



The Legend of Malin Kundang

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Long ago in a peaceful coastal village, a young boy named Malin lived in a humble wooden home with his loving mother. Nestled beside the shimmering blue ocean under the bright morning sun, they shared a simple yet contented life. Though they had very little, his mother's warm affection filled their tiny home with happiness.



As Malin grew, he watched grand ships dock near the shore and dreamed of exploring the wide world to seek a better future. Standing outside their little cottage, he eagerly spoke to his mother about his big dreams. Though her heart felt heavy with sadness, she gave him her blessing, wanting only the best for her dear son.



The day of departure arrived, and Malin boarded a majestic wooden ship that slowly carried him away across the vast sea. His mother stood along the sandy shoreline, gently waving goodbye with tears in her eyes. Under the clear morning sky, she offered quiet prayers that her beloved boy would remain safe on his journey.



Many years passed, and through hard work and determination, Malin transformed into a wealthy and prosperous merchant. Dressed in fine clothes, he stood proudly on the deck of his grand trading ship surrounded by rich goods. His life was full of wealth and luxury, but the humble village of his youth felt like a distant memory.



One bright day, Malin sailed back toward his hometown accompanied by his beautiful wife. His magnificent vessel anchored near the shore, drawing a curious crowd of local villagers to the bustling beach. Joy and excitement filled the air as everyone gathered to welcome the grand ship.



Recognizing her grown child immediately, Malin's elderly mother ran toward him with wide eyes and open arms. Her heart swelled with overflowing joy as she reached out to embrace the precious son she had missed for so many years. She smiled softly, eager to welcome him back home.



Overwhelmed by pride, Malin looked at his mother's worn clothing and felt deep embarrassment in front of his wife. He pulled back coldly, turning his face away and denying that the sweet old woman was his mother. The gathering villagers watched in stunned silence as Malin rejected her gentle affection.



Heartbroken and deeply wounded, the gentle mother stood alone on the shore as Malin and his wife walked back toward their ship. Dark, gloomy clouds began to gather across the sky, echoing the sorrow in her spirit. She could hardly believe that the child she nurtured with so much devotion had forgotten her.



Soon after Malin's ship set sail, a terrifying storm struck the sea with roaring waves and flashing lightning across dark skies. The grand vessel tossed helplessly upon the violent ocean as fierce winds battered its sides. Malin looked around in fear and regret as the overwhelming power of nature surged around him.



When the fierce storm finally passed, quiet returned to the beach beneath the soft rays of a breaking dawn. Where Malin once stood, a human-shaped stone now rested upon the quiet shoreline as villagers watched from afar. This gentle silent monument reminds everyone to always honor, respect, and cherish the parents who loved them first.