





Festival, Here I Come!

Tantra Rahmadia



The Asia Foundation



“They have a food called a jipang bike! I love it!” “I had firecracker meatballs as big as coconuts!” “We saw giant, colorful umbrellas!” Euis listened to her friends talking about the festival. She wondered, A festival? What is that like?



Euis rushed home to Mom. The fancy stories about the festival made Euis curious. She asked nicely, “What is a jipang bike, Mom?” “A sweet snack made from rice,” Mom replied. “May I buy one at the festival?” Her mother

nodded and agreed. “Hurray!” Euis exclaimed.



The next day, Euis was excited when she woke up. She wanted to go to the festival as soon as possible. She had to finish her chores quickly. Even when she was tired, she would not stop to rest.



Cling! Clap! Cling! Clap! Euis hears her father tapping a palm tree to produce more sugar water. She likes the sound it makes. “Father, let’s have breakfast!” Euis calls. We have water spinach and tofu curry.” Hurray! Euis was finished with her chores.



When Euis returned home, her mother was sitting in the middle of the smoke-filled kitchen making palm sugar. Mom said, “Euis, please get me some wood. Then help me light the fire.”



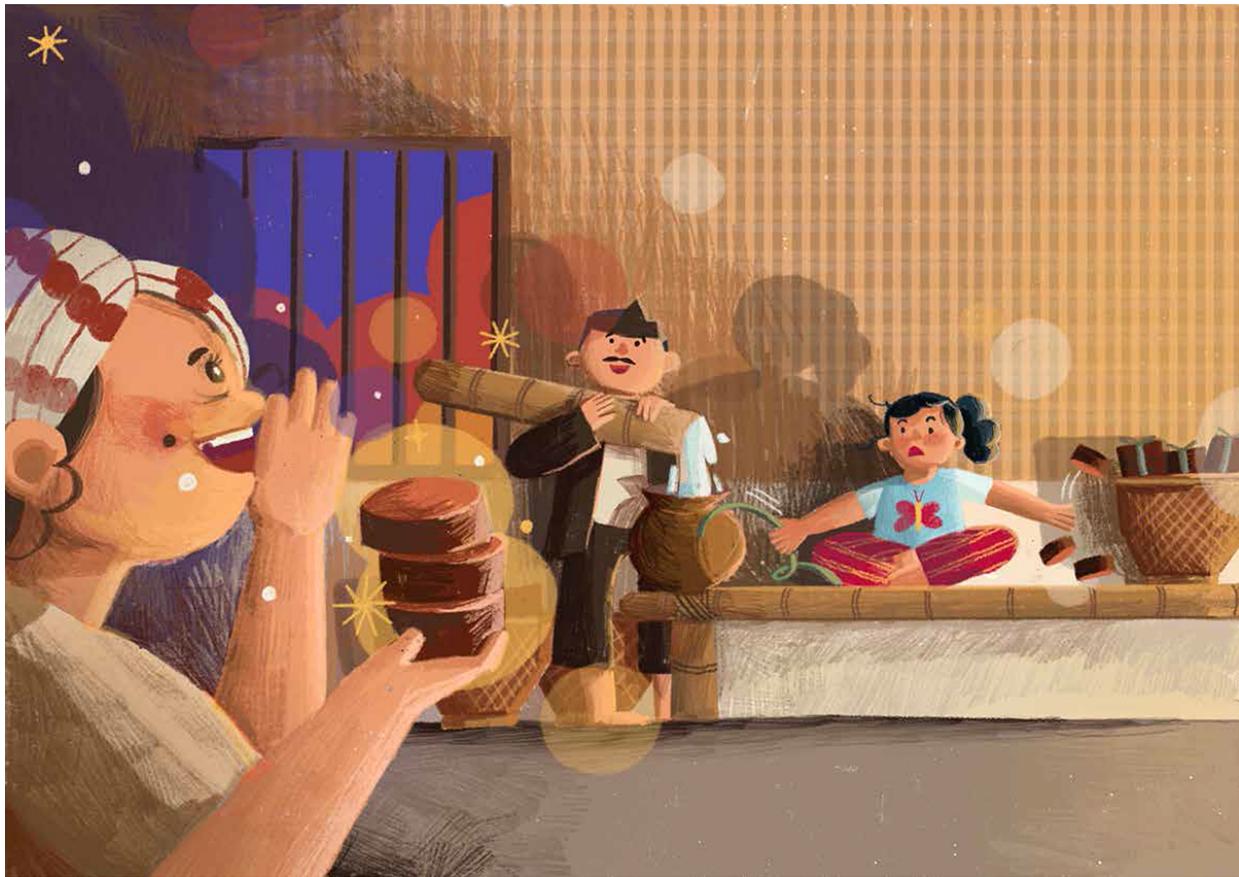
Euis collected a pile of wood. “Uuh... hap! Wow, this is heavy!” Euis tried to get up. “Ouch!” Euis screamed. Suddenly her foot hurt. A big ant was biting her heel!



In the kitchen, the coals were almost covered with ashes. “Fire...don’t die yet!” Euis added wood to the stove. She blew on the coals with a bamboo stick. Whuuu...whuuu... whuuu... “Hurray! My fire is ready!”



The cooled sugar pieces Mom made were stacked in tens, then tied with dried fiber made from a banana tree stem. Euis's hands started getting very tired, and she was dizzy.



Finally, Father came home! Mom finished molding the condensed sugar. The stacks of sugar were packed in a basket. Now the palm sugar was ready for sale. “Festival, here I come! I want to buy a jipang bike!” Euis exclaimed happily.



Euis kept singing in front of the house, “Festival, here I come! Let’s buy a jipang bike!” A dark object flashed brightly from far away. It wiggled across the road full of holes. “The truck is coming!” Euis shouted, waving.



The truck moved through sugarcane fields and rocky hills, over the wooden bridge, and then past the kapok forest. Despite the winding roads, the passengers sang the whole time.



The truck stopped, and some of the children jumped out. Euis stepped down carefully and started running, impatient. Oh no! She almost lost the fourteen thousand rupiah that Mom gave her.



Euis saw many things for the first time. She was busy looking left and right. “Those fashion models are so tall!” “Their costumes are pretty and colorful!” “The sound of angklung is very beautiful!”



“Wow!” Euis gaped while looking up.
“Giant umbrellas! Huge and majestic!
Their colors are attractive and
beautiful!”



The carousel horses spun and spun.
The line to ride them seemed never-
ending. Euis got in line and tried to be
brave. Up and down with the beat.
This is so exciting!



Euis went around the festival with Mom, who was selling palm sugar to the food vendors. She smelled something tempting. “Many foods use palm sugar as one of their ingredients,” Mom explained.



One seller was mixing drinks skillfully. Mom said, “The delicious taste of the drinks comes from the palm sugar.” Mom’s palm sugar was famous for being tasty and inexpensive.



Euis wandered around, looking at various snacks. She read every sign. “Oh, I thought the firecracker meatballs contained real firecrackers! It turns out there’s chili paste inside the meatballs!”



Suddenly Euis froze, spotting something. That's...that's...the jipang bike!



Oh, it's not an actual bike, just in the shape of one. "How much is the bike, sir?" "Fifteen thousand rupiah," the seller said. Euis does not have enough money. Aha! She gets an idea.



“Sir, how much is this one?” Euis asks, pointing to a different-shaped jipang. “Ten thousand only,” replied the seller. “May I buy that one?



Euis wanted a jipang bike. But now she had a jipang butterfly, and she was happy. “Butterfly, let’s fly!” she exclaimed cheerfully.



Mom was also happy, since she sold all the palm sugar. Euis would always remember the joy of the festival. She loved the jipang butterfly very much and hugged it all the way home.



Wonderful Words:

- * ipang bike - a sweet Indonesian snack made from rice and shaped like a bicycle.
- * rupiah - the official money of Indonesia
- kapok forest - a forest made of very tall trees that grow in the rainforest in Indonesia.
- * angklung - A musical instrument made of bamboo tubes that is played during traditional ceremonies. The angklung was originally created in Western Java, Indonesia.



©2021, The Asia Foundation. Created by the Asia Foundation with the support of Estée Lauder Companies Charitable Foundation, these stories

were written by aspiring female creatives to highlight the rich and diverse experiences of girls in Indonesia. The Litara Foundation led the book development workshops and the editing and design of the books. The Litara Foundation is a not-for-profit organization that develops literacy through children's literature.

Brought to you by

Let's Read is an initiative of The Asia Foundation's Books for Asia program that fosters young readers in Asia and the Pacific. booksforasia.org To read more books like this and get further information, visit letsreadasia.org.

Original Story Festival, Aku Datang! (Festival, Here I Come!), Author: Tantra Rahmadia. Illustrator: Amalia Dian. Published by The Asia Foundation - Let's Read,
<https://www.letsreadasia.org> © The Asia Foundation - Let's Read.
Released under CC-BY-NC-4.0.

This work is a modified version of the original story. © The Asia Foundation, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC-BY-NC-4.0.

For full terms of use and attribution,
<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>

Contributing translators: