



# APB KEDAH: THE EPITOME

Advisor

































Secretaries















# Synopsis

The Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Cawangan Kedah, is excited to present the special issue of its e-magazine, The Epitome - Visit Kedah 2025. This special publication, produced in conjunction with Visit Kedah 2025, represents our steady dedication to cultivating creativity in language and literature while highlighting Kedah's unique blend of culture, nature, and innovation through diverse written expressions.

The primary objective of The Epitome – Visit Kedah 2025 is to join in the celebration of Visit Kedah 2025, especially as our branch is located in the heart of the state. This special edition invites writers to share their Kedah-inspired stories and experiences through personal essays and short stories, with the aim of embracing diverse linguistic expressions. Contributions are presented in two languages: English and Bahasa Melayu.





As the Chief Editor of Epitome, it gives me great pleasure to present this special edition in celebration of Visit Kedah Year 2025—an ode to a land where history, heritage, and heart live in every corner.

Nestled in the warm embrace of the northern Peninsula, Kedah is more than just Malaysia's rice bowl. It is a living canvas where time whispers through the ancient stones of Bujang Valley, dances across the rippling paddy fields, and echoes through the melodic drawl of the Kedahan dialect. Each tale we share in this issue draws its breath from Kedah's unique rhythm—where old meets new, tradition hugs the modern, and culture is not just remembered but lived.

From the misty peaks of Gunung Jerai, which once guided ancient mariners, to the shimmering flow of Sungai Merbok, where history quietly flows, Kedah's ecological richness is a story waiting to be told. Its mountains are guardians of myths; its rivers, keepers of memory. The lush rainforests, secret waterfalls, and wild orchids—all are pieces of a vibrant narrative woven by nature itself.

Yet, it is Kedah's people who breathe soul into this land. The warmth of pasar malam banter, the flavours of authentic laksa Kedah, the grace of traditional dance, and the way elders tell stories in that soft, endearing dialect—it all becomes poetry in motion. And in this special issue, we invite you to read, feel, and immerse yourself in the charm, wit, and wonder of Old Kedah and New Kedah alike.

Through creative fiction, heartfelt essays, and evocative poetry, Epitome brings together voices that sing of Kedah's mountains, rivers, food, language, and legacy. We hope this edition will not only inspire a visit but stir something deeper—a connection to the essence of a land that has long cradled Malaysia's earliest civilizations and continues to nurture its cultural heart.

Let the pages transport you to Kedah Darul Aman—a realm of peace, a sanctuary of stories.

Warmly,

Razanawati Nordin Chief Editor THE EPITOME 2025





It is with great pleasure that I present to you this special issue of The Epitome in conjunction with Visit Kedah 2025. I would like to extend my heartfelt thanks to the Head of Department for initiating this wonderful idea. As a proud Kedahan working in Kedah, I instantly agreed to be part of this project, knowing how close it is to my heart.

Reading the personal essays and short stories submitted by our contributors has been a truly enjoyable experience. I found myself smiling, reminiscing, and even imagining familiar places through their words. What makes this issue even more exciting is that some contributors are not originally from Kedah, yet they have beautifully shared their own reflections and experiences related to this charming state. Their fresh perspectives reminded me of the beauty I sometimes take for granted, having been born and bred in Kedah.

To all our contributors: thank you for your creativity, your voice, and for allowing us to travel through your narratives. Your stories have added soul and colour to this edition, and I hope our readers enjoy the journey through Kedah just as much as I did.

With appreciation,

Dr. Nur Syazwanie Mansor

Chief Editor, The Epitome A Proud Kedahan

ARTS & CRAFTS

JIKEY: Sebuah Anekdot Silam by Fathiyah Ahmad a Ahmad Jali

Kedah Batik: A Personal Journey into Timeless Elegance by Piermauro Catarinella

## CULINARY EXPLORATION

A Day of Flavours in Bujang by Sharunizam Shari

13 Flavors Across Borders: Celebrating the Essence of Laksa Kedah

15 From 'Cerek' to Cup: A Coffee Journey - Nordibradini Selamat by Nur Aina Fadhlina bt Ahmad Fazli

Meneroka Selera Langkawi: Crab Farm Langkawi

Mee Udang Ketam Tg Pandan Destinasi
Hidangan Laut Segar dan Keunikan Rasa

by Mencroka Selera Langkawi: Crab Farm Langkawi & Mee I dang Ketam Tg Pandan Destinasi Hidangan Laut Segar dan Keunikan Rasa - Khairul Naim Abd Aziz, Jamil Tajam, Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin, Zamzila Erdawati Zainol, Aziani Ahmad, Rohayu Ramli, Rosnani Nazri, Nor Shafikah Idris, Muhammad Akmal Roslani, Nor Hashimah Badaruzaman

21 Merbok: A Paradise of Gastronomic Exploration

23 Of Roti, Cekelat & Peknga by Junaidah Hanim Ahmad

25 Yong Taufu Garden

by Noor Khairun Nisa Noor Azmi & Raisa Rastom



# JE ATTON









The drive from home was peaceful, almost poetic. The early morning sun, a deep, burning red, rose in my rearview mirror, casting golden streaks across endless paddy fields. Mist clung lazily to the hills, reluctant to leave.

The road to work was familiar and comforting. Small shops stirred to life, their owners rolling up metal shutters, sweeping front steps, and arranging fresh vegetables in baskets. A few motorcycles buzzed past, their riders still wrapped in jackets. A rooster crowed in the distance—Kedah was waking up.

Like every other day, I reached the office early—7:30 a.m., sharp. The world was still stirring, the air crisp with the last traces of dawn's cool embrace. The sky was brushed with hues of pink and orange, the kind that made you pause for a moment just to take them in.

But before stepping inside—before the emails, the meetings, and the hum of another workday—there was one ritual I never skipped.

### Breakfast.

And that meant one thing—Simpang Kona Kucai. Right by the traffic light from UiTM Kedah towards Tupah, a small, white hut stood modestly, almost unnoticed by those who weren't looking for it. A simple wooden structure with a zinc roof, blending effortlessly into the everyday rhythm of morning commuters.

But for those who knew?

This was where mornings truly began.

There were no laminated menus, no flashy signboards—just the scent of freshly cooked rice, rich curry, and palm sugar-sweetened coffee drifting into the air.

I parked by the roadside, stepping out as a familiar voice rang out.

"Awok mari lagi doh, nok makan nasi dagang hok biasa, ye?"

Makcik greeted me as always—cheerfully, her hands moving swiftly as she scooped steaming rice onto a plate. Her face, weathered by years of serving this beloved dish, carried a warmth that made me feel like family.

I grinned. "Haaa, sama la, Makcik. Nasi dagang, kopi nisang sekali."

It was the same order, every time.

Because some meals aren't just food.



On the side, acar timun—thinly sliced cucumbers, carrots, and red chilies, lightly pickled to provide a refreshing contrast to the rich curry.

And then, Kopi Nisang.

Thick, iced, and frothy, the deep brown liquid swirled with nisang (palm sugar), adding a caramelized sweetness.

I took my first bite.

And instantly-perfection.

The creamy, fragrant rice. The bold, spicy gulai. The crunch of the acar. The soothing sweetness of iced coffee.

The morning breeze, the passing vehicles, the warmth of the first meal of the day—it all came together, grounding me in this perfect moment.

I picked up the green chili resting on my plate. A silent dare.

Then, with a grin-I took the challenge.

### Nasi Dagang Terengganu and iced Kopi Nisang

### They're rituals.

I settled at a concrete table under the open sky, shaded by the leafy branches of a rambutan tree. The morning breeze carried the scent of damp earth and nasi dagang.

Then, Makcik emerged with my breakfast.

She placed it down with a warm smile.

"Nasi dagang, kopi nisang... panah lagi ni. Molek molek."

And there it was.

A thing of beauty.

A mound of steaming rice, each grain infused with coconut milk and halba (fenugreek), carrying a distinct nutty aroma. This wasn't just any rice—it was special.

Beside it, the star of the show—gulai ikan tongkol.

A deep, golden-red curry, thick and luscious, made from fresh tuna slow-simmered in spices, creamy coconut milk, and a touch of tamarind. The fish? Tender, almost buttery, absorbing the bold flavors of turmeric, coriander, and chili.



With breakfast warming my belly, I drove back to the office. The morning passed in a blur of emails, meetings, and student consultations. Then, hunger struck again.

And when it did, there was only one destination in mind–Nasi Ayam Pak Mud.

By noon, the sun commanded the sky. Lunchtime in Bujang wasn't just about eating—it was an event.

I arrived with my colleagues, the place already alive with activity—the clang of trays, the chopping of cleavers, the sizzle of oil.

We found a table in the shade, settling in as the lunchtime buzz surrounded us—people placing their orders, the occasional clatter of spoons against bowls, the hum of conversations weaving through the air.

When my order arrived, it was exactly as expected.

The Kuetiau Sup Ayam was steaming hot, the broth rich and golden, tiny beads of oil shimmering on the surface—the sign of a broth that had been simmered to perfection. Shredded chicken rested atop silky flat rice noodles, garnished with fresh daun sup and crispy fried shallots.

Beside it, my bowl of Sup Kaki Ayam. A deep, collagen-rich broth, light yet flavorful, with tender chicken feet floating within, their gelatinous texture promising warmth and comfort in every

And to wash it all down—Teh O Ais. A tall glass, icecold, the deep amber-hued tea offering the perfect balance of sweetness and bitterness—a much-needed contrast to the richness of the meal.

We ate while chatting about work, weekend plans, office gossip, and everything in between.

Someone pulled out their phone to show a viral video, another joked about how they barely found a parking spot today. Between bites of grilled chicken and spoonfuls of hot broth, time seemed to slow just a little.

By the time we finished, the lunchtime crowd had thickened, and the sun had shifted, casting shorter shadows under the trees. I leaned back slightly, stretching my arms, letting the satisfaction of a good meal settle in.

A meal like that made the rest of the day easier to handle

With full stomachs and lingering conversations, we paid our bill and stepped back into the heat of the afternoon, the scent of grilled chicken still drifting in the air.



Kuetiau sup and sup kaki ayam at nasi Ayam Pak Mud

By the time I returned to the office, the afternoon heat was relentless. Sunlight poured through the windows, casting sharp shadows.

Fighting the post-lunch Iull, I headed to Pusat Islam for Zohor prayers—a brief reset before diving back into work.

The hours blurred—emails, reports, student consultations. The office buzzed with keyboard clicks, ringing phones, and quiet conversations.

Finally-5:00 p.m.

Work was done.

But the day? Not even close!

There was still one last stop. And Warung Sakinah was waiting.

By evening, the air had softened, the heat mellowing into a golden glow over the kampung. I turned onto the narrow, treelined road, their thick branches casting dappled shadows over the path. Then, as the road opened up —Warung Sakinah.

A simple, homey setup. A tent with wooden tables, a converted veranda where the makciks prepared drinks and handled orders.

I ordered Nasi Ayam, Kuetiau Sup Daging Campur Ayam, and Laicikang.

The meal arrived quickly—a perfect plate of grilled chicken, yellow rice, spicy sauces, and warm, fragrant soup.

Then, the Kuetiau Sup, rich and steaming, the broth shimmering with slow-cooked depth.

And finally, Laicikang.
A tall glass, filled with crushed ice, basil seeds, longan, cendol, and chewy jellies, floating in sweet syrup.
The first sip—cooling, refreshing, an instant antidote to the warmth of the day.

I sat back, savoring the moment. The sounds of the azan drifted in the distance, the evening breeze rustling through the tent.



Warung Sakinah's best-Kuetiau Sup Daging, Nasi Ayam, and refreshing Laicikang. Pure comfort in every bite! Some days weren't just about work.

Some days were about the meals that kept us going.

A day well spent is a day I am well fed.

And tomorrow?

Another journey. Another meal. Another story waiting to be told.



Sharunizam Shari is a passionate educator and researcher in Information Management. With a PhD in the field, he serves as a Senior Lecturer at UTIM Cawangan Kedah, guiding students through the evolving digital landscape. His work focuses on organizing and utilizing information for better decision-making, bridging theory with real-world applications. Dedicated to lifelong learning, he continues to explore new ideas, ensuring that knowledge remains a tool for progress and innovation.







