



The **Epitome** */i'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch

Capturing Life Lessons and Moments

Volume 1
Issue 4

2024



Copyright Page

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eISSN 3009 – 0075

Published by:
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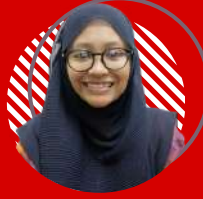


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Synopsis



The Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Cawangan Kedah is thrilled to announce the release of the fourth edition of its e-magazine, *The Epitome*. This publication represents our steady dedication to cultivating creativity in language and literature.

The primary objective of *THE EPITOME* is to offer a platform for 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 the fourth issue of *Epitome*, where creativity and imagination shine brightly. Within these pages, you will discover a rich tapestry of voices and visions—each piece a celebration of the limitless potential of words.

This issue of *Epitome* is more than a mere publication; it is a tribute to the art of storytelling in all its forms. Whether you are captivated by evocative poetry, enthralled by engaging short stories, or intrigued by insightful essays, we aim to present something that resonates with every reader.

We are passionate about the transformative power of literature, and we hope that this collection will inspire, challenge, and delight you. As you explore these pages, may you uncover new perspectives and experiences that enrich your own creative journey.

Thank you for embarking on this literary adventure with us.

Happy reading!



Editor InChief

Dear gentle readers,

Let me welcome you to our fourth edition of e-magazine, where we explore the beauty of life's journey. Our theme, "Capturing Life Lessons and Moments," encourages you to pause, reflect, and celebrate the wisdom that arises from everyday experiences.

Life is a mosaic of moments, each with the potential to teach us something profound, inspire change, or remind us of the surrounding beauty. Within these pages, we have unfolded stories, reflections, and insights that illuminate the lessons woven into the fabric of our lives. From the quiet wisdom found in fleeting moments to the power of life-changing events, this edition pays tribute to the learning that occurs beyond the classroom, in the heart of our daily lives.

Our contributors have poured their hearts into capturing these moments, sharing personal stories that resonate with authenticity and depth. You will find essays exploring the significance of small acts of kindness, articles reflecting on the lessons learned from adversity, and creative pieces celebrating the joy found in simple leisure. Each piece serves as a reminder that life's greatest lessons often emerge from the most unexpected places.

As you flip through this edition, we hope you find inspiration in the shared stories and perhaps discover a mirror to your own experiences. May these pages encourage you to appreciate the moments that shape you, learn from the challenges that test you, and embrace the wisdom that life offers at every step of your journey.

Thank you for joining us in exploring life's lessons and moments. We invite you to take your time, savour each piece, and maybe even gain a new perspective on the experiences that have shaped your own life.

Happy reading!

Warm regards,

Razanawati Nordin
Editor-in-Chief
THE EPITOME





Armless

Ahmad Safwan Aqil Shukori, Muhammad Aqim Khairul Anuar & Nor Hairunnisa Mohammad Nor

Faculty of Administrative Management & Academy of Language Studies., UiTM Cawangan Kelantan

As the bus left the terminal, Ravi held the bag in his hands firmly. He had finally reached his destination and when his feet touched the ground, he could feel the blistering coldness of the heavy rain. His uncle was supposed to fetch him, but he was nowhere to be found. Ravi decided to patiently wait for him at the nearest stall. The raindrops were pelting down relentlessly and the fact that he didn't have his jacket on exacerbated the harshness of the cold onslaught, making his lips and shoulders quivered continuously.

“Ravi, have you been waiting long?”

A voice startled him. It was his uncle, who stood still with a wide, creepy smile. Ravi left the question unanswered, and his clutch tightened on his bag. They huddled under the umbrella that his uncle brought with him, navigating through the incessant deluge. As they approached the front door of his uncle's car, Ravi's steps slowed, and he came to an abrupt halt. His face changed as he realized something dawning upon him.

“Uncle Raya?” Ravi asked.

“Yes Ravi. What's the matter? It's raining, man. Don't fuss”.

“You are left-handed?” Ravi whispered.

The question shook that guy. His disconcerting smile faded. Ravi could suddenly hear thudding sounds from the trunk of the car.

His instincts screaming signals of caution to him; he dashed as fast as lightning in the rain. That ‘Uncle Raya’ was just behind him trying to chase him. Ravi thought his sprint was fast enough, but that man was obviously better. He held his bag tightly, never letting it go, like the bag locked something valuable – more than gold, more than a soul.

In his head, all he wanted to find now was an escape route to get away from that guy whom he knew was sent by who. Breathing heavily, he glanced back desperately and to his surprise that guy had vanished. He came to a sudden stop and exhaled a sigh of liberation from the depths of his being. He found himself at an abandoned warehouse. He settled into a momentary respite and cast a brief and contemplative glance towards his bag. The bag, despite being totally drenched, had withstood the fervor of the chase.





Suddenly, an eerie sensation gripped him as he detected subtle movements from the other side of the wall he was staring at. His intuition had not misled him; there was indeed someone lurking there.



“This could have been easier if you just hand me the bag, kid.” The man uttered.
“Over my dead body, foe!”

With a swift motion, the man shed his faux human skin, a mask expertly crafted to imitate Ravi’s uncle. As the disguise clattered to the ground, the assailant pounced, brandishing a glinting knife. A sinister presence permeated the forsaken warehouse. Ravi knew he should be prepared for death anytime as death was an ever-present shadow in the realm of espionage for a government intelligence officer like him.

Ravi has been serving the national intelligence for years. Along with his uncle who was also a spy for the government. His uncle trained him since he was small. The bag was supposed to be handed to him. The bag that was with him was not just a mere bag. It was full of clothes. But amidst the fold of the fabrics, there were two inconspicuous mini-USB drives containing sensitive reports about the country’s secret intelligence missions.

To make his moves discreet, he opted for the bus as a means of transport. He thought blending in with the ordinary commuters would make him go unnoticed. Yet, his premise was flawed, as he did not fade into the background as anticipated.

“BANG! BANG!”



Two sudden eruptions of gunfire jolted the man that had been following him. He was writhing in pain; crimson blood streaked across his face, a testimony to his suffering.

It was Ravi’s uncle firing the gun! He’s still breathing! “I told the headquarters not to send you on this mission.”

Ravi’s uncle grinned a little after taking the bag from him. Ravi just replied with a frown, understanding the unspoken message behind that grin. He knew despite his years of service in the national intelligence, Uncle Raya, his mentor, still doubted his capabilities. “That bastard knocked me out before putting me in the trunk,” Ravi’s uncle explained.

Ravi finally understood the gravity of the wisdom imparted to him by Uncle Raya which was to always carry his weapon during missions. He should always prioritize his own safety. He regretted the fact that he underestimated the seemingly simple tip given by his uncle – always have your ‘arm’ with you. Perhaps his uncle had experienced situations where being ‘armed’ proved to be the difference between life and death. Ravi made a solemn promise to himself. He vowed that he would prioritize his own safety in all future missions after realizing that having his ‘arm’ transcended a routine precaution, it was a fundamental aspect of ensuring one’s survival in the shadowy world of intelligence.





The
Epitome
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eISSN 3009-0075



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