



The
Epitome
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Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch

2024

Volume 1
Issue 3





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eISSN 3009 – 0075

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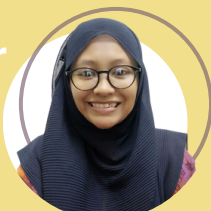
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synopsis

The Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Cawangan Kedah is thrilled to announce the release of the third 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.

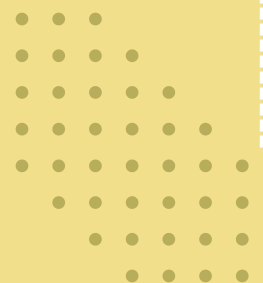




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Preface



Mr. Azlan Abdul Rahman

Head of Faculty
Academy of Language Studies
UiTM Kedah Branch

Welcome to Epitome, the 3rd Issue – a collection of thoughts, reflections, and stories that encapsulate the essence of an academic's journey. As the pages unfold, you will embark on a thoughtful exploration of the human experience, woven through the threads of joy, sorrow, and everything in between.

In designing this compilation, our intention is to offer readers a mirror to their own experiences, inviting moments of reflection and connection. Epitome is not just a creative publication; it is an invitation to pause, reflect, and find quality in the shared tapestry of our existence.

Through these pages, the reader may encounter familiar landscapes of the heart and perhaps discover a transformed perspective on the beauty and complexity of academic life. Each piece within Epitome is a humble contribution to the ongoing dialogue of what it means to be human.

I extend our heartfelt gratitude to all those who have been a part of this journey – especially to all the contributors and the esteemed Epitome Editorial Team. Your involvement and presence surely added depth and meaning to this publication.

May Epitome serve as a companion, provoking thought and sparking moments of connection and collaboration.

Thank you for embarking on this literary voyage with us.

Editor-In-Chief



Creativity is intelligence having fun

Dear Epitome Community,


We are back for the third issue and enthusiastic to share with all of you the collection of creative writings crafted by dedicated and imaginative writers. In this third issue, we present a variety of articles ranging from playwriting to lyric essays, each offering a unique tone and style of writing. Thanks to all the creative and talented writers, we hope these pieces can inspire you in various ways.

We would like to extend our congratulations to all the inspiring writers for their valuable contributions and unwavering support. Many of these names are familiar to us, as some have been submitting their work since our first volume. Additionally, we would like to express our gratitude to the dedicated committee and reviewers for their time and expertise.

Thank you for being a part of our Epitome community.

Till the next volume,

Dr. Nur Syazwanie Mansor
Editor-in-Chief,
The Epitome



FROM ZERO TO LONDON: MY CHILDHOOD JOURNEY

Miss Nurul Afiqah binti Ahmad

Department of Business Management, UiTM Seri Iskandar, Perak.

I was just a normal kid studying at a rural school, surrounded by children whose parents were mostly farmers. Then my mom was transferred to a new school in the city when I was in standard three. Being a kid, you did not know how much your life was going to change when you transferred schools. How different would it be to study at a new school? It's still in the same state, just in a different district. How different would it be? With no worries, I went to my new school. Then my problem began. My first problem was that I did not know how to pronounce my school's name. St. Nicholas Convent. How should I pronounce St.? Silly me, I pronounce it as the letters S and T. I did not know that St. is an abbreviation of saint. For your information, I hate English. Hate with the capital letter HATE.

This school had two sessions. Lucky for me, I was in the afternoon session, so I did not have to wake up earlier. Unfortunately for me, my mom and older sister were in the morning session. So, I went to school with my mom's friend. I started my first day alone with a school assembly.

I had no idea where to line up. I just lined up behind students with similar heights as me, far at the back of the line. Then my nightmare began. My first day was the English Week. The teacher in charge spoke in English. I had no idea what she said. Then they started to sing Negaraku. I sang along. Next was a state song; no problem, I knew the lyrics. Then the school song. Here was where I thought I was in London. The school song was in English. The only word I heard was "hark," repeated a couple of times. I didn't even know what hark meant.

After the school assembly ended, a teacher approached me, asking if I was the new student. I said yes. She took me to my class and sat me next to an Indian girl. The teacher asked her to show me around during recess. Here came another problem: The girl spoke in English. She told me her name. I was so panicked because she spoke in English when she introduced herself that I didn't even catch her name. It was my first time having a non-Malay classmate. I only caught her name when I saw her name written on her book. Then I looked around; 40% of my classmates were non-Malays.

I had no problem with non-Malays. My problem was that they spoke in English. If that was not bad enough, my first day was also the first day for my school exam. I was so mad at my mom then. Why was my first day at a new school on exam day?

My first exam was spelling, and yes, this school had a spelling exam plus an English exam. The teacher read out the words, and we must write them down. I would forever remember this day because the week after that, I got my spelling exam result. A small zero was written on my paper. Courtesy of my English teacher so that I would not be embarrassed. That was my story 20 or so years ago. I did go to London for a visit and was able to speak English with no worries. I owed it to my English teacher, Mrs. Lily Joseph Mary, for being scary and kept calling my name in class. If I did not meet Mrs. Lily, I would be the girl who kept saying, why should we learn our coloniser's language? I hope you are well, Mrs. Lily, wherever you are. Thank you for teaching me.

The End.



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eISSN 3009-0075



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