



The **Epitome** */I'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Kedah

*We are back!
Welcoming the epitome of artistic ideas &
astonishing writers!*

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SYNOPSIS

The Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Cawangan Kedah is thrilled to announce the release of the second edition of its e-magazine, The Epitome. This publication exemplifies our steady dedication to fostering creativity in language and literature.

The primary objective of THE EPITOME is to offer a platform where writers, educators, scholars, poets, and researchers can come together to exchange their ideas, discoveries, expertise, and narratives. Our special focus revolves around an array of creative writing genres, encompassing Playwriting, Short stories, Songs, Speeches, Memoirs, Literary Journalism, Humour writing, Lyric essays, Innovative essays, and Personal essays, with a goal to embrace diverse linguistic expressions, with content available in four languages: English, Bahasa Melayu, Mandarin, and Arabic.

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Every day is learning curves...

Dear Readers,

We are back! We are thrilled to present a collection of articles that we believe capture the essence of the writers. Our team has worked diligently to curate content that we hope will both engage and resonate with you.

In these pages, you will find a diverse range of perspectives on life, from joy to sorrow. We hope these pieces inspire reflection and spark meaningful conversations.

We want to express our deepest gratitude to our talented contributors for their time and expertise. Their dedication is what makes the second issue of Epitome possible.

As always, we value your feedback. Please do not hesitate to reach out with your thoughts and suggestions.

Thank you for being a part of our Epitome community.

Warm regards,

Razanawati Nordin
Editor-in-Chief,
The Epitome

EDITOR'S NOTE

A Never-Ending Vacation

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For a better experience, please read this with
Mitski - My Love, Mine All Mine playing in the
background.

I have just realised that we never really know when is the last conversation we'll have with our loved ones until they are not there anymore. Death is often sudden, sometimes a surprise but for sure it's forever. If only death was pre-planned, it would be easier I presumed, for most of us to apologise, to appreciate and to acknowledge our loved ones. However, for me, I was lucky. I did have that chance when my father passed. Though, not lucky enough. Our last conversation was on the hospital bed – he was weak, he wasn't himself, but he was there. I could still see my father.

Somewhere in his sullen eyes. His body felt cold, but his hands were still warm. He held my hand firmly and placed it on his bare chest and mouthed that I'll be alright without him. I'm sorry... I didn't have enough time to appreciate you, but I hope you know that I really do, he said. I cried, but they were tears of anger. I didn't want him to let go and leave, I wasn't ready, but he was. He left me a few days later.

My father was my whole world. If there was an award for Best Dad, he would win a thousand times. But I am sure every daughter or son feels the same way. I had nothing but fond memories with him. When I was 8, I was living in Langkawi. I joined a story telling competition and at national level, we had to compete in Baling. My father was working, so initially I thought that I would just skip it as it was hard to travel back and forth from Langkawi while having 5 other siblings at home.



But, my father thought differently. He came back from work that day, packed my bag and his. We took the ferry to Kuala Kedah and he phoned a friend to drive us to Baling.

We stayed at the hostel that was provided and I practiced all night with him. The next day, he sat in the front row from start to finish. I got fourth place, I was beyond frustrated but he wasn't. He kept telling me how proud he was of me. I remembered the photograph he took, and he kept it framed on his office table. It was my first competition, and my father was there.

I was 17 in 2009. For my birthday, my father gave me a card with a personalised handwritten letter. This was something my father did for me every year. In his letter, he wrote that he'll miss me when I eventually go to university as it was my final year in school. He apologised so much in his letter, repeating himself that he wasn't the best father, he didn't do enough but in fact he did. He did so much, more than I could ever ask for. His handwritten letters to me, I still have it until today hung up on my wall.

24.4.2010.

KILA,

FIRSTLY, I'D LIKE TO WISH U
HAPPY 18TH BDAY... AND I HOPE
YOU'LL ENJOY EVERY SECOND OF
IT. 2NDLY, I'D LIKE TO APOLOGISE
TO U FOR THE TOUGH YEAR,
SINCE LAST YR THAT U WENT
THRU... SINCE I WAS DIAGNOSED,
I REALISE THAT I CHANGED AND
IT AFFECTED THE WHOLE FAMILY.
I REALLY HOPE THAT I'LL GET
WELL SOON TO FUNCTION AS HEAD
OF THE FAMILY.. AGAIN

AS FOR U, I'M SO PROUD OF U. YOU
HAVE BECOME A RESPONSIBLE
SISTER & DAUGHTER... U HELP ME
& MAMA AND SACRIFICE MOST OF
YR TIME. THANKS KILA.

FINALLY, AGAIN I WANT U

When I reached 19, I got an offer to USM. My father was diagnosed with Hepatitis C a year before. He wasn't well but he was undergoing treatment. During orientation week, he came and helped me to settle in. It was scorching hot and I remembered how far we had to walk to my hostel. He never complained, he kissed me goodbye and went home that evening. A week passed, and my family called and told me he was in the hospital. He was vomiting blood and getting severely thin. My heart dropped to the floor and my world was crashing. I found out later that he didn't want me to know. He didn't want me to worry. That day, I took the bus home to see him and skipped the first 2 weeks of class to be with him at the hospital. It was the hardest week of my life. Heart wrenching would be an understatement. I wish I could tell you now how I appreciated your every sacrifice for me, Led. I hope you knew that before you passed.

My father always told me that he was afraid that God wouldn't give him enough time to see his children get married, to see his grandchildren. Well, he did Alhamdulillah. I got married when I was 23, pictures from the solemnization were mostly of me and my father in tears. I could see that he was happy but deep down we both hoped for more time. Every year I would wonder, could it be the last? Do we still have time? Is this our last Raya together? I gave birth two years after, and my father was the happiest. Two boxes checked out.

When my Walid passed, I was 30 and I never thought I'd lost him that early. Losing him was like losing half of me. He took me with him as he took his last breath. At first, it was heartbreaking. Seeing your father, covered in white with people surrounding him, was a slap to the face. It felt unreal. Almost like a bad dream that I could never wake up from. Missing him? Well, this is the worst. His laughter, mostly his jokes and often his hugs. would do anything to get just a minute of those. Having to look through his stuff after he passed was extremely devastating. I found pictures of me in his wallet, an old birthday card in his drawer, his medication bag, his pillows, his smell lingered everywhere.

And to top things off, I sometimes forget that he wasn't here anymore. Oftentimes, I would have a thought of calling him, telling him about my day. But as I reached my phone to call him, I would stop halfway and realised that he wasn't going to answer, he wasn't going to reply to my text messages. He was not there. No one was. Instead of his usual and quirky hello, it would just go on endless voicemails. But after a while, I always feel his presence near me. It feels like he's on vacation somewhere, on a sunny beach, relaxing, taking multiple pictures and enjoying life.

I always feel like he would come right back home afterwards. And I wait everyday for that moment on the swing where we used to sit. At least, that's what keeps my heart content. Until today, I am still waiting for my Walid to come back home from his long vacation. And I will continue to wait, until the day I can feel the warmth of his embrace again and thank him for the life and love he has showered me with, one fine day.



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