

Batu Menangis (Crying Stone)

Moral of the story: love and respect your mother as she does to you

Once upon a time, there was an old widow who lived in a small house on the top of a hill with her beautiful daughter. The old widow was so poor that she had to work hard every day. She collected dry woods in the jungle and sold them in the market once a week. She wanted to make her daughter happy so she worked harder and harder every single day.

The girl, the old widow's daughter, was surely beautiful. Every man could easily fall in love if they saw her face. Unfortunately she had very bad attitude. The girl was very lazy and never helped her mother. Every day she just primped and looked at the mirror to admire her own beauty. She was also a spoiled girl. All of her requests had to be fulfilled even though her mother was a poor old lady.

Like usual, in every week end, the old widow went down to the market to sell dry woods. This time, her daughter wanted to go with her too. She wanted to buy new clothes. The old widow was happy to see her own daughter went with her together to the market. The old widow also planned to use the money she got from selling the wood to buy new clothes for her daughter. She was truly wanted to see her daughter happy.

The market was so far from their house. They should walk down the hill and pass a village. The girl wore nice clothes and dress up so the people who saw her will be admiring her beauty. In contrary, her mother wore dirty clothes with a basket full of dry wood on her back. She wanted that her mother to walk behind her so that people would think that she was not her mother. The girl cannot accept if people in the village know that the old widow was her mother. Indeed, none know that the girl and the old widow were mother and daughter because they lived alone on the top of hill.

When they began to enter the village, all the people who passed by were looking at them. They were so fascinated by the beauty of the girl. They could not resist to look

at her beautiful face. However, when people saw an old lady who walked behind her, it was so contrastive. It made people to wonder who the old dirty lady behind her was. Among those who saw them, a young man approached and asked her, "Hey, pretty girl. Is that your mother behind you? "

"No," the girl said arrogantly. "She is my servant!"

The old lady could understand why her own daughter said so. She only blamed herself that she could not be the mother that her daughter wanted. The old lady only kept silent and continued the journey. Not far away from there, a young man approached again and asked the girl the same question.

"Hi sweetheart. Is it your mother who walks behind you?"

Again the girl rejected the fact by saying the old widow wasn't her mother. "No, no, she is not my mother," said the girl. "She is my slave!"

The same questions continued repeatedly several times. And the girl always answered the questions by telling that the old widow was not her mother. The first, second, and the third ones, the old widow could accept it. However when it went along several times, it made the old widow sad. It hurt the old lady so much that her own daughter did not admit that she was her mother. The silence turned to be a deep sadness. The sadness turned to be madness. And when the mother was mad, a bad thing would follow. Finally, the poor old widow could not resist anymore. Then, The old widow prayed to the Almighty God to punish her rebellious daughter.

"Oh my God, I was not able to resist this insult. How come my own daughter treats her own mother like this? Yes, God punish this rebellious child! Punish her.... "

On the power of the Almighty God, slowly her body was turned to be a stone. The change started from the feet. When the change had reached half of the body, the girl was crying asking forgiveness to her mother.

"Oh, my mother, please forgive me. Forgive what I have done to you. Please, mother. I will change, mother. Please forgive your daughter, your only daughter," cried the girl.

The girl continued to wail and cry pleading to his mother. However, everything was too late. The whole body of the girl was eventually turned into stone. Even when she turned into stone, people still can see the tears. The stone cries. Therefore, people begin to call it "Crying Stone or Batu Menangis".