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The **Epitome** */I'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch

Unleash the epitome of creative writers

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SYNOPSIS

The Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah branch is proud to present the first issue of its e-magazine, The Epitome, as our focus to highlight our commitment to contribute to the areas of creative writing.

THE EPITOME aims to provide a platform for writers, educators, academicians, poet, and researchers to share their ideas, findings, knowledge, and experience, particularly on various creative writing genres - personal essays, poetry, short stories, songs, movie scripts, plays, and innovative projects in four different languages (English, Bahasa Melayu, Mandarin, and Arabic).

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear readers,

It is with great pleasure and immense pride that we, the Academy of Language Studies at Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah branch, extend our warmest welcome to all writers and readers to honor all 127 artistic masterpieces. This is indeed a tremendous achievement to commemorate our debut.

We are privileged to offer the platform for the writers to show their talents in creative writing in this magazine, which serves as a testament to our commitment to the area of personal essays, poetry, short stories, songs, movie scripts, plays, and innovative projects. Their invaluable contributions and unwavering commitment to academic excellence have played a vital role in shaping this magazine.

Thank you.

Best regards,

Editorial Board




TABLE OF CONTENTS

no.
page

- 01 EPITOME: THE POWER OF WORDS**
By Dr. Nur Syazwanie Mansor (Chief Editor 1)
- 02 KISAH HANTU TERLOCHE: PERATURAN DI RIMBA SEMAI**
By Sharina Saad, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 04 THE ALPHABET SOUP OF STEREOCHEMISTRY**
By Ibtisam Abdul Wahab, Faculty of Pharmacy, UiTM Selangor Branch, Puncak Alam Campus
- 08 APLIKASI PENDEKATAN “MINI-BRICKS” DAN STEM DALAM MENARIK MINAT GENERASI MUDA KE ARAH BIDANG KEJURUTERAAN**
By Norizzati Ibrahim, College of Engineering, School of Civil Engineering, UiTM Campus Pasir Gudang, Johor
- 09 EVERYONE NEEDS A SUPERHERO**
By Razanawati Nordin¹, Marzlin Marzuki², Izza Syahida Abdul Karim, Academy of Language Studies, Faculty of Accountancy, College of Creative Arts, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 12 THE NEW IDEA OF COMMERCIAL SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT OF GULA APONG LANGKAU OUTLET**
By Siti Hamidah Abdul Hamid, Jabatan Bangunan, Kolej Pengajian Alam Bina UiTM Cawangan Sarawak, Kampus Samarahan 1
- 14 DOING AND SAYING SOMETHING THAT YOU DID NOT MEAN TO ...**
By Professor Dr Angeline Ranjethamoney Vijayarajoo, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Negeri Sembilan Branch, Seremban Campus
- 15 A LITTLE BUDDY WHO IS THE LIFE TEACHER**
By Nur Asyrani Che Ismail, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 16 GO BACK TO AFRICA!**
By Norliza Che Mustafa, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 17 MEMOIR TERAKHIR**
By Mohamad Rahizam Abdul Rahim, Faculty of Sports Science & Recreation, UiTM Shah Alam
- 19 12 WONDERFUL YEARS OF #THEMISSANDKIDS**
By Wan Nurul Basirah Wan Mohamad Noor, Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Kelantan Branch
- 21 友達 (FRIEND)**
By Adam Zafry Zaharin, Kolej Mara Kuala Nerang
- 23 PAK PANDEH**
By Afina Nazira Afnizul, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Selangor
- 25 THE DARK VOID**
By Arrominy Haji Arabi, Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Sarawak Branch
- 27 CINDY**
By Dzeelfa Zainal Abidin, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Negeri Sembilan
- 28 THE REVENGE CHIMERA**
By Fatihah Hashim, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam

THE REVENGE CHIMERA

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Janet wakes up from her dream screaming. She could not remember why she was so terrified of that dream but she felt as if the dream had not ended yet. The room is pitch black so she cannot see a thing although her eyes are now wide open. She tries to remember where she was when she fell asleep but she fails to recall anything. Suddenly, a stranger's voice is heard.

'Happy to see you again Ms. Janet' a male voice with a smooth tone is heard.

'Who are you?! What do you want from me?' asks Janet panicking. Janet tries to move her body but not a single muscle is twitching. She had lost all control of her body. As if she is a malfunctioning robot. She feels as if she is still in her dream.

'Ms. Janet, born in Norway, age 27 years old, hmm... this is interesting, you were recently divorced?' asked the unknown male voice sounding as if he was reading a resume in an interview.

'Got, we got a divorce, it was a mutual agreement from both parties. And why would you care anyway? This has nothing to do with anyone except me and my husband.' Janet realised that the word husband slipped through her mouth as soon as she said it. The room is filled with silence. Janet could hear the unknown man is now walking towards her. She tries to move her body but again nothing is happening.

'Oh yeah, sure. We don't really mind the details. We are here because we are on your side Ms. Janet. You don't have to worry; we know your story. Your husband had left you for another woman, right? We can help you to get even. You can redeem what you have lost from the marriage. Aren't you interested?' said the man in a forced jolly tone. Sounding almost like the Joker looking for his next victim.

The man is now standing in front of Janet. Based on the warm breath hitting her face Janet could sense that the man's face is just a few inches away from hers. She is confused with the word

'we' the man used because she is quite certain that they are the only two people in the room. 'Wha...what kind of a sick joke is this? I don't believe you. Besides, how could you ever help me? I had lost years of my youth, my time and my...my child. I had lost everything from this marriage. There's nothing you could do to make things right!' Janet feels her throat is choking up. 'Well, trust me, we have our ways. We could tell you, but you need to agree first. We will brief you on the procedure after you have signed the agreement contract. So, it's your call, yes, or no?' The man demands an answer.

Janet is bewildered. So many things are running through her mind right now including her memories with her husband Blake. She still remembers vividly how he had reacted when she had gone through her miscarriage. It still bothers her how that evil man tried to hide his smirk when she delivered the news to him. Her husband was never in love with her. The only reason why they ever got married was because her father was a wealthy businessman and Blake was a young entrepreneur looking for investment. But Janet did not see that motive. She only saw a nice young gentleman who wants to get to know her because he loves her unconditionally. Two years after they got married, her father died and Janet started to see the real Blake.

Blake had planned to take over her father's business months before he died. He had all the legal documents and contracts lined up for him to take over the company as soon as Janet's father died. That cold blooded man couldn't care less about the death. He was busy making business calls during her father's funeral. Eventually, Blake got bored with the marriage and decided to get a divorce with Janet and marry the girl he had been dating secretly for a year. Janet was devastated when she knew that her husband had been using her to gain wealth all this while. It took her almost a month before she could get back on her feet after her divorce.

'Ms. Janet? Hello? Hi, I know you're sad. But can you please stop with this dramatic stare? Listen

here Ms. Janet, we don't have much time to spare for you to think. You must make your decision now. Do you want our help to get your revenge or not?' the man breaks the silence.

Janet contemplates her decision for a while but hurriedly nods to agree. Suddenly the room is lit up and Janet finally can see her surroundings. She is in a very strange looking room. It is white in colour all over and there is almost no difference between the floor and the walls. The man immediately takes out a pen and a piece of paper. Janet, still in a daze, did not even read the contract before she signed it. She just wants to hear about how they are going to get her revenge.

'Okay, but I get to decide how he will suffer, right?' Janet could not wait anymore to know the details.

'No. You should have read the contract Ms. Janet. Now you are bound to follow our terms and conditions. Let me introduce myself, I am the founder of Compos Mentis. An underground organisation that helps poor souls like you to gain justice in this evil world. Tomorrow, Blake will be having his business product launch party at the Plaza Hotel. What you need to do is to go there and congratulate him. We will take care of the rest' the man said with a vicious smile on his face.

The next day Janet put on her best dress to go and meet Blake once again. She feels very nervous, she doesn't even know how he is going to react seeing her there. At the party Janet tries to act natural and sit at the back of the hall. Blake is busy talking with his business partners at the main dining table while his new wife is looking bored sitting beside him. She still could not muster up any courage to go and say hi to Blake. After a while, she notices a bunch of tall men dressed in black suits and sunglasses are standing at the corner of the room.

'Is that them? What are they going to do? Should I go up to Blake now?' Janet keeps calculating her next move. Trying to act calm, Janet stands up from her seat and starts to walk towards Blake. She could feel her heart pounding. With every step she takes she feels more and more anxious as if there is an electric jolt inside her stomach that keeps shocking her every five seconds. Yet, Janet also feels her anger is building up as she recalls all the pain that man had caused her.

As she is about to arrive at Blake's table, suddenly she sees everyone is in panic and stampedes for the exit. Blake's face turns white as he stands up in astonishment. The place turns to chaos and Janet's vision becomes

blurry, everything around her seems to be in slow motion. Then, a loud bang is heard. Gush of blood splattered all over Janet's pearl white dress. She blacks out and everything turns dark.

Janet wakes up screaming on top of her lungs. She is drenched in cold sweats. Was it a dream? Janet could not recall what happened after the incident. She realised that she is now back in the white room and now her whole body is tied up. She is looking for the man she had met earlier but sees no sign of him. After a while a woman entered the room bringing with her a trolley.

'Hello Ms. Janet, happy to see you again. How are you today?' asks the woman with a smile on her face.

'What happened to Blake? Did your stupid organisation kill him? All I want is to make him suffer, not a murder! I will not be a part of this crime.' Janet starts to panic as she remembers how that night Blake was shot straight through his skull.

The woman places down a tray of food and so me pills that she carried in with. She proceeds to check some things in a folder she is now holding. Her face is calm and undisturbed with what Janet had just said.

'Where is he? Where is your founder? I want to talk to him!' Janet is frustrated to see that the woman is not responding to her.

'It's okay Ms. Janet, Mr Blake is fine. He is now getting his treatment. You can meet him after you get yours. Here, take this pill.' The woman puts the pill in Janet's mouth and gives her a glass of water to drink.

After giving Janet the pill and feeding her some food, the woman goes out of the room. She lets out a deep sigh as she is walking down the hallway. A male nurse sees her walking and starts to catch up with her.

'Hi Andrea, another long day huh? How Janet is doing, any progress?' asks the man.

'Well Kent, it's been five years since she entered this asylum. It's not like schizophrenia would suddenly heal. That girl keeps on blaming her murder on some weird organisation as usual. To be fair she had it rough during her marriage. I heard that the extreme abuse from her husband caused her to kill her own child. If you ask me, that man deserves more than being shot.' said Andrea with spite as they both continue to walk down the hallway.

-THE END-



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