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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,

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SECRET LOVE

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Zayn rushes towards his marbled design walk-in wardrobe as he gets back late from the meeting. He skims through his shirts as he feels really antsy over the dinner meeting he has in an hour. While he wears his new Burberry flannel, he can picture her face vividly. Their first encounter was probably 9 years ago, back in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Throughout the years he studied in the US, Zayn had been the talk of every female student who attended the same class as him at the North Carolina University. With his sculpted body and composed attitude, Zayn would always draw everyone's attention as he passed by the hallway. Despite all the rumors about him that spread around the campus, Zayn would never take any near to his heart. He just knew people would be talking. He certainly knew his limit and boundary in life but surely it is subjective. His life in the US was nothing different compared to KL. He would be the same Zayn who enjoyed going to the bars and parties every night. That was the ways he had been before and he won't be changing that. However, that was not until he met Alisa. The meeting was nothing of an unexpected event to begin with. It was during the Gala Night for Malaysian students in North Carolina. Alisa was one of the committee members for the event. Zayn still remembers her brown nude scarf and the creamy flowery dress she wore that night. Her modesty captured him at first sight. Over one year he spent in the campus, they became closer as they shared the same passion and taste in music and vintage albums. They would go to the nearest town every Sunday for a hot mocha by the riverside as they talked about the jazz music they fancied. For the rest of the year, Zayn had completely abandoned his party buddies. He knew for a fact that a modest girl like Alisa won't be pleased to befriend the wild and carefree Zayn. They were nothing but university mates despite all the warm and cozy feelings that Zayn had grown upon every single time they hung out together. Zayn knew for a fact that Alisa would only regard him as a friend considering how she would act every single time they met. It would be a shame for him to confess his feelings towards Alisa as he knew that they came from two different worlds. Eventually, Zayn finished his final year and went back to Malaysia.

However, Alisa's direct message in his Instagram two days ago brought him to today's dinner. Zayn drives his jet black Porsche to the Tuah Café in Bangi to meet Alisa. He does not know what is the tight knot he feels pressuring in his stomach. He arrives at the café after a 20-minute drive from Putrajaya. He walks towards the only female customer sitting by the corner of the café. His heart races as he increases his pace. Her face glows and her eyes shine as Zayn calls her name.

"It's been years, Zayn Asyraf, but you still do look the same."

"Same old, Alisa Maira. How have you been?"
The chatting continues over the next two hours as they reminisce about their university days back in the US.

"I have been waiting for today, Zayn. I'm sorry that during our university life, I have denied your feelings towards me. I knew that you were interested in me. It was just me who was never ready. After you were back in Malaysia for good, North Carolina felt really empty."

"Alisa? Are you really sure? I thought it was only me all alone, babe. I was really afraid to pour my heart out back then knowing that you would blatantly reject my confession. I thought hard about it and eventually my friends said that we could never be a perfect match."

She lightly scratches the back of her hands as she smiles softly towards Zayn.

"Yes, Zayn Asyraf. Let's get to know each other again. I know that I have tortured you before. I should have just come true to myself and confessed to you. But I was also afraid that the time was not right. But I am certain now, Zayn."

Zayn feels a sense of euphoria as he drives back to Putrajaya while counting the days he would have as a bachelor.

In her car, on the other hand, Alisa caresses her small baby bump she has been hiding all along.



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