



The **Epitome** */I'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Kedah

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

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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

Indignation

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She is struggling to understand the purpose of his existence. His life weaved into hers, locking both in the fabric of life as if it were meant to be. They were picture-perfect, paraded by his parents as a representation of life achievement. She is lucky to be chosen by him to be part of their family, so they said. In the beginning, it seems God sent angels to look after them. Their life showered with nothing but prosperity. Gentleness, softness, and sweetness fill in between the fibres within the fabric of their life. Harmony was painted in the background.

She vigorously flipped through every layer of memory, recalled every moment of them together, every detail of interaction. She insisted on finding the sacred reason, the great plan from heaven that braided his and her string together. She wanted to understand the holy reason for their strings connected by fate. She ploughed her mind to find the knot that intertwined, wishing to find a mistake so it could be released. However, then, and now it feels like there is a layer of thick mud covering part of her brain, suppressing her memory.

She sought help from authority and religious associations many times. The conversation always entails a reminder to be grateful. To pray for forgiveness and a solution. She was reminded to be a dignified woman for her husband's sake. Of course, a procedure was taught for a deep reflection on her weakness. She discovered that her decision to delay conception was a sign of weakness and made her less of a woman. Her opinion must be subject to her husband's approval.

Even though, a matter pertaining to her body and her life. The advice is accompanied by verses from the holy book. She is her husband's and his family's property; thus, submission is expected.

Her mind returns to the present. She pushes her body up, semi-lying position, scoots and sits up leaning to the cabinet door. She feels heat radiating from a large copper cauldron that is simmering on her right side. The cauldron is her maternal great-great-grandmother's inheritance. An object containing a fraction of her origin.

Suddenly, she reminisces about her mother's story regarding their family lineage beginning with her great-great-grandmother. She is a symbol of resilience and survival. She is sensible about life. She took the risk with her young daughter, and son across the tropical rainforest, due to war. She holds on to a glimpse of a chance for her descendants to continue living in peace and harmony. The great-great-grandmother chose her fate. Is the risk taken by her ancestor to end like this?

"How weak do you think I am?" she startled him with the question. Years of loathing, and feeling defiled, snap off the string of fate. In a split second, her hands agree with the revelation. She stands with last energy swinging her arms, blocking whatever comes toward her. The swelling in her eyes makes vision difficult, and she misses. Eyes barely open, she remembered when her husband arrived, she was cutting meat.

Now, the meat cleaver landed on her right shoulder. He looks satisfied and justified. He is complacent with his actions because he is protected by patriarchy.

Bruises covering her left cheek, neck, and arms, were consequences from a few days ago. At this moment, warm blood is dripping from her forehead. Memories of dignified love and unconditional protection from her parents and grandparents flooded in. They cherished her with nothing less until his “love” came into her life. It is not too late. If this is her final moment, at least she is no longer bowing to an unworthy man. “Do you think my silence is a sign of acceptance?”. She whispers.

She is standing with swollen eyes, broken limbs, butchered shoulder, she wipes off blood on her face with her apron. She feels callouses of her palm scratch her nose. “How time has flown, what a waste”, speaks to herself. She takes a deep breath and stretches her neck to both sides gently. She exhales warm air through her nose and mouth, and she feels satisfied. Bubbling sounds from the cauldron interrupt his action. She turns off the burner. He looks puzzled by her unfamiliar response.

She hears footsteps and voices of people wandering in front of the house. These polite people excused loud noises from her house for many years. For the first time, she hears the gate was forced open. Her hope for others to help has long gone. With all her might, she walks toward the back door. She is leaving. Thump!! the entrance force opened by someone, and she opens the back door. She turns to see people walking into the house asking how he is doing.

The earth seems to stop rotating, silence slithering over her face and creeping into her skin’s pores. The stagnant atmosphere felt choking. The air is bland; she tastes the air just like she can sense the smoke filling in her chest, a sharp and dull sensation alternately cutting through her veins, daily for years. It was not pain; it was an indignation. She walks back and sits next to the cauldron, with limited vision she has, she looks straight into his eyes. He is nothing.

The end.





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