



The
Epitome
/i'pitəmi/

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch

2024

Volume 1
Issue 3



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eISSN 3009 – 0075

Published by:
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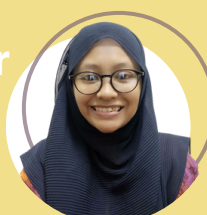
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synopsis

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

The house across the paddy fields

Norliza Che Mustafa

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam, Selangor

For as long as I could remember, when I went to visit my grandparents during school holidays, I always followed my grandmother around.

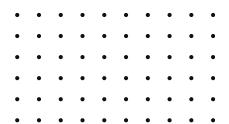
Being a midwife in the late 70's and early 80's, she was quite busy visiting newborn babies and the new mother during the confinement.

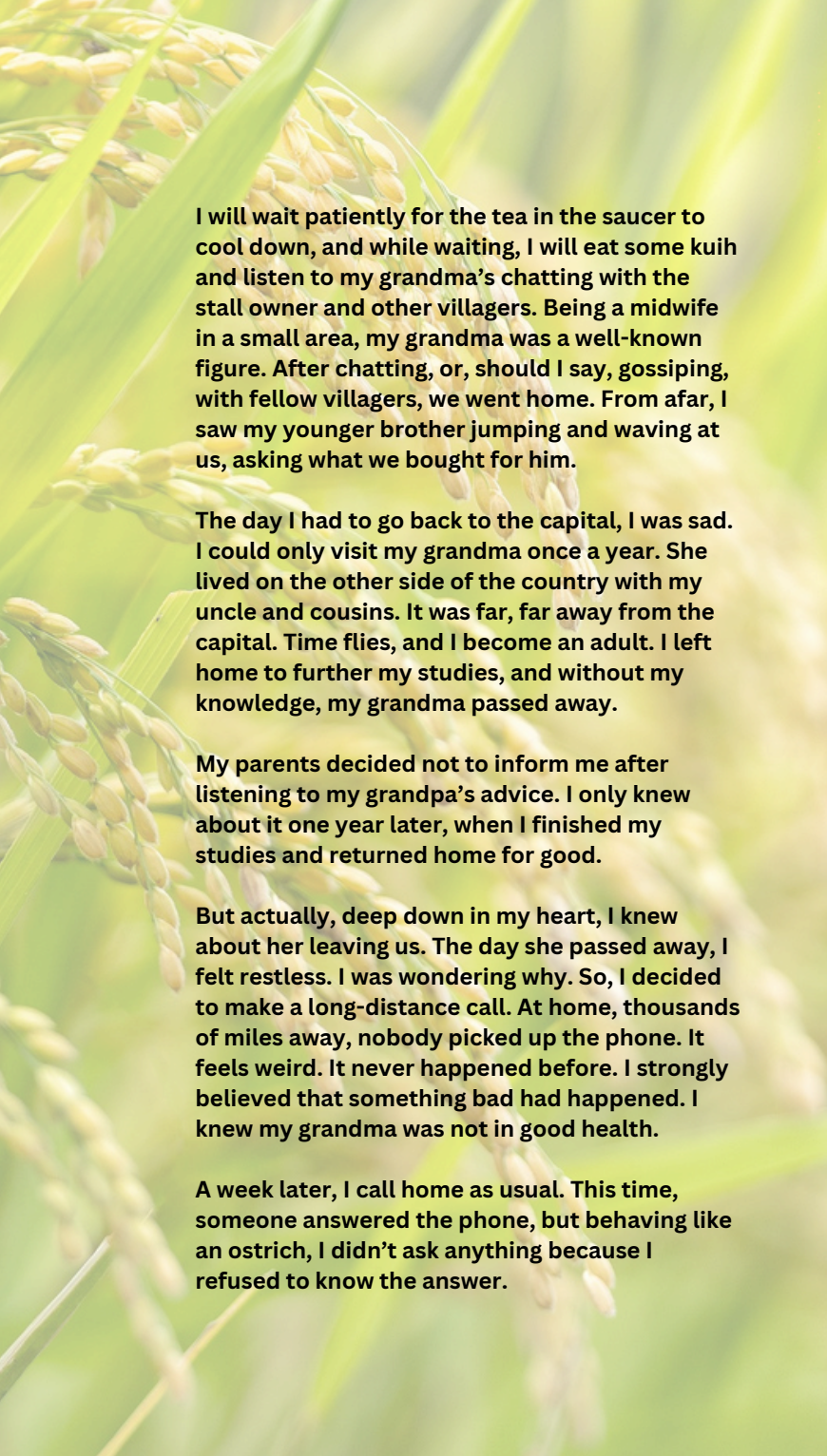
I could've stayed at my grandparents' house and played with my siblings. But well, my sister, she loved to stay in the room and pretend that she's a princess. As for my younger brother, he would play hide and seek with the chicken. Enough said.

So, I decided to follow my grandma. Mind you, not everyone can follow her. To follow my grandma, one needs to be very patient. It is not an easy feat for a six- or seven-year-old. My grandma spent hours taking care of the babies and the new mothers. You have to be silent too. You could not make a sudden noise, because it would disturb the babies.

During the visit, I was left alone outside the house. Oh, it was my choice. After a few minutes of getting to know the cute little babies, I was bored. So, I went out and entertained myself. At that time, child kidnapping and human trafficking were unheard of, so I flocked freely here and there, alone, without much restriction or supervision.

After her visit, grandma and I always went to have tea and kuih at a small stall near the village entrance. Those were the times I'd been waiting for—having a nice treat with my grandma.





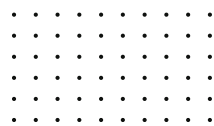
I will wait patiently for the tea in the saucer to cool down, and while waiting, I will eat some kuih and listen to my grandma's chatting with the stall owner and other villagers. Being a midwife in a small area, my grandma was a well-known figure. After chatting, or, should I say, gossiping, with fellow villagers, we went home. From afar, I saw my younger brother jumping and waving at us, asking what we bought for him.

The day I had to go back to the capital, I was sad. I could only visit my grandma once a year. She lived on the other side of the country with my uncle and cousins. It was far, far away from the capital. Time flies, and I become an adult. I left home to further my studies, and without my knowledge, my grandma passed away.

My parents decided not to inform me after listening to my grandpa's advice. I only knew about it one year later, when I finished my studies and returned home for good.

But actually, deep down in my heart, I knew about her leaving us. The day she passed away, I felt restless. I was wondering why. So, I decided to make a long-distance call. At home, thousands of miles away, nobody picked up the phone. It feels weird. It never happened before. I strongly believed that something bad had happened. I knew my grandma was not in good health.

A week later, I call home as usual. This time, someone answered the phone, but behaving like an ostrich, I didn't ask anything because I refused to know the answer.



Reality hit when I went back to the village a year later with my parents, after graduation. Only my grandpa was there, in the house across the paddy fields. I realised then that I couldn't see my grandma ever again. I went out of the house, feeling choked, trying to hold my tears, and avoiding the rest of my family members.

But like they said, time will heal everything. Now, when I recalled those happy days and the precious time I spent with her, I felt so blessed. Grandma will forever be a part of me. Goodbye grandma.



The End.



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eISSN 3009-0075



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