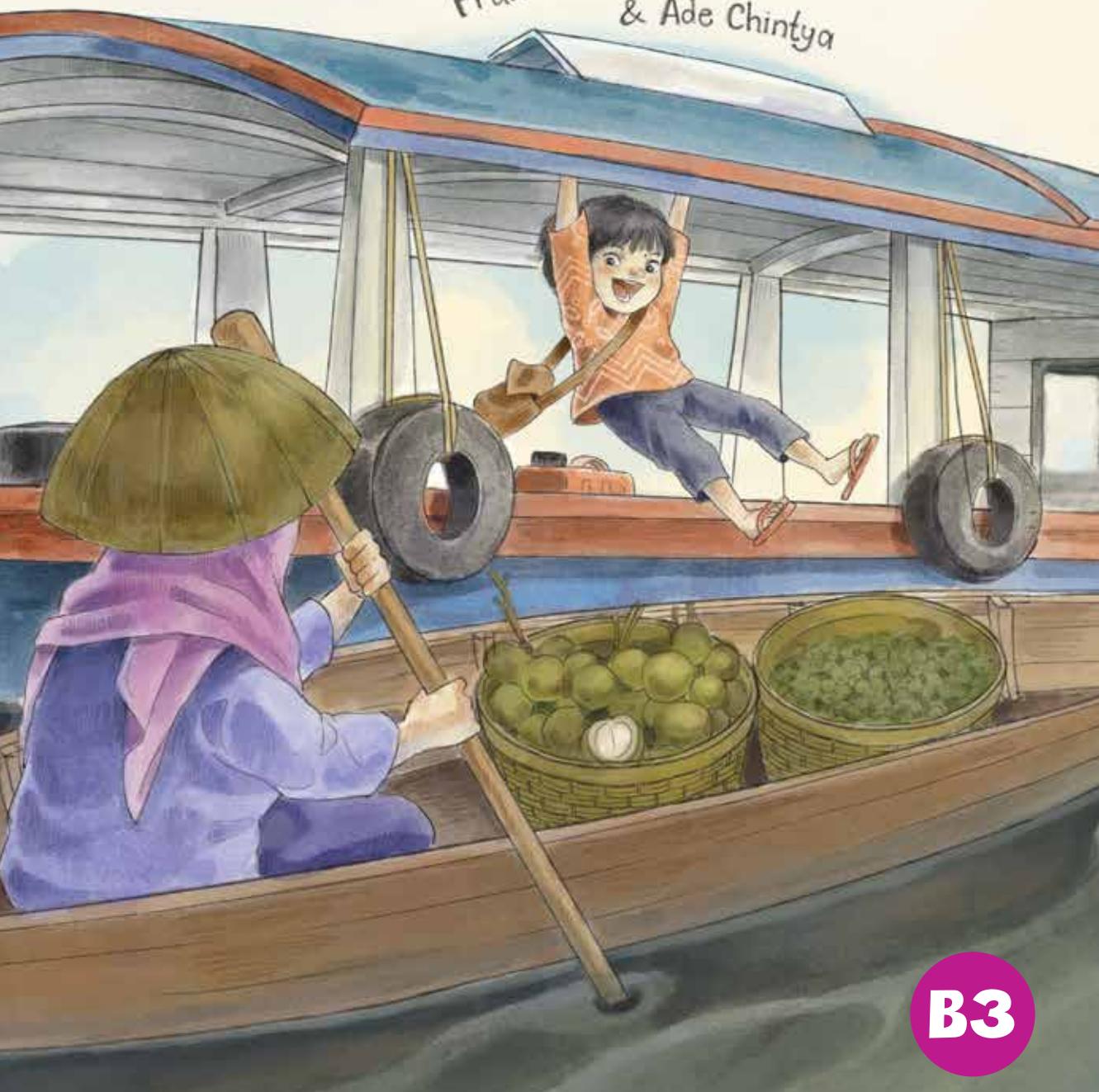




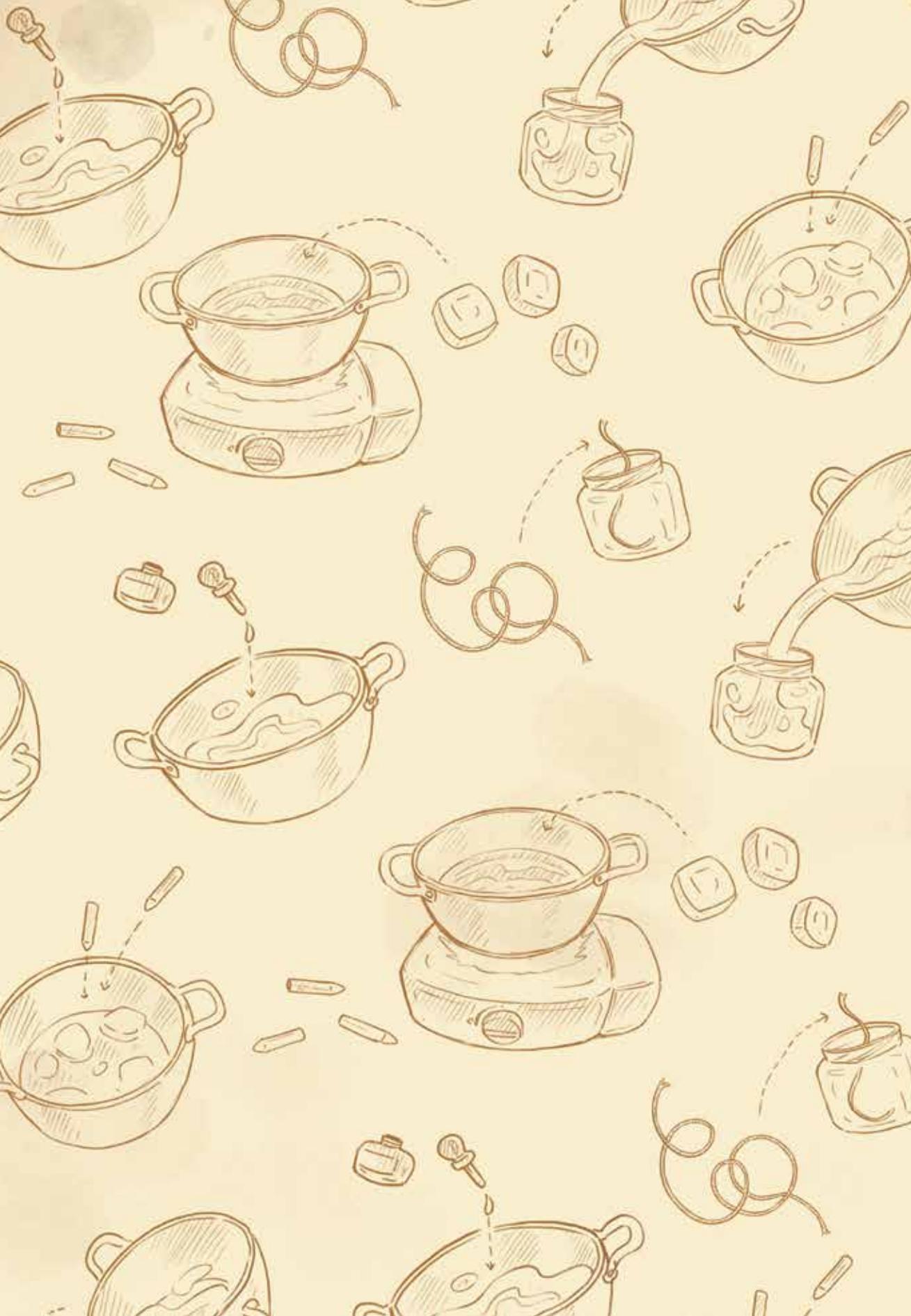
MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, CULTURE, RESEARCH, AND TECHNOLOGY
REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA
2024

LATER

Fransisca Emilia
& Ade Chintya



B3



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Fransisca Emilia and Ade Cintia



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Message from the Head of Center for Book Affairs

Hello, My Dear Readers! Greetings!

This awesome book is especially for you. You can listen to or read the interesting story in this book and also in the other books that are available to you. These books will help you be active, make friends and share as well as learn from your surroundings. The stunning illustrations will help you understand each storyline. Hope you enjoy reading these books and become more passionate about reading.

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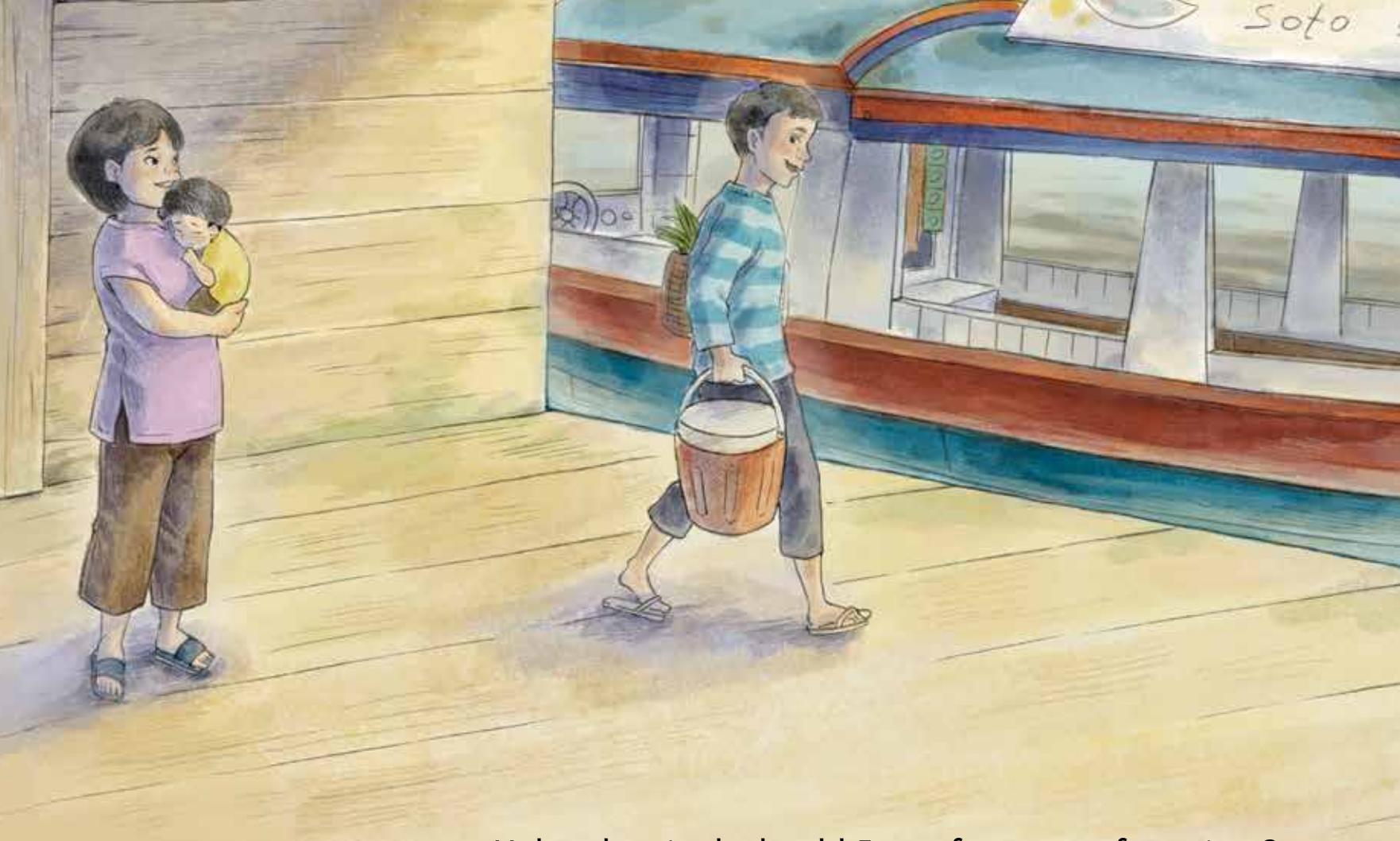
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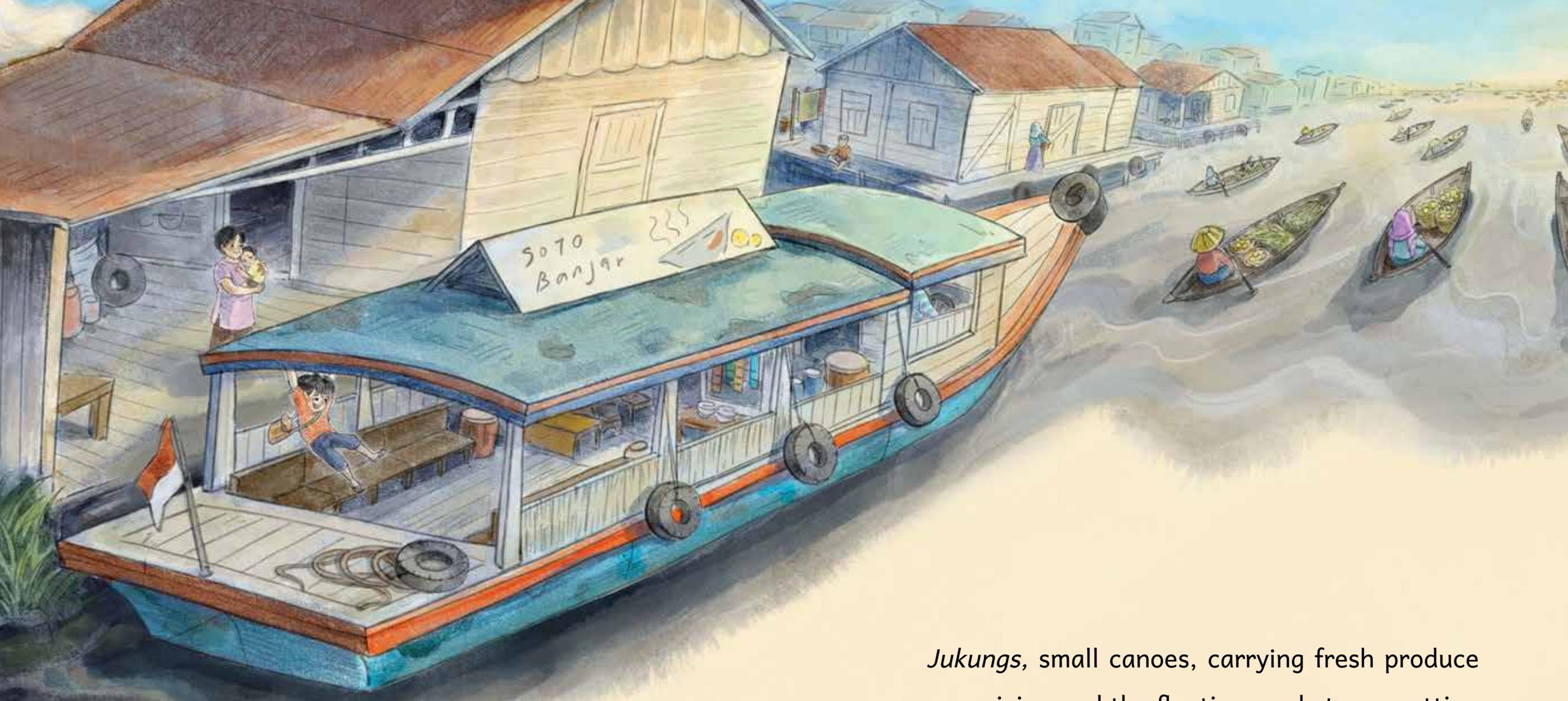
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1 One More Day



Ugh, what junk should I use for my craft project? It has to be done by tomorrow, and I still don't have any ideas! How annoying!

Oh, is Abah, my dad, going out alone for work? Well, Uma, my mom, is staying at home because Ading, my little brother, is sick. So, I'll just go out with Abah. I can do my project after I get back home from selling our yummy soup, Soto Banjar, with him.



“Uma, I’ll help out Abah!” I quickly left the house as soon as I packed my sketchbook in my bag.

Jukungs, small canoes, carrying fresh produce were arriving and the floating market was getting busier. Abah was preparing soto banjar and frying different kinds of side dishes.

I was busy serving the customers, bringing soto, chili sauce, and lime back and forth.

Oh, that's Irai's Mom. Irai is my friend. I cupped both of my hands around my mouth and yelled as loud as I could, "Acil Hanaaaah!"

Acil Hanah waved and paddled closer. I gave her a bowl of soto. In return, I was allowed to take one of the fruit from her *jukung*. There were *lahung*, *keledang*, *kapul*, *ramania*, and *ihau*. All of them made my mouth water. Which one should I choose?



Towards noon, Dad's soto were all sold out. I can relax while eating kapul fruit. But then... I remembered my craft project.

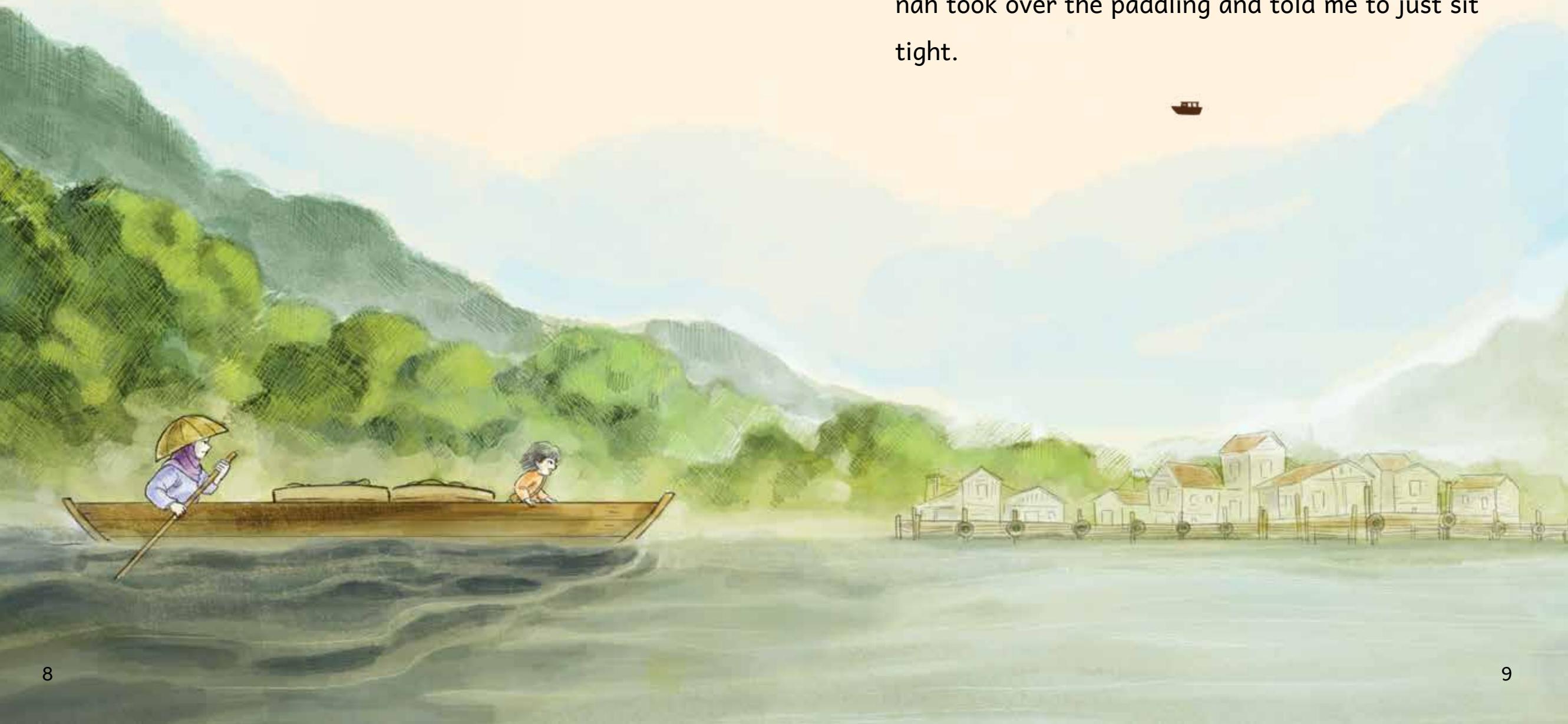
During the night, there is usually a power outage, I have to finish my project before it gets dark. Argh, why does there have to be a craft project? If only the project was switched to drawing.

I noticed Abah was packing the used frying oil into a jar. "Abah, are you taking the used oil to a waste bank? Let me take it. I'm going out anyways to Irai's house."

I rolled my sketchbook and used it as a telescope to look at Acil Hanah's jukung. There she is! Abah steered the kelotok boat's tiller on my command. As soon as we were close to them, I jumped like a swinging bekantan. Oops, I nearly fell.

Acil Hanah paddled slowly, but the jukung was moving rather quickly. It looked easy enough, I wanted to try too. I asked for the paddles that Acil Hanah was holding.

Turns out it was not easy, the jukung teetered left and right. We nearly lost our balance. Acil Hanah took over the paddling and told me to just sit tight.



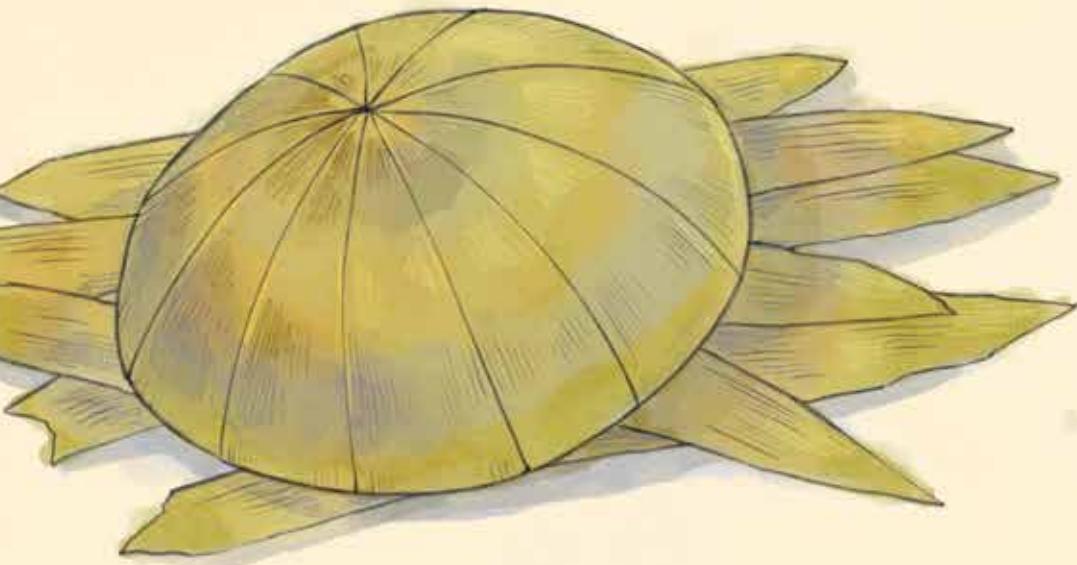
2 Don't Copy

I jumped out before Acil Hanah docked the jukung. I ran closer to Irai who was playing balogo, with her little brother. Balogo is a game involving bamboo blades and pieces of coconut shells. It looked fun, so I joined.

“Inur, have you finished your project?” Asked Irai.

I slapped my forehead, as I remembered why I wanted to go over to Ira’s house.”I wanted to see your craft project. What did you make?”





Irai showed me her project, a tanggui, a traditional hat usually made of woven pandan leaves. Her tanggui was different. It was woven with plastic material.

“Mom’s tanggui is easily ruined if it’s exposed to rain and heat. With this plastic layer, it looks prettier and will last longer right?”

I nodded, then tried on Irai’s tanggui.

“I also want a tanggui. How did you make it?”

“Don’t copy me! Find your own idea! The teacher will think that I stole your project.”

Irai took the tanggui off my head.

I glared at Irai and mumbled under my breath about how selfish she was. It’s more fun to play anyways, so I took the balogo. It was lying on the ground. I had just started playing when Irai’s little brother snatched the balogo I was holding. He accidentally knocked over the jar. The lid loosened and the used frying oil came spilling out. I quickly took the jar and tightened the lid. I knew that oil spills can really damage and pollute the water and soil.





3

Ugh, How Annoying!

The sun started moving to the West. I said my goodbyes while thinking hard. What kind of junk can be easily used for a crafts project: bottles, cans, cartons, or plastic?

The waste bank was easier to get to if I got on a boat, but I chose to take the mountain path. The heavy jar didn't stop me from hiking up the steps.

I switched the jar back and forth between my right and my left hand to avoid getting sore.

On top of the hill is Ifan's house, a deaf friend. He was reading a book. He seemed to be really enjoying it.

I walked closer and waved to get his attention. I greeted him in sign language as soon as he saw me, "Ifan, have you finished your craft project?"

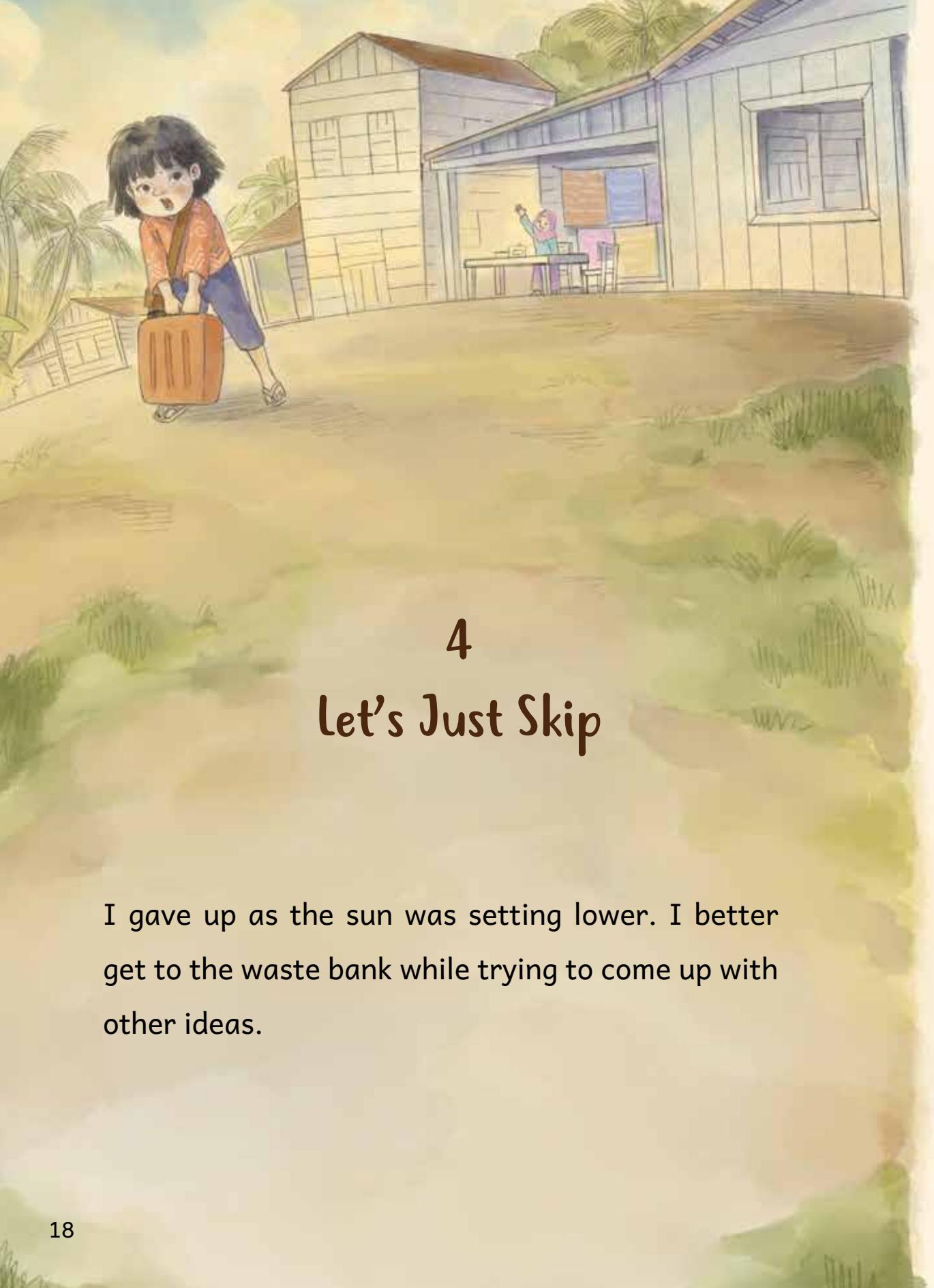


"I made a toy kelotok boat out of used cartons," he signed back. He invited me in to see his project.

Ifan made a really cool toy kelotok boat. It looked like Abah's boat. Then he taught me how to make it and gave me the materials.

In the beginning it was easy to draw the parts of the boat, but it was really hard cutting them out. The cut-outs always came out wonky and messy no matter how many times I tried to redo it. Ugh, how annoying!



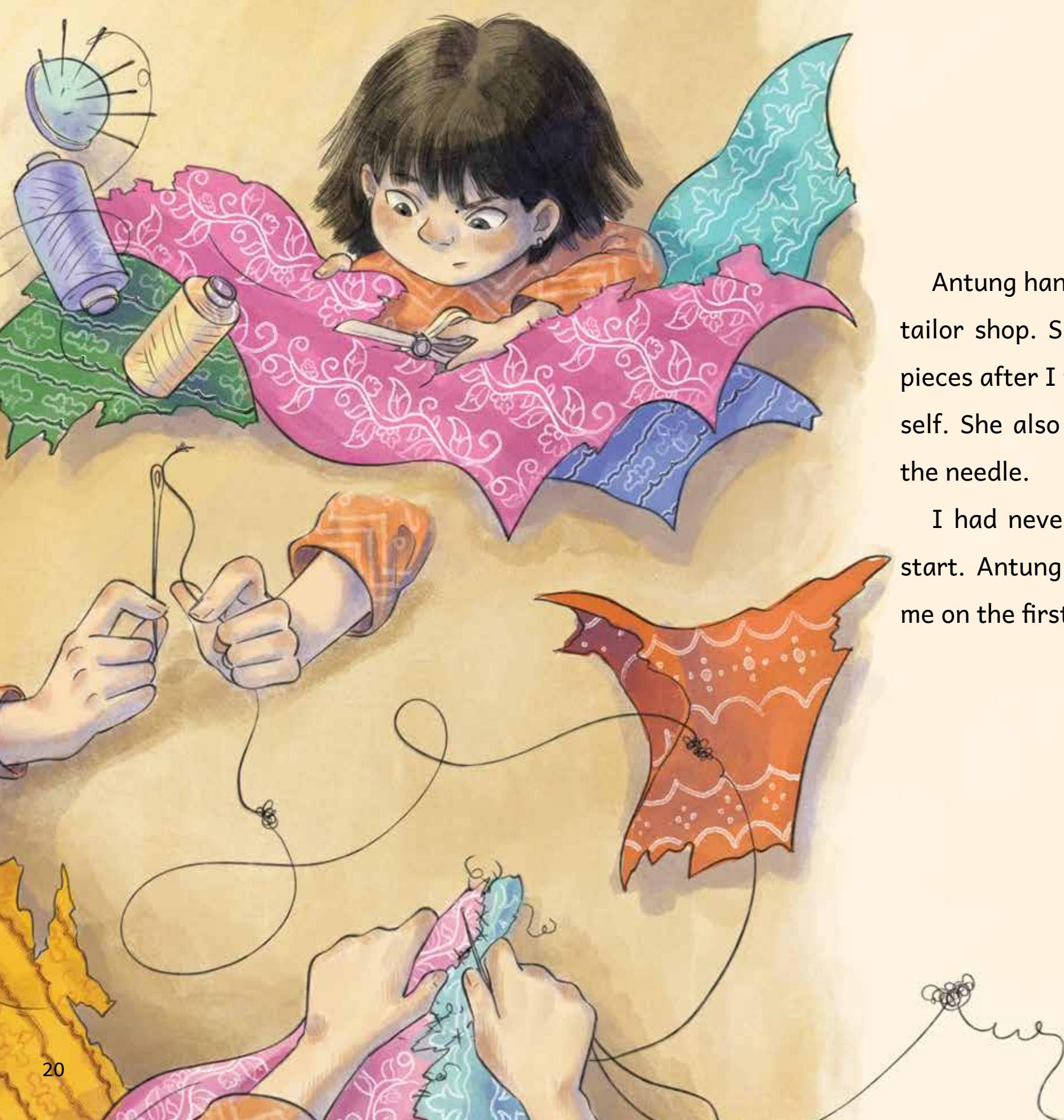


4 let's Just Skip

I gave up as the sun was setting lower. I better get to the waste bank while trying to come up with other ideas.

At the crossroads near the waste bank, someone called out my name. It was Antung at her father's tailor shop. She had made a bag out of *sasirangan* fabric scraps. It was so beautiful! I wanted to make one too.





Antung handed me a few fabric scraps from the tailor shop. She helped cut the fabric into equal pieces after I failed many times trying to do it myself. She also helped me pull the thread through the needle.

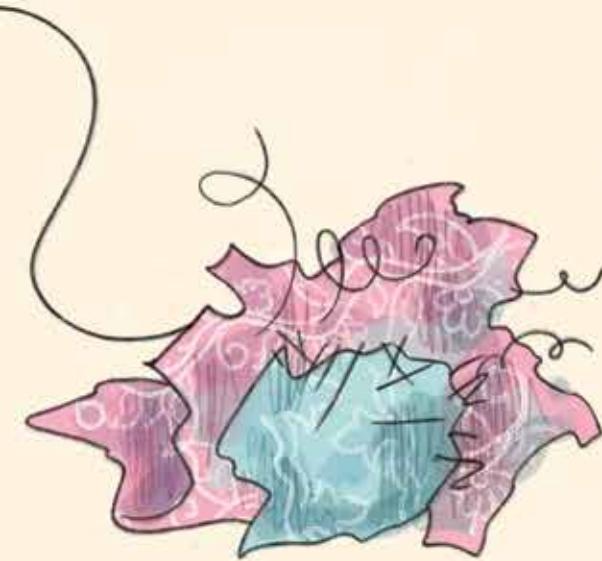
I had never sewn and I didn't know where to start. Antung taught me, but the needle pricked me on the first stitch. I gave up yet again.



I observed Antung's nimble movements, leaving a trail of tidy stitches in the fabric. Huh, why was there only one trail of stitches that was messy? Maybe Antung didn't see it. I'll help her clean it up.

"Don't!" Antung exclaimed.

Too late! I pulled the string and it came undone. Half of Antung's fabric came apart.



I apologized and quickly hurried to the waste bank. A few people were lining up to cash in their household waste and used items. An officer weighed them and noted them down in a bank book.

While waiting for my turn, I looked at the display of handicrafts made from junk on the shelves. There were bags made of bottle caps, lamp shades from plastic cups, and many more.

All of them looked lovely, but complicated. I knew that I wouldn't be able to make them, especially since there wasn't much time left.

I sat down wearily in front of the shelves. The sun was setting quickly, and I still have no ideas. It's hopeless! Should I just skip school tomorrow? But..., my favorite subject is tomorrow, drawing.





5 Power Outage

The officer called my name and asked me to pour the used frying oil into a container.

Charcoal was placed in the container to absorb the dangerous chemicals from the used frying oil. A strainer was stretched over the top to catch any grime from getting in.

A handful of teenagers were working on something. Near them were colorful things I had never seen before. To my surprise, they were working on making soaps and candles out of used oil.

Aha, I know now what handicraft I will make. I bought the materials from the waste bank by spending money from my waste bank account. I was allowed to borrow tools and do my project here at the waste bank.





First, I needed to heat up the used frying oil and paraffin in a pot over low heat and mix well.



Then I poured half of the solution into another pot and placed crayons of different colors in each pot.



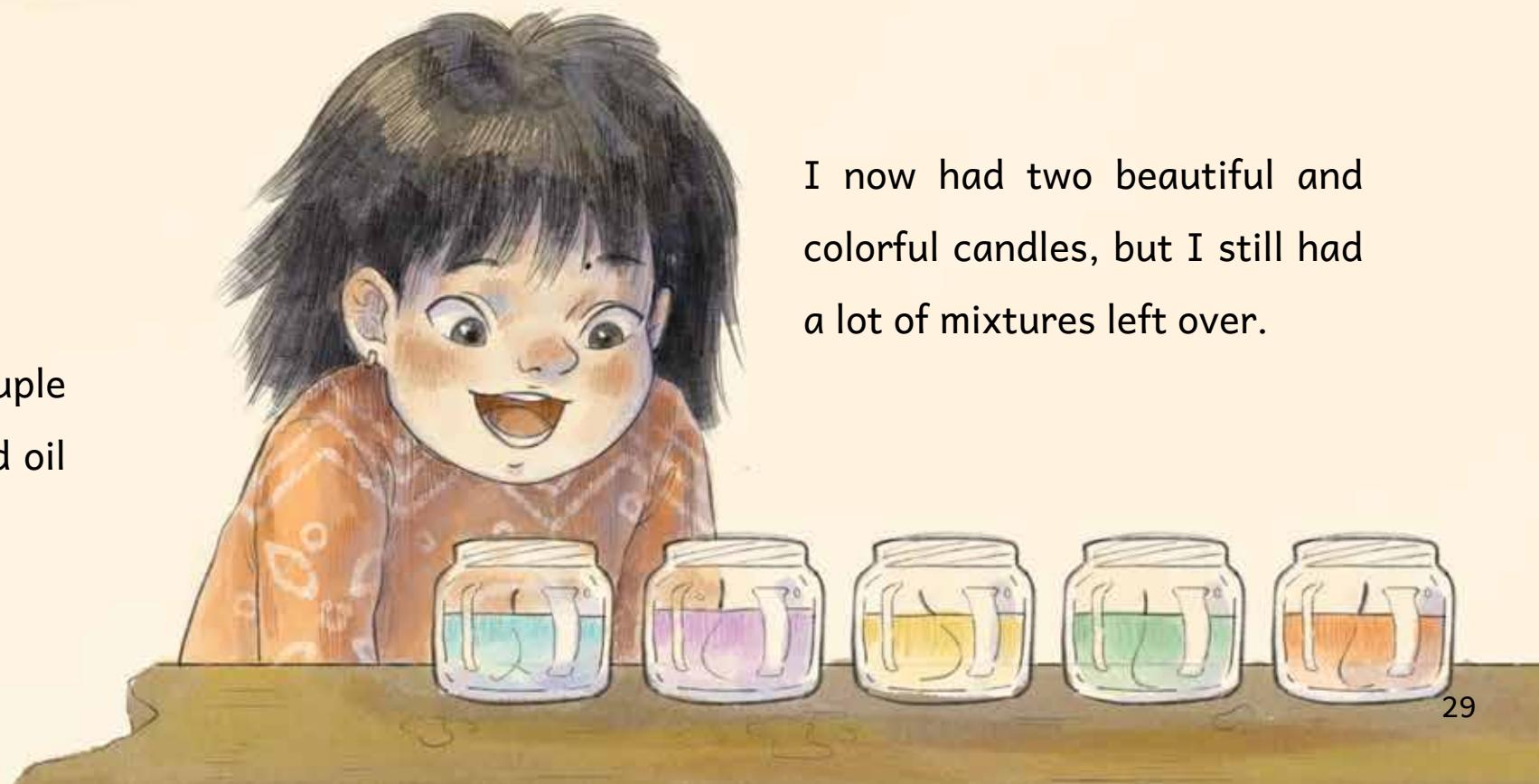
Next, I added a couple of drops of scented oil into the pots.



Then I placed the wicks in each glass jar.



Finally, I poured the liquid into the glass jars.



I now had two beautiful and colorful candles, but I still had a lot of mixtures left over.

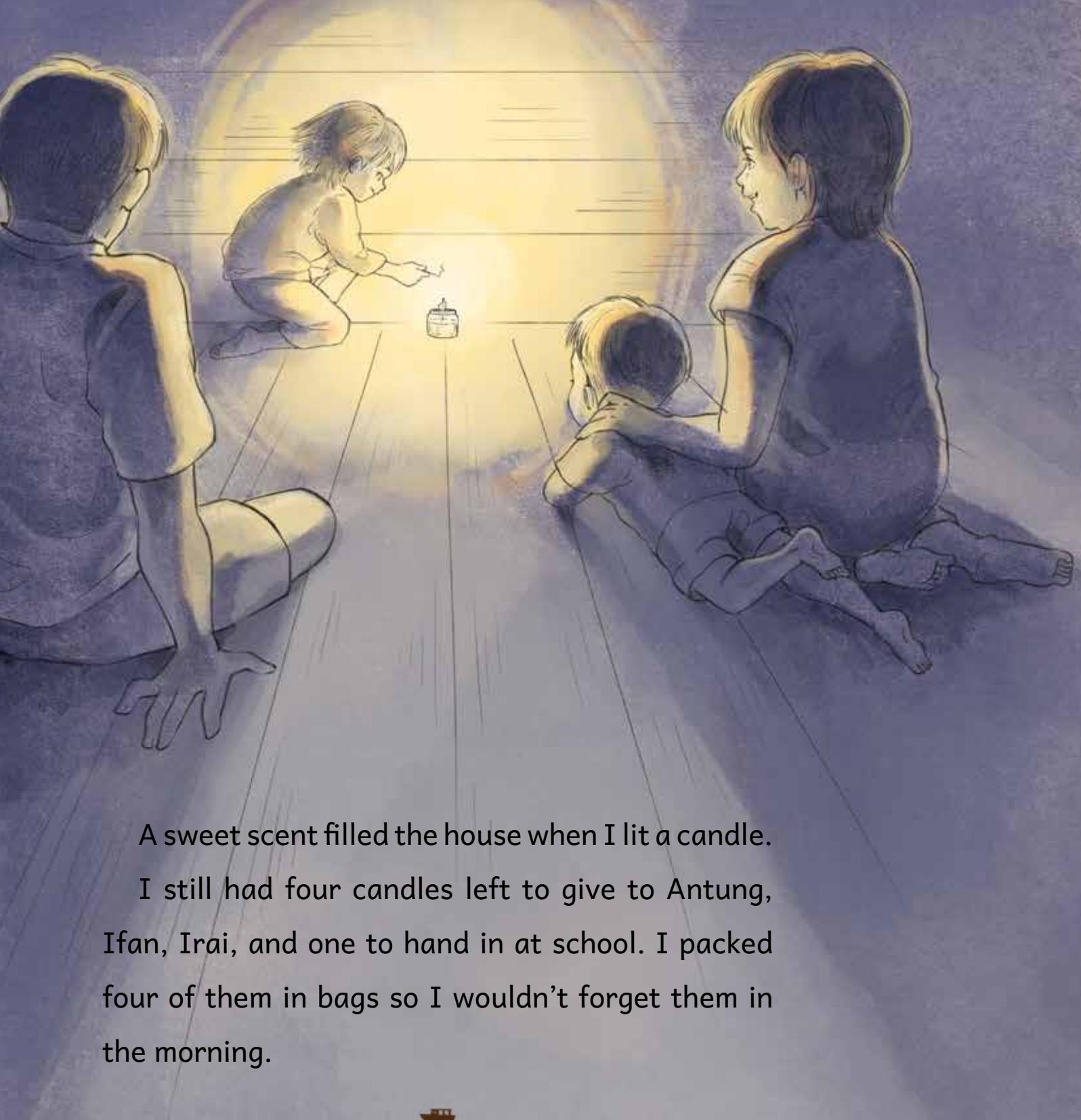


It was getting late into the evening and there was a power outage while I was still waiting on the candles to harden. I thought of my friends. Hopefully, a lot of them have finished their projects.

I still had plenty of candle wax mixture left over that could fill up three glass bottles. While waiting for the candles to harden, I drew a bag, a toy kelotok boat, and a tanggui. I cut them up and pasted them one by one on the glass bottles.

I went home carrying five colorful candles. I caught a kelotok boat home so it was quicker.





A sweet scent filled the house when I lit a candle. I still had four candles left to give to Antung, Ifan, Irai, and one to hand in at school. I packed four of them in bags so I wouldn't forget them in the morning.

Glosarium

Abah	: father, dad
Acil	: aunt
Ading	: little brother/sister
Balogo	: a traditional game of the Banjar tribe of South Kalimantan. Made of bamboo blades and pieces of coconut shells.
Jelantah	: used oil, oil that has been used for cooking
Jukung	: a small row boat without an engine
Kelotok	: a covered boat with an engine
Parafin	: material to make candles
Sasirangan	: a traditional fabric motif unique to Banjar, South Kalimantan made with cross-stitching techniques
Tanggui	: a headcover unique to the Banjar tribe of South Kalimantan shaped like half a ball. Made of sago palm, screwpine, or nipa palm.
Uma	: mother, mom

Greetings from the Authors

Hello!

Did you enjoy your adventure with Inur to Banjarmasin, South Kalimantan? You discovered a lot of interesting things, right?

The author and illustrator are very happy we can collaborate to present stories that feature Indonesian culture. I hope you were all entertained by this story.

Warm wishes,
Emil and Decin



Author



Illustrator

Francisca Emilia likes to explore forests and villages. Enjoying the mountains, trees, rivers, and markets always cheers her up and inspires her. She likes to share that joy through children's books. She can be reached through IG @wacanbocah.

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Nabila Adani is an illustrator and children's book writer. Apart from illustrating, Nabila is active in non-profit activities that focus on children's education and the welfare of the elderly with the Atamma Foundation.



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Maretta Gunawan is a graphic designer who loves the world of children. Today, she works for a major publisher where she has contributed to designing hundreds of children's books. To get to know her better, visit her Instagram account @marettagunawan.



You can also read books of Level B3.



Inur has to complete her crafts project today because it is due tomorrow. But, Abah needs her help to send used cooking oil to the waste bank.

Will she be able to finish her school project?

What will she make?



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