



GADIS KOREK API

LITTLE MATCH GIRL



Vonny Salazar Sidharta

berdasarkan cerita dari

Yoehan & Ashlee

“Jadi, apa kamu tahu perbedaan antara kamu dan dia?” tanya papanya.
“Perbedaannya adalah gadis korek api itu tak punya tempat yang disebut rumah,
sementara kamu akan selalu punya rumah dalam diriku, di sini.”
Ia meletakkan tangannya di dada.

“So, do you know the difference between you and her?” asked her dad.“
The difference is the little match girl had no place to call home,
while you will always have a home in me, in here.”
He laid his hands upon his chest.



GADIS KOREK API

LITTLE MATCH GIRL



Vonny Salazar Sidharta

berdasarkan cerita dari
Yoehan & Ashlee



GADIS KOREK API

Judul asal: Little Match Girl

Penulis: Vonny Salazar Sidharta

Penutur: Yoehan & Ashlee

Penerjemah: Desy Virajati

Penyunting: Handaka Vijjananda

Penggambar: Kabita Studio

Penata: Intan Dhitadhivara

Penerbit: Ehipassiko Foundation

085888503388

ehipassikofoundation@gmail.com

www.ehipassiko.or.id

©2021 Ehipassiko Foundation

Cetakan 1, Jun 2021

LITTLE MATCH GIRL

Writer: Vonny Salazar Sidharta

Narrators: Yoehan & Ashlee

Editor: Handaka Vijjananda

Illustrator: Kabita Studio

Layout by: Intan Dhitadhivara

Publisher: Ehipassiko Foundation

085888503388

ehipassikofoundation@gmail.com

www.ehipassiko.or.id

©2021 Ehipassiko Foundation

Edition: 1, Jun 2021

E-book gratis lain bisa diunduh di
www.ehipassiko.or.id

E-book ini terbit berkat kedermawanan Anda.
Donasi bisa disalurkan ke
BCA 4900333833 Yay Ehipassiko



"Papa," panggil Sujata sambil mendesah.

"Aku sedih hari ini."

Papanya memeluknya dengan sayang

dan tersenyum,

"Apakah sebuah cerita bisa menghiburmu,

Sayang?"

"Dad," Sujata said with a sigh.

"I am feeling blue today."

He affectionately held her and smiled,

"Would a story cheer you up, my dear?"

Itu malam bersalju dengan dingin yang menusuk;
orang-orang bergegas pulang, hanya meninggalkan jejak sepatu
di lumpur salju. Jalanan suram dan berjalan adalah tantangan,
setiap napas terasa seperti tikaman dan setiap wajah tak dikenal.

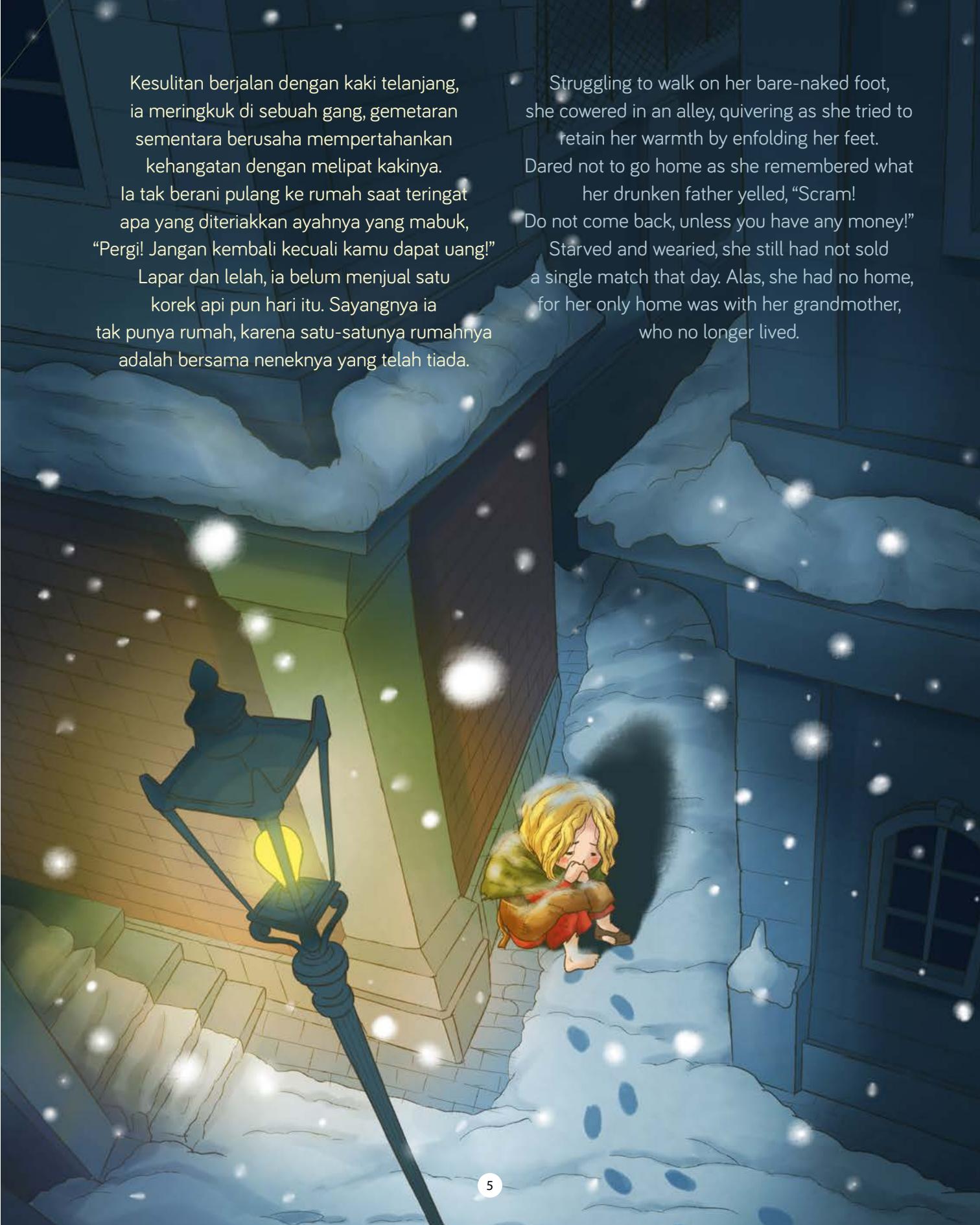
Terlihat seorang gadis kecil penjual korek api dengan sepatunya
yang tidak pas tersaruk, dan segera menghindari kereta kuda
beroda dua yang meluncur di jalan. Sepatunya terselip tapi ia bertekad
menjaga korek apinya tetap kering, sampai akhirnya terlambat
untuk mengambil sepatunya yang lain yang berlubang,
yang dirampas pencuri yang kabur.



It was a piercing cold, snowy night;
people rushed to their homes leaving only shoe prints on slush.

The streets were bleak and walking was a challenge,
every breath felt like a jab and every face unknown.

On sight, a little match seller with her ill-fitted shoes stumbled,
and briskly evaded a two-wheeled horse-drawn carriage
that hurtled down the street. Her shoes slipped but persistent on
keeping her matches dry, it became too late to retrieve her
other hole-ridden shoe that was snatched by a mugger who ran away!



Kesulitan berjalan dengan kaki telanjang,
ia meringkuk di sebuah gang, gemetaran
sementara berusaha mempertahankan
kehangatan dengan melipat kakinya.
Ia tak berani pulang ke rumah saat teringat
apa yang diteriakkan ayahnya yang mabuk,
“Pergil! Jangan kembali kecuali kamu dapat uang!”
Lapar dan lelah, ia belum menjual satu
korek api pun hari itu. Sayangnya ia
tak punya rumah, karena satu-satunya rumahnya
adalah bersama neneknya yang telah tiada.

Struggling to walk on her bare-naked foot,
she cowered in an alley, quivering as she tried to
retain her warmth by enfolding her feet.
Dared not to go home as she remembered what
her drunken father yelled, “Scram!
Do not come back, unless you have any money!”
Starved and wearied, she still had not sold
a single match that day. Alas, she had no home,
for her only home was with her grandmother,
who no longer lived.



Saat ia melemah dalam diam
seiring malam yang semakin larut,
putus asa mencari kehangatan,
akhirnya ia mengumpulkan keberanian untuk
menyalakan korek api. "TCHRICHT!"
Seketika itu juga tungku pemanas muncul di
depannya, begitu hangat, ia tertarik ke arahnya;
tapi korek api itu perlahan-lahan habis terbakar,
cahayanya lenyap dan mematikan
kayu bakar yang meretih.

As she quietly faded into the night,
desperate for warmth, she finally plucked up
the courage to strike a match. "TCHRICHT!"
Instantaneously, a hot iron stove appeared
before her, it was so warm, she gravitated
towards it; but the match slowly burnt out,
the light dissipated and stifled
the crackling firewood.

Dengan penuh semangat ia menyalakan korek api lain. Di depannya berlimpah hidangan malam tahun baru di atas taplak meja yang berkilau! Seporsi angsa panggang yang diletakkan di atas hamparan sayur hijau, kentang tumbuk dan saus, wortel dan kacang polong, ia terkesiap kecil, "dan kue menara juga!" Walaupun begitu, segalanya raib ketika korek api padam.

Eagerly, she lit another match. Upon her, a lavish holiday feast on a shimmery table cloth! A serving of roasted goose placed on a bed of greens, mashed potatoes and gravy, carrots and peas, she let out a little gasp, "And kransekage too!" Still and all, everything vanished when the match went out.





la menarik korek api lain dan mengguratkannya ke dinding, lalu pohon Natal muncul, lebih megah dari yang pernah ia lihat sebelumnya.

Pohon itu begitu gemerlap, membubung ke langit malam sampai terlihat seperti bintang. Tiba-tiba sebuah bintang jatuh, meninggalkan seberkas singkat cahaya; seseorang sedang sekarat, pikirnya. Ia teringat apa yang dikatakan mendiang nenek tersayangnya bahwa ketika sebuah bintang jatuh, jiwa naik ke surga.

She drew another match and struck it against the wall, then a Christmas tree arose, it was more majestic than ones she had seen before. It was distinctively radiant, it soared to the night sky until it looked like a star. Suddenly, a star fell, leaving a brief streak of light; someone is dying, she pondered. She remembered what her beloved late grandmother once said; when a star falls, a soul rises to heaven.

Sekali lagi ia menyalakan korek api, nyala api menerangi wajahnya ketika dengan ajaibnya neneknya muncul di hadapannya. “Nenek!” ia memekik gembira.

“Oh! Nenek tersayang, kumohon tinggallah atau bawa aku bersamamu, aku ingin berada bersamamu,” suaranya bergetar saat ia memohon. Ia tahu neneknya akan menghilang begitu korek apinya habis terbakar.



Again, she struck a match, the blaze illuminated her face, when miraculously, her grandmother appeared before her. “Grandma!” she squealed with joy.

“Oh! Dearest grandmother, please stay or take me with you, I want to be where you are,” her voice quavered as she begged. She knew her grandmother was going to disappear as soon as the match burned out.

Dengan cepat ia menyalakan sisa korek api, berharap mereka akan mengabulkan keinginannya untuk selamanya bersama neneknya. Kali ini, cahayanya bersinar dan berpendar seakan sedang menari dan menjadi semakin hangat dan terang. Rasanya seakan ada mantel tebal menyelimutinya.

Cahaya gemilang memancar dari dalam neneknya, membuatnya tampak begitu indah.

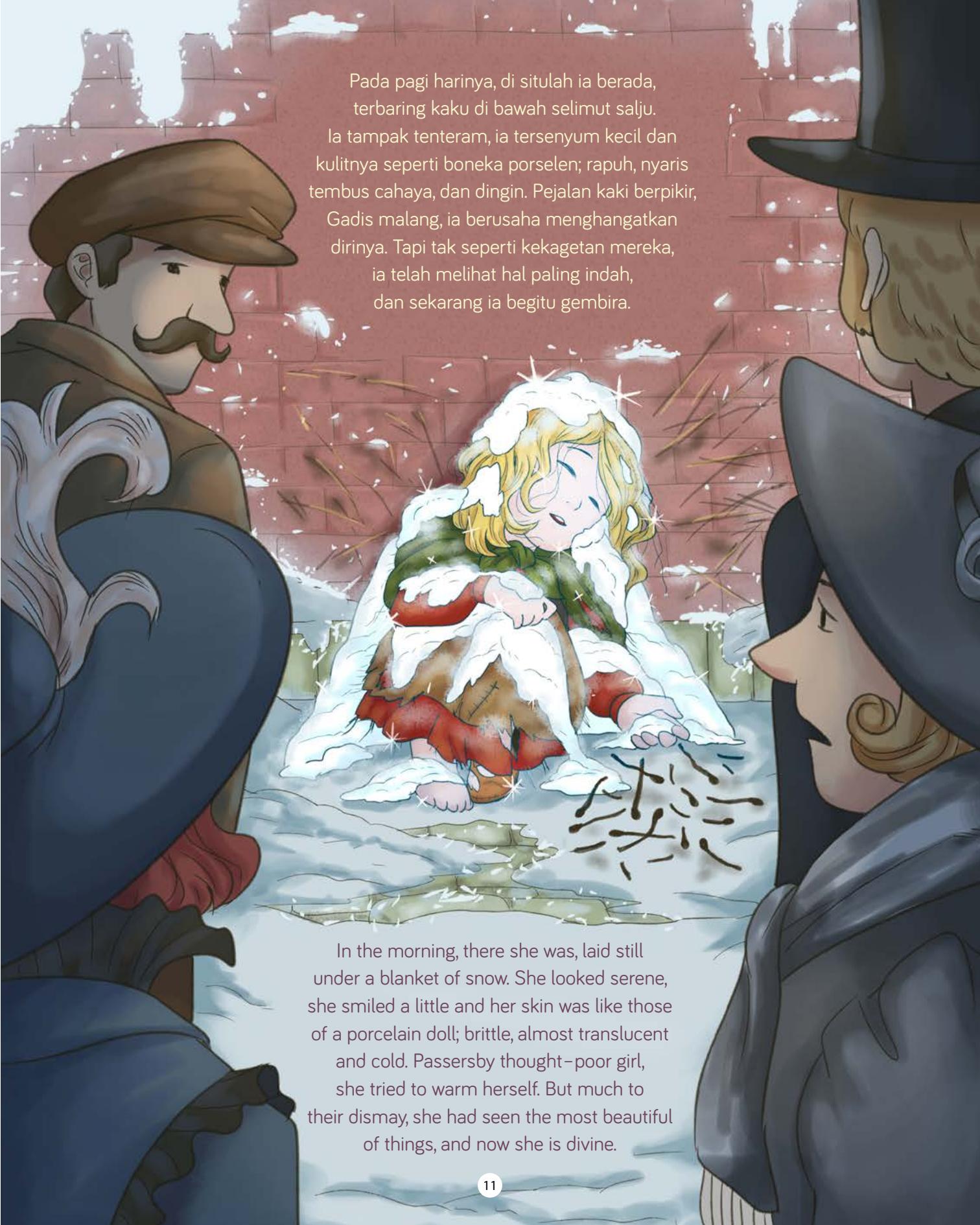
Ia memeluknya, dan neneknya dengan lembut menggendongnya menuju langit malam yang gemerlap.



Swiftly, she lit the remaining heap of matches, hoped that they would grant her wish to forever be with her grandmother.

This time, the light gleamed and glowed, like it was dancing and only becoming warmer and brighter.

It was as if a thick cloak had wrapped over her. A bright light bursts from within her grandmother making her look ethereal. She embraced her, and her grandmother gracefully carried her towards the sparkly night sky.



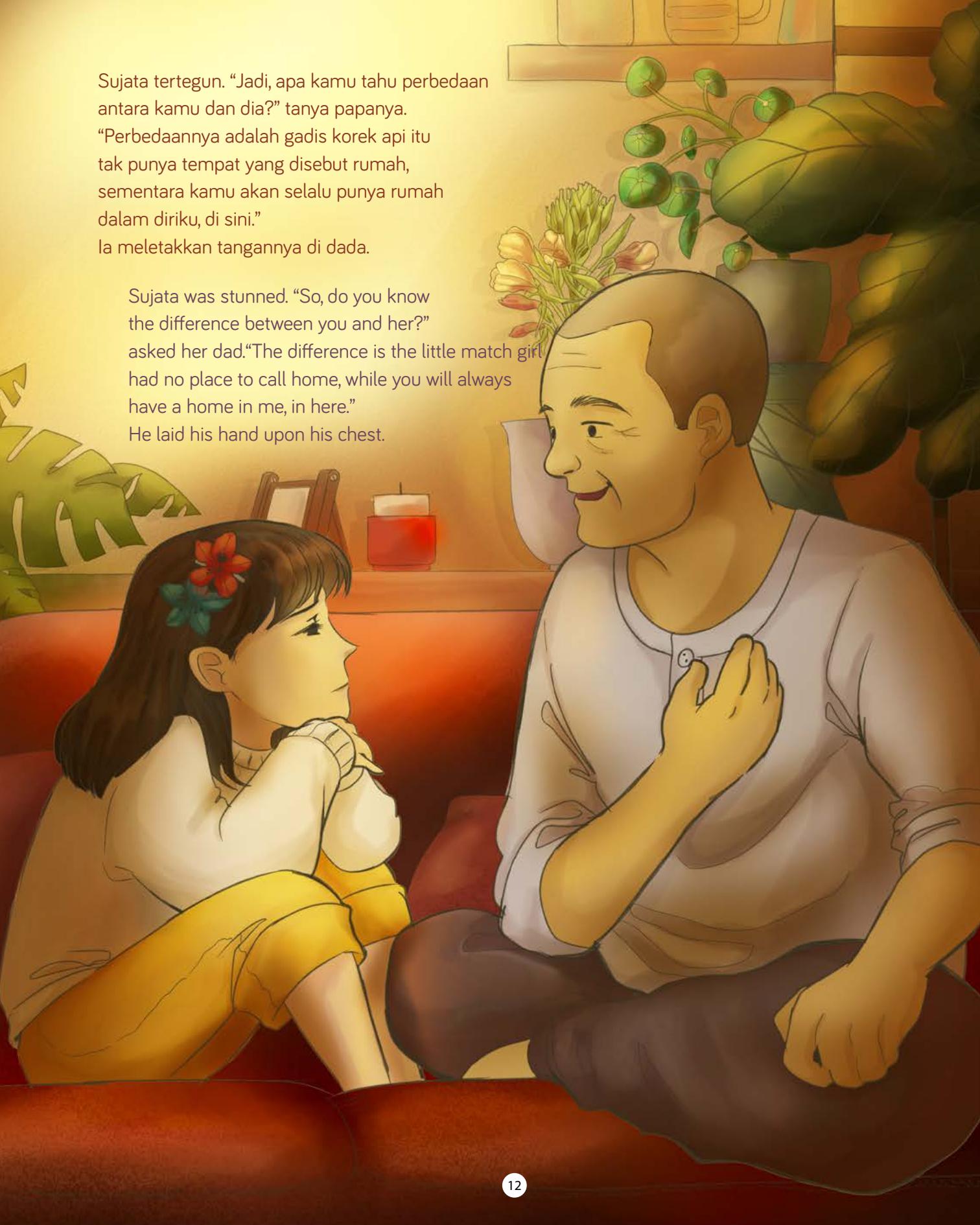
Pada pagi harinya, di situ ia berada,
terbaring kaku di bawah selimut salju.
Ia tampak tenteram, ia tersenyum kecil dan
kulitnya seperti boneka porselen; rapuh, nyaris
tembus cahaya, dan dingin. Pejalan kaki berpikir,
Gadis malang, ia berusaha menghangatkan
dirinya. Tapi tak seperti kekagetan mereka,
ia telah melihat hal paling indah,
dan sekarang ia begitu gembira.

In the morning, there she was, laid still
under a blanket of snow. She looked serene,
she smiled a little and her skin was like those
of a porcelain doll; brittle, almost translucent
and cold. Passersby thought—poor girl,
she tried to warm herself. But much to
their dismay, she had seen the most beautiful
of things, and now she is divine.

Sujata tertegun. "Jadi, apa kamu tahu perbedaan antara kamu dan dia?" tanya papanya. "Perbedaannya adalah gadis korek api itu tak punya tempat yang disebut rumah, sementara kamu akan selalu punya rumah dalam diriku, di sini." Ia meletakkan tangannya di dada.

Sujata was stunned. "So, do you know the difference between you and her?" asked her dad. "The difference is the little match girl had no place to call home, while you will always have a home in me, in here."

He laid his hand upon his chest.



"Biarpun begitu, tepat di sana itu adalah rumah sejatimu," papanya menunjuk ke arah jantungnya. "Terlepas dari masalah yang akan terjadi, kamu selalu bisa mengandalkan dirimu sendiri. Terima dirimu apa adanya, dengan segala kekurangannya, karena hanya di dalam dirimulah, rumah sejatimu berada."

"Be that as it may, right there is your true home," as he pointed towards her heart.

"Despite any imminent struggles, you can always count on yourself.

Accept who you are, flaws and all, because only within you is your true home."



Sujata menangis,
“Kenapa kamu menangis, Sayang?”

Sujata teared.
“Why are you crying, my dear?”





“Aku bahagia.”
Ia memeluk papanya erat-erat
dan berbisik,
“Aku sayang Papa.”

“I am happy.”
She hugged him with all her might
and whispered,
“Love you, Dad.”

E-book ini terbit berkat
kedermawanan Anda.
Donasi bisa disalurkan ke

BCA 4900333833
YAYASAN EHIPASSIKO



WhatsApp: 085888503388
Instagram: ehipassikofoundation
Website: www.ehipassiko.or.id

Buku Dharma | Beasiswa | Cancer Care
Abdi Desa | Bakti Sosial Lintas Agama