



# *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

## **COPYRIGHT PAGE**

Copyright© 2023 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](mailto:razanawati@uitm.edu.my)

Contact No: 044562421

Copy Editor: Ms. NurFarisya Binti Hafiz

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 Shaharuddin

Editor &  
Content Reviewers



Puan Hajjah  
Sharina Saad



Puan Phaveena  
Primsuwan



Puan Samsiah  
Bidin



Dr. Berlian  
Nur Morat



Puan Syazliyat  
Ibrahim



Ustaz Mohd  
Zulkhairi Abd  
Hamid



Puan Noor 'Izzati  
Ahmad Shafiai



Cik Lee Chai Chuen



Mr. Mohd Hamidi  
Adha Mohd Amin

Secretaries



Puan Nor Asni  
Syahriza Abu  
Hassan



Puan Mas Aida  
Abd Rahim



Puan Rafidah  
Amat



Puan Khairul Wanis  
Ahmad

Technical  
& Website



Mr. Mohd Hamidi  
Adha Mohd Amin

Graphic  
Designer



Cik NurFarisya Hafiz

Copy  
Editor

## **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.

# table of contents

<b>Editorial Note</b>	1
<b>Loved, Lost, Found &amp; Loved Again.</b> By: Associate Professor Dr Angeline Ranjethamoney Vijayarajoo Academy of Language Studies UiTM CNS, Seremban Campus	2
<b>Kisah-Kisah Pendek Di Bumi Scotland</b> By: Arnida Jahya Fakulti Pengurusan Dan Perniagaan, UiTM Melaka	4
<b>Aku Pesakit Kanser</b> By: Baby Anusha Nur Mohamed Thaheer Faculty Of Communication And Media Studies, UiTM Shah Alam	6
<b>回不去的爱</b> By: Cindy Richard Thing Pensyarah Mandarin APB, UiTM Cawangan Sarawak	8
<b>The House in Melaka</b> By: Eliyas Bin Sulaiman Mohandas Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam	9
<b>Haris's Journey: From Red Hawks to Glory</b> By: Khairul Nurrazianna Ismail KPPIM UiTM Jasin	11
<b>The power of using the correct words and phrases to motivate others: A learning process and gained through experiences.</b> By: Dr Nasibah Azme Faculty of Medicine, UiTM	13
<b>Interstellar Voyage</b> By: Norliza Che Mustafa, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam	15
<b>Indignation</b> Siti Salwa Talib Faculty of Health Sciences, UiTM Pulau Pinang Branch	17
<b>Living Inside with Neurodivergent: We Speak the Language No One Understands</b> By Hoo Fang Jing and Raihan Ibrahim Academy of Language Studies, UiTM, Melaka Branch	19

*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

# The House in Melaka

Eliyas Bin Sulaiman Mohandas

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, Universiti Teknologi MARA Shah Alam  
eliyas9154@uitm.edu.my



“Are you sure you want to do this, Mak?”

“Yes.”

The brevity of her response broke the awkward pause. Mak had always intended to sell the house. Yes. Our home. The home where my sister and I spent the most of our grown-up years. This was the place where I took my first steps, shed my first tears of pleasure when I got my all As in UPSR, and shed my first tears of pain after a foolish childish love ended. Or when the word of my father's death came to me as I stood in a particular corner, the one near the grandfather clock, and it has stayed with me ever since. There were some happy recollections, but none were lost.

“Mak, you could really use that cash for yourself. Spend the money on the things you want. Perform the Hajj. Buy new jewellery.” I had no intention of asking her to sell the house. I understood the importance of our house in her life. Managing the house was too much for me and for her as well. After the pandemic and MCO struck, we rarely visited the Melaka house. I had a lot on my plate between work and study. She was getting on in years, and I didn't think she was cut out to manage the house anymore. “I could spend the money on Aliff, you know. Buy his school bag, stationeries. Buy him more new clothes. Bring him to the Singapore Universal Studio, you know.”

Mak has always had a soft spot for Aliff. That boy was her only living grandchild. The only one for her. She would lavishly shower him with gifts of food and toys. Certainly not like the way she “spoiled” us in the past. Mak was a teacher. I'd call it a fierce one. In the classroom, she was known as Puan Rohani.

She was a history and Bahasa Melayu teacher. She was known as Cikgu Ani to our next-door neighbours. Every day, we were either scolded, chased with a broom, or at the very least yelled at by her. We certainly were naughty kids. We understood that her fierceness towards us sprang from genuine maternal and unconditional love.

“You know, you can always open an educational fund for Aliff, Mak. That would be good for him. He can use the money later when he goes to the university or any of the sort,” I said it, while sipping my coffee. “He's nine. What university? He's still a kid. Let him enjoy his childhood. I don't mind getting him toys,” Mak said while looking at the window. Staring as far as she could.

“Books Mak. Books,” my sister, Lili, chimed in. “He is nine, but he’ll be in his second level next year. He needs to understand certain priorities especially when it comes to study. What Ezra said is true. You should start him out with a savings account for college, instead.” Lili, the mother of Aliff, my sister. Her heart was full of love and excitement when she adopted Aliff when he was a baby, despite the fact that he was not her own son. She tried for ten years to have a child with her husband, Din, but was unsuccessful. Later they decided to go for adoption.

There were many happy times between Lily and me at our Melaka home. There, we spent our formative years as siblings. When we were younger, we shared our fair share of happy times, sad times, and funny times. We used to play 'galah panjang' with the neighbourhood kids and climb the mango trees in the backyard. We also used to go fishing in the little drainage. Those times were wonderful.



I recalled climbing up the mango tree and lazing on one of the large branches while daydreaming about the future and watching birds. As a child, this was my pastime. Sometimes I'd think about the future too much that I'd fall asleep, and when Mak realised I was gone, she'd come searching for me with her shrieking voice.

“Are you ready Mak?” I asked her while getting myself ready. “The buyer is waiting for us at the land and mineral office,” I added.

“You know, I could give this house to Aliff,” Mak replied. “At least he has a place to stay when he’s all grown up,” she said.

“He has Lili, Mak. Lili is his mother. I know how much this house means to you and to us. But, like you said earlier, it’s time for our house to once again provide protection, comfort and love to another family,” I said while holding her hands.

She looked at me and smiled, with tears running down her cheeks





# *The* **Epitome** */I'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Kedah

eISSN 3009-0075



9 773009 007004