



## Dry Quickly, Frangipani Flowers!

Janu wants ice cream, but he and his sister, Ratih, have no money. They decide to collect frangipani flowers and sell them to a factory. Will they succeed and earn enough to buy Janu ice cream?







---

Dry Quickly, Frangipani Flowers!



---

# Let's Read



**The Asia Foundation**



Ratih and Janu had just moved to a new place. Ratih wanted to make new friends right away. But her little brother was very shy.



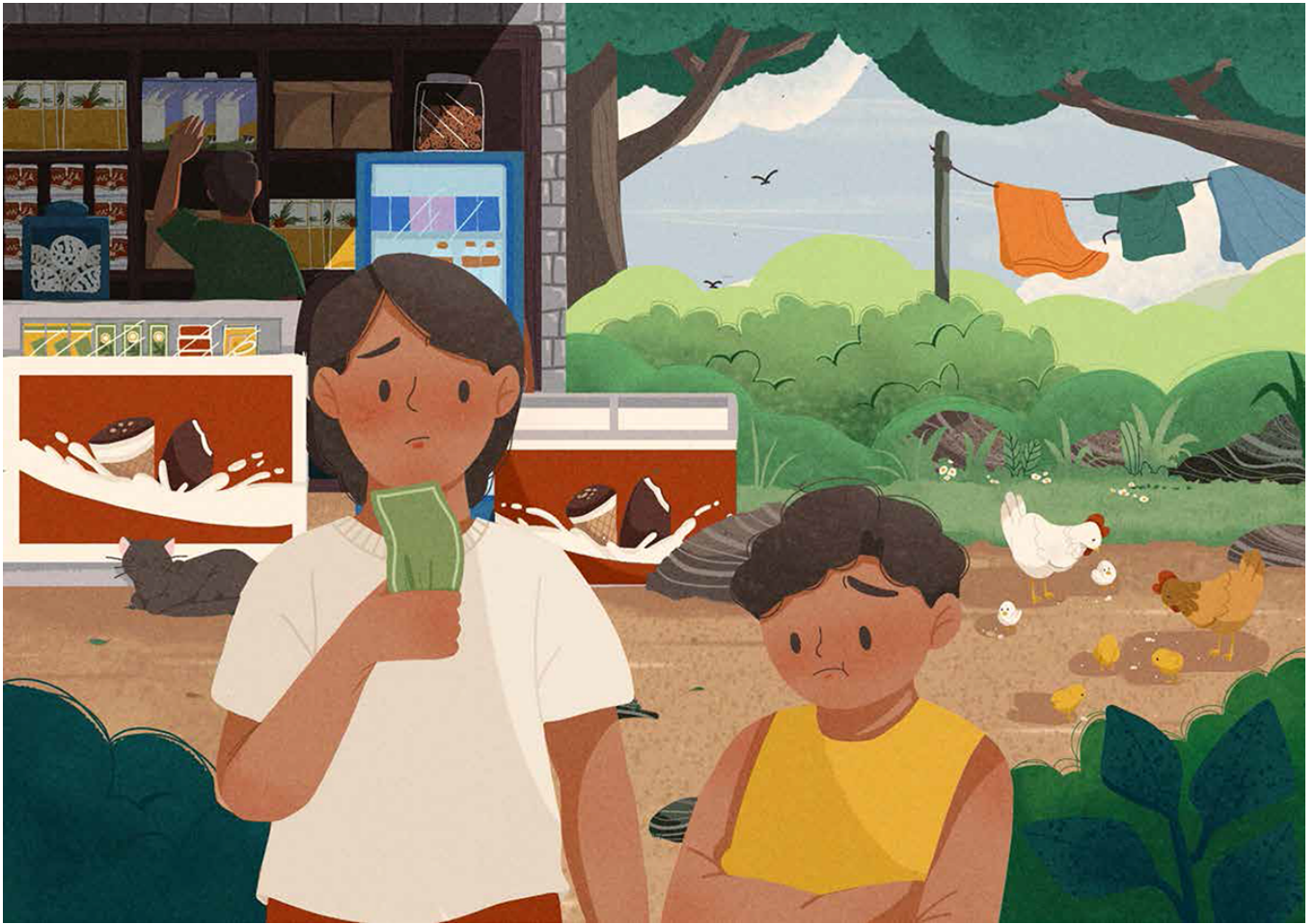


Every day, Father went to work. Ratih stayed with Janu so he would not get bored. Janu saw someone eating an ice cream bar. "Sis, I want ice cream," said Janu. "How much is it?" Ratih asked as she searched her pocket for money.



When she didn't find any, Ratih tried to distract her brother. "Janu, let's go for a walk. What is that nice smell here?" She asked the boy in red, "What flowers are these? Why are you drying them?" The boy replied, "Frangipani flowers. We sell them to the incense factory."





“Look!” Janu gestured to the convenience store. He did not want to talk to those children drying flowers for too long. “They sell ice cream!” “Oh, the ice cream is too expensive,” Ratih said. She did not like disappointing Janu.

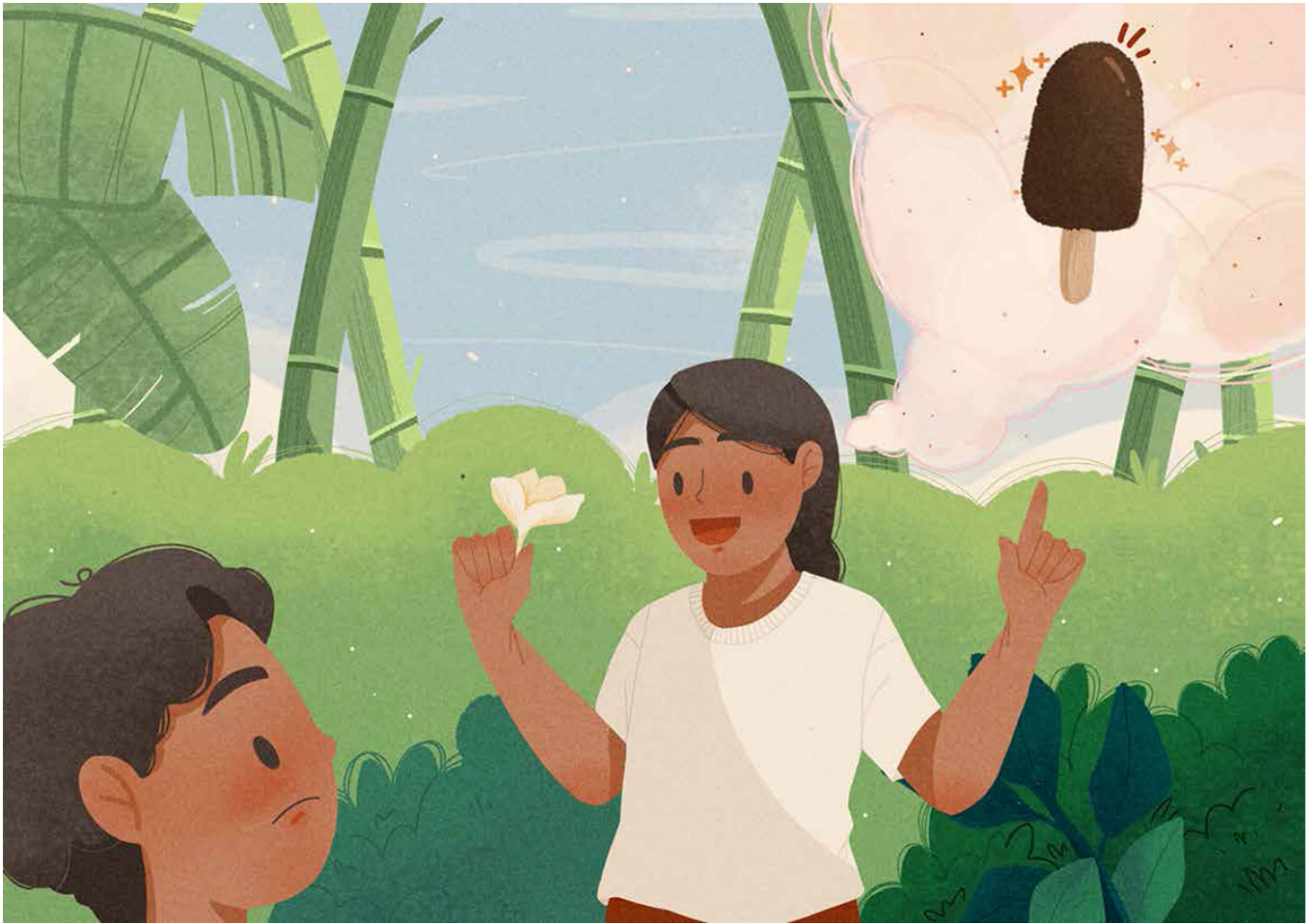


“Janu, what is going on over there?” Ratih exclaimed, pointing to a long line of people. The boy in red was in that line too. Ratih was curious and wanted to check it out. Janu remained silent, still disappointed. But finally, he nodded and dragged his feet as they walked over.





“Oh, it is the incense factory where people sell flowers,” Ratih said. Some people coming from the cemetery were bringing frangipani flowers too. Aha! Ratih had a plan.



“Janu, let’s collect frangipani flowers! We’ll buy ice cream later, okay?” “At...at the cemetery?” Janu didn’t like the sound of that. He followed Ratih reluctantly.





Crack...crack...crack... "Sis, what is that sound?" Janu asked. "Oh, it's just the sound of bamboo." Srek...srek...srek... "Sis, I'm scared!" Janu shouted.



Many people were collecting the flowers, which were growing between the headstones. When Ratih and Janu arrived, those people looked upset to see them. Janu felt the situation getting tense.





“Janu, let’s go somewhere else.” Ratih held his hand. It turned out that the flowers grew outside the cemetery as well. There were frangipani trees on the side of the road and near a field. It turned out that they grew outside the cemetery as well.



After picking for some time, Ratih said cheerfully, “Two bags of frangipani on the first day!” Janu laughed while wiping away sweat. They rushed home since it was getting late.





The flowers they collected must be dried immediately. Dry quickly, frangipani flowers! “Wow, are you drying flowers too?” Father asked. “Yes. I want to buy ice cream,” Janu replied happily.



Whoosh...The wind blew hard, taking the frangipani flowers with it. “No! Our flowers fell into the river! Everything is gone!” Janu cried loudly in shock.



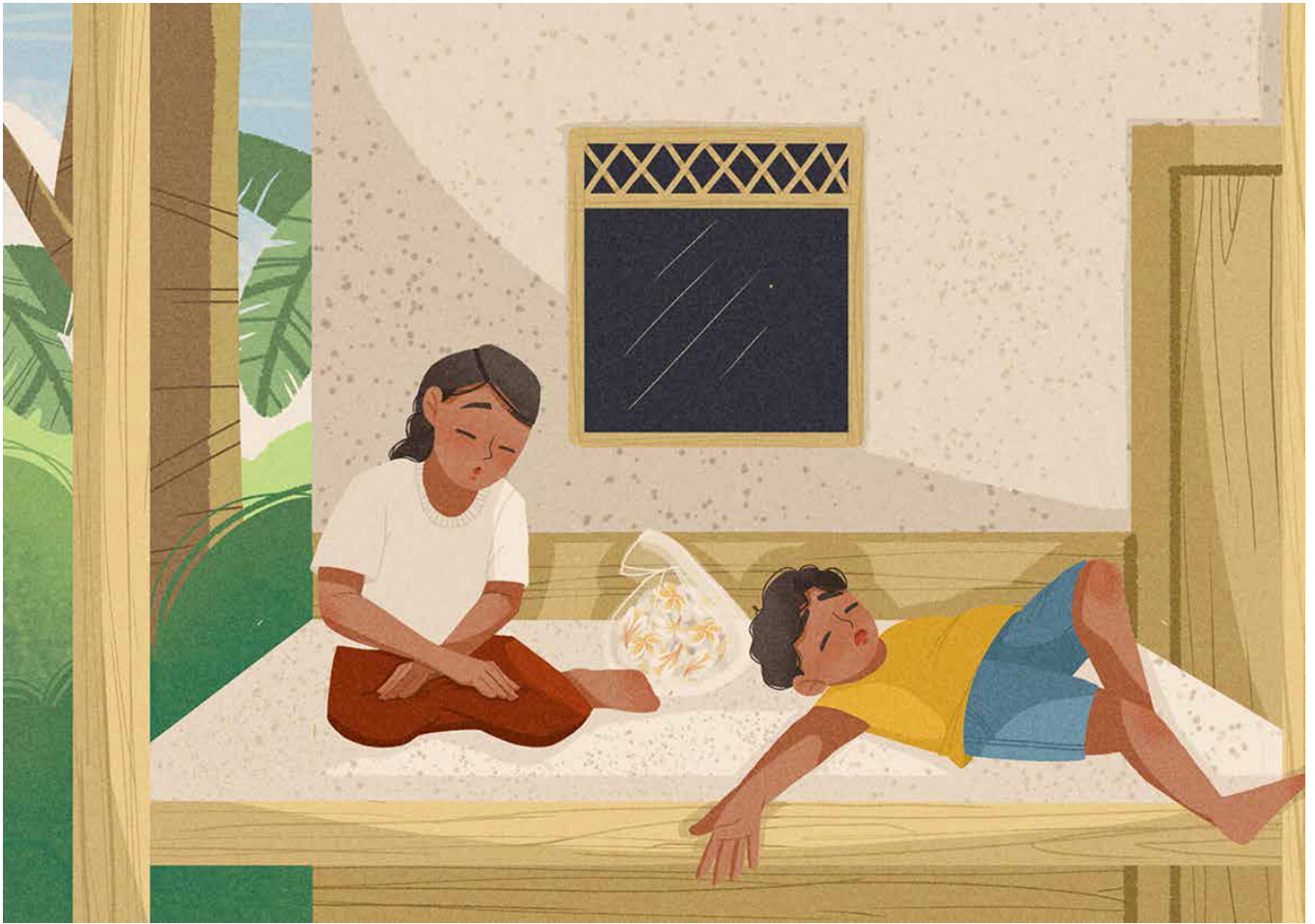


The next morning, Ratih and Janu went to look for flowers again. They ran to the field. "Hurray! We got a lot today!" Janu exclaimed later, doing a little dance.



Janu sang as he spread out the frangipani flowers. “Too bad the mat is too small.” Ratih said, “Some of the flowers can be stored and dried later.”





When they were done, Janu yawned. Soon he was fast asleep. Ratih was also sleepy. She wanted to rest too.



Suddenly Ratih awoke with a start. Janu screamed loudly, "It's raining!" "Oh no! We slept too long!" Ratih exclaimed. Janu sat down, covering his face. The frangipani flowers were all wet.



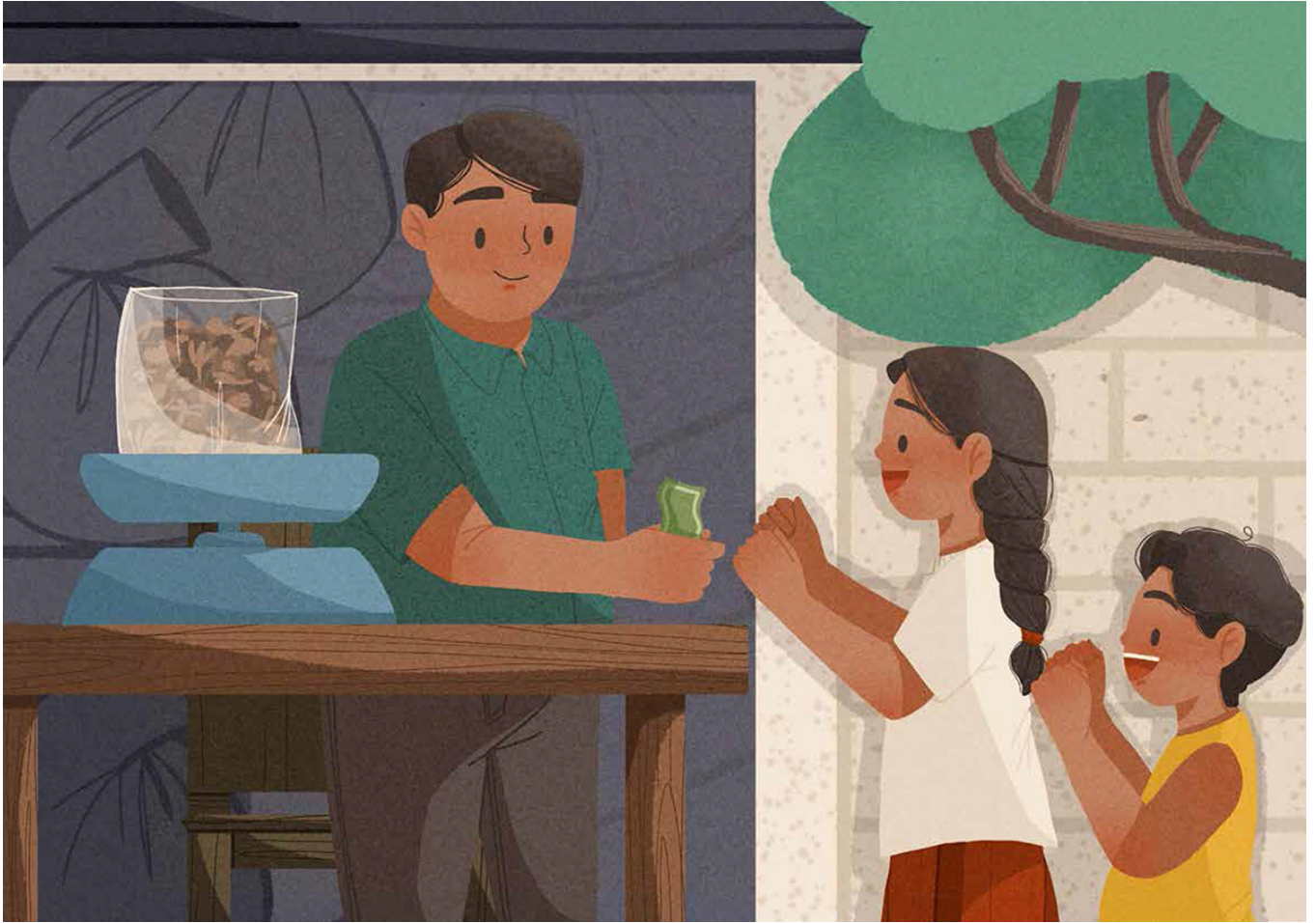


“There are still some flowers left. Don’t be sad, Janu,” Ratih said, hugging her brother. She wiped away her own tears when he wasn’t looking.

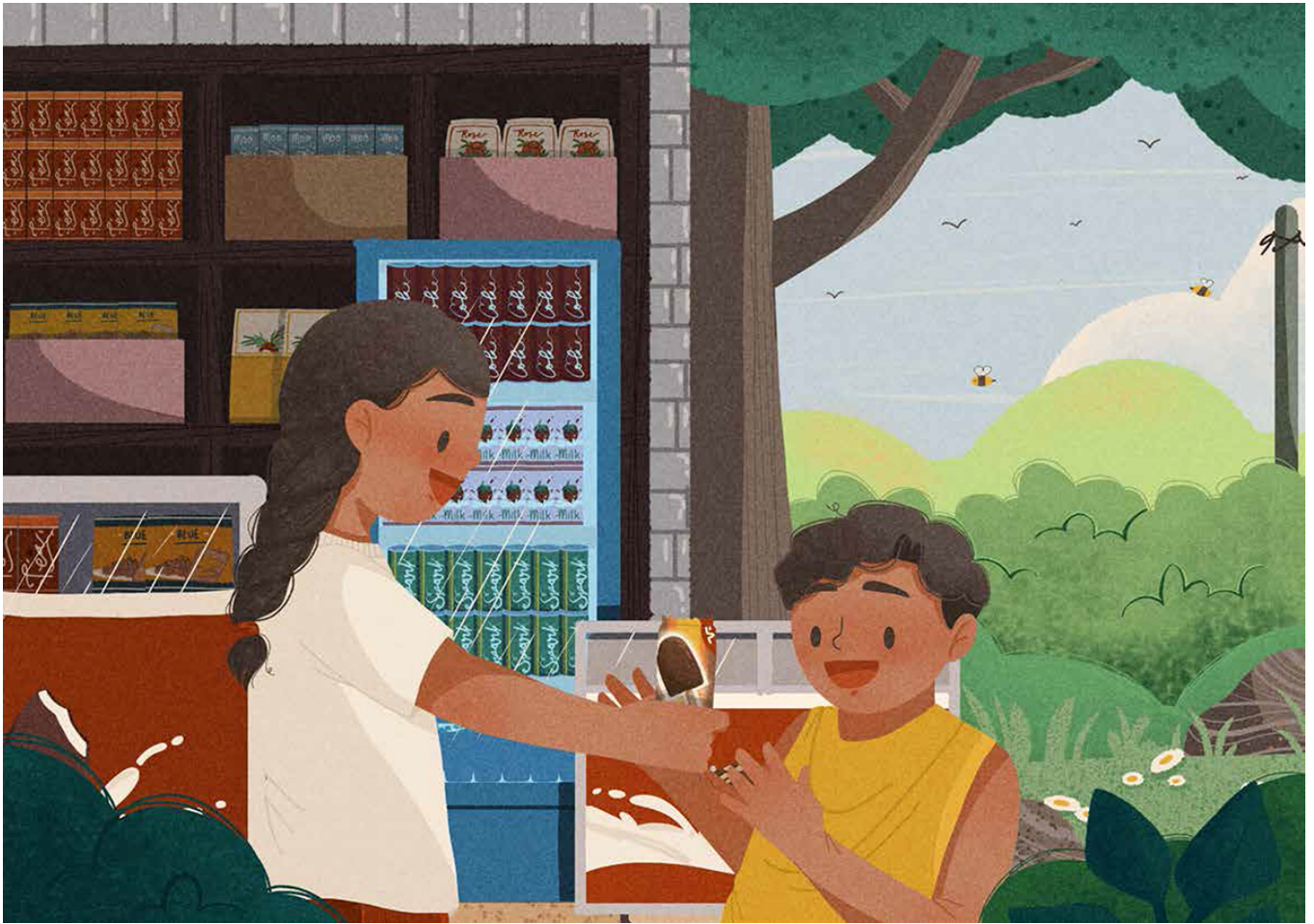


When it stopped raining, Ratih and Janu spread out the rest of the flowers on the mat. They did not want the flowers to get caught in any more rain. For a few days, they looked after the frangipani flowers. The flowers turned brown and became shriveled and wrinkled.





It was time to go to the incense factory. The keeper weighed the flowers. Janu asked Ratih, "How much money did we get?"



Ratih said nothing. She took Janu to the convenience store. Finally, they could buy an ice cream bar. "Why only one?" Janu asked. "We don't have enough money," Ratih said. "This is for you, Janu."





“Yum, yum...” Janu enjoyed the ice cream so much. Ratih wanted to try it too, but she didn’t want to ask. Perhaps next time they would be able to buy two.



“Do you want ice cream too, Sis?” Janu offered. “Let’s eat this together!” “Mmm, delicious!”





©20 21 ,The Asia Foundation. Created by the Asia Foundation with the support of Estée Lauder Companies Charitable Foundation, these stories were written by aspiring female creatives to highlight the rich and diverse experiences of girls in Indonesia. The Litara Foundation led the book development workshops and the editing and design of the books. The Litara Foundation is a not-for-profit organization that develops literacy through children's literature.

---

Brought to you by

Let's Read is an initiative of The Asia Foundation's Books for Asia program that fosters young readers in Asia and the Pacific.

[booksforasia.org](http://booksforasia.org) To read more books like this and get further information, visit [letsreadasia.org](http://letsreadasia.org).

Original Story Cepat Kering, Bunga Kemboja! (Dry Quickly, Frangipani Flowers!), Author: Yusfin Rahayu. Illustrator: Agnezia Zefanya. Published by , <https://www.letsreadasia.org> © . Released under CC-BY-NC-4.0.

This work is a modified version of the original story. © The Asia Foundation, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC-BY-NC-4.0. For full terms of use and attribution,

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>

Contributing translators: