



The Golden Gift of Dieng

raesskaa



High in the misty Dieng plateau, young Sari sits by the window, her thick, matted dreadlocks flowing like tangled vines over her shoulders. While the mountain air is fresh and sweet, Sari feels a heavy weight in her heart because her hair is not like the other children's.



Every morning, Sari stares at her reflection in the still waters of the Telaga Warna lake, wishing her hair was smooth and straight. She feels like an outsider in her own village, hiding her face behind the thick locks that seem to have a life of their own.



Driven by a moment of desperation, Sari grabs a pair of old iron scissors and tries to snip away the stubborn knots. To her shock, the blades slide right off the hair as if it were made of unbreakable silk, leaving not a single strand cut.



Her mother finds her trembling and gently takes the scissors away, pulling Sari into a warm, comforting embrace. She whispers that these locks are a sacred bond with the earth and that Sari must wait with a patient heart until the spirits are ready to release them.



That night, a silver mist creeps into Sari's room, carrying the scent of ancient incense and sulfur from the nearby craters. As she drifts into a deep sleep, the walls of her room seem to dissolve into a forest of golden light and shimmering shadows.



In the heart of the dream forest, Sari meets a noble young man with gentle eyes and a crown of antlers that glow like embers. This is the spirit of Prince Kidang Garungan, the guardian of the highlands, who approaches her with a kind and knowing smile.



The Prince kneels beside her and explains that her hair is not a curse, but a sign that she has been chosen by the mountain spirits. He tells her that only those with a pure soul carry the gimbal locks, which act as a bridge between the physical world and the divine.



He shows her a vision of the ancient stone temples where, for centuries, children like her have been honored as bringers of luck and prosperity. Sari sees the beauty in the tradition, realizing that her hair is a living piece of her ancestors' history and a mark of true distinction.



When Sari wakes up, the morning sun is painting the Sikidang Crater in hues of orange and gold, and her hair no longer feels like a burden. She feels a strange, buzzing energy in her locks, a warmth that reminds her she is never truly alone in the mountains.



Sari walks through the village market with her head held high, her dreadlocks decorated with bright jasmine flowers and colorful ribbons. She finally understands that being different is what makes her special, and she wears her heritage like a royal crown for all to see.