

# Academy of Language Studies

## UiTM Cawangan Pulau Pinang

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# *e-Lingua*

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AKADEMI PENGAJIAN BAHASA  
UNIVERSITI TEKNOLOGI MARA

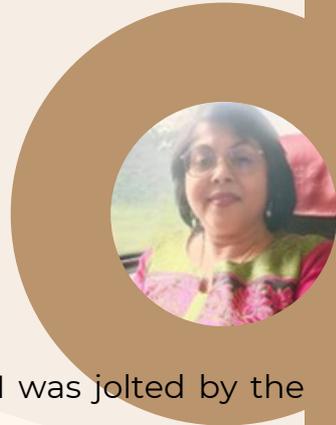


Cawangan Pulau Pinang  
Kampus Permatang Pauh





**It was my first journey by ETS (electric train service) to KL Sentral. Everyone was rushing into the train. I intentionally purchased the window seat at B/4D for a better view of our nature.**



Sitting in the train, looking out of the window, I had a stress relieving view of trees, houses, the sky, clouds...It was so green that I could feel the freshness of the surrounding outside.

As I was gazing out of the window, slowly my thoughts were carried away to my younger days. It was in 1986 when I was a young, small-sized, 16-year-old girl. I was travelling back home from Teluk Intan to Seberang Jaya, the place where I practically grew up. It was my first time being distant from my family, studying in a residential school, Sekolah Menengah Sains, Teluk Intan (SEMESTI).

Barely a week in the school, feeling homesick, I booked a train ticket home just for the weekend without my mum's knowledge. Knowing she would tear down my intention, I made it a surprise visit.

"Choo-Chug", "Choo-Chug", "Choo-Chug", the sound of trains in the good old days. The journey then was very noisy, and you would endure a bone-shaking experience which will lead you to body aches! Today, with a speed of almost 140 km/hour, I only hear the strong gushing sound of wind instead, "Swoosh"!

As I was busy writing, I was jolted by the announcement,

"Taiping. Doors are opening. Mind your step".

"Doors are closing, please stand clear".

A few passengers disembarked the train and a couple of people moved in – felt like a reshuffle of cards. I looked around and noticed there was hardly any communication among the passengers. Everyone was engrossed with technology – handphones which have affected real-life interactions among human beings! Guess I was the only one busy writing in the ETS. Is it because I am an English lecturer? Nay, I needed to submit an article to e-lingua - Ha, ha.

My thoughts again restored to me standing at my doorstep. Surprise! I said. I was prepared for some verbal bashing, but to my surprise with gleaming eyes and a sweet smile, mother received me with open arms. She was overjoyed to have me home. Guess she must have missed me dearly too. The weekend at home was heavenly with delicious home-cooked food. Mothers are mothers! Their love is unconditional and truly priceless.



From a smile, I turned melancholy as my thoughts switched to the last hours of my mum on her deathbed. I began to long for her touch, smile and kind-loving-caring words. I truly miss the sweet memories with her. That got me a little teary eyed. I then closed my eyes, wanting to get it off my mind and catnapped!

At 8.20pm the train reached KL Sentral, and I was greeted with warm loving hugs from my husband and daughter. This is the reality now - my mum remains a precious, priceless memory.

*Last few pictures in memory of my beloved mother...*



*Mother's last birthday...  
April 2021*



*At the hospital...January 2022*



*Mother's last Christmas...  
December 2021*

