

The Epitome //Ipitami/

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Kedah



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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

My True Story: Journey of Joy and Grief: A Mother's Dream, A Daughter's Triumph

Dr. Geetha MuthusamyUiTM Kampus Bandaraya Melaka geethamuthusamy@uitm.edu.my

Let me take you through the journey of my life, where joy and grief coexist. This is the story of someone incredibly precious to me and something I had never imagined would happen, but life proved me otherwise. I grew up in a typical Indian family in Malaysia where my hardworking parents struggled to make ends meet. Like any loving parents, they wished for their children to succeed in life.

As time went on, I completed my bachelor's degree and pursued an MBA. Although I had never considered pursuing a Ph.D., it was my mother's dream for me. Working in the academic sector, I thought "why not?", so, without further delay, I enrolled in a doctoral program. I chose the marketing department because I have a passion for understanding people, focusing my research on consumer psychology and decision-making behaviour. Soon after starting my doctoral program in 2015, I got married and later in 2016, I became a mother. With a baby to care for, my attention shifted away from completing my doctorate to my personal life. Despite the challenges, I kept pushing forward, juggling and research. work, teaching, determination led me to undertake arduous long-distance journeys, enduring hours of commuting since I was two hours away from my husband. Throughout this journey, I was fortunate to have my mother's unwavering support, which became my constant source of motivation and strength. After having my little angel in December 2016, something inside me told me not to stop there. I realized I wasn't meant to give up.

The Ph.D. journey was initially driven by my mother, and I refused to take a break from it. In 2017, I began my write-up. Even during my three-month maternity leave, I hardly rested, spending most of my time at the library at UPM conducting research. Fortunately, I had patient and understanding Ph.D. supervisor. My studies became a priority while simultaneously taking care of my baby, teaching, and working towards my doctorate. I often wondered where I found the strength to do it all. The answer was clear: my mother, my pillar of strength, had raised me to be strong.

Everything happened because of my mom's influence. The thrill of successfully defending my thesis in 2018 was immense. I began writing the final segment of my dissertation in January 2019, eager to submit it, and await my viva call. However, around the same time, I noticed my mother's health deteriorating in March 2019. I spent most of my time at the hospital, balancing my responsibilities towards my mother and my baby. It was during this challenging period that I discovered the depths of my own mental strength.

In April, while my mother was in the hospital, I received a call from my university informing me that my viva was scheduled for May 10th. Two days prior to my viva, on May 8th, my mother was rushed to the emergency room due to low blood pressure and heart rate. She could still talk, so she called me in. Overwhelmed and tearful, I stood before her, uncertain of what to do. She asked, "What were you thinking?". I feared losing her and contemplated postponing my viva. But my mother, always wise, told me not to delay and insisted that I went ahead with it.

Trusting her intuition, I listened and proceeded with my viva on May 10th. Once I was out of the hall, I called her. "Maa! I'm Dr. Geetha now." As an Indian mother with ambitious dreams for her child, the title "Dr." held a significant meaning for her. Miraculously, my mother started to recover and eventually returned home. But the journey didn't end there; my mother's health continued to fluctuate, and I experienced many sleepless nights caring for her. In mid-June, I submitted my corrected dissertation and eagerly awaited my official letter from the senate. On August 19, 2019, I received my senate letter, and despite the late hour, I brought it to my mother in the hospital at 1 a.m. Tears welled up in her eyes as she touched my name on the paper, feeling the accomplishment with her fingertips.

She asked, "What's next?" When I mentioned the upcoming convocation ceremony, she insisted that I attended it, saying, "Whether I'm there or not, you're going to the ceremony." I reassured her, "You'll be just fine, mommy. We can still take pictures together once I'm out of the hall." Sadly, she passed away on August 27, 2019, just a week after my achievement. While the first week was filled with congratulations, the following week brought condolences from all around. In November 2019, before the impact of COVID-19, I attended my convocation ceremony. Surrounded by loved ones, I celebrated, including my "mum."

The lesson here is that when you pursue something out of love and passion for someone, you not only achieve your own goals but also fulfil the dreams of those you care about. Pursue your dreams with sincerity and wholeheartedness, for procrastination robs you of the power of the present. Had I postponed my viva, my mother might not have witnessed the culmination of my journey. Be a doer, not just a thinker, as it may be too late to act later. Stay motivated and chase your dreams for someone you hold dear. The time to act is now.





