

**STORIES OF MR. NIGHT**

**BOOK 1**

**THE QUEST OF A  
MIRACULOUS POND**

Sidik Nugroho

*Especially for Jessica, Gracia, and Catherine*

*The next time you are growing up and start to read, and able to grasp a story,*

*I hope this will be*

*the most story you love to read.*

*Mr. Night will be forever present*

*in your hours of darkness.*

## Table of Contents

Chapter 1	: The Burning Houses   p. 11
Chapter 2	: House of Peace and the Killer Sword   p. 19
Chapter 3	: An Expected Adventure   p. 27
Chapter 4	: At the Side of Sandira Forest   p. 37
Chapter 5	: The Blind and His Flute  p. 43
Chapter 6	: About Mr. Badrika and Farewell of the Adventurers   p. 49
Chapter 7	: Heartbreaking Farewell and the Vicious Wolves   p. 59
Chapter 8	: At the River Junction   p. 67
Chapter 9	: The Red Eye of A Blue Woman   p. 73
Chapter 10	: Two Spirits Changing Path   p. 79
Chapter 11	: Around Chilly River   p. 85
Chapter 12	: Nina at Dewi Buntaly's Palace   p. 93
Chapter 13	: Mr. Jingga in the Land of Janesia   p. 97
Chapter 14	: Evil Spirits Awaited in Nalika   p. 103
Chapter 15	: The Pig-Face Spirit and King's Palace   p. 111
Chapter 16	: The Helpless Mr. Badrika   p. 117
Chapter 17	: Rangga's Valuable Handicraft   p. 123
Chapter 18	: Journey to Narikanta, Heading to Sekar Cemara   p. 129
Chapter 19	: The Hunted Map   p. 137
Chapter 20	: A Battle in Sekar Cemara   p. 145
Chapter 21	: A Battle and A meeting   p. 153
Chapter 22	: House of Peace on Fire  p. 163
Chapter 23	: The Meeting of Mr. Jingga and All the Adventurers   p. 169
Chapter 24	: Last Adventure   p. 175

## Prologue

In a distant world away from where we live today, in the land of Harigia, there lived a man who owned a somewhat big house. He raised up children living with him earnestly and patiently at the house. His name was Mr. Raiksa, often also called Mr. Night or The Mr. Night. He loves adventure ever since he was a kid. He also loves to write stories. The story you are going to read was his last story.

Many people in the land of Harigia have read the stories of Mr. Night. His stories were well-liked, especially by small kids. In our world today, such stories still take times to write and record.

There may be a question, why was the last story recorded ahead of time?

Perhaps, by understanding what happened in the final hours of Mr. Night's life, many people will wonder: How was his previous life? How was his childhood? Later on, these stories will be present one at a time.

Stories of Mr. Night were no different from the stories of our beloved ones – never have we wanted to forget them.

## The Burning Houses

WHAT a real wretched Lestari was.

On a winter night, nearly end of the year, a tiny house she shared with her father had burned out. Actually, it was not just their house burning down, but instead... another twenty-three ones! Twenty ones had the same condition like theirs, completely burned out to the ground. The other three had lesser severe damage.

While it was rainy season, the village where Tari lived – Lestari's nickname – in one spot of chilly Harmon City, rain did not fall that night when the fire burned it out. None had known certainly of what and who had initially set the blaze. People assumed that it started to flare up from one man's house whose smoking habit was

extremely bad. The flare spread quickly as strong wind had violently blown it up. Many of them believed that it might be a half-quenched cigarette—it simply fell on a paper or other flammable materials — supposed to be its cause.

Her anguish gradually increased even more and her spirit was increasingly worn-out when his father decided to leave and head off to the Sindire City. He was going to set out a week after the fire, intended to seek a new job at hand. During the six days before he left, Tari and her father stayed at Mrs. Indah's house. Mrs. Indah lived in the same town, the Harmon city. She graciously welcomed Tari and Mr. Sapta, her father, in a friendly manner. She added up portions of rice, side dishes, and vegetables she had cooked. Every meal served for her and her three children at mealtimes, it was no different from Tari and her father.

Mrs. Indah was a good friend of Tari's mother who had deceased two years ago. They were both friends as kids, as in each other's pocket. As Tari's father said, her mother's countenance was identical to Tari. She passed away due to high fever – a kind of dengue fever.

Tari's father then planned to leave Tari to a friend's house in Kuint, a small town that was about eighty kilometers from Harmon city and even far above the ground. His name was Raiksa, both a wanderer and writer. He was a former teacher who lived with a few fatherless, motherless, or orphaned children. Mr. Sapta would like Tari to attend a school while he was heading to Sindire. He also wanted Tari to be well supervised. For such matters, he really trusted Mr. Raiksa, a man who had been a teacher for decades and experienced in educating children.

“Is Mr. Raiksa a good man, Dad?”

“Good or not? Well, I'll tell you something to confirm you whether he's good or not.”

“He was always up at four in the crack of dawn. He then took the kids to get up and pray together. After the bath, they had breakfast together. When the kids went to school, he washed all his clothes, even sometimes the little children's clothes he had with him. He considered they were not strong enough to wash their own clothes. After done washing, he would write something. After the kids came home from school, he had been waiting for them at the table for lunch.”

Tari grew interested listening about the story of Mr. Raiksa. Her eyes began gleaming cheerfully. "Then ...?" she wondered.

"He sent the children to take a nap. Every afternoon, he would often take them for a walk. At times, he also invited them to play hide and seek or other games. Sometimes, yeah... they did nothing. Afternoon was leisure time for children doing whatever they like.

"After night falls, he asked the children to study after dinner. When the children studied, he was going into his writing habit again."

"A bit boring life as well," Tari said with a sigh. "But... as I think a bit of your story, I could catch a glimpse of Mr. Raiksa."

"Don't get me wrong if he was too reserved and quiet, even timid and withdrawn," Mr. Sapta said and stood up.

"He was also adventurous. He once spent a whole month for climbing mountain or fishing in Harigia Beach. He also loved to wander pursuing some treasure or just caught a sight of various scarce plants he had never seen before. Even though he didn't like to memorize the plants names, but he did loved plants, particularly flowers."

"Well... all sounds great!" Tari shouted with sparkling eyes. "Oh, yes, where did he get the money from, for living expenses and education as children was no longer supported by their parents?"

"From his writing income. He also had loads of treasures from his traveling."

"Then, where did he get a story to write from?"

"Many times as the outcomes of his wandering. His stories have attracted many children. He always used pseudonyms." This moment Mr. Sapta paused briefly. Fairly hesitated he continued, "Um... Tari, you may have read a book by Mr. Night in your school library, right?"