



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 Mother's *Anguish*

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Motherhood is often described as a journey of boundless love, a path filled with moments of joy and happiness. However, hidden amidst these cherished moments are trials that test the very core of a mother's being. One of the most heart-wrenching experiences I have endured as a mother was witnessing my precious daughter fall seriously ill and be confined to the sterile confines of a hospital. In this essay, I would like to delve into the depths of my sorrow and despair when my daughter's health was in jeopardy.

The news that my daughter was ill and required hospitalization could hit any mother like a tidal wave of despair. The initial shock was so overwhelming, as my mind raced with worry and uncertainty. Anxiety set in as I imagined the worst-case scenarios, making it difficult for me to process the reality of the situation. It took me weeks to handle my trauma and grief. The agony of seeing my daughter in pain was an indescribable torment that clawed at my soul. Every moan, every tear, every look of anguish became etched in my memory, a haunting reminder of my child's vulnerability.

I grappled with feelings of guilt and helplessness when my daughter was sick. I questioned whether I did something wrong or could have prevented the illness. The inability to protect my precious child from pain and suffering could be a heavy burden to bear. A mother might wish that she could bear her child's illness instead, trading places in an instant. Yes, that was so true. Countless times I wished the unconscious body that was lying down on the cold and cruel bed in the intensive care unit was mine not hers.

Witnessing my daughter's pain and suffering was a torment that no mother could adequately put into words. Every cry, every grimace, and every tear pierced my heart like a dagger. A mother's love is boundless, and when her child is hurting, she would do anything to take that pain away. The hospital became a battleground where I must muster all my strength to provide comfort and support. I made friends with other mothers who were also caring for their sickly children.

We talked, we broke into tears and comforted each other and prayed for each other's children. We told others to be brave even when we were weak inside.

I found my strength finally by reciting the verses from the Quran. I read it all through the day and night. I prayed and wept and sought for Allah's forgiveness and mercy. Oh, Allah you are the healer, please I beg you... In the hospital room, I was thrust into a world of medical jargon, complex procedures, and unfamiliar faces. I became a tireless advocate, questioning doctors, seeking answers, and demanding the best care for my daughter. My role as a caregiver did not cease when my daughter was hospitalized. I decided I must wear multiple hats simultaneously as a comforter, advocate, decision-maker, and provider. The pressure to balance these roles could be immense, as I had to navigate the complexities of medical procedures, communicate well with healthcare professionals, and strive to create a sense of normalcy for my daughter in the sterile hospital environment.

Hospitalization often entails a rollercoaster of emotions. There were moments of hope and progress when I saw my daughter was improving, followed by setbacks that could be disheartening. The uncertainty of the situation could lead to emotional exhaustion, as I coped with the ups and downs, all while maintaining a facade of strength for my beloved child.

In these darkest hours, a mother like me relied on my mini support system who were my family, a few reliable friends, and the compassionate healthcare professionals who became my lifeline. These individuals offered solace, understanding, and a shoulder to lean on. Sharing my grief with them allowed me to draw strength and courage from their unwavering support. Well, at the weakest and lowest point in my life, only I knew the real ones.

When my daughter fell seriously ill and faced 24 days of hospitalization, the devastation I experienced was a profound journey into the depths of my soul. It was a relentless test of patience, love, strength, and resilience. Yet, amidst the anguish and despair, my love emerged as an unwavering force, one that endures the darkest of nights and fuelled my determination to see my youngest child brave through to a brighter day. In these trying times, a mother's love shines as a beacon of hope, proving that even in the face of heart-wrenching adversity, a mother's love remains unyielding and unparalleled.



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