



# *The* **Epitome** */i'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch

*Capturing Life Lessons and Moments*

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# Copyright Page

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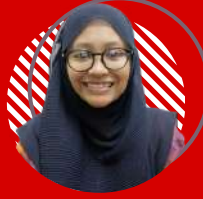


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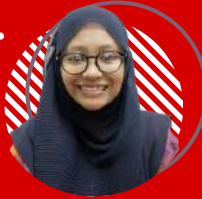
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# Synopsis



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





# Second Chance

**Nordibradini Selamat**  
College of Computing, Informatics and Mathematics, UiTM Kedah

**Some days, it was hard to even get out of bed. Repeating the monotonous routine every day, seeing the same people at work, watching my comfort show on repeat—gosh, I never knew it could be so draining and tiring. I grew up watching my mother lived that same life. I watched her fell in love several times after her divorce. I watched her worked so hard her whole life for us. I watched her hid her tears when she realised I was looking. I was young, and she assumed I knew nothing. But I knew she wasn't my real mother. She was just my aunt, who devoted her life taking care of me since my mother left when I was merely 3 years old.**

I turned 32 this year. I just celebrated my birthday a week ago, alone, all by myself. My mom, or more accurately, my aunt, passed away two years ago. I worked so hard to buy my first house and my first car. My relentless work ethic remains my steadfast companion, as it was the only thing that could distract me from how lonely my life was.

After my aunt died, I went through all the documents that she bequeathed to me, stumbling upon letters from my mom, and yes, she asked about me a lot. I grappled with the uncertainty of whether her concern was genuine or if it stemmed from a lingering sense of guilt. But if she really cared, why didn't she bridge the gap and come to see me?

It took me two years to muster the courage to finally locate my mom and to finally see her eye to eye.

That evening was remarkably beautiful. Parking my car outside of my mother's residence, I glimpsed through the gaps in the front gate and observed a young girl in a wheelchair, staring blindly into the distance.

I approached the gate and nervously rang the doorbell. A woman opened the gate and offered me a warm and familiar smile. She is my mother. As expected, she was surprised to see me. In a second, she pulled me into a tight hug, and for a moment, the weight of loneliness I had carried for so long seemed to dissipate. We went inside, and she brought me a photo of her new family. Swiftly recognising the girl in the picture as the one I had just seen in the wheelchair, my mother revealed that she was, in fact, her daughter. Strangely, in the photograph, the girl appeared entirely unencumbered by the need for a wheelchair. My mother, the girl, and her father were smiling happily in that photo, and somehow, it made me feel a twinge of sadness. My mother had a perfect life and a perfect family, and I wonder if my visit would affect it. Would there be space for me in their perfect tableau?





A lot of questions lingered in my mind. My mother noticed my silence and soon revealed the untold chapters of her life. She had to leave me with my aunt because she didn't have a stable job back then. She soon married a single father, and they both worked the extra mile to provide a better life for me and his daughter. My mother said they had been planning to bring me into the family. Their plan was to unite our lives and create a family where I would find a home. They worked tirelessly, sacrificing everything to provide a better future for us. But life took a different turn when, one day, he died in an accident. Adding to the devastation, his daughter was paralysed in the same unfortunate incident.

My mother felt like it was better for me to stay with my aunt because she knew that my aunt would take good care of me. But never once did my mother forget about me. I was always on her mind and would forever be her number one. I remained a constant presence in her thoughts. For her, leaving me with my aunt was an act of profound love and sacrifice. She knew that I would have a better life with my aunt, as my mother needed to focus on raising her husband's daughter, who required extra care and treatment.

Tears welled up in my eyes as I absorbed the weight of my mother's untold story. The depth of her sacrifices made me realise that both of us deserve a second chance.

**The loneliness that once drove me to work tirelessly as an escape is now replaced by a genuine passion for life. I now have a mother and a sister. I wouldn't be lonely anymore. With my mother and sister by my side, I embarked on a mission to make a positive impact not only in my life but in the lives of those around me.**





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