



The **Epitome** */i'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch

Theme,
**THE POWER OF EXPRESSION",
"REFLECTIONS & REALITIES:**

Volume 1
Issue 5

2025



The
Epitome
/I'pitəmi/

Copyright Page

Copyright© 2025 by Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah Branch. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, copied, stored in any retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission from the Rector, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah Branch, 08400 Merbok, Kedah, Malaysia.

The views, opinions, and technical recommendations expressed by the contributors are entirely their own and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors, the Faculty or the University.

eISSN 3009 – 0075

Published by:

UiTM Cawangan Kedah,

Pn. Razanawati Nordin, Chief Editor,

UiTM Cawangan Kedah, Kampus Sg. Petani, 08400 Merbok, Kedah

Email address: razanawati@uitm.edu.my

Contact No: 044562421

Copy Editor: Ms. Rafidah Binti Amat

& Mr. Muhammad Shyazzwan Ibrahim Brian

Graphic Designer: Mr. Mohd Hamidi Adha Mohd Amin



APB KEDAH : THE EPITOME

Editorial Board

Advisor



Mr. Azlan
Abdul Rahman

Chief Editors

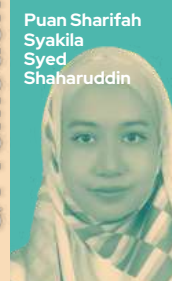


Dr. Nur
Syazwanie
Mansor



Puan
Razanawati
Nordin

Managing Editors & Promotion



Puan Sharifah
Syakila
Syed
Shahrudin

Editors & Content Reviewers



Puan Hajah
Sharina Saad



Puan
Phaveena
Primsuwan



Puan Samsiah
Bidin



Dr. Berlian
Nur Morat



Puan Syazliyyati
Ibrahim



Puan Nor Asni
Syahriza Abu
Hasan



Ustaz Mohd
Zulkhairi
Abd Hamid



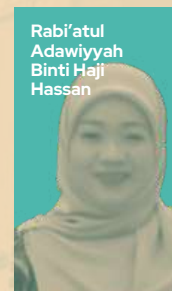
Puan Noor
'Izzati
Ahmad Shafai



Cik Lee Chai
Cuen



Mr. Mohd Hamidi
Adha Mohd
Amin



Rabi'atul
Adawiyah
Binti Haji
Hassan

Secretaries



Puan Mas Aida
Abd Rahim



Puan Rafidah
Amat



Puan Khairul
Wanis Ahmad

Graphic Designer



Mr. Mohd Hamidi
Adha Mohd
Amin

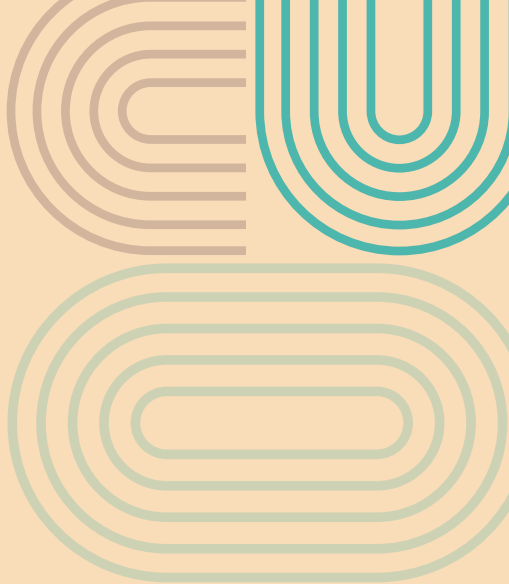
Copy Editor



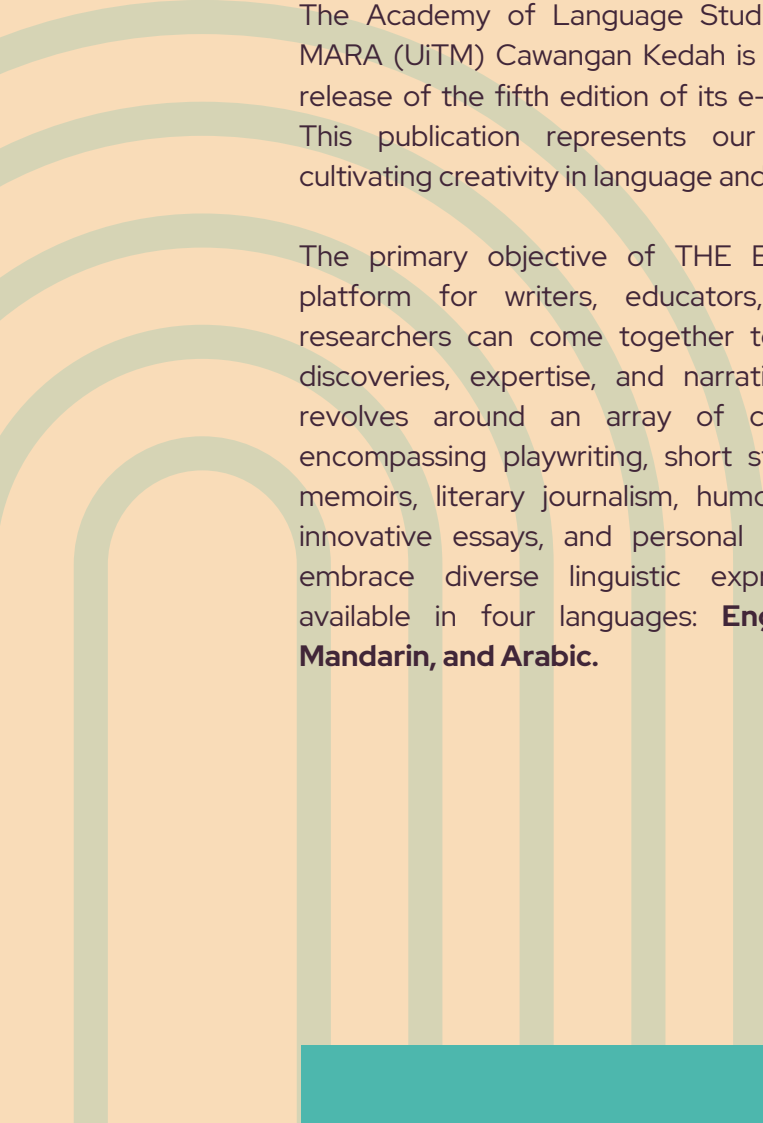
Puan Rafidah
Amat



Mr. Muhammad
Shyazzwan
Ibrahim Brian



Synopsis



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

The primary objective of THE EPITOME is to offer a platform for 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.**





table of contents

i
ii

PREFACE

EDITOR'S NOTE

1

'A Place Called Home'
by Nur Fatima Wahida Mohd Nasir

3

**'Black, White and Grey
(what goes around comes around)'**
by Anis Athira Syahirah binti Saifuddin

5

'Ceritera Firaun'
by Fauziana Bt Fauzi @ Mat Rawi

7

**'Facility Fatigue: Where
Whinning Holds An Honorary
Degree'**
by Jean Hoo Fang Jing

9

'Hidup Ini Suatu Perjuangan'
by Mohd Izani Othman

11

**'How I Accidentally Became a
Tour Guide in Paris'**
by Roszi Naszariah Nasni Naseri

13

'知多一点点 Know A Little More'
by Loh Siaw San

15

**'Labyrinth of Lies: Confronting
Secrets in The Final Semester'**
by Siti Dalina Binti Tumiran @ Kamal Nasser

17

**'Mak Kata 'Jimat' Tapi Borong
Shopee'**
by Abd Rahman Jamaan

19

'Memoirs of a Disc Jockey'
by Imran Danial Krish Abdullah &
Zaliffah Abdul Wahab



The
Epitome
/i'pitəmi/

Preface

Mr. Azlan Abdul Rahman

Head of Faculty
Akademi Pengajian Bahasa (APB)
UiTM Kedah Branch

Welcome to the 5th issue of Epitome. This time, we step into a world where reflections shape realities, and where the simple act of expression holds incredible power.

Our theme, "Reflections & Realities: The Power of Expression," captures the spirit of this collection. It reminds us that every creative work is more than just an arrangement of words – it is a mirror, a window, and a bridge. Within these pages, you will encounter a rich variety of voices, each offering a unique glimpse into personal journeys, dreams, questions, and truths. Together, they form a tapestry that reflects both the world as it is and the world as we imagine it could be.

At Epitome, we believe that creativity is not just about telling stories; it's about giving shape to experiences that might otherwise remain unspoken. Through story that stirs the heart, stories that spark new ideas, and essays that invite reflection, we celebrate the courage it takes to put thoughts into words and share them with others.

This issue is not just a showcase of talent – it is an invitation. An invitation to pause, to listen, and to engage with the many realities presented here. It asks us to look beyond the surface, to find meaning in unexpected places, and to recognize the universal threads that connect us all through the simple yet profound act of expression.

As you journey through this edition, we hope you find pieces that resonate with you, challenge your perspective, and awaken new ideas. May these reflections inspire you to embrace your own realities – and perhaps even to express them in your own way.

Thank you for allowing Epitome to be part of your reading experience. We are honoured to share these voices with you.

Happy reading!



Editor'snote

Presenting the fifth edition of THE EPITOME, a humble yet heartfelt collection of voices that reflect who we are, what we've experienced, and the truths we dare to express.

This publication's theme, "Reflections & Realities: The Power of Expression", embraces the essence of storytelling in all its forms—raw, whimsical, honest, and imaginative. Within these pages, our contributors navigate the labyrinth of identity, nostalgia, struggle, resilience, and creativity. Whether through memoirs, fiction, poetry, satire, or cultural musings, each piece represents a unique lens into the human condition, where language becomes both mirror and window—reflecting ourselves and revealing the world.

In a publication that welcomes expression in three languages—English, Bahasa Melayu, and Mandarin—we are reminded of the richness that lies in linguistic diversity. From humorous tales of online shopping to haunting narratives of secrets and self-discovery, from kampung chronicles to cross-cultural encounters, THE EPITOME offers a space for voices that often go unheard to finally be seen, read, and felt.

My deepest appreciation goes to the writers who have entrusted us with their stories, the editorial and design teams whose passion has brought this issue to life, and our readers who continuously support this platform as a space for creative and reflective exploration.

May this edition inspire you to reflect, to connect, and most of all—to express.

Warmly,
Dr. Nur Syazwanie Mansor
Chief Editor
THE EPITOME 2025



Black, White And Grey (What Goes Around Comes Around)

Anis Athira Syahirah binti Saifuddin

Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA,
Cawangan Melaka, Kampus Alor Gajah, Melaka, Malaysia

anisathira@uitm.edu.my

The ringing sound was deafening as Belle was about to enjoy her dinner. With a sigh, she dropped the spoon and slowly walked to the window of her secluded home in the middle of the forest. She could see nothing in the darkness, but the incessant sound was an indication that something was trespassing on her forest. Her magic tingled unpleasantly. Any intruder was going to be bad news when her siblings were away. She did not want to deal with the intruder, whatever the intruder was.

Belle apparated closer to the disturbance, landing softly on the tree branches. She was keeping her mouth shut as the last ray of the sun disappeared an hour ago, rendering the whole land in a blanket of darkness. Her eyes were looking around the floor of the forest to see any oddities before slowly moving to another branch.

And then she heard a low humming sound. It was very low but loud enough in the middle of the eerily quiet forest. Belle landed on another set of branches to see what made those noises. Hum. Hum. Jingle. Jingle. Hum. Hum.

It was a human, or humanoid enough to be walking slowly upright on their two feet. The creature dragged their feet slowly, hands touching the plants and tree as if trying to learn them. The jingling sound also accompanied the creature. Was that a ghoul? Lost spirit? Or ghost? The creature was not aware of Belle.

The humming continued. Belle could sense that the creature was without any magic. But how did this creature cross the magic barrier around the forest? This forest was home to Belle and her siblings for years, and no creatures could trespass the barrier easily without strong magic.

From the branches, Belle could see the creature moved sluggishly further away from her but getting closer to the cottage. "You are trespassing in my forest." Belle gathered her courage and announced her presence. The creature stopped.

And grunted. The humming stopped. "No one can own a forest." A heavy growl answered. "Wrong. This is my forest." Belle gritted her teeth, still not leaving the branches. The creature moved. Heavy steps were heard, and more jiggling sounds. Stomp. Stomp. Stomp.

"You are sitting on the tree, girl!" The creature huffed. "Coward. Come down." The creature moved closer to the tree that Belle was perched on. And Belle could see the creature clearly. The jiggling sounds were from two chains shackling the creature's foot. And the creature. Huge. Hairy.

**With two horns protruding from his head.
And a disfigured face.
It was horrendous.**



"Don't come closer. I can harm you." Belle warned, magic warming up in her palms as she planned her escape if the creature went violent. The creature stopped moving as Belle's magic tingled, getting ready to defend herself. "You have magic. Disgusting!" The creature spat as it growled and dragged himself away.

Belle was flabbergasted by the reaction. She had no idea that the creature could sense her magic. "This place is protected by magic. You are trespassing it." Belle shouted as she landed on the ground, keeping a safe distance from the creature. "No wonder the shackles got heavier." The creature huffed, still dragging himself away from Belle. "Go away, you witch! I'll leave your magical forest on my own!" "You cannot leave on your own!

This forest will trap you because you are trespassing!" Belle shouted. And the creature stopped moving. "What did you say?" The creature growled. "You cannot leave without my help." Belle was stunned as the creature moved closer to her. "Why? You want to parade your witchy magic to me?" the creature growled again, And Belle could see the creature's stature much closer compared to when she was on the tree.

The creature was huge, with hair all over his body. He was wearing clothes, but they were all torn and messy. The chains around the creature's feet were heavy as they left marks on the ground. The chains that shackled the creature looked as if it was ripped apart from somewhere. "No. The forest listens to my magic; my family's magic." Belle explained. "I will let you leave if you promise to behave." Belle offered.

"Behave? What am I? Some sort of pets?" The creature snickered. And then lunged forward. Belle gasped. The creature grabbed her and wrapped its hand around her neck, leaving her hanging in the air. "I can snap your dainty neck in one go." The creature whispered sinisterly. "Even if the magic hurt me, killing you will satisfy me." Belle could feel her life flashed through her eyes. Was this the ending? Was this the Fate? A threatening growl rumbled from the creature's chest. And Belle could feel her magic coming alive, trying to help her break free, but the creature tightened its hold. "Let me go!" Belle struggled to break free.

"They called me The Beast. Magic ruined me and my family. They shackled me with magic. They used magic to torture my family. You witches have no mercy on mundanes like us. You think you are above the law." The Beast growled again.

Belle glanced down, and she could see the shackles around the Beast's feet responding to her magic, and she pushed her magic to work. And the Beast screamed. The shackles moved and wrapped tighter around the Beast's ankle, forcing the Beast to drop Belle to the ground. "Witches like you ruined lives!" The Beast screamed as it was struggling on the ground. The shackles moved on their own and wrapped around the Beast, rendering its movement to zero.

Belle could only watch as she was shaking madly. The magic did not listen to her, attacking the Beast without mercy. The magic did not listen to her. The magic did not listen to her. Vines from the forest's ground emerged and wrapped around the struggling Beast. And suddenly it was all quiet. Suddenly it was nothing.

With red eyes, Belle walked slowly around the Beast.

Her white dress fluttered slowly, hinting at a bad omen coming. The vines on the ground moved around. The vines covered the Beast's mouth, covering the whole body, covering everything, and almost making the Beast became one with the forest. Only the two eyes were left blinking as Belle hovered closer to the Beast. "Witches like me do ruin lives." Belle whispered. Tale as old as time, song as old as rhyme.

"But what did you do to get your life ruined by witches like me?"

Biodata of author(s)

Anis Athira is passionate about learning the English language. She graduated with a master's degree in English Language Studies from the University of Malaya and has a special interest in discourse, multimodality, and semiotics. She is new with Universiti Teknologi MARA and is currently navigating life as a lecturer with UiTM.





UNIVERSITI
TEKNOLOGI
MARA

The
Epitome
/i'pitəmi/

eISSN 3009-0075



9 773009 007004