beating of the gongs may be taken for when Bantugen is buried.” Inalang said, “It is good if we are massacred, because Bantugen is no more.”

The Kadaraan prepared for war. Because they would come, all the women, all those women were frightened. They said, “this Bembaran will be broken up.” Ah, but he could not be buried, for he was still warm. He was warm.

Now this is what the situation was. Maginar was unable to sleep. As for Maginar, it was as though the house was dancing. She said, “What can be done about this.” She, Maginar, dressed then in a man's clothes. She dressed in a man's clothes. So as for Maginar, she was dressing up in men's clothing.

Limbuan said, “Where are you going?” She said, “I am going to see Ina’i Randang,” she said, “in the underworld, the spirit,” she said. She, er kuan said, “I will go with you.” She said, “You can't go with me.” She said, “No, I will go,” Limbuan said. She replied, “Don't


Kagia panikan ian su satiman aya kagia a walai, kagia tumiwang sekayan sa kuan a mayau. Na niasugat si Ina’ i Randang. Kagia masugat a mayau si Ina’ i Randang inikias-kias Alahuta’alah da’an a tanggu i Ina’ i Randang. Da’an a tanggu i Ina’ i Randang. Sagit a gkeliden a pa’it. Pelekas si Ina’ i Randang.


145Si Inalang i da’ ian sugata, ka u ba’ di’ makapanudtul. Kagia di’ ka katawan a sungan ian si
go along with me.” “Ah, no, but I am afraid here,” Limbuan said. She said, “Then you follow along, but dress,” she said, “in men’s clothing.”

She dressed in men’s clothing, and then they set out. They journeyed on in the evening. When they arrived there at the hole in the earth, she said, “Watch, please Limbuan, you just watch.” She said this, “you keep watching.” They rode along on the kuan. They had departed from their place in the morning.

What they rode was the air vehicle. The patau flew. When it became evening, they went down at the place where Ina’ i Randang Baru was. They landed with the patau. The patau descended, and they disembarked. They waited for dusk in the forest. As they waited for dusk, Maginar armed herself with a sword because she had just been able to get one.

The sun set. They entered the depths of the earth. How is it, friend, but that is why she is called a witch. She could move along in all those parts of the inner earth. She entered the depths of the earth, and there where you cannot know, she saw a house, a house that was all alone. When she saw the house all alone, she went up into it.

After this one went up into this solitary house, she sensed something that was hot. Ina’ i Randang was hit. When Ina’ i Randang was hit (magically) with something hot, God forbid, but Ina’ i Randang could not stop struggling. Ina’ i Randang had no more strength. It stayed the same way, a difficult situation. Ina’ i Randang took off some clothes.

“Oh,” said Ina’ i Randang, “where are you going, Maginar?” she said. She said, “Nowhere, only here to you,” she said. “Why is this happening to me?” she said. “What,” she said, “is this that is destroying me, Maginar,” she said. She said, “What is it,” she said, “that is causing you trouble?”

She said, “this is singular, I just cannot bear the heat.” She would fan herself. She fanned, but still, my goodness, it was the same. Ina’ sa Randang was burning up. She said, “No, it cannot be.” She said, “I will bathe, it can’t be. I will bathe, Maginar,” she said.” She said, “Yes.” She said, “But don’t take a long time.” She said, “Yes, I will bathe, but not long,” she said.

As soon as she went downstairs, while she was going down, Maginar snatched the bottle with the soul of Bantugen. She hid the bottle. She snatched this bottle and she rushed downstairs. Her younger sister was there outside waiting. She did not want to go in. She was afraid there was not enough time. After she went downstairs, running rapidly, she jumped on the air vehicle. She said, “Limbuan, you ride on it, too, quickly.” She said this. As for her part, Ina’ i Randang, quickly ran after them. That Ina’ i Randang did not take long because that one was afraid; they would take that soul.

Then they rode on the shield and they fled on the patau. You just can't imagine how hard Ina’ i Randang pursued them. Now Limbuan wet herself, she wet herself. “That one says,” she said, “he will kill me when I go up to Bantugen's house.”

You can hardly tell about it. They were arriving. When they arrived there, that house with seven divisions was packed. All indeed were sitting in mourning over that corpse. It was not widely known that three afternoons had passed since his death, and he was not yet buried because he was still warm. You can hardly believe it. She went up the stairs.

They saw her standing there, and she was the same as the moon, she looked just like the moon. She stared at them, and one does not know why, but all those women, all crowded in there, all fell asleep. She put a spell on those except for Inalang. As for Inalang, she did not put a spell on her. Without it being known, she went to her.

As for Inalang, she did not put a spell on her, because if she didn't, she would be able to tell about it. Then without anyone knowing it, she went to


A pakaga’anen ta aya. Kagia a aden pen man bpangaruma’an i Bantugen a kuan. Aden pen man bpangaruma’an i Bantugen a satiman pen man a inged. (Kialipatan. Di’ ka da’an dtanudan ku da’an a sa Lalansayan a Delem.) Na siugu’ man du’u si Lumna’ magidsa’-idsa’ sa Bagumbayan. Siugu’ du’u si Lumna’ magidsa’-idsa’.

Mandiadi’ kiauma’an ian pen man du’u, niatunang pen man u Kadara’an niatunang; man u Kadara’an niatunang a Kadara’an. Diadi inipa’ar sa Kadara’an su Ba’i si’i sa Magalindai Dinar. Si Munuyud amaika mibetad a Kadara’an inipa’ar a bpangaruma’an utu. Kagia si’i sa Bagumbayan inipa’ar a laki ian a sa Bagumbayan ia si Sulutan sa Bagumbayan utu, inipa’ar ian si Minuyud karuma i Bantugen a pu’un.


Diadi ia si Minuyud aya kagia lumialakau su kuan lumialakau su laki ian. Lumiaiyag si Sarunai Kumimbala’ a Ganding Ku Mindibalui, laki i Minuyud, lumialakau. Niasama a laki ian si’i sa walai sakatau. Ngara a datu’ utu sa Magalindai Dinar si Dalendegan Sangiran a Rugung a Magamanat. Giutu i laki ian si’i sa walai.

Si Sarunai Kumimbala’ a Ganding Ku Mindibalui lumiayag. Tig ian ki kuan, tig ian ku Dalendegan Sangiran, “Jagai nga ku bu’,” tig ian, “su inged,” tig i
Bantugen. She returned his soul. With that finished, she went out. She quickly went down.

Bantugen got up. He looked all around and said, “I have been made to sleep for a very long time.” Inalang was at his side. Oh, why is it that Inalang was not able to talk. If we were the ones, we would fall prone indeed, because that one was bewitched and had died.

Inalang said nothing. He said, “Did I sleep for a long time?” he asked. He was rubbing his face. He said, “Inalang, did sleep hold me for a long time?” She said, “You slept, for you were dead while three days passed. Even so,” she said, “you could not be buried because you were still warm.”

He said, “Was there anyone that came in here?” She said, “There was someone who came to the soft spot on your head.” “What did she look like?” he said. She said, “She shone just like the moon,” she said, “when she came in this house.” He said, “It was Maginar. Good Lord,” he said, “truly it was Maginar. Do you know Maginar?” he said. “That one,” he said, “was Maginar. As for you all, all of you,” he said, “you can talk about her.”

You cannot imagine it. All the people woke up who were sleeping. “Good Lord,” they said. “It was frightening,” they said. “The house was all lit up.” But Maginar went home. She disappeared. She went back home.

Good Lord, later the Kadaraan arrived. They filled Bembaran. They wanted war to the death. Now what would happen, for Madali was not there. What can you say? It took Bantugen, and he let out a war cry when he came, and you cannot imagine that war cry. The Kadaraan were undone, it had a deadly effect. All the Kadaraan were lost.

The enemy was just astounded when Bantugen shouted. “Good Lord,” they said. “Why?” they said, “did they beat that gong for the dead,” they said. “Bantugen died, and now he is living.” Bantugen indeed was living. They said, “He cannot be stopped by force.” Again, they said, “He cannot be stopped by force.”

Let us move forward rapidly. There were indeed still others that Bantugen wanted to marry. There were still others Bantugen wanted to marry. Indeed, there was one place. (But I have forgotten. No, I will remember. She is in Laansayan a Dalem.) He ordered Lumna’ to inquire in Bagumbayan. He ordered Lumna’ to make inquiries there.

When he arrived there, indeed the Kadaraan had chosen a princess; yes, the Kadaraan had chosen a princess. The Kadaraan had already chosen the princess. Then the Princess here in Magalindai Dinar demanded a dowry of the Kadaraan. Later when the Kadaraan presented their dowry, then Minuyud must marry them. But there in Bagumbayan her brother in Bagumbayan, that Sultan of Bagumbayan, demanded Minuyud, the first wife of Bantugen.

He said, “Later you can get her,” he said. He said to the Kadaraan, “You can get the first wife of Bantugen already here in Magalinday Dinar. Then you will be accepted. If you cannot get her, you will not be approved.”

Good Lord. The Kadaraan were trapped, disenchanted, because they were required to get the wife of Bantugen as dowry. So, it was like that that the Sultan of Magumbayan said. “You will not be accepted,” he said, “if you do not get the first wife of Bantugen, namely if you don’t get Minuyud.” He said, “We will try to do it. It will be attempted,” he said.

Now as for this Minuyud, her, who is that, was off on a journey, her brother was away on a journey. Sarunay Kumimbala a Ganding ku Mindibalui, brother of Minuyud had sailed away. Her other brother remained there in the house. The name of the datu’ of Magalinday Dinar was Dalendeg Sangiran a Rogong a Magamanat. That one was her brother there in her house.

Sarunai Kumimbala a Ganding Ku Mindibalui had sailed away. He said to kuan, he said to Dalendegan Sangiran, “You watch our place,”


Niakauma si Bantugen ki Minuyud, ka karuma ian a pu’un.


Sarunai Kumimbala said. “I,” he said, “I will be gone a long time. I will be,” he said, “on a journey for a long time, fighting for the expansion of our kingdom.”

Sarunay Kumimbal set out on his travels. Then the enemy arrived. The Kadaraan arrived. The Kadaraan were the ones that arrived. Bantugen said, “It has been added there by the sea. But no one has approached it.” Bantugen arrived there with Minuyud, because she was his first wife.

They had a child there, Daliday Maririndu. Now he said, er, he said this: “Serve me a betel chew,” he said, “because my journey has taken a long time and I have had nothing to chew.” She said, “Sit down.” He said, “Let me just lay my head on your lap.” Bantugen pillowed his head on her lap. He pillowed his head on Minuyud's lap. Now he had said, “Let me have one chew of betel nut, for I am sleepy.” He went to sleep on Minuyud's lap.

Then he slept on Minuyud's lap. Three days went by while he was sleeping. The kuan were there on the sea. They were waiting for Bantugen to no longer be there so they could anchor in Magalinday Dinar.

In the meantime, while he was asleep, Bantugen had a dream. As he dreamed, he said (I forgot that thing), he shouted his war cry while sleeping. He said, “Even if we,” he said, “even if this place is broken to pieces, you cannot snatch this princess in Lumbayuan from me.” He shouted and he said, “Even if this place is broken to pieces,” he said, “I will never loose this princess in Lumbayuan.” His wife heard this. That woman heard him, as he was pillowed on her lap.

Minuyud said, “Truly, this is why Bantugen has been gone a long time. Indeed, months have passed when he has not appeared,” she said, “because he got the princess in Lumbayuan, “she said. “Indeed, he met with that princess in Lumbayuan.”

She got a pillow and she changed her lap with the pillow where Bantugen lay on her lap. As for Bantugen's head, she changed it from her lap to a pillow. She went out and cried. She went out from the bed curtain and she cried.

Bantugen woke up early. Then he said, “Where,” he said, “is Minuyud staying? Why has she replaced her lap with the pillow? But,” he said, “maybe Minuyud has gone out. Minuyud did change it.” He said, “Why did you reverse it?” he said. “For a long time,” he said, “this has been my practice. You pillowed me on your lap,” he said. “For seven days you did not change the pillow. Now you have reversed it. Now you have changed your lap with a pillow.”

Minuyud said, “Why should I not replace your pillow, because truly,” she said, “truly,” she said, “you did not come here for a long time indeed, because for sure you were in Lumbayuan. You surely were with the princess of Lumbayuan.”

He said, “You are wrong, in truth. No indeed,” he said, “it is not a fact,” he said. “I did not meet the princess in Lumbayuan.” “Ah, no?” she said. “You shouted and said that you would not allow the princess in Lumbayuan to be snatched away.” “No,” he said, “no, I did not meet her.”

“However,” he said, “just serve me a betel chew.” He said, “serve me a betel chew, because I will go away, because you do not approve of me,” he said. “Maybe,” he said, “you will not give me a chew. Maybe, he said, you won't give me a chew.”

She said, “No, there is nothing here to serve a chew of betel.” She said, “No indeed.” “You will not regret it,” she said. “You will not miss it.” He said, “You will regret that you did not serve me the betel chew.” “But see,” she said, “as for you, you met the princess in Lumbayuan. She is more to you than I am.”


“A nainu den ambu’,” tig i Limbuan. Nigkulkantang ban si Limbuan a umanaka sekita.


Tig i an aya. Su kianega run akti i Bantugen, sumigad si Bantugen. “Ilaya ngka a kapembedtanga sa ari ian utu. Da’ ian pitua’i si kaka’ ian i tiantu den i Bantugen a kauma’an sekiran a musu tig i an miatantu.


Tig i an siungan ian den su Kapumpung si’i sa antag a ruasa’. Pedsegad si Minuyud, a mu’untud si Minuyud ku ruasa’. Bpaingipu’u’n ian den su kapumpung i kuan kapumpung a manayu. Tig i an, “Bperanuna ta den. Kapusan sa ranun ikabperanuna ta den.” Mbayukbayuk den sekayan du’u sa pu’un utu a kapumpung, a da’ a pedtawag run.

“No,” he said, “but you have to think, my sweetheart,” he said. “You better be careful. Don't be hasty in your thinking.” She said, “There is nothing in my thinking. My thinking is finished. “It is not so,” he said, “it isn't so,” he said. “Indeed,” she said, “my heart is broken because of you.” As for Minuyud, she cried, and so did Bantugen.

Bantugen said, “I will only tell you that when I depart Magalinday Dinar,” he said, “you will be discovered and captured.” She said, “But there is a compartment here which it is agreed cannot be talked about. Because ever since,” she said, “Magalinday Dinar has been here,” she said, “no one has entered it,” she said. “No enemy has ever entered it.”

“It is a sure thing,” he said, “that the Kadaraan will capture you,” he said. “No, I will not serve you the betel chew,” she said. He said, “Just serve one chew. Think carefully.” Good Lord they were quarreling for a long time. Those two were also crying. Now he could not force, that is, he could not force Minuyud. She would not put lime on the betel chew.

There was her sister Limbuan. Among all those women there was her sister Limbuan. Bantugen said, “Limbuan, young lady,” he said, “What I am telling her, you also plead with her.” He said, “Don't repent later. Repentance, Limbuan,” he said, “is of no value. You will only cry,” he said. “Even so,” he said, the enemy will be able to come in against you. Later, if I am not here, the enemy will come in here.”

“Never mind,” Limbuan said, and Limbuan just played the kulintang. [She sang a bayuk.]

“Now you swing your arms as you walk,
Because you don't have any sympathy.
You swing your arms and you walk away,
For you do not have any love.”

She said this. When he heard this, friend, Bantugen cried. “You see, that younger sister is foolish. She did not advise her older sister.” Bantugen insisted that the enemy would come. He said it was guaranteed.

He said, “You think about it.” He said, “I have a great love for Daliday Maririndu,” their only child. “I have,” he said, “very much love for Daliday Maririndu.” He said this. “Ah,” she said, “what is this? You indeed have love for the princess you got in Lumbayuan. You don't remember us here,” she said. “Never mind,” she said, “if the enemy gets us.”

“What about later?” he said. “Is your heart such that it will not accept me? I am tired of explaining it to you,” he said. “Therefore, it is like this, I will leave, only don’t change your mind later.” He then left.

He left, going very slowly. He went very slowly, hoping to be called back, going step by step. But it did not happen. He said, “Maybe Limbuan will call me back.” Her older sister didn't, because he chose her. As for Limbuan, she almost called for him to change his mind.

He said that he would go to the Kapumpung [an herb used for perfume] there under the window. As for Minuyud, she was crying. Minuyud was sitting at the window. He was rubbing the Kapumpung and kuan it was fragrant. He said that surely their lave was ended. “Let us have pity for each other. We can surely love each other still.” He was reciting bayuk there with the Kapumpung. But no one called to him.

“If Limbuan will only call me,” he said, “I will turn back.” Ah, but no one called him. So he got up and went outside to the kuan, to Minuyud's garden. Then he met his son, kuan, Daliday Maririndu. He said, “Where are you going, Father?” Daliday Maririndu said. He replied, “I am going home, because your mother no longer considers me suitable. I am not suitable.”


He said, “Turn back, Father,” he said. “If only, young man,” he said, “we had been able to meet there inside the fence, I would turn back. But the fact is, I have now gone outside, so I cannot agree to turn back.” “But,” he said, “you must be very careful, young man, lest,” he said, “the enemy come upon you, lest this happen.” That is what he said.

“You be very careful,” he said, and “observe carefully,” he said, “my swordplay.” He said this to his son. He said, “During this very day, very early, it may be that the enemy will arrive. So you observe carefully,” he said, “my swordplay, and remember it.” He said, “Yes.”

So, friend, he trained that son of his in swordsmanship. “You watch very carefully, young man.” He finished, and then he went away. He set off on his journey. He said, “What indeed,” he said, “what indeed can I do about this?” he said. He loved his son very much.

Though he loved his son very much, he rushed away, and by the grace of God, he landed in the middle of the sea. There was a rock there, a huge boulder, and he stayed there on top of it. He stayed there on top of that boulder. He said, “I will sleep here. I will sleep here on top of this rock. Never mind,” he said, “if I am eaten by a crocodile, indeed it doesn’t matter if I should be eaten by a crocodile,” because he had been separated from his wife, and he loved his son very much. “Never mind,” he said, “if I am eaten here by a crocodile, here on top of this rock,” he concluded.

He rested there, and he fell asleep. The sun was already up. The Kadaraan had arrived, the arrival of the Kadaraan being at the mouth of the river. Now, friend, the Kadaraan shot their guns. (Good Lord, I forgot.) His wife was already there at Lalansayan a Delem.

The Kadaraan were shooting. She said to the tunung (spirit), “You look for Bantugen right away and find out where he is.” The tunung searched for him. He said, “Bantugen is asleep on top of a boulder,” he said. She said, “You get” she said, his sword for me.” The tunung got the sword and brought it to Lalansayan a Delem. So, he had no sword there while he was sleeping.

Now let us go back to those that were shooting. They kept shooting their weapons. The people in the town of Magalinday Dinar were having a loud dispute. They were quarreling. They said, “The enemy has arrived.” They told the datu’. This datu’ was Dalendeg Sangiran. They said, “Ask the datu’ what his thought is about the arrival of the enemy.” When Dalendegen Sangiran got the news, he fled to the top of the mountain. He said, “You follow me if you do not wish to die. Follow me,” he said. He was the brother of that princess.

All the people followed him. So, er, all his subjects were now gone. The people all fled. Then he said to them, “You go,” he said, “to my sister Minuyud, Bantugen's wife for me,” he said. “I will have her come here. She will need to hurry.”

They went to Minuyud. Minuyud said, “I will not go with you.” They said, “Why won’t you go with us?” She said, “It is my son. He, Daliday Maririndu, though I have asked him, will not go with me, he will not go along. The youngster wanted me to leave. It is a sign of the prestige and honor of Bembaran.”

She said, “I will not leave this place even though I should melt. My son is not a grown person, but a small child.” She said, “Why, young man,” his mother asked, “will you not go with them?” He said, “I will not go along.” Then he said this to the young lady, the princess Limbuan, “What about you” he said, “Limbuan?” She said, “I will go with my older sister in running away. What is it that you wish?” she said. “The enemy will capture us. All the people have fled. This Dalendegen Sangiran is a useless datu', a coward.”
Na kagia malagui den su langun u tau, tinggal si Minuyud agu' su wata' ian. Ikarang ka. Inalau a wata' ian utu sa minanga. Inalau ian sa minanga su musu. Kagia ma'alau ian sa minanga, tig ian, “Na anda kanu,” tig ian, “pedsangur?” Tugu tau sa kapal utu a Pendatu' ian ngaran a kapal utu a Kadara'an kapal a Pendatu'.


Kagia kauma'an ian den aya kagia a kiagagabian a pebperang den. Ambu' a pebperang den kena' alang aki'. Ka'atu a wata' utu. Da' aki maka'atu. Makapal-kapal a manusia bpagatu run. Niatai su wata'.


Now after all the people fled, Minuyud and her son were left behind. You cannot imagine it. That son of hers met them at the mouth of the river. He met the enemy at the mouth of the river. When he met the enemy at the mouth of the river, he said, “Where are you going?” A person on that ship, Pendatu, said that the name of the ship, a Kadaraan vessel, was Pendatu.

They said, “We departed from our place,” they said, “to get the princess, that one in Magalinday Dinar.” He answered, “That one can be gotten, namely the princess in Magalinday Dinar. But you will have to take my life first,” that youngster said.

“Good Lord,” they said, “how big is this child who is stopping us. He stops the enemy.” They said, “What, do you dare oppose us?” He said, “Yes, I will oppose you.” And, friend, they started fighting. The child fought like he was a propeller. That child was cutting them up.

Now then, friend, his mother was terrified. His mother screamed, and friend, his mother cried out, you just can’t imagine. That is what Bantugen had said, namely that the enemy would arrive after he left. She dressed in her malung and wrapped up a handkerchief. She said to the nuri (parrot), “You find Bantugen for me. Wherever Bantugen is hiding, you follow him right now,” she said. And, friend, the nuri just took that handkerchief in its beak. There is a bird, that nuri, that is clever. It is said, it just took that handkerchief in its bill, and flew away. It was looking for Bantugen there in the middle of the sea on the rock, which was the same as a lawn, that stone, the rock had no boundary.

When it saw him, it went down and perched on Bantugen's hand. When it perched on his hand, Bantugen opened his eyes. He said, “Why, Nuri,” he said, “where did you get this betel chew,” he asked. It said, “your wife sent it with me,” it said. It said, “if you will not come back to them now, your son will be captured.” It said, “your son, Daliday Maririndu will die.”

Bantugen took the betel chew, friend, and put it in his mouth. Then he turned toward his sword. It wasn't there. What will he use to challenge anyone? Even if he is a very good man, he can do nothing without his sword.

“Nuri,” he said, “you tell Minuyud for me that this time I cannot go there to be with them. And that son of mine,” he said, “whatever his fate is, that's it.” He said this. “But as for me,” he said, “I cannot go there because,” he said, “I have no weapon.” He said, “I have no weapon.”

He called his tunung and he said, “Where is my weapon,” he said. “Who got my weapon,” he asked. He said to him, “Your wife took it there to Lalansayan Delem,” he said, where it is now.” So he could not go there to help. He could not go there.

Up to when it had gotten to be evening, he kept fighting to the death. He kept fighting, friend, without let up. That child was even able to challenge them. Nothing, friend, could stop him. But there were hordes whom he opposed. So, the child died.

Now this is the way of it, Bantugen went there to Lalansayan a Delem to his sweetheart. He said, “What has happened?” he asked. He got it. That is, he went into the forest and he got an herb for perfume. After he got those buruk plants in the forest, he put them in a basket and carried them on his back. He hid all of his good clothes, and he dressed in torn up clothing.

He went and arrived in Lalansayan a Delem. After he had gone to Lalansayan a Delem, he came to that princess. She said, “Where have you come from, mountain man?” “Mountain man,” she said, “where have you come from?” He said, “From the top of the mountains.”


Na lumialakau. Angkainu pigkudi’ ian su wata’ ian a niatai? Da’ ian gkudia. Lumialakau sekayan sumianger du’u su inged a Bagumbayan su mia’ar sa ba’i utu su Datu’ sa Bagumbayan Inipa’ar ian su ba’i si’i sa Sunggiringa a Dinar du’u su karuma i Bantugen si’i sa Sunggiringa a Dinar. Na giutu i pikikua’ ian na glan den i kuan.


Kagia makasagad su kapal a di’ ka katawan a pedsatur sekiran ki kuan a Daragunan du’u. Kan ikarang. Tiabad a walai utu tidter. Kagia tidteren su lawas i Bantugen kagia kadingilan ian si karuma ian a makauntud su dadabunggu a kapal tiabad manarus sagit a kiayug si Bantugen.


She said, “Where are you going then?” He said, “here to you.” She said, “Why is that? What are you carrying?” He said, “I am carrying,” he said, “these buruk plants. As for these many buruk plants,” he said, “I will give you some.” “So, what will you ask for them? What will you sell your buruk plants for?” she asked. “Well,” he said, “is there no small sort of weapon which would be just good enough only for a battle? Then,” he said, “we could engage in a battle. Perhaps you may have a weapon?”

“Oh, there is the sword of Bantugen,” she said. “There is the sword of Bantugen here by me.” “Now why don’t you just give it to me. That would be good.” She said, “I’ll give it to you.” “I will boycott him,” she said, “because he did not come home to me for a long time.”

She got the sword, friend, and she gave it to him. She gave him the sword. When he got this, his sword, he had no more use for the basket. He went downstairs without delay. He went to the river and he bathed in the river. Then he dressed and went on toward home.

He walked along. Why didn’t he defend his son who was now dead? He couldn’t have interfered. So, he walked along, going toward the town of Bagumbayan where they had demanded that princess for the Datu’ of Bagumbayan. He had demanded the princess there in Sunggiringa a Dinar, the wife of Bantugen there in Sunggiringa a Dinar. That one was the one he wanted to get.

Now Bantugen went to that town where he wanted to marry. The Kadaraan wanted to marry there too. He arrived there. Good Lord, you should converse with his wife in that town. She had a brother there, Daragunan sa Ragat Ambulanen sa Layagan, there at his father’s. He himself went to the house of Daragunan sa Ragat. That house was near the sea.

It was at that house that they were to have a wedding in Lumbayuan. You cannot imagine the festivities for the betrothed. There were no limits in that place for the betrothed.

Now Daragunan, after Bantugen arrived there, said, “My brother,” was what he said to Paramata Bantugen, “When did you arrive?” He said, “Only just now.” “And where are you going.” He said, “No place, I am just going around. I longed for you,” he said. “You just stay here,” he said. “You come on,” he said, “We will play chess,” for that is their game, to play chess.

“We’ll play chess,” he said. They placed the chess board down. They played chess. Soon the ship of Pendatu Enduyug, a ship of the Kadaraan, passed by. When the boat of Pendatu passed by, Minuyud was sitting at the prow of the boat there at the front. They had that princess, that wife of Bantugen sitting there, and also one of her servants. They were made to sit there with her hair unbraided. You can just think how ashamed she was, how afraid, how much she loved her child who was dead whom she had left there behind. For she had been captured.

Then the boat passed by, and you just can’t imagine it. They were playing chess, he with, well, er with Daragunan there. You just can’t imagine how it was. That house trembled and he shook. Then the body of Bantugen trembled when he turned toward his wife who was sitting there at the prow of the ship. Bantugen unrestrained, trembled like he was being rocked back and forth.

Daragunan Panaman said, “My question is,” he said, to Paramata Bantugen, “What,” he said, “happened when that one passed by? Is, er, is your wife there?” he asked. He said, “No.” “No,” he said.

“Good Lord,” a child said (I forget his name), who was playing in the yard, “Whoever is the sweetheart is a coward. That sweetheart is not manly whoever the sweetheart is, because the princess was able to be captured. Where is her suitor staying?”

Na niakuma du'u sa walai a pegkawingan utu. Kagia makauma du'u sa walai a pegkawingan utu, na initepad den. Na tig ian, "Amanaya tanu makagkawing den, ka ni'a'den den su pangen i ni'a'den su pa'ar."

Inibetad den sa lu'uk-lu'uk. Kakayan u Alahuta'alah a kaya' ian a ba'i utu a magubai agu' su uripen ian. Mu'untud den sekiran sa lu'uk-lu'uk a kuan lemba' du'u sa lu'uk-lu'uk a lemba'.


Alata'alah, na agu' man aki tetentenga' su langun u Kadara'an agu' aki sekiran makandidingila' pen man. Tig ian, "Niatantu ta man?" Dapai man su wata' a maitu' niaribut sekiran. "Panaman aken sa tig," tig ian, "sa lupa' a Bembaran," a tig ian, "Jaga kanu.'


Niakatelu ian sugerun si Bantugen. Ikatelu tuminindeg si Bantugen. Tuminindeg si Bantugen, siungan ian si karuma ian a igkukulub ian su bu'uk ian a pedsegad. Tuminindeg si Bantugen. Tinindeg ian si kuan si Minuyud. Tig ian:
What, friend, happened to Bantugen. His face, if one would pinch it, was to the point that it was as though blood might spurt out. It can't be imagined how intense was his shame. He trembled while playing chess. Daragunan said, “Tell me,” he said, “my brother, is that your sweetheart that passed by? Yes or no,” he asked. “If Yes,” he said, “and it is your sweetheart,” he said, “we will snatch her back.” He said, “No.”

She arrived there at the house where that wedding was to take place. When she arrived there at that house where the wedding was to take place, she disembarked. They said, “Now we should proceed with the wedding because it has been all arranged. What has been asked for dowry has been provided.”

The older sister was placed in the very midst. Good Lord, the shame of that princess. Her servant was near her. They were seated in the very center of the, er, decorated bed there, in the middle of the decorated bed.

Nidtarabuisan Nimbantas Balabagan said, “We are going to have a wedding, but one of my brothers is not here,” that Datu said. He is the first cousin, Daragunan, the brother who stayed in the same house with Bantugen with their father. He married that princess there, in Bagumbayan. That was the brother of Bantugen. His father married the mother in Bagumbayan. “He, I say, is one of my brothers,” Nidtumarabuisan said. “He is not here,” he said. “So,” he said, “we will wait.” First, he went for Daragunan. They sent for him.

They said, “Tell the datu', ‘You must come here, because the wedding is ready to take place, because the dowry demands have been met, the requests have been fulfilled.’” Daragunan replied, and he said, “Yes.” “Well, my brother, my question is,” he said to Paramata Bantugen, “Will you go?” he asked. “Yes, I will go,” he said.

Now what is it but that they walked over and went there. When they arrived there, Daragunan said he would go up, he said, there were no obstructions, so Daragunan went ahead. Nidtumarabuisan spoke up. “Daragunan of Ragat,” he said, “who is that one who is your companion?” He said, “He is my brother,” he said. “Where is he from?” He replied, “From Bembaran.”

Good Lord, now friend, all those from Kadaraan stared, and, friend, they turned to each other. They said, “Is it really true?” Even the little children were confused. “My statement is,” he said, “my brother is from the land of Bembaran,” and they said, “You watch out.”

“You watch out,” they said. “Those people,” they said, “are from kuan, those people are from Bembaran and friend, they will truly put us in deep trouble.” “We will be benighted,” Nidtumarabuisan said to Daragunan ku Ragat a Bulanan sa Layagen. “You,” he said, “will put a high value on that princess.”

“Where did you get this one?” said Nidtumara-buisan. “Where did you get this princess,” he asked. They said, “From Magalinday Dinar a Maga'ayag Niara.” That Bantugen did not say anything. Bantugen did not say anything. He just looked down.

Now he said, “Daragunan ku Ragat,” the brother of that princess, “Put a value on that princess, or we will be benighted and not able to have the wedding.” Daragunan ku Ragat said, “I'll have that one valued by my brother,” was his statement of Paramata Bantugen. “Accordingly, price that princess from Magalinday Dinar for me,” he said.

For three times he commanded Bantugen. The third time, Bantugen stood up. Bantugen stood up and he went to his wife. He covered her with his hair, crying. Bantugen stood up. He had, er, Minuyud stand. He chanted a bayuk:
“Dsagula ka, Ulan, sa lungkayan ku diliun.
Ba' ku inu ngka d' sabut, dalumangkub aku man langun a redsa' aken?”
“Untud ka, kakasi, sa lisen ku.
D' lawangen, ka ba' d' gkataademun lumalangkulu aku ku langun a bpagidsan aken?”


Ia man aya kagia si kuan ia pen man aya kagia si Bantugen tiundug ian su inidulug a ndu'. Tiundug ian su inidulug a tunung. Niakauna du'u sekayan, siungan ian su wata' ian. Inuyag ian, kiagetan. Kena' bpatai su darangen. Mbalui a watu. Da' matai su wata'. Inuyag ian si'i sa pedtad. Inuyag ian.


Na ndudan ta utu kagia a Kadara'an utu a tig ian, “Amanaya igkidia' run aya langun den a bpangaruma'an ta aya bpagagaun i Bantugen?” “Ugaid manaya,” tig ian. Ugaid na kuan sugu'un su buaya giaya a Kadara'an aya. Aden a buaya ian ngaran a buaya utu Mabakulud a Rumba Mapalau a Buaya, ka sagit a palau. Upun bpelangui sa kaludan gka'ale ai kilid a katiwaru ian a buaya. Diadi giaya mambu' a sisi Bantugen si'i sa Bembaran, aden ambu' a buaya ian, si Pinatula i Kilid Minanggar i Kasadan. Na maitu'. Maitu' a buaya, matiwaru su gaked a Kadara'an.
“Get up my love (moon) and sit down on my lap. 
Don't you know I am far above all of my contemporaries? 
“Sit down, sweetheart, at my thighs. 
Don't you remember that I am far above all my peers?”

“You know what the meaning is,” he said. “There is no one like me in all this place. “Stand up,” he said, “for there is no one here that is as good a man as I am,” he said. “Stand up,” he said. “Do not be afraid,” he said. Nothing happened. That princess did not stand, though he spoke to her three times.

Then he displayed his crown. He took that princess who was sitting there. He displayed his crown. He called on the wind his tunung to do the work of a tunung, namely for the wind to bring the kuan. “You take her,” he said, “to kuan, to Magalinday Dinar.” He took his wife there.

Accordingly, the kuan said, accordingly the Kadaraan said, especially this Misuyau said, “What is the reason that what I put up for dowry is being taken? What is the reason?” he asked. “Datu’, we are inquiring about this,” he said to Nidtumarabuisan. “We are asking him about it,” he said. “What,” he said, “is the reason that my captive is being taken away?”

Bantugen spoke up. “Don’t talk so much. However, go on down to the ground. Don’t ask about it,” he said. He said, “It is not appropriate for you to ask about it now, but you just go on downstairs.”

They, friend, went downstairs, and shamefully, by Allah, each one of them went to his ship. They were not able, er, to stand against Bantugen. They could not even stop Lumna’. And as for them, friend, they raced away on the sea. They saw Bantugen, standing on the kuan. It was the same as if they had been swept away. There was no one remaining behind. Friend, they went home.

Now as to kuan, as to Bantugen, he followed the one who took her, the wind. He followed the tunung that took her. When he arrived there, he went to his son. He revived him, for he had lost his breath. Those in the Darangen do not die. He revived his son. The child did not continue in death. He revived him there on the sand. He came to life.

Thus, he was brought back to life. Then the kuan, they went home. They went home to Kadaraan. “What,” they said, “is going on? What is it, for all those we propose to marry, all our marriage proposals have been blocked by Bantugen.”

Now she had been demanded for the marriage proposal of Mabaning, that is, Inalang had been requested for the dowry, namely the sister of Bantugen. Mabaning went in the evening, he went to Bembaran. In the evening she spread out his hair. He struck her with heat. He struck Inalang with heat. When he struck Inalang with heat, she was really struck. She sat by the window because she could not endure the heat.

Mabaning went to her. Mabaning reached her there at the window. He saw her beautiful face. “Oh,” he said, “that one,” he said, “is truly the one I want to marry. This other one is truly not as good. Inalang is truly wonderful.” He went home. He was without shame. He went home to his town. He went there to Bembaran and asked to make Inalang his sweetheart.

Let us turn back now to those others, for the ones from Kadaraan said, “How is it that every time we have a marriage proposal, Bantugen snatches it away?” But it is always like this, he said. So, kuan, those Kadaraan sent for their crocodile. They had a crocodile. They had a crocodile who was Mabakulud Rumba Mapalau a Buaya, because it was the same as a mountain. It swims in the sea, but the size of that crocodile is such that it can be seen from the shore. As for Bantugen there in Bembaran, they also had a crocodile, namely Pinatula i Kilid the Mananggar i Kasadan. But it was small. It was a small crocodile, but the one the Kadaraan owned was huge.

Bbpamakinegen ian u aden si Pinatula du’u sa lawasaig a Bembaran, ka si Pinatula utu tatanunung sa penggak, kagia mautu da’an bpagayan den. Sekayan a gkaneg ian.


Ia pen man aya kagia si Pinatula i Kilid pembaling. Mbaling, magawa’ sekayan sa kaludan. Kagia niakakuan sekayan da’ pen makauma sa penggak, nianeg ian den su agung a sagit a pegkabubug a Bembaran.


Now Darumimbang Sa Ndau, Datu' of the Kadaraan said, “I will send Mabakulud a Remba a Mapalaw a Buaya to get Inalang.” He sent that crocodile and said, “You get Inalang for me. Go there,” he said, “to Bembaran.” The Mabakulud a Remba wanted to enter, er, at night. He was looking for a departure time. He wanted to enter Bembaran. He was listening, and he was staying in the sea.

He was listening to see if Pinatula was there in the river of Bembaran, for that Pinatula was following the course of the river at its mouth because he was preparing an ambush. He could not be heard.

He went into the depths of the river. He struck Inalang there in the house with a feeling of heat. He struck Inalang with the heat. There was no limit to it. She was being fanned by her ten sisters. Now she said, “It is not taking effect,” she said, “I will just change,” she said, “and go bathe in the river. I'll just bathe in the river. Maybe if I sit in the river,” she said, “maybe this fever will go away.”

They said, “First tell your older brother, that datu', the Inayunan u Kampung, the datu' there in that place. She said, “He should be told.” Therefore, all the men in that town were made to stand in the river to make a fence. Then all the women were there on the side where she was bathing, and a huge wave came. It rolled over all the people. When it rolled over them, he [the crocodile] carried her off. When it carried her off, Inalang was lost. She was lost, and all the women screamed. They said, “Inalang is lost.”

They dove into the river. “Where are you?” The crocodile was diving and went a long ways away. There was no difficulty in getting Inalang. And they kept diving in that river. They were also beating the gongs rapidly. By the greatness of God, it was the same as if Bembaran was overwhelmed.

Now this is what was happening as Pinatula i Kilid was coming home. He was coming home. He was going along in the sea. When he had not yet, er, not yet arrived at the mouth, he heard the gongs and it was the same as though Bembaran was breaking up.

He said, “Good Lord,” he said, “truly,” he said, “Inalang is lost.” So he turned into the sea and rushed off. He met him. That is, he met Mabakulud a Remba a Mabpalau a Buaya. He met him and he blocked his way rapidly. Not turning aside, he said, “Give me,” he said, “Inalang.”

He said, “for sure you went to Bembaran.” “No,” he said, “I didn't go to Bembaran. I came from another place,” he said. “Don't argue with me. You took Inalang,” he said. He didn't say anything.

He said, “You disgorge her. You cannot deny it. Disgorge her,” he said. “I can't disgorge her because she is not here.” He said again, “I can't disgorge her. Inalang isn't here. I wasn't there.” He said, “Did you come from Bembaran? You tell me,” he said, “whether you will disgorge her or not.” He said, “No, because I did not swallow Inalang.”

Suddenly, friend, he leaped at that crocodile, and by the greatness of God his stomach split open and his intestines appeared. What came out was the intestines. He said, “You speak.” That was when he disgorged Inalang. After he disgorged Inalang, immediately Pinatula i Kilid, my goodness he took her. Well you can't imagine it. He worked little by little as the intestines appeared. He worked little by little, and then started home.

Now Pinatula i Kilid rushed back. He had disgorged Inalang there at the wharf, yes Inalang. And as for Inalang, she stood up and she went up to the house. That is what she did. Now as for Mabukulud a Rumba, indeed he went off little by little. Night came; it became morning, and then the sun was high.


Kagia mautu kinua' su dua katau a wata' a mawarau. Ngaran a wata' utu a pinilian sa inged utu, pinili ia ngaran a wata' utu si Alungan Pidsayan ian Ndau Pidsunggiringan agu' Alungan a Nidseleda Inilawan Bitu'un. Kinua' dua katau, giutu ibpakarau kumua'.


Andugen ta man kagia ki Bantugen agu' si Madali'. Sumiuang sa inged a tunang ian. Niakadtu'una' si'i sa lalan, niakadtu'una' sekiran si'i sa lalan. Kirakira madalem ba utu a subu, di' bpakikilala'i, malibuteng a tantu.


As for his datu', he stood on the wharf. He said, “It is really true that my crocodile has been attacked.” He said this: “I have no more crocodile.” He continued to wait there. Do you want to know? He looked, but, no, there was movement for the water was getting red as he was getting ready to depart. “Verily it is true,” he said. “My crocodile died. There seemed to be nothing there. Then, Friend, he [the crocodile] slid his body up on the shore. He said, “I am going to tell you a story. Is it all right,” he said, “if I will tell you a story?”

He said, “I was far away,” he said, “and I was nearing here. Then Pinatula caught me. Their crocodile could not be stopped. He could not be stopped. Then it was like this,” he said, “it could not be prevented.” The crocodile then died. He just died there. You can just imagine it.

That datu' went up to his house. Then he laid down on the pillow. He said, “You go,” he said, “to all my brothers and gather them together.” When all his brothers were gathered together, he said, “If you do not get Inalang, I will kill my own self. I will commit suicide, because my crocodile is dead.” That crocodile was his favorite. So, it was like that. As for the people, they were looking down and they said, “Patience, older brother. We will not stop,” they said, “until we are able to get Inalang back.”

Therefore, they got two brave young men. The names of those young men that they chose from that town, the names of those young people chosen were Alungan Pidsayananan a Endau Pidsunggiringan, and Alungan Nidseleda Inilawan Bituun. They selected those two people; those were the ones accepted to capture her.

They told them, “You get Inalang.” They answered, “Yes.” They were able to ride on the patau, even this patau, spoken of as their shield that they used in battle. They would lie down on their back and ride them. The wind carried them along. They flew and the tunung carried them along. They rode the patau.

As for Alungan Pidsayaan, he had looked for a good night for departure, for his going to Bembaran. It was night when they went to Bembaran. When they arrived under the lamin, they were underneath the lamin of Inalang. Now they struck her with a heat wave. When that heat wave hit Inalang, she said, it is better without a malong and undressed. She was being fanned. They fanned her on the decorated bed. She said, “It is like burning up. You open that window for me,” she said. They said, “It is not approved to open it.” She said, “Do it.” But he said, “don’t open it.” She said, “But I will die.” So, they opened the window.

No one could see, friend, the details of how she was taken. Alungan Pidsayananan captured her. He took her. When he was taking Inalang, they transported her on the patau. The three of them were on the patau, those three. They flew on the patau. They went rapidly so that they would be there when it became morning. They arrived early in the morning.

Let us move along to Bantugen and Madali. They were going to the town of his sweetheart. He found him there on the way. That is, they met each other on the way. But consider that it was dark, near dawn. They were not able to recognize each other. It was still very dark.

Bantugen spoke. He said, “The people of Gibunan cannot be diverted.” Madali said, “The people of Gibunan cannot be diverted, they are people of Gibonen (ancestors of Bembaran).” But they were not really conversing. Then they collided, they ran into each other. You continue talking. The helmet of Madali was knocked down. Madali could not stand up to him. He fell and his helmet was knocked off. Then he recognized his hair. His hair was afire. Madali’s hair gave off light. He suddenly fell prone. He was choking Madali.

Bantugen fell. He said, “Truly you are my Agunung [a pet name]. I thought,” he said, “that you were another datu’. But truly,” he said, “it is you.” “I also thought,” Madali said, “that you were another datu’.” He embraced Madali.


Na ninggaga’an kagia a patau aya na niakauma sa Kadara’an. Kagia makauma sa Kadara’an, na imbiitara’ngka a babaya’ Datu’ sa Kadara’an si Ruminimbang sa Adau. Niakua’ si Inalang initagui’ sa lamin agu’ su babai a datu’ sa Kadara’an a su bpangaruma’an utu i Mabaning si Kadaraundai. Tiagu sa lamin inilusud du’u.
Now they sat down. So, consider it, it was getting daylight. It was like this, as for Bantugen, he said, “Where am I?” Then he said, “Agunung, you open there your provision of betel chew, the one you brought along,” he said, “because as for me,” he said, “it has been a long time since I have had anything to chew. I have been on a journey.” What’s his name opened it. Madali opened the provision of the betel chew.

255When he opened it, he stared at the betel chew. It was Minuyud’s betel chew. What is this? That was from the dowry of his wife, that betel chew was hers. He recognized her betel chew. It had stripes on it.

He stared at it. He said, “Agunung,” he said, “that betel chew there, where did it come from? Whose,” he said, “betel nut chew is it, that betel chew in your provisions?” He replied, “My sweetheart owns it.” He said, “Your sweetheart does not have betel nut chew with stripes. My sweetheart is the one that owns that chew. Agunung,” he said, “why is it you have that betel chew? That is the betel chew that my sweetheart got.”

You cannot imagine how confused Madali was. How did he find the sweetheart of his brother, namely Minuyud? He said, “You just chew it, Agunung,” he said. You can just imagine this. Bantugen would not chew it. He would not chew. He looked down, and he said, “Agunung,” he said, “it is a pity it is you.” He said, “If it were not you, maybe you could not return,” he said. He looked down, he stared at it, but he did not chew the betel nut. He stared at it.

Then, before you know it, the patau passed by. It was now morning. Madali looked up at the patau. He said, “What is that, brother, that thing that can be seen? There are three people,” he said, “and one of them,” he said, “is a woman whose hair is hanging loose?” for it was now morning. “Agunung,” he said, “it may be witchcraft. Agunung,” he said, “let us go up there,” he said, “in sympathy” he said, “for the brother of that woman. Where is that datu’, the brother of the one we see up there?” By chance, friend, Bantugen was just looking down. In looking down, he was worried about his wife that Madali had been with.

260He said, “Agunung, if you will not be the one to defend that woman from those datus, I will be the one to go.” He flew up there, lying on his shield. He was overtaking it, he was overtaking the patau. Bantugen was thinking about him overtaking the patau. He said, “you can't overcome those two men,” he said. He said his friend, could not overcome them.

So, he positioned his shield and rode on it. He was about to overtake them, on the patau. He was getting to them. They were catching up, and would catch them, you would think. The three people were riding on it, and those people thought they would be caught.

Alungan Pidsayananan got Inalang and pillowed her head on his thigh. He put his sword to her neck and said, “You speak up, Inalang. If you do not call out now, you are done for. It’s the same thing,” he said, “We will die as will your brothers.” He put the sword to the neck of Inalang to behead her.

So Inalang called out. She called to their tunung for a fog. Bantugen and Madali were fogged in. They were looking and looking for the patau. They could not see it. They turned back. They said, “We don't want just our brothers. I can only estimate if there were just the brothers. They called on their tunung. It was already daylight and they could recognize their brother, for they had turned back.

Now those others were very fast, for their patau then arrived in Kadaraan. After arriving in Kadaraan, you will notice the desire of the Datu’ of Kadaraan, Ruminimban sa Adau. He got Inalang and placed her in the lamin, with the sister of the datu’ of Kadaraan, the one who Mabaning was to marry, namely Kadaaraundai. He placed her in the lamin. He put her in there.
Diadi amaika pedsung den du'u si kuan, amaika dsung den du'u a datu' utu sa Kadara'an, dsungan ian a kuan utu, amai sumung du'u a datu' utu sa Kadara'an, ka sungan ian a ba'i utu si Inalang, kapageletan sa apui. Tumawag sa apui si Inalang. Tumawag sa tunung ian a apui. Na kapageletan makabaling aki a datu' utu.

Ah kagia makabaling den kagia si Bantugen agu' si Madali' kambaling den kagia sa inged a Bembaran ia iran aki nianeg su balu'. Di' makira a balu'. Sagit gkabubug su Bembaran agung iran utu. Amaika basalen pitu a inged gkaneg Alata'alah kawasa a agung.


Diadi ia su kaludan aya kagia i kuan kaludan i Ruminimbang sa Adau a Sumininggai sa Alungan Puluan su kapal bpagayan ibpangali ian sa kapal a dtundug bperang sa kaludan.

Diadi ia man kagia si Dalanda, niageda si Dalanda agu’ su langun u mama agu’ su senjata iran niageda den sekiran. Kagia mageda’ den kagia si Dalanda aya agu’ su langun u tau ian, lumiayag den sekiran. Sumiangular sa Kadara’an. Niabalak ian si Mangindara sa Dalem. Ia si Mangindara sa Dalem aya bup’un sa pagingedan nibperang. Ia si Mangindara sa Dalem aya dadi’ i Mabaning dadi’ i Mabaning.


Ia pen man si kaka’ ian aya kagia kiagamat ian, da’ du’u si kuan sa inged si Mangindara sa
Later it came about that when the what's his name would go there, when that datu' in Kadaraan would go there, when he would go there, that is, whenever that datu' of the Kadaraan went there, because he would go to the princess Inalang, a partition of fire would appear. Inalang would call for the fire. She would call on her tunung for a fire. He would build a partition, and then that datu' would have to leave, friend.

So, when Bantugen and Madali got home, upon their approach to the town of Bembaran, friend, they heard the rapid beating of the gongs. It cannot be imagined how great was the beating of the gongs. It was as if Bembaran was being broken to pieces by those gongs. The beating of the gongs could be heard in seven towns. Good Lord, that was the rich quality of those gongs.

"Ah," they said, "it was really Inalang being carried off. Verily that was true," they said. "It was Inalang. Let us not go home to our town." So, they reversed back from going home, by Allah.

Now then, friend, they roamed around to those various towns. When they would arrive in a town, what can you say, upon arrival in a town they would massacre all in it as they got to a town. And so, it was like that. They said, "Where will we find her?" they said. In every place they arrived, they massacred the people. But as for Inalang, she wasn't around. They could not find those Kadaraan.

So, then what happened was that Mabaning met what's his name. Dalanda said, "All my brothers," he said, this is what he said, "will gather together at my place where none can follow." Then they prepared the what's its name, the Rinamentau. To equip the Rinamentau, they put layers of iron on it. It carried, it carried along many men to accompany him.

So, it went to sea. Then, er, Ruminimban Adau Sumininggay of Alungan Puluan also had his ships at sea. He had set an ambush as a precaution with his ships in case someone would come to fight them at sea.

Then, as for Dalanda, Dalanda boarded, he and all his men and their weapons. They embarked. Then he rode along, this Dalanda with all his men; they sailed. They turned toward the Kadaraan. Along the way he met Mangindara sa Dalem. This Mangindara sa Dalem came from a town that had been massacred. As for Mangindara a Dalem, he was the younger brother of Mabaning. This Mangindara sa Dalem was Mabaning's younger brother.

As for Mangindara, he was able to get near them with his ship on the sea. Mangindara rushed over. He said, "Where," he asked, "is this Rinamentau going?" He recognized the Rinamentau, the ship of Bantugen. "Where," Mangindara said, "is this ship going?" But no word came in reply. "Do not answer," what's his name had said, "any inquiry from you of Mangindara," Dalanda had said. "You will be at fault if you answer. Any answer," he said, "and I will cut off your head." They were ashamed because their princess was lost at the last.

Now as for Mangindara, the one inquiring, he was the younger brother of Mabaning. Mabaning was said to be the sweetheart of Inalang. He said, "Who," he said, "who got lost that you are looking for?" Mangindara asked. But not one word was spoken in response. "Why is it," he said, "they will not answer me?" Three times, even up to the third time he asked. But there was no answer. "It must be true," he said, "Inalang must be the one that is lost."

He said then, "Whoever indeed is their princess that has been taken, they will not even answer me." "They are ashamed," they said. It is also true that she is the sweetheart of his older brother. That is indeed the reason why they are ashamed.

"Ah," he said, "I'll not go home." So, he became a part along with the Rinamentau. He went there and embarked. He left with them. That is what happened. He said, "I will depart and go looking for the sweetheart of my older brother." He joined the Rinamentau.

Now his older brother, when he left, that is when Mangindara departed from the kuan, did not


280"Na Madem, anda ka bpu'un?” a “Sa'an sa puru' a palau.” “Kainu anda ka aya dsangur?” “Benar ambu' su datu' a niakakua' kun sa ba'i sa Bembaran?” “Al benar ian kanu pen anan,” tig ian, “makua’. Niala' ka,” tig ian, “a kuta' aya a pitu lapis?”


go from that place. Mabaning heard that Inalang was lost. So he started out on his journey, riding his patau. As he was riding the patau, he flew, turning toward the Kadaraan. “No one,” he said, “would be able to get her from the Kadaraan.”

But he knew the place of the Kadaraan. He was to marry there. At the last, then, he flew and came to the Kadaraan. When he arrived in Kadaraan, the Kadaraan fort had seven sections. Nothing could breach that fortification. The ships at sea were then set up like a fan, making with their depth an ambush. But the town itself had seven sections for fortification. And each section had people without number; each section was that way.

There underneath him, as he was riding on his shield, there were a great number, he said. Thousands of people where there, like ants, he thought. He said, “How can I get down there to the lamin?,” for he wanted to go there to the tower at the outside of the fort.

When he went there, my Lord, he was dressed in the clothes of a Madem. As a Madem, then, he appeared without any apparent usefulness, just as an Idaan. He was dressed as though sent there to the fort. “Good Lord,” they said, “Where has this Madem come from? Where,” they said, “has this Madem come from?” They recognized the belt he had encircling his waist. They said, “Good Lord, this is an important Madem. That sword,” they said, and you can’t imagine its beauty, “What if he would give us that sword of his.”

280 "Now then, Madem, where do you come from?” “There, from the top of the mountains.” “Why, where are you going?” “Is it indeed true that the datu’ has captured the princess from Bembaran?” “Ah you indeed are correct,” they said. “He has taken her. Have you seen,” they said, “this fort with its seven sections?”

“If it could be,” he said, “let us see the face of that princess from Bembaran.” “Ah, so let us go there, but you first give us that belt of yours and that sword of yours.” “I would like to present myself before your datu’, even though I have my sword, but not without my sword. But later when I leave, then I will give it to you.” And they said, “Yes.”

He went inside the first section of the fort, and the people surrounded him. They said, “Madem, where are you from?” “Nowhere, I just came to find out the news. Is this news true?” “What news?” “Did the datu’ indeed capture the princess from Bembaran?” “Ah you indeed are correct,” they said. “He has taken her. Have you seen,” they said, “this fort with its seven sections?”

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“Give us that belt of yours, and that kuan of yours.” That belt of his could not be estimated in its beauty as compared to their belts. “Give us that belt of yours and that sword of yours,” they said. “First I will go before the datu’. How can that be done? Later, when I go home, you will get it.” “Well, you go on into another section of the fort.”

285 In the same way, there entered there in the third section a great many people, crowding around him. They said, “Where are you going, Madem?” He said this: “I want to know if the datu’ captured the princess from Bembaran.” “She was indeed a good princess.” “My Lord, she is a beautiful princess.”

“What I need to know about is whether or not he has married her.” “Ah, friend, how can he marry her? Every time the datu’ goes in, they are separated by fire. Now you give us that belt of yours and that sword of yours.” “Oh, later when I go ashore you can get them. Only now I must go before him, I must see him first.”

They said, “you go on in.” So that was the way it was. All said the very same thing each time he went in up to the seven sections. Therefore, he was able to get through like that.
Niakaseled den sekayan ku sa lapsi a tumampar den sa kuan, tumampar si'i sa walai sa istana utu.


“Kanu makawing i uman sungan u datu' gkapageletan sekiran sa apui? Uman ian sungan kabpagidsa'an sekiran sa apui.” “Na kun unuti aku iu kun ku datu' bpangadap aku. Unuti aku iu kun ku datu' kambangadap aku.”


He finally went into another section which was next to the what's its name, it was there next to the house, that palace.

When he got there, he was thronged with people. They said, “Now why is it you have come here?” “Oh, I heard that the datu' captured a princess from Bembaran. I want to see her, because indeed she is a beautiful princess.” “Good Lord, what are you talking about. Are you a Madem from kuan, are you our Madem?” “Yes, I came from there on top of the mountains. Now can I see the sweetheart of that datu'? Has he married yet?”

“How can he marry when every time he goes to her, they are separated by a fire? When he goes to inquire of her, they are separated by the fire.” “Now accordingly you accompany me, for first I'll go before the datu'. You go with me for I'll present myself to the datu'.”

They took him. “They said, “Datu' here is your Madem to present himself to you.” “Where is he?” “He is here.” “Madem, you enter. Where are you going, Madem?” “Is it true that you captured the princess from Bembaran? I heard that.” “Ah, why do you ask this? I am resting, for my crocodile died. “I had my crocodile go get her. My crocodile died. Their crocodile killed him. But I got them; I got some people to get her, and they captured her. Well, Datu', she is a very good princess. You can see her there in the lamin. You see her there in the lamin.”

“What then, Datu', have you married her?” “My Lord, Madem, I cannot get near her. Whenever I go near, we are separated by a fire. I can't even approach her, Madem.” “Well Datu' you can get her by working little by little.” Now you know that it is my princess there, there in the tower.” He was happy because he had not yet married that woman earlier. He was very happy.

“Who will be able to go with me there? You accompany me there.” He brought him there. When Inalang saw him, then Inalang recognized him. Inalang was moved. He sat down at the threshold. When he sat down on the threshold, Inalang saw him and she got her betel nut case and placed it in front of him.

“Oh, Madem,” she said, “where have you come from? Indeed, where have you come from, Madem?” she said. He said, “From the top of the mountain. I have come from the top of the mountain.” “Have you not heard anything about Bantugen for me as to where he is right now?” The princess was trying to get that datu' away from the Kadaraan so she could hear something. “Have you not heard anything about Bantugen?”

He said, “I heard,” he said, “that Bantugen is said to have been killed already by a large tree.” “Good Lord,” Inalang said. “No, but I truly am lost here.” “Have you heard nothing about Madali?” “As for Madali, he was captured as a prisoner. Also, I heard where that place is.” he said.

She said, “Have you heard anything for me about Lumna’?” He said, “It was the same. As for Lumna’, he was also killed while alone. Where is that place where he was killed?” “What about Dalanda,” she asked. “As for Dalanda, that one,” he said, “died here on the sea. He was aboard the Rinamentau to fight to the death.” “Have you heard nothing for me,” she said, “about Rangaig?” She inquired about all those brothers. But none of them got away. All were captured.

After a long time, she said, “have you heard nothing for me about Mabaning whose sweetheart is Inidsayan?” He said, “Princess, there was on the way I came toward this place,” he said, “a palace that I passed by.” “I went toward that palace. There was only one palace that I came to in the woods. I went up into it,” he said, “because I was thirsty. I went up on the stairs.” He explained this to her.

“When I arrived there, there was a man who was pillowed on the lap of a princess. That princess was sitting at the window with her hair hanging loose. She was a beautiful princess.” He said, “That man had his head on her lap. That princess told him,” he said, “Mabaning Darugun, get up.”


Kagia mangampilan sekayan kabasaran u Alahuta’alah sagit a inura a berus su manusia. Inilidas-idas u Alahuta’alah a gkala-ula iran piakalek-lek kapia amam agu’ dtimu’. Di’ ka katawan, kira’a ngka i pitu a kuta’ su kiauma’an ian. Di’ ka katawan.

Datu’ du’u sa walai babu’ ian, aki tinidau sa kasadan. Sumasandang pendarangen, ka gkababaya’, ka aden a tunang ian niakua’ ian si Inalang. Tibped ian sa luk su datu’. Agu’ aki sekayan, di’ ka katawan. Nggipuruni a tau na giutu idtaru’un sagit a inebut a pila’ sagit a bpagura’an a berus su tau.


Ia man si Bantugen aya kagia kiatulungan ian su ba’i, siungan ian su ba’i si’i sa lamin, babai i kuan babai a datu’ utu sa Kadara’an. Siungan ian sa lamin. Inulunan ian sa bubun, niangeni run sa mbama’an.


She said, “Good Lord that is Mabaning.” “Why, how is that? Is that princess your sister?” “She is,” he said, “my sweetheart,” he said. “She is my sweetheart,” he said. She opened the betel chew case. She applied lime to the chew. She said, “Madem, you take this as a gift from Mabaning,” she said.” And then Mabaning started laughing. His birthmark was like lightning flashing in the tower. When he laughed, it was like lightning flashing in that tower.

The young princess of that datu' moved quickly. She said, “How did our older brother permit Mabaning to enter here in this place?” Truly, it is said, she recognized his tooth which usually you do not see unless he flashes it like lightning. He had been rejected, but he entered unopposed into the lamin.

He jumped to the ground. After he jumped to the ground, he unsheathed his sword. He let out a fierce war cry. Good Lord, the effect on the people was astounding. And as he let out the shout, he said, “gather yourselves together,” he said, “for right now one like Bantugen, namely the partner of Bantugen is here. So, you gather yourselves together,” he said.

Now when he wielded his sword, by the greatness of God, the people were falling like the bending of bristles of a brush. As God sees it, they were panic stricken there where they were gathered. You cannot know, you cannot even estimate how it was at the seven forts as he arrived there. You just cannot comprehend it.

As for the datu' in that house of the mother-in-law, well, he cut him down, friend, right at his waist. He had been reclining, singing the Darangen, very happy, because of his sweetheart he had captured, namely Inalang. He cut that datu' through the middle. And, friend, there he is. You can't imagine it. The people crowded around him. But for that one, it was like ants biting him. The people were fell over like bristles on a brush.

Then what's his name, Madali arrived there. He was staring down, looking when Bantugen arrived. When Bantugen arrived, Madali said, “Agunung,” he said, “let's jump down there to, er, to Mabaning,” he said. “Even if Mabaning is protected by the diwata,” he said, “how much wisdom he has to dare to (fight)do it with so many people. Why has he dared to do this?” He said, “Why has he dared it. Why is he responsible for the neighbor of Bembaran?” he said.

“If er, if he weakens, we will go down there, Agunung,” he said. He replied, “No, let it pass,” he said. “Don't go down there yet.” Friend, those people were cut down like grass, swept away by his sword. Friend, they were good men also in panic.

As for Bantugen, when he looked down and saw the princess, he went to the princess in the tower, that princess, the princess of the datu' of the Kadaraan. He went to the tower. He pillowed his head on her lap. He asked for a betel chew.

Let us move over to Dalanda who was at sea. He arrived at the sea, friend. He did not ask the people anything. He just fired off his cannons. Dalanda shot off his cannons. After he shot off his cannons, friend, they began a fight to the death, both he and Mangindara the younger brother of Mabaning. But Mangindara was killed without suffering. Mangindara died. As for his ship, it broke up and the people were lost too, because it was old and did not have layers of iron on it. The outcome of the battle was terrible, because he did not go home to his place. Instead he died. But as for Dalanda, he did not die.

Then they stopped the battle, because of the tumult in the Kampung. Now it wasn't stopped for those at sea because all the people had been massacred in that village. They all died. Indeed, they captured the Kadaraan. Those that opposed them, they captured, and they died.