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MARA

# *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



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## HERS

### Iffah Insyrah binti Mohd Zarali

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On a Saturday morning, the sound of birds chirping in the sky could be heard and it awakened me, who was sound asleep in the room. I was awakened by Alicia, who lives with me in the studio apartment and she quickly asked "You didn't go to work today?"

"I never had any holiday, what do you mean?"  
"It's 9 in the morning".

Oh shoot, I'm late.

I got up and got dressed as fast as I could and drove my car to my workplace. I worked as a psychiatrist and today I was supposed to meet my 12-year-old patient. I slept late last night because I was reading her case.

Being a psychiatrist, I get to see a lot of underage girls. Most of them are depressed because of sexual assault, bullying, and many more. The reason I work as a psychiatrist is because I want to encourage and advise others, especially women, so they can carry on living colourful lives in this ugly world where colour is fading. I understand them, as I myself, experienced the same. Since I was a little child, I experienced bullying, humiliation, and discriminatory behaviour from others, especially when I was a teenager, which left me feeling depressed and anxious. I think that not only myself but all women worldwide will experience some type of discrimination at some point in their lives just for breathing. I've only ever seen a psychiatrist once, and I never did so again. He spoke to me as though I was the problem and treated me like a joke. I was sad and angry, and at the same time, I switched my career aspirations from lawyer to psychiatrist.

It's 9:50 a.m. Glad I made it on time! The patient was supposed to arrive at 10:00 so I got the time to prepare everything I needed. Paper, ballpen, water, and sweets. She was just 12 years old, very young but she was also a victim of rape. At

the age of 12, I could not imagine the hardships she had to go through.

'Kreeek' The sound of my door could be heard. "Hi, Sofea." I smiled widely. Trying to be professional but deep in my heart I was devastated every time I met her.

The little girl nodded her head. She signaled her parents with her eyes to let them wait outside. She then sat in front of me.

"So, how are you feeling today?", I asked. We only met for 2 days every week and it has been 3 months since I met her. She still did not talk a lot, especially about that day. She only told me once and never again.

"My... trial for the case is next week". She looked at me with an empty face while biting her lips with doubts. I looked at her, waiting for her to speak more and I saw her hesitating.

"I... I'm nervous. I don't know what to do, I feel lost, and I am ashamed of my friends, my parents, my teacher, and everyone. They asked what I was wearing at that time, they asked me did I lure this guy. You know.. I didn't, right?"

I told her I would come to the trial and supported her no matter what. I told her again that I believe the person who did this to her will get his punishment. She then said goodbye to me after the 1-hour session with her. I then continued to read again about her case. I was truly perplexed at how this obnoxious human being was strongly defended by his wife and lawyer. I chuckled at how he said he was drunk in the first trial and said he did not mean to hurt and rape the girl. Funny when he had time to clear out the evidence and sent the girl back to her home. Since then, the girl had a trauma, depression and she suffered several injuries in her internal organs while the rapist lived just fine in jail. Eating and sleeping like a normal person.

So came the day of the trial, and it was even more for Sofia. Sofea asked questions about that day. I was curious about his question... The only question he asked is.

"Do you smell alcohol on him during the day"? he asked.

"Yes...".

"So, it is true that he was drunk that day and he did not mean to rape her at all."

I was filled with rage, but there was nothing I could do. My heart broke even more looking at Sofia who was already in tears.

"The offender will receive 15 years of jail".

I froze. I could not believe what I just heard. The court became feral after the announcement. I looked at the rapist. He seemed satisfied with his sentence and his face did not show any guilt or remorse at all as if he was really innocent. 13 years from now, the rapist will be released and at that time Sofia will be 25 years old, and she will be scarred mentally and physically. It made me question why the law is so unfair to the victim sometimes. What a travesty and violation of her rights when they knew it did happen but because the rapist was drunk, he only received a sentence that is not going to change anything in this world. While for a woman, even if she was raped, she had to face assumptions to what could have caused the rape. Was it her attire? Did she lure the guy? And will forever be portrayed as someone who does not have dignity anymore while a man, by some means can still be a man, even if he had lost his dignity.

Samuel Johnson once said, "Nature has given women so much power that the law has to belittle them", and I couldn't agree anymore.



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