



The **Epitome** */I'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Kedah

*We are back!
Welcoming the epitome of artistic ideas &
astonishing writers!*

2023
Volume 1
Issue 2

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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

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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

Loved, Lost, Found & Loved Again

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I will never forget this event which had many subplots to it, with multiple emotions from great anxiety in loss to that of joy in finding two precious dogs and an appreciation for strangers who cared and care. I learned many lessons through this event, at an older age. It was the festive time of “Chinese New Year”- a festival celebrated by the Chinese ethnic group in Malaysia with lots of merry-making, food and loud fire-crackers. I was returning from a visit to a cousin’s home. It was dark but lit intermittently with the flash of firecrackers. Crackers blasting interrupted the stillness of the night. It was close to 10 at night when I drove into the driveway of our home. I was about to press on the remote to close the automated gates, when, in a flash, both our dogs - Pearly and Kaizer dashed out, as if they had waited for the right moment to make a run from the bombshells outside. I was too shocked to make a chase then and there. I was also concerned about our third dog, Muffin, and wanted to close the gate fast before she joined the ranks of runaways. By the time I made my way out, there were no signs of Pearly, our white-grey Husky and Kaizer, our stark black Labrador of mixed heritage.

As soon as I could think, I called Lance, who was a close friend of our children, like a son to us. He was out and reluctant to entertain my call for help. He asked me in which direction the dogs ran to. I was blur and couldn’t tell. He did come after all, took a casual look nearby, only to return to say that there were no signs of the dogs. He then went back to his friend’s place to continue the camaraderie there. I felt shocked, a pain in my chest, and a sudden but long-lasting loneliness. Lance left me in that emotional state, with a message “I cannot do anything more and so I am going back to have a good time with my friends”.

Trying to compose myself, I found a stick at hand for some protection from who knows what and set out searching. My walk in the night was as lonely as my heart and I didn’t realize that I was crying until I felt my t-shirt wet. I loved my dogs and felt an empty, lonely pain within. The walk ended with no find.

The next day, Lance suggested putting up an ad on Facebook. I had no idea how to do it. No help came from him but at least I had an idea, and with help from a friend, the post was up with a picture of Pearly. I didn’t want to complicate the issue with Kaizer as most people who looked at Kaizer thought him to be an ordinary and -not worth - bothering - about - dog. That was the sad part. Pearly on the other hand, was a dashing and beautiful girl and anybody would give her a second look. With that rationale I just kept hoping and praying while crying, that both would be found. Additionally, I made posters and stuck them around the neighbourhood.

Between these episodes were friends phoning to ask after the 'lost' dogs and sending me photos of lost dogs they came across. I was so touched by their acts of kindness and love. They were people I knew casually but had reached out to me more than those I had expected to.

Three days later, my husband got a call from a man who identified himself as 'Prem". He asked my husband the gender of the dog. Prem was a smart man for Pearly, in all her beauty, behaved very much like a macho male. My husband replied "female" and after a few more details, Prem was convinced and made arrangements to bring Pearly over to our home. My husband asked after Kaizer, but Prem had not noticed. That was our fear. My heart sank again. Where could Kaizer be?

The story was that Pearly was running across a busy road, 2 km away from our home, when she got partly knocked by a moving car. She was flung to the side of the road. Prem was driving some distance behind and witnessed this. He slowed down to look at the dog and when he saw Pearly, he immediately pulled up and got down. He inched his way slowly, trying to befriend her. Pearly is such a gentle dog and soon she was in Prem's arms and into his car. Prem confessed that his heart sank this time round, when he saw her picture and story on Facebook. It was the beginning of Pearly getting back to us and an end for Prem. We were so happy to have Pearly back and kept her indoors as the sound of firecrackers was still going on.

On that first night, Pearly slept in the living room soundly but at around 4 in the morning, she started howling. We got out of bed and checked. She went on and on while motioning us to the door. My husband opened the door, then the grill. He walked out and in the dark of the dawn, he saw a black dog at our gate. He opened the gate and Kaizer came running in. Pearly's howls changed to a different pitch from distress to great joy.

That morning and the previous night were one of the strangest, yet happiest times for us when we got back our two dear pets in such diverse and mysterious ways. This time, tears streaming down were joyous, of relief and closure to all the dark thoughts and possibilities that could have been.

What I learned from this were many lessons. Gratitude – to Prem for caring for Pearly, and then, the bigger gratitude for returning her to us. I am thankful for all the people who tried to help us during this time. I also learned and accepted the fact that it may not be the ones you love and have invested your time, love, and resources on, who come forward to help you, when you need it. I am now, trying to reduce expectations on anyone.

Interestingly, I also learned that dogs have their own ways of communication and that their calls to each other somehow reach the intended in ways that we can never understand or explain. I am convinced that Pearly's call brought Kaizer home.





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eISSN 3009-0075



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