

The Missing
WAYANG

by

Jaimal Vasandani

“Aargh! I can’t do this, grandpa! It’s just too hard!” Budi exclaimed as always.

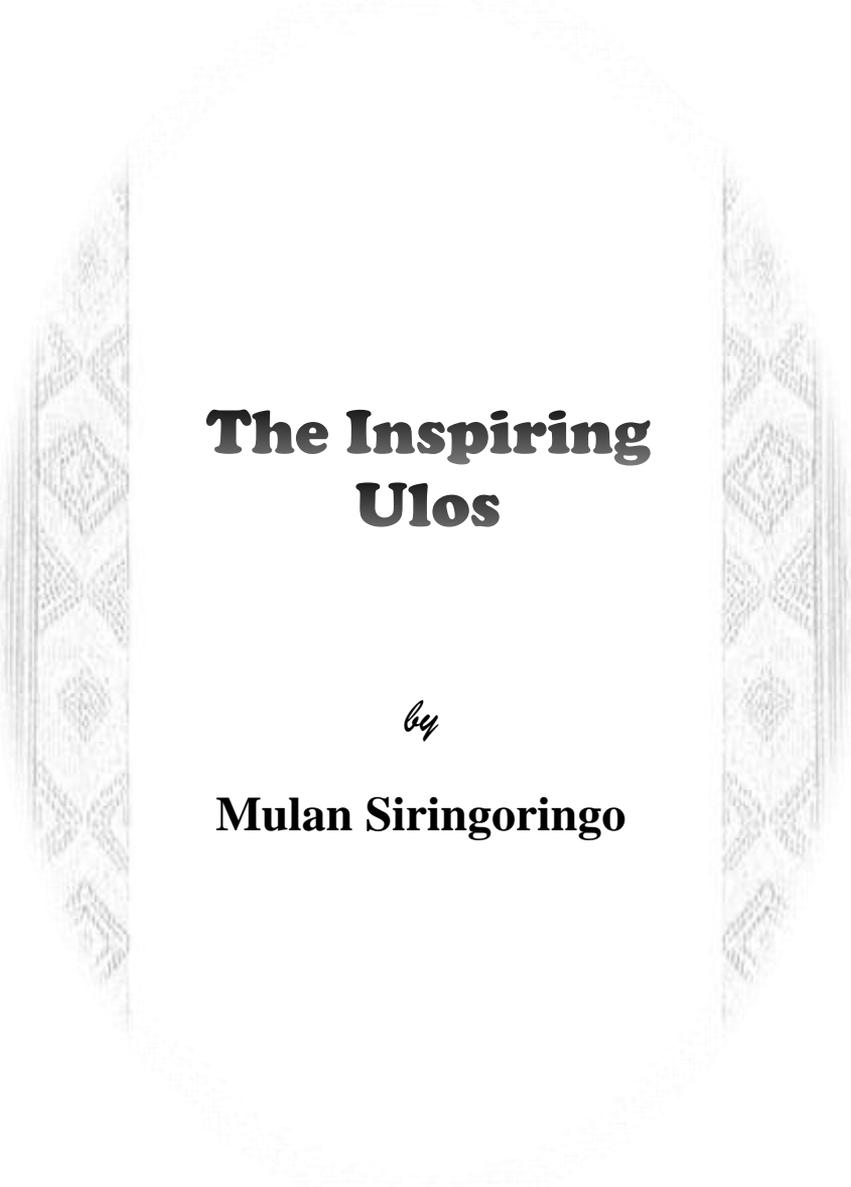
Budi was smart but lacked confidence and perseverance. His homework often piled up, making him even more reluctant to begin.

“My dear, think that you can do it. Only then can it be achieved. Think positive! Just start doing it!” said Grandpa Joko, as encouragingly as always.

Budi had lost his parents at a young age and lived with his Grandpa Joko in Java. Grandpa Joko was a *wayang* maker and a great story teller. He would make *wayang kulit* and *wayang golek*, puppets that were used in

Indonesian story telling. Grandpa would take out his fine tools and make *wayang kulit*, which were shadow puppets made of buffalo skin, and *wayang golek*, which were puppet dolls. He would then paint them with beautiful colors.

Grandpa Joko was well known for his skill in making *wayang*. The family had been making *wayang* for generations and Grandpa had a large collection of beautiful and ancient *wayang*. Amongst them was an exquisitely carved, red-faced *wayang golek* wearing batik. It had a cheerful smile that warmed Budi's heart. It wore a batik hat and shirt, with an interesting design and a velvety sarong.



The Inspiring Ulos

by

Mulan Siringoringo

“Yes! I won again!” I jumped around, dancing like a five-year old as I looked down happily at the traditional Indonesian game of *congklak*.

Dad gaped at me and eventually smiled, his grey eyes lighting up. “You’re so good at these games, Victoria,” he said. “If we were playing chess, I would surely win.”

“Victoria had a lot of time practicing at school. That’s why she’s so good,” Mom commented. Looking at Dad, she added, “I’m sure you would be, too, if you had more time to practice.”

I nodded in agreement. I had been quite accustomed to the Indonesian culture. It had been almost a year since we left Ohio, my birthplace. Back in the States, I felt like we led isolated lives; people were usually busy with their own affairs. I often felt lonely and bored. Luckily, Dad had the opportunity to introduce a new kind of telecommunications system to Indonesia. It was a huge success that required us to move to Jakarta, the capital city. I liked it here right away. Everyone was so warm and welcoming; they would never hesitate to give one a smile even if they might be a stranger. It felt like home.