



UNIVERSITI
TEKNOLOGI
MARA

The **Epitome** */I'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch

Unleash the epitome of creative writers

Volume 1, Issue 1

2023

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eISSN 3009 - 0075

Published by:

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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




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PAK PANDEH

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The gleam of the scorching sunlight shocked Mak Andeh from her sleep. She glared at the clock and her eyes widened looking at the time. She was late for her shift and she could feel the blood rushed to her brain.

"Abang, I am late! Did you not set the alarm last night?" she shrieked.

"I did, 6:30 pm, right?" replied Pak Pandeh while passing off his big yawn.

"Why would you set it in the evening? It should be AM!" frustrated, Mak Andeh raced out of bed, releasing a long sigh, trying to think of a reason to give to Sarah, her supervisor.

Pak Pandeh has always acted foolishly and he was known for that. Mak Andeh thought it was cute at first, but after their 15th year of marriage, she found it bothersome. One day, before leaving for work she slipped out a short note saying "THROW THIS" near their trash can and she came home disappointed seeing her husband discarded the note instead. Not only that, Pak Pandeh once allowed some strangers to clean their house for free which ended with her losing all of her jewellery. Or the other time when Pak Pandeh traded his laptop for an e-voucher to Bali that did not exist.

Mak Andeh dismissed her inner whine and quickly stormed to the bathroom and her husband continued sleeping as he was 'in between jobs'.

After a few years of trying, they finally woke up to the sound of their crying baby. Their lives were filled with joy and happiness with the presence of their son, Boboi.

Kling kling kling, the keys clashed together in Mak Andeh's hand. *"Abang, I am going to go to run some errands. Please watch over our son and do not forget to feed him."*

"I am doing my Tiktok live for a short while. Be sure to be back soon. Boboi is having a fever and I think he needs you around," he added.

"Another Tiktok live? Could you do something better with your life? Your viewers are just making fun of you," the smile disappeared from her face as she marched out of the door.

Pak Pandeh shrugged off the comments and promptly set up his 'live'. It was his daily 2 PM live and he placed his sleeping son next to him. When the live commenced, as usual, the viewers streamed to his account.

Having foolish behaviours worked for Pak Pandeh as he gained thousands of followers for his multiple social media accounts. His gullibility was found to be charming by his followers. He spent his time entertaining his followers by doing silly acts online. He found his people online.

He streamed and laughed with his viewers for one hour before Boboi started crying. Being a good father, he took his son in his arms and rocked him gently. The comment section went wild as it was the first time Pak Pandeh ever showed his son to his virtual friends.

"This is my son and he is not feeling well. My wife said I should end my live session to take care of him," he said while tucking Boboi's swaddle.

Rosa18 : Is he sick?

Bunga : Have you checked his temperature?

XULikram : Is it Covid-19?

MommyAli :You should not use a swaddle.

All of his followers started to ask endless questions about the boy and Pak Pandeh answered it like a good father that he was.

My friends are nice! Who says I should stop doing live? They are so helpful.

"My son has been having a fever for the past two days. He cried non-stop. Maybe some of you could share some tips. What should I do?"

Amy22 : Bring him to the doctor.
Bunga : Do Covid test!
MamaHanna : Make sure he is hydrated.
Burhan: Take off his clothes. It will trap heat!
Tasxha : Put him under the AC. IT WORKED ON MY BROTHER.

The suggestions from his viewers kept on coming in. Pak Pandeh read it and responded to each of the suggestions but the sound of Boboi crying shoved all the thoughts out of his mind. Reluctantly, he ended his live session to attend to his son.

He went to the kitchen and took some ice before wrapping it in a washcloth. He put the cloth on Boboi's forehead and patted his son gently. Boboi stopped crying and resumed sleeping.

Pak Pandeh proudly smiled at his victorious attempt at soothing his sick son. He took off Boboi's rompers and placed him on his lap. He knew that Mak Andeh would be amazed at his well-thought fatherly instinct.

Just after a short moment of being proud of himself, Boboi started wailing again.

Maybe he cannot stand the heat. A bunch of ice would not help it.

When the idea stroked, a small smirk escaped his lips. He calmly lifted his son and paced to the kitchen. Pak Pandeh took out all the frozen food out of his fridge. Carefully, he placed Boboi in his fridge and just like that Boboi stopped crying.

"I know honey, it's so hot outside. I wish I am small enough to fit in this," he closed the door and moved the frozen food. I will put it all back before it is completely thawed.

Mak Andeh returned to her quiet home. She was relieved that she reached home before her son was up from his nap. She glanced at her husband scrolling on his Tiktok account watching a man DIY-ing a cupboard. She knew her husband assumed he could build it too.

"How's Boboi, Abang? Is he alright?" she asked while bringing her groceries to the kitchen.

"He is fine. In fact I believe his fever is gone by now. You can check it yourself since you are in the kitchen," Pak Pandeh replied without looking at his wife. His eyes were glued to the screen.

Mak Andeh's face went pale. She knew something went down the moment she heard SINCE. YOU. ARE. IN. THE. KITCHEN. Mak Andeh marched her way to what-her-gut-said, and for the first time, she did not want to be right. She pulled out the door and was lost for words as she saw her still son. She knew she had lost her son.

Pak Pandeh came and took a look at his son too and he said, "See! He has been sleeping and guess what, it was my viewer's idea! Why didn't we do it yesterday?"



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eISSN 3009-0075

9 773009 007004