meja conteng
THE FOX, THE FOLKS
Tales of Light:
Sang Kancil

Profile

SGP

Meja Conteng

is a collective of young Malay writers of multidisciplinary backgrounds, based in Singapore. We strive to spark a new movement in the local Malay literature scene which has been paved by the senior Malay writers and literary groups in the past. Our work is focused on publishing and storytelling in various forms but not limited to poetry, prose, and theatre.

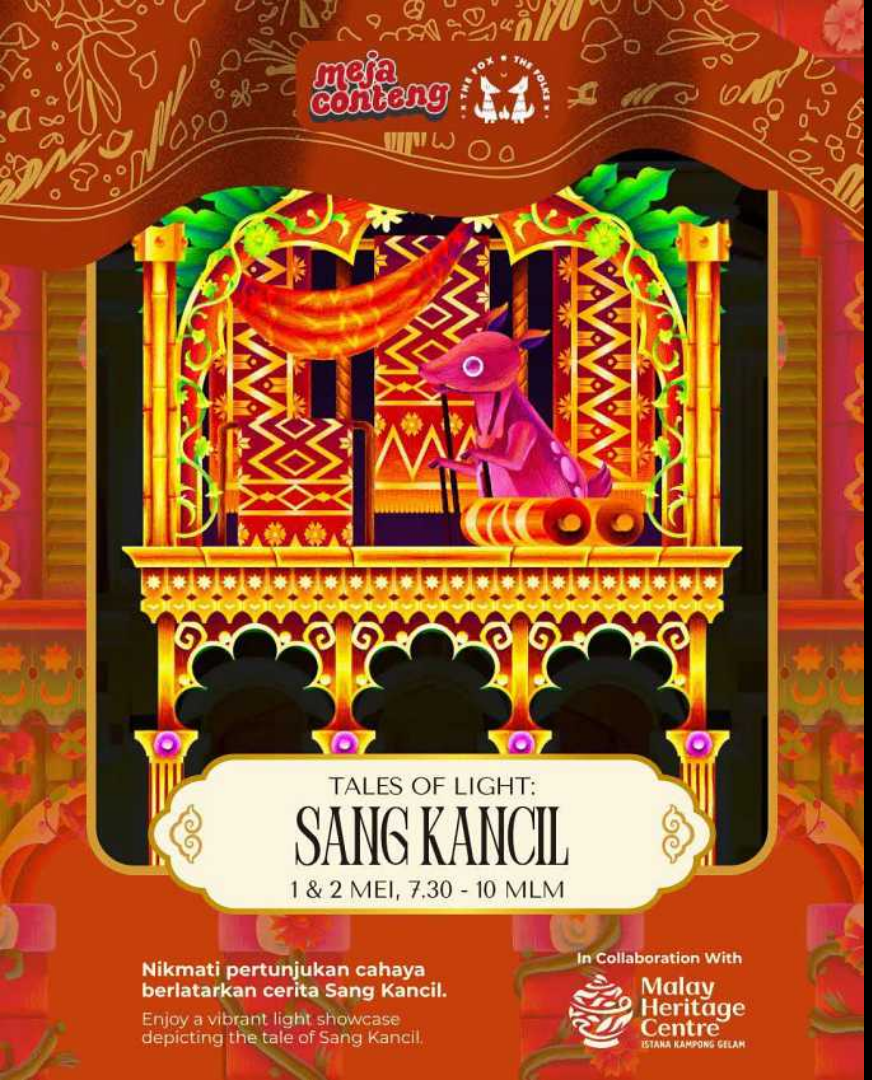
Instagram

IDN

The Fox, The Folks

is a Multimedia Artist Team based in Bandung, Indonesia. We've designed for various projects both locally and internationally, also winning multiple international competitions. Our expertise is in 2D style storytelling and we are determined to bring fun and fresh visuals to tell a tale that everyone can enjoy. Our work is not limited to Animation but also Video Mapping, stage visual, advertisements, and others.

Website | Instagram | Youtube



Sang Kancil Menanam Benih

Sang Kancil Plants a Seed

lengkung jendela buka cerita
pasar bernyawa berdenyut setia

diam si kancil
menyusun hari
duduk perhati
budaya terpateri
mencari erti
antara harap
dan hampir pergi

muncul si raksasa
segala nan lembut
dianggap lemah
segala nan lama
dianggap usang

kancil kecil
penuh tenteram
akal tajam
hanya menanam
sebutir benih
mekar bersilih
kembali pulih

The arch of a window opens its tale,
a breathing market, faithful in its pulse.

Silent, the mousedeer
counting the days,
sitting in watch,
cultures etched so deep,
seeking for meaning
between hope
and the almost-leaving.

Then comes the giant:
all that is gentle
deemed frail,
all that is old
deemed outworn.

Yet the little mousedeer,
serene at heart,
keen of mind,
with quite grace,
plants
a single seed.

It blooms in turns,
petal by petal,
until all that was lost
finds its way
home.

Tales of Light: Sang Kancil

Fajar di Kampong Gelam

Pasar itu tidak pernah benar-benar tidur.
Walaupun bidai ditutup dan lampu dipadam, dindingnya masih menghafal langkah-langkah yang pernah lalu.

Setiap pagi, bau rempah akan merayap dari dapur kecil lalu mengundang burung-burung yang berkicauan. Suara tawar-menawar menyusul kemudian, berlapik senyum, beralas sabar. Di Kampong Gelam, rezeki dicari tanpa perlu tergesa-gesa.

Tiang-tiang pasar berdiri seperti saksi setia. Mereka pernah melihat anak kecil belajar mengira dengan duit syiling, malah juga melihat orang tua berehat sambil menunggu pelanggan terakhir. Kadangkala, di antara bayang-bayang awal pagi, seekor kancil kecil akan berhenti seketika, memerhati, sebelum menghilang semula ke celah lorong.

Sang Kancil tahu bahawa hidup tidak perlu megah untuk bermakna.

Dan selagi ada yang datang setiap hari,
selagi ada tangan yang membuka kedai
dengan harapan sederhana,
pasar ini akan terus bernafas
perlahan,
tetapi tidak pernah kosong.

Tales of Light: Sang Kancil

Dawn at Kampong Gelam

The market never truly sleeps.
Even when the shutters fall and the lights are dimmed,
its walls go on memorising the footsteps that once passed through.

Each morning, the scent of spices slips out from small kitchens,
calling to birds that answer in chirps and songs.
The murmur of bargaining follows cushioned with smiles, grounded in patience.
In Kampong Gelam, a living is made without the need to hurry.

The pillars of the market stand like faithful witnesses.
They have watched children learn to count with coins
They have seen seen the elderly rest while waiting for the last customer.
Sometimes, in the half-light of early dawn, a small mousedeer pauses
watching before slipping quietly back into the narrow lanes.

The mousedeer knows:
a life need not be grand to be meaningful.

And so long as there are those who come each day,
so long as there are hands that open their shops
with simple hope,
this market will go on breathing
slowly,
but never empty.

Bayang-bayang di Kedai Lorong

Tiada siapa memanggil ini budaya. la cuma kerja harian. Api dinyalakan, air dibiarkan mendidih, dan masa bergerak mengikut keperluan.

Sang Kancil sering muncul di pasar, membelek-belek gulungan kain, sambil mengira untung hari itu. Ia melihat jirannya, Sang Buaya, yang tertarik pada bau dan bunyi, cuba menjual ikan-ikan yang ditangkapnya.

Sang Rimau pula membetulkan kain lap di bahunya, bersedia menyambut pelanggan seterusnya. Setiap satunya periuk di situ ada sejarah kecil: nasi yang pernah terlekat, sup yang pernah melimpah, tangan yang pernah tergesa-gesa mengacau.

Rupanya, manusia juga makhluk rutin: datang pada waktu yang sama, bergerak dengan gerak yang dikenali. Anak kecil belajar bahawa menunggu juga satu kemahiran kehidupan penting. Tiada papan tanda besar yang menjelaskan makna semua ini. Budaya yang hidup tidak memerlukan penerangan.

Apabila orang luar datang mengambil gambar, mereka mungkin cuma melihat warna dan bentuk di kampung ini. Tetapi yang tinggal di sini tahu bahawa budaya bukan apa yang dilihat, tetapi apa yang terus diteruskan walaupun tiada siapa memandang.

Tales of Light: Sang Kancil

Shadows in the Shop Alley

No one calls this culture. It is simply daily work. Fire is lit, water is left to boil, and time moves according to need.

Sang Kancil often appears in the market, leafing through rolls of cloth as it counts the day's earnings. It watches its neighbour, Sang Buaya, drawn by scent and sound, trying to sell the fish it has caught.

Sang Rimau, meanwhile, adjusts the cloth on its shoulder, ready to receive the next customer. Each pot there holds a small history: rice once stuck to its sides, soup that once boiled over, hands that once stirred in haste.

It seems that humans, too, are creatures of routine. Arriving at the same hour, moving in familiar rhythms. A child learns that waiting is itself an essential skill of life. There are no grand signboards explaining the meaning of all this. A living culture does not require explanation.

When outsiders come and take photographs, they may see only colour and form of this lively village. But those who remain know that culture is not what is seen, but what continues to be carried on, even when no one is watching.

Raungan Raksasa

Tiba-tiba, raksasa datang tanpa raungan. Padanya, kampong ini bergerak terlalu perlahan. Terlalu usang. Terlalu penuh. Tidak boleh dijadikan keuntungan segera. Raksasa mula memusnahkan segalanya.

Raksasa itu menilai tanah bukan sebagai ingatan, bukan sebagai tempat kepulangan. Tapi... potensi keuntungan. Dalam kerangka pemikirannya, sesuatu hanya bernilai jika ia boleh diukur.

Bolehkah budaya kampong itu bertahan?

Di atas bumbung rendah, Sang Kancil duduk memerhati perubahan itu. Ia melihat bagaimana raksasa berdiri besar, bagaimana manusia di bawahnya mula mengecil.

The Roar of Destruction

Suddenly, a giant arrives without a roar. To it, the kampung moves too slowly. Too worn. Too full. It cannot be turned into immediate profit. The giant begins to tear everything down.

The giant sees land not as memory or a place of return, but as potential profit. Within its frame of thought, something holds value only if it can be measured.

Can the culture of the kampung endure?

On a low rooftop, the mousedeer sits and watches the change unfold. It sees how the giant looms large, and how the people beneath it begin to shrink.

Tales of Light: Sang Kancil

Sang Kancil Mencari Jalan

Tiang masih berdiri. Kedai-kedai di kampung itu masih dibuka. Tetapi ada sesuatu yang berubah, sesuatu yang sukar dinamakan.

Lampu berkelip sedikit lebih lama malam itu. Suara semakin sayup perlahan. Orang mula bertanya sama ada mereka masih diperlukan, sama ada apa yang mereka lakukan masih ada tempat.

Sang Kancil berjalan di antara gerai yang hampir kosong. Langkahnya senyap. Kancil melihat manusia memandang lantai lebih lama daripada biasa.

Tempat ini masih kelihatan sama dari luar. Tetapi di dalamnya, semangat mulai pudar.

Dan ketika itu, Sang Kancil berhenti di tengah pasar.

Sang Kancil Finds a Way

The pillars still stand. The shops in the kampung are still open. But something has changed, something difficult to name.

The lights flicker a little longer that night. The voices grow softer, fading. People begin to wonder if they are still needed, whether what they do still has a place.

Sang Kancil walks between stalls that are nearly empty. Its steps are quiet. It sees how people look at the ground longer than they used to.

From the outside, this place still appears the same. But within it, the spirit has begun to fade.

And in that moment, Sang Kancil stops at the centre of the market.

Tales of Light: Sang Kancil

Mekar Vanda Miss Joaquim

Dari celah yang hampir runtuh, Sang Kancil muncul dengan langkah ringan, membawa sebutir benih yang pernah diamanahkan hutan.

Kancil tidak menentang raksasa. Ia tidak berteriak. Ia hanya memilih satu tempat di tengah Kampong Gelam yang hampir dilupakan lalu menanam benih itu dengan tenang.

Benih itu tidak bertanya samada ia akan berjaya. Ia hanya melakukan apa yang perlu dilakukan, iaitu terus membesar berseri.

Bunga mekar tanpa kemarahan. Akar menjalar perlahan. Dan bumi, yang lama berdiam, akhirnya menjawab.

Kekuatan tidak selalu datang sebagai lawan. Kadangkala, ia datang sebagai pemulihan.

Tales of Light: Sang Kancil

Mekar Vanda Miss Joaquim

From a village nearly in ruins, Sang Kancil emerges with light steps, carrying a single seed once entrusted to it by the forest.

It does not confront the giant. It does not shout. It simply chooses a spot in the heart of Kampong Gelam, nearly forgotten, and plants the seed in calm.

The seed does not ask whether it will succeed. It only does what must be done and it continues to grow, quietly radiant.

The flower blooms without anger. Its roots spread slowly. And the earth, long silent, finally answers.

Strength does not always always have to be loud.
Sometimes, it comes as restoration.

Credits

Project Director
Aisyah Lyana

Storyboard Writer
Aisyah Lyana
Fadhli Fadzil
Fahry Aziz

Writer / Poet
Aisyah Lyana

Logistics & Operations
Aisyah Lyana
Fadhli Fadzil

Audio Designer
Hidayat Nordin
Tajul Asyrani

Audio Engineer
Tajul Asyrani

Voice Cast
Tajul Asyrani

Executive Creative Director
Fadjar Kurni

Creative Director
Fahry Aziz

Illustrator
Fahry Aziz

Animator
Jessica Lovia

Account Executive
Darina Maulana

Thank You

Let’s Tell a Tale Everyone Can Enjoy!

meja conteng