



UNIVERSITI
TEKNOLOGI
MARA

The **Epitome** */I'pitəmi/*

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch

Unleash the epitome of creative writers

Volume 1, Issue 1

2023

COPYRIGHT PAGE

Copyright© 2023 by Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah Branch.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, copied, stored in any retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission from the Rector, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah Branch, 08400 Merbok, Kedah, Malaysia.

The views, opinions and technical recommendations expressed by the contributors are entirely their own and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors, the Faculty or the University.

eISSN 3009 - 0075

Published by:

UiTM Kedah Branch,
Pn. Razanawati Nordin, Chief Editor,
UiTM Cawangan Kedah, Kampus Sg. Petani, 08400 Merbok, Kedah
Email address: razanawati@uitm.edu.my
Contact No: 044562421

Copy Editor: Ms. Alia Nabella Fateha Zolkifli

Graphic Designer: Mr. Mohd Hamidi Adha Mohd Amin

APB KEDAH: THE EPITOME EDITORIAL BOARD

Advisor



Mr. Azlan Abdul Rahman

**Chief
Editors**



Dr. Nur Syazwanie
Mansor



Puan Razanawati
Nordin



Puan Sharifah Syakila
Syed Shaharuddin

**Managing Editors
& Promotion**

**Editor &
Content Reviewers**



Puan Hajjah
Sharina Saad



Puan Phaveena
Primsuwan



Puan Samsiah
Bidin



Puan Ho Chui Chui



Puan Syazliyati
Ibrahim



Ustaz Mohd
Zulkhairi Abd
Hamid



Puan Noor 'Izzati
Ahmad Shafiai



Cik Lee Chai
Chuen



Mr. Mohd Hamidi
Adha Mohd Amin

Secretaries



Puan Nor Asni
Syahriza Abu
Hassan



Puan Mas Aida
Abd Rahim



Puan Rafidah
Amat



Puan Khairul Wanis
Ahmad

**Technical
& Website**



Mr. Mohd Hamidi
Adha Mohd Amin

**Graphic
Designer**



Ms. Alia Nabella
Fateha Zolkifli

**Copy
Editor**



SYNOPSIS

The Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah branch is proud to present the first issue of its e-magazine, The Epitome, as our focus to highlight our commitment to contribute to the areas of creative writing.

THE EPITOME aims to provide a platform for writers, educators, academicians, poet, and researchers to share their ideas, findings, knowledge, and experience, particularly on various creative writing genres - personal essays, poetry, short stories, songs, movie scripts, plays, and innovative projects in four different languages (English, Bahasa Melayu, Mandarin, and Arabic).

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear readers,

It is with great pleasure and immense pride that we, the Academy of Language Studies at Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah branch, extend our warmest welcome to all writers and readers to honor all 127 artistic masterpieces. This is indeed a tremendous achievement to commemorate our debut.

We are privileged to offer the platform for the writers to show their talents in creative writing in this magazine, which serves as a testament to our commitment to the area of personal essays, poetry, short stories, songs, movie scripts, plays, and innovative projects. Their invaluable contributions and unwavering commitment to academic excellence have played a vital role in shaping this magazine.

Thank you.

Best regards,

Editorial Board



TABLE OF CONTENTS

no.
page

- 01 EPITOME: THE POWER OF WORDS**
By Dr. Nur Syazwanie Mansor (Chief Editor 1)
- 02 KISAH HANTU TERLOCHE: PERATURAN DI RIMBA SEMAI**
By Sharina Saad, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 04 THE ALPHABET SOUP OF STEREOCHEMISTRY**
By Ibtisam Abdul Wahab, Faculty of Pharmacy, UiTM Selangor Branch, Puncak Alam Campus
- 08 APLIKASI PENDEKATAN “MINI-BRICKS” DAN STEM DALAM MENARIK MINAT GENERASI MUDA KE ARAH BIDANG KEJURUTERAAN**
By Norizzati Ibrahim, College of Engineering, School of Civil Engineering, UiTM Campus Pasir Gudang, Johor
- 09 EVERYONE NEEDS A SUPERHERO**
By Razanawati Nordin¹, Marzlin Marzuki², Izza Syahida Abdul Karim, Academy of Language Studies, Faculty of Accountancy, College of Creative Arts, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 12 THE NEW IDEA OF COMMERCIAL SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT OF GULA APONG LANGKAU OUTLET**
By Siti Hamidah Abdul Hamid, Jabatan Bangunan, Kolej Pengajian Alam Bina UiTM Cawangan Sarawak, Kampus Samarahan 1
- 14 DOING AND SAYING SOMETHING THAT YOU DID NOT MEAN TO ...**
By Professor Dr Angeline Ranjethamoney Vijayarajoo, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Negeri Sembilan Branch, Seremban Campus
- 15 A LITTLE BUDDY WHO IS THE LIFE TEACHER**
By Nur Asyrani Che Ismail, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 16 GO BACK TO AFRICA!**
By Norliza Che Mustafa, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 17 MEMOIR TERAKHIR**
By Mohamad Rahizam Abdul Rahim, Faculty of Sports Science & Recreation, UiTM Shah Alam
- 19 12 WONDERFUL YEARS OF #THEMISSANDKIDS**
By Wan Nurul Basirah Wan Mohamad Noor, Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Kelantan Branch
- 21 友達 (FRIEND)**
By Adam Zafry Zaharin, Kolej Mara Kuala Nerang
- 23 PAK PANDEH**
By Afina Nazira Afnizul, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Selangor
- 25 THE DARK VOID**
By Arrominy Haji Arabi, Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Sarawak Branch
- 27 CINDY**
By Dzeelfa Zainal Abidin, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Negeri Sembilan
- 28 THE REVENGE CHIMERA**
By Fatihah Hashim, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam

- 30 HERS**
By Iffah Insyrah Mohd Zarali, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Melaka
- 32 SOUL WITNESS**
By Maryam Azizan, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 34 AKU – VIRUS COVID-19**
By Mohd Izani Othman (DR.), Faculty of Pharmacy, UiTM Pulau Pinang, Bertam Branch
- 36 BUNGA ANEH DAN SEBUAH KEHIDUPAN**
By Nurhafizah Ali, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Terengganu
- 37 WHAT?!**
By Ong Elly, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Perak, Tapah Branch
- 38 A LONGED VACATION**
By Siti Husniah Husin, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Dengkil
- 40 A WITNESS**
By Siti Husniah Husin, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Dengkil
- 42 SECRET LOVE**
By Siti Husniah Husin, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Dengkil
- 43 ABAH**
By Siti Norfatimah Ismail, Fakulti Sains Kesihatan, UiTM Cawangan Selangor
- 45 CHATGPT: SAY YES OR NO?**
By Hajah Aishah Haji Othman, Pusat Tingkatan Enam, SMK Keladi, Kulim, Kedah
- 47 SEBUAH PENGAJARAN DAN KESEDARAN**
By Arrominy Haji Arabi, Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Sarawak Branch
- 48 忆北京留学之食篇**
By 朱锦芳Choo Kim Fong, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Johor Kampus Segamat
- 49 ARE WE LIVING IN THE AGE OF DIGITAL DYSTOPIA?**
By Dr Sheikh Ali Azzran, Fakulti Senibina, Perancangan dan Ukur, UiTM Shah Alam
- 51 “THREE DECADES OF DEAD POETS SOCIETY”**
By Faiza Rostam Affendi, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Pahang
- 53 THE WAY OF LIFE**
By Haslina Hassan, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 55 播茶飘香 (THE FRAGRANCE OF LEICHA)**
By Loh Siaw San, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Sarawak
- 56 CURRENT TRENDS OF TRAVEL AGENCY**
By Mashita Abdul Jabar, Faculty of Hotel and Tourism Management, UiTM Melaka Branch
- 58 NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES**
By Mohd Faisal Abdul Wahab¹, Dr. Azila Azmi², Faculty of Hotel and Tourism, UiTM Pulau Pinang Branch
- 60 PERSONAL ESSAY: WHAT MAKES A GREAT LEADER IN ACADEMIA?
FIVE QUALITIES TO LOOK FOR**
By Muhammad 'Arif Aizat Bin Bashir¹, Ahmad Fauzan Bin Badiuzaman²
Faculty of Hotel and Tourism Management, UiTM Pulau Pinang, Permatang Pauh Campus
- 61 THE JOURNEY: AM I CAPABLE?**
By Natasha Zuhaimi, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Pahang Branch, Kampus Raub

- 63** (阅读乐-乐阅读) **THE JOY OF READING**
By Ng Set Foong, College of Computing, Informatics and Media,
UiTM Johor Branch, Pasir Gudang Campus
- 64** **WHATSAPP: BILA TEKNOLOGI KUASAI DUNIA PEMBELAJARAN**
By Noorliza Zainol¹, Norrina Din², Muhammad Azli Razali³,
Faculty of Hotel and Tourism Management, UiTM Pulau Pinang
- 66** **SEHARIAN MENUNGGU RAWATAN: TIGA CERITA SATU WAJAH**
By Noorliza Zainol¹, Mohd Farizan Mohd Saad@Zakaria²
Fakulti Pengurusan Hotel dan Pelancongan, UiTM Pulau Pinang¹, Kursus Penyediaan
dan Pembuatan Makanan, Sekolah Menengah Pendidikan Khas Vokasional Merbok, Kedah²
- 67** **GRATITUDE: A LOSING VIRTUE**
By Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 68** **OPENING DOORS TO ENGLISH LANGUAGE LEARNING
BY FOSTERING STUDENTS' INTEREST**
By Nuruladilah Mohamed¹, Nurhafizah Ali, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu Branch¹
- 69** **WHY WE SHOULD LEARN THE MALAY LANGUAGE**
By Piermauro Catarinella, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 71** **"PENSYARAH PEMBULUH DARAH PEMBENTUKKAN MAHASISWA BERJAYA"**
Dr Sheikh Ali Azzran¹, Dr Farrah Zuhaira Ismail, Fakulti Senibina, Perancangan dan Ukur, UiTM Shah Alam¹
- 73** **RAWAT DENGAN JURNAL AL-QURAN**
By Zareen Zulkifli, Fakulti Perladangan dan Agroteknologi, UiTM Cawangan Melaka, Kampus Jasin
- 74** **THIS IS UNIVERSITY LIFE**
By Afifah Fadhlullah, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Melaka Branch
- 75** **THE CHAOS**
By Amri Muaz Azminurad, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 76** **THE LADY IN THE ATTIC**
By Amri Muaz Azminurad, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 77** **KEHILANGAN**
By Amri Muaz Azminurad, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 78** **BUTIR-BUTIR CATUR**
By Afifah Othman, Unit Undang-Undang, Pusat Asasi UiTM Kampus Dengkil
- 79** **LEAVING...**
By Azhani Almuddin (DR.), Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 80** **ANAK ITU**
By Derwina Daud, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Johor, Kampus Segamat
- 82** **FINAL DESTINATION**
By Emma Marini Abd Rahim, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu, Dungun Campus
- 83** **HARAPAN MASA HADAPAN**
By Emma Marini Abd Rahim, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Terengganu, Kampus Dungun
- 84** **SAY CHEESE...!**
By Ernie Rozaini Sulaiman (DR.), Unit Kesihatan, UiTM Selangor Branch, Puncak Perdana Campus
- 85** **IN BETWEEN MATTERS**
By F Peter G. Frncis, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Perak, Seri Iskandar Campus

- 86 AWAKE**
By Fairuz Ramli¹, Ruqaiyah Ab Rahim², Siti Norhadibah Azman (DR.)³,
Faculty of Business and Management, & Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus
- 87 DAMNATION OF HOLLOW**
By Fairuz Ramli¹, Ruqaiyah Ab Rahim², Siti Norhadibah Azman (DR.)³,
Faculty of Business and Management, & Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus
- 88 HERE WE ARE**
By Fairuz Ramli¹, Madiha Badrol Kamar², Razieman Mohd Yusoff³
Faculty of Business and Management, & Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus
- 89 SCRIPTURE OF LIFE**
By Fairuz Ramli¹, Madiha Badrol Kamar², Razieman Mohd Yusoff³
Faculty of Business and Management, & Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus
- 90 AN EDUCATOR**
By Faizah Baharudin, Academy of Language Studies, Foundation Centre UiTM Dengkil
- 91 FOR A SOUL LIKE YOURS**
By Fathiyah Ahmad @ Ahmad Jali, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 92 A MEMORIAL FOR NATURE**
By Fatimah Hashim, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 93 I COULDN'T REMEMBER**
By Hanna Insyirah Mohd Sukri, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 94 THIS FRIEND**
By Haslina Hassan, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 95 COME AND GO**
By Hazrati Zaini, Fakulti Sains dan Matematik, UiTM Cawangan Melaka, Kampus Jasin
- 96 RAGAM MANUSIA**
By Hikmah Kamarudin, Kolej Pengajian Alam Bina, UiTM Shah Alam
- 97 CHATTING WITH CHATGPT: A WRITER'S MUSE**
By Ho Chui Chui, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 98 DIARI HIDUP**
By Ho Wee Chee (PM)¹, Teo Ai Min, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 99 HANYA BERKONGSI...**
By Ilham Alia Mat Isa, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 100 MAMA**
By Izlin Mohamad Ghazali, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 101 A DREAM OF A STAR**
By Nor Zerina Johanudin¹, Juritah Misman, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Alor Gajah Melaka
- 102 SUARA HATI ANAK RANTAU**
By Khairunnisa Mohd Daud, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 103 SINAR**
By Malissasahila Abdul Manap, Faculty of Hotel and Tourism Management, UiTM Terengganu, Dungun Campus
- 104 THE JOURNEY**
By Masliza Mat Zali, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu Branch

- 105 A WITCHES' BREW**
By Mia Emily Abdul Rahim, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu, Dungun Campus
- 106 FOR WHEN DISASTER STRIKES, NATIONS UNITE**
By Mia Emily Abdul Rahim, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu, Dungun Campus
- 107 JOURNEY**
By Mirrah Diyana Maznun, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Perak Branch
- 109 GUNUNG SUCI**
By Mohamad Safwat Ashahri Mohd Salim, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Perak
- 110 PARADE OF PRETENSE**
By Mohd Akhimullah Mohd Razi, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Perak Branch
- 111 35**
By Mohd Hafriz Bin Abdul Hamid, Education/TESL Department, UiTM Puncak Alam Campus
- 112 KOTA BULATAN ITU**
By Mohd Nur Fitri Mohd Salim, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Negeri Sembilan, Kampus Seremban
- 113 ABOVE ALL...STOP WAITING!**
By Mohd Samsuri Ghazali (DR.)¹, Zuriani Hj Yaacob², Faculty of Business and Management, & Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Pahang Branch, Raub Campus
- 114 الْحَيَاة (KEHIDUPAN)**
By Muhamad Khairul Anuar Zulkepli, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Kedah
- 115 HAVE FAITH AND DON'T QUIT: BATTLE OF MEDICAL STUDENTS**
By Nasibah Azme (DR.), Faculty of Medicine, UiTM Sungai Buloh Campus
- 116 IF ONLY**
By Noli Maishara Nordin¹, Roslan Sadjirin², Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, & Kolej Pengajian Pengkomputeran, Informatik & Media, UiTM Cawangan Pahang, Kampus Raub
- 117 A PLACE IN THE MEANTIME**
By Noor Fazzriene JZ Nun Ramlan, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Perak Branch
- 119 BEAU IDÉAL**
By Noor Shariena Binti Zaraini, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 120 SAFETY NET**
By Noor Shariena Binti Zaraini, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 121 AT 4 AM**
By Noorfarida Filzah bt Mohd Sobri Paridaluddin, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 122 A TEH AIS STORY**
By Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Kedah
- 123 MY UITM KIDS**
By Nor Azyyati Md Saad, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 124 SNOOZE**
By Nor Eleyana Abdullah, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 125 FLOWERS**
Nor Elyzatul Akma Hamdan, Department of Clinical Pharmacy, Faculty of Pharmacy, UiTM Selangor Branch, Puncak Alam Campus

- 126 WHY, PERHAPS...**
By Nor Fadzlina Nawi, Faculty of Law, Foundation Centre UiTM Dengkil
- 127 BEST BUDDY**
By Nordibradini Selamat, Faculty of Information Management, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 128 PANTUN EMPAT KERAT**
By Norizzati Binti Ibrahim, School of Civil Engineering, College of Engineering, UiTM Pasir Gudang Johor
- 129 MENCICIT RINDU**
By Norzie Diana Baharum, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Pahang
- 130 HIDUP MUFAKAT, MASYARAKAT SEJAHTERA**
By Nurhafizah Ali, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Terengganu
- 131 KEBESARAN-MU ILAHI**
By Nur Anisah Tan binti Abdullah (PM), Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 132 THIS TOO WILL PASS**
By Nur Liyana Johari, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 133 COLLAPSE**
By Nur Asyikeen Kamarudin¹, Nurin Batrisyia Wadihah Mohd Razi, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Melaka
- 134 UNCERTAINTY**
By Nurul Liya Saffura Rostam, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 135 THE GIRL NAMED NAEYLA**
By Nuruladilah Mohamed, Academy Of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu
- 136 LIVING TO DIE – STOP AND PONDER**
By Peck-Leong Tan, Arshad Ayub Graduate Business School, UiTM Shah Alam
- 137 HARGAILAH KEINDAHAN ALAM**
By Rasdi Deraman, Pusat Pengajian Kejuruteraan Mekanikal, UiTM Cawangan Pulau Pinang
- 138 EPILOG MASA**
By Razif Dasiman, Faculty of Health Sciences, UiTM Cawangan Selangor
- 139 WATER**
By Razifa Mohd Razlan, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Terengganu Branch, Dungun Campus
- 140 KASUT**
By Shahriza Ilyana Ramli, Faculty of Administrative Science & Policy Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 141 JULIET'S TRAGEDY**
By Sharina Saad, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
- 142 PENGUSIK RASA PERLIS**
By Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin, Fakulti Sains Gunaan, UiTM Cawangan Perlis
- 143 SENI UMAI HADIAH SAMUDERA**
By Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin, Fakulti Sains Gunaan, UiTM Cawangan Perlis
- 144 HEMPASAN REALITI**
By Shuhaini Samsudin, Faculty of Business Management, UiTM Puncak Alam, Selangor
- 145 IBU....KASIH MU KE SYURGA**
By Simah Md Noor, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam

- 146 REMINISCING THE LOVE**
By Siti Noor Waheeda Hasanudin, Unit Bahasa, Kolej Tingkatan Enam Desa Mahkota, Kuala Lumpur
- 147 ANTARES SUPERNOVA**
By Siti Raba'ah Abdul Razak, College of Creative Arts, Graphic Design and Digital Media Department, UiTM Cawangan Selangor
- 148 TEARS OF PEARLS**
By Siti Raba'ah Abdul Razak, College of Creative Arts, Graphic Design and Digital Media Department, UiTM Cawangan Selangor
- 149 OCEANS OF RECKONING**
By Siti Sarah Roselan, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 150 5 YEARS**
By Syairah Fakhruddin, Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
- 151 HAMBA SEORANG PENDAKI**
By Wan Nordini Hasnor Wan Ismail, Fakulti Farmasi, UiTM Cawangan Pulau Pinang, Kampus Bertam
- 152 COLD NOISE**
By Wan Nurul Izzati Wan Muhammad Zulkifli, College Of Creative Arts, UiTM Perak Branch
- 153 MONDAY TO FRIDAY**
By Wani Nurfahani Mohd Sapuan, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 154 WE'LL WAIT**
By Wani Nurfahani Mohd Sapuan, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
- 155 A POETIC ODE TO GUNONG**
By Warid Mihat, Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Kelantan
- 156 KETAHUILAH**
By Yuslinda Mat Yassin (DR.), Zaliffah Abdul Wahab, Pusat Pengajian Komunikasi dan Media, UiTM Shah Alam
- 157 MENGEJAR ANGKA**
By Zainal Kifli Abdul Razak (Ts), Pusat Pengajian Sains, UiTM Cawangan Pahang, Kampus Jengka
- 158 BISIK REMBULAN**
By Zarifah Mohd Zain, Faculty of Hotel & Tourism Management, UiTM Cawangan Pulau Pinang
- 159 WHISPER OF WAVES**
By Zuriani Hj Yaacob¹, Mohd Samsuri Ghazali (DR.), Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, & Fakulti Pengurusan dan Perniagaan, UiTM Cawangan Pahang, Kampus Raub

Epitome: The Power of Words

*Dr. Nur Syazwanie Mansor
Chief Editor*

In “Epitome”, our very first book,
We’ve gathered tales that make us look,
At life through lenses new and fresh,
Thanks to the authors’ boundless zest.

We’re grateful for their contributions,
Their time and talent, their solutions,
For sharing with us their creative spark,
And helping us embark on this wondrous arc.

The reviewers too, deserve a round,
For their keen eyes and feedback profound,
Your undivided duty bolstered us grow,
To create a book that truly glows.

To the committee members, with your support,
Managed us every step of the sort,
Your wisdom and guidance, invaluable,
And I thank them for being able

We also extend our gratitude to our bosses,
Whose approval and support made this project come across,
Their trust in us bring this book to fruition,
Was the driving force behind our motivation.

So, thank you all, for making this possible,
For helping us produce an Epitome, so incredible,
We hope you enjoy this publication,
And stay with us on our next creative exploration.

KISAH HANTU TERLOCHE: PERATURAN DI RIMBA SEMAI

Sharina Saad

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
sharina854@uitm.edu.my

Play: The Rules of The Jungle (Malay Version)

Pencerita:

Sejak zaman dahulu kala, orang Semai yang pergi ke hutan takut akan semangat hutan yang merupakan sejenis hantu yang akan menyerupai seperti seekor harimau yang amat garang. Hantu hutan yang diberi nama Terloche ini akan menyerang mereka yang tidak menghormati dan mematuhi peraturan di rimba. Masyarakat Semai yang suka bersikap acuh tidak acuh dan tidak taat kepada peraturan semasa memburu di hutan ini akan menjadi mangsanya.

Terdapat beberapa pantang larang yang perlu dipatuhi oleh orang Semai sewaktu berada di rimba. Peraturan pertama adalah menjaga percakapan. Kaum Semai sangat berhati-hati untuk tidak bercakap besar dan berkata-kata yang kurang sopan dan tidak begitu lancang ketika berbicara sewaktu mereka berada di dalam hutan. Peraturan yang kedua pula mereka akan sangat berhati-hati untuk tidak melangkah atau memijak najis binatang di dalam hutan. Peraturan ketiga bagi masyarakat Semai adalah jika mereka yang pergi ke hutan tidak boleh makan sisa makanan harimau seperti babi atau kambing. Tiga peraturan ini sering disampaikan kepada anak-anak muda yang pergi memburu bersama-sama rakan.

Namun, jika masyarakat Semai secara tidak sengaja termakan sisa makanan, akan ada pantang larang lain yang harus mereka ikuti seperti mereka tidak dibenarkan melihat cermin semasa makan, tidak dibenarkan membunuh kutu rambut dan juga tidak dibenarkan makan katak. Pantang larang ini perlulah dilakukan supaya mereka tidak dimurkai oleh semangat hutan yang bernama Terloche dan mendapat kesusahan.

Terloche merupakan hantu yang menjaga dan memelihara hutan belantara di pergunungan yang didiami oleh masyarakat Semai. Disebabkan mereka tinggal di hutan, peraturan rimba ini merupakan peraturan yang tidak bertulis untuk memastikan orang Semai menghormati hutan dan kesejahteraannya. Hutan adalah sumber makanan, hutan merupakan sumber kelangsungan hidup kaum mereka. Di hutan inilah anak-anak mereka belajar menjadi pemburu hebat dan bersaing untuk menjadi pahlawan Semai. Masyarakat Semai sangat mematuhi pantang larang nenek moyang mereka terhadap alam sekitar. Orang-orang Semai juga percaya bahawa ada beberapa roh di hutan rimba yang selalu mengawasi dan memerhatikan mereka setiap kali mereka berada di hutan. Dalam kisah Terloche ini apa yang boleh dipelajari adalah setiap individu harus merendah diri setiap kali berburu di hutan. Setiap individu juga harus menjaga setiap tingkah laku dan juga kata-katanya.

Sekarang, mari kita saksikan sebuah kisah peraturan di rimba yang bertajuk Hantu Terloche.

(Pencerita)

Tubuh Bah Luit yang tidak sedarkan diri telah dibawa ke rumah Tok Halak untuk dukun Semai itu menyembuhkannya. Jasad Bah Luit telah dirasuki oleh roh Terloche ketika dia pergi berburu di hutan bersama rakan-rakannya. Di rumah Tok Halak diadakan upacara sewang untuk menyembuhkan Bah Luit. Tok Halak dan orang-orang tua Semai berusaha menyembuhkannya. Tarian sewang untuk tujuan rawatan amat rumit dan melelahkan. Ia akan berlangsung sehari-hari sehingga pesakit tersebut pulih.

Ibu Bah Luit: Tok Batin, Tok Halak! Tolong bantu anakku Bah Luit... Bah Luit...(Ibu Bah Luit menangis tersedu-sedu sambil menyebut nama anaknya)

Tok Batin: Siapa awak? Awak dari mana? (Tok batin cuba berinteraksi dengan roh hantu Terloche.)

Terloche : Ha Ha Ha. Aku Terloche. Akulah semangat hutan. Akulah raja di hutan.

Tok Batin: Beraninya kamu Terloche! Kamu telah mengganggu cucu saya Bah Luit.

Terloche : Ha Ha Ha (Ketawa) Anak lelaki ini telah menceroboh wilayahku. Jadi, dia harus menanggung akibatnya (ketawa).

Tok Batin: Apa yang telah dia lakukan hingga menjadi punca kemarahan kamu? Dia masih anak kecil. Keluarlah dari badan Bah Luit. (Tok Batin cuba berunding dengan Terloche)

Terloche : Dia tidak menghormati alam sekitar. Dia sangat lancang ketika berkata-kata dan bercakap besar ketika berada di tempatku. Dia mengatakan bahawa dia tidak takut akan apa-apa pun di hutan milikku. Kemudian, dia mengambil sisa rusa yang sebenarnya adalah makan malam anakku. Dia adalah kanak-kanak yang rakus dan mesti dihukum!

Tok Batin: Dia hanya budak yang tidak bersalah. Tolong tinggalkan badannya sekarang! (Tok Batin merayu lagi)

Terloche: Oh... tidak... tidak... tidak... tidak... tidak... Dia telah melanggar semua pantang larang. Ketika makan dia melihat cermin, dia membunuh kutu dan juga telah memakan seekor katak besar. Dia mesti bertanggungjawab atau tidak, saya akan mengambil alih badannya seperti bagaimana dia mengambil rusa itu.

Ibu Bah Luit: Tidak ... tidak ... saya tidak percaya. Bah Luit anakku tidak seperti itu. Dia tidak melakukan semua itu. Dia tidak melihat cermin semasa makan, dia tidak membunuh kutu dan dia tidak makan katak. Tolong selamatkan anakku!

Tok Batin: Hmm.... jadi, apa yang mesti kami lakukan sekarang agar kamu meninggalkan tubuhnya? Aku perlu menyembuhkan Bah Luit!

Terloche : (Ketawa) Itu adalah soalan yang bagus. Kamu mesti gantikan setimpal dengan apa yang telah diambil. Apa yang diambilnya mesti dikembalikan berganda ganda. (ketawa).

Tok Batin: Bilakah dan bagaimana kami harus melakukannya?

Terloche : Kamu mesti meletakkan rusa di tempat yang sama ketika dia mengambil rusa sebelum bulan purnama berikutnya. Sekiranya kamu gagal, seluruh kampung ini akan ku sumpah. (Ketawa)

Tok Batin: Tunggu dulu Terloche. Biar aku berbincang dengan sukuku dahulu. Terloche aku mohon , jangan kau seksa dan sakiti anak ini lagi.

Terloche : Dia tidak akan sedarkan diri sehingga kamu membuat keputusan. Cepat kamu bertindak. Masa terus berjalan.

(Pencerita)

Beberapa orang tua Semai memulakan perbincangan. Akhirnya, Tok Batin menawarkan diri untuk memberi dua ekor rusa sebagai pampasan untuk nyawa Bah Luit. Terloche akhirnya membebaskan tubuh Bah Luit.

Kisah Terloche disampaikan kepada generasi muda oleh orang-orang tua Semai sebagai peringatan. Tok Batin menasihati orang-orang Semai dan kanak-kanak agar berhati-hati ketika mereka berada di hutan pada masa akan datang. Dia menekankan pentingnya mematuhi peraturan hutan kepada masyarakat Semai. Oleh itu, dari kisah ini, terdapat pengajaran yang perlu dipelajari dan peraturan yang harus dipatuhi. Sekiranya tidak, hantu Terloche akan datang dan menghantui anda.

Cerita Asal Hantu Terloche dikisahkan oleh Batin Bah Sermo dan ditulis semula ke dalam Bahasa Melayu oleh Puan Sharina Saad seorang penyelidik Kajian Kisah dongeng kaum Asli Semai.

THE ALPHABET SOUP OF STEREOCHEMISTRY


Ibtisam Abdul Wahab

Faculty of Pharmacy, Universiti Teknologi MARA, Cawangan Selangor, Kampus Puncak Alam
ibtisam@uitm.edu.my

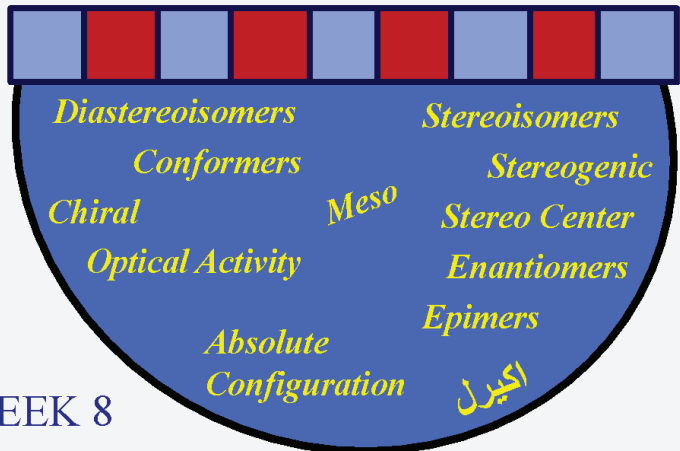
The concept of alphabet soup was applied in various teaching and research areas. For example, Dinman (2007) commented on the impact of the alphabet soup of chemotherapy in pharmacy practices. Meanwhile, synthetic methods for porphyrins were akin to stirring a soup, in the preparation of variously substituted compounds (Senge, 2011). In a medical curriculum, alphabet soup should be used with care (Finn, et al. 2021). Ignorance would often result in wrongly defined acronyms. In UiTM pharmacy program, a stereochemistry word soup (Figure 1) was presented virtually to the pharmacy undergraduates, before the lecture delivery on the topic. Stereochemistry is about the

three-dimensional representation of chemicals such as drug molecules (Parsons, 2014; Clark et al. 2020). It was offered to First Year students in a core subject of Fundamentals of Pharmaceutical Organic Chemistry (PHC414). A two-hour session is dedicated to discuss the geometry of organic compounds. The soup was illustrated as a bowl, accompanied by a spoon, and contained twelve words, related to the topic. The words were placed randomly and include the following terms: "Absolute Configuration", "Achiral (written in Jawi)", "Chiral", "Conformers", "Diastereoisomers", "Enantiomers", "Epimers", "Meso", "Optical Activity", "Stereo Center", "Stereogenic" and "Stereoisomers".

Choose three (3) words in the Alphabet Soup of Stereochemistry and email their definitions to ibtisam@uitm.edu.my



ATTENDANCE



WEEK 8

Figure 1: The Alphabet Soup of Stereochemistry

Two students' cohorts (September 2020 and 2021 intakes) were invited to choose three words in that alphabet soup (Figure 1). Those words were presented at the start of the final series of the stereochemistry lecture of the PHC414 course, in the eighth week of the semester. There were 174 and 176 students, sequentially from 2020 and 2021 enrolments. They were asked to email the words' definitions to the lecturer-in-charge. The activity was part of the class monitoring and attendance. These pharmacists-in-training would also be able to view and construct the molecular structures via ball and stick models (Prentice Hall Molecular Model Set For Organic Chemistry 1983), and computer-aided program (Molview, 2022).

In principle, the students were able to define their own selected words (Figure 2). For instance, the majority of 2021 students (96%)

gave their responses for the lecture task, by Week 11. The definitions are in line with the explanation given in the course reference and textbook (Gareth, 1996; Dewick, 2006; Sarker, et al. 2019). Some definitions were provided or explained in more than one way, as observed in "Epimer" (Table 1). Some students were required to resubmit their definition of "Meso" since they literally gave the answer as "intermediate / middle", which is not complete and not according to the topic. It is a scientific matter concerning stereochemistry, not an issue of semantics, as experienced by Finn et al. (2021). The concerns about the language of chemistry were thoroughly discussed (Gal, 2019). In short, such word display would encourage the students to gather information with regards to the three-dimensional representation of chemicals and drug molecules.

Dear Humaira Fatini ❤️😊, thank you very much for the effort & attention to this topic👍

Stereoisomers → molecules with same molecular formula, same structural formula, same connectivity but different arrangements in space

Chiral → ④ different atoms/group attached to a carbon atom

Enantiomers → stereoisomers that are mirror images of each other and are optically active

The words in the soup that are to be defined, are actually both : "Absolute configuration", not only "configuration" 😊

96% responses for lecture task, received by Week 11 - 6/1/2022

When you define a conformer as a form of a compound having a particular molecular conformation, then, what's a molecular conformation 😊?

Figure 2: An example of student's interaction via Jamboard, a digital whiteboard, offered by Google

Table 1: The list of definitions, gathered from students

No	Words	Definitions
1	Absolute Configuration	Absolute configuration in stereochemistry is the arrangement of atoms or groups of atoms that is described independent of any other atom or group atoms in the molecule.
2	Achiral	The condition of which the object is superimposable on its mirror image.
3	Chiral	A character of a molecule or ion that cannot be superposed on its mirror image.
4	Conformers	Conformers are isomers of a molecule that differs from another isomer by the rotation of a single bond in the molecule.
5	Diastereoisomers	Stereoisomers that are not mirror images of each other
6	Enantiomers	Stereoisomers that are mirror images of each other, optically active.
7	Epimers	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Epimers are diastereomers that contain more than one chiral centre but differ from each other in the absolute configuration at only one chiral centre, or• each of two isomers with different configurations of atoms about one or several asymmetric carbon atoms present in the molecule, or• either one of two stereoisomers that differ in the arrangement of groups on a single asymmetric carbon atom (such as the first chiral centre of a sugar's carbon chain).
8	Meso	Meso is an achiral compound that has chiral centres. It contains two or more identical substituted stereo centres.
9	Optical Activity	The property, displayed by solutions of some compounds, notably many sugars, of rotating the plane of polarization of plane-polarized light.
10	Stereo Centre	Stereo centre is any point in a molecule, though not necessarily an atom, bearing different substituents, such that interchanging any two substituents leads to a stereoisomer.
11	Stereogenic	The centre, axis or plane that is a focus of stereoisomerism.
12	Stereoisomers	Stereoisomers are isomers that have the same connectivity but different arrangement of atoms in space.

REFERENCES

Clark, A., Kitson, R., Mistry, N., Taylor, P., Taylor, M., Lloyd, M., & Akamune, C. (2020). *Introduction to Stereochemistry* (1st ed.). Royal Society of Chemistry.

Dewick, P. (2006). *Essentials of Organic Chemistry for Students of Pharmacy, Medicinal Chemistry and Biological Chemistry*, 1st Edition, John Wiley & Sons.

Dinman, S. (2007). The alphabet soup of chemotherapy. *Plastic Surgical Nursing*, 27(3), 173-175.

Finn, G. M., Ballard, W., Politis, M. & Brown, M. E. L. (2021). It's not alphabet soup – supporting the inclusion of inclusive queer curricula in medical education. *The British Student Doctor*, 5(2), 27-37.

Gal, J. (2019). Louis Pasteur, Chemical Linguist: Founding the Language of Stereochemistry. *Helvetica Chimica Acta*, 102, e1900098. doi:10.1002/hlca.201900098

Gareth, T. (1996). *Chemistry For Pharmacy and The Life Sciences Including Pharmacology and Biomedical Sciences*, Ellis Horwood Ltd. Molview (version 2.4), <https://molview.org>, accessed on 12th June 2022.

Parsons, A. F. (2014). *Keynotes in Organic Chemistry*, 2nd Edition, John Wiley & Sons. Prentice Hall Molecular Model Set For Organic

Chemistry (1983), 2nd Edition, Pearson.

Sarker, S. & Nahar, L. (2019). *Chemistry for Pharmacy Students: General, Organic and Natural Product Chemistry*, 2nd Edition, John Wiley & Sons.

Senge, M. O. (2011). Stirring the porphyrin alphabet soup—functionalization reactions for porphyrins. *Chem. Commun.*, 47, 1943–1960.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author would like to thank both 19th and 20th students' cohorts of Faculty of Pharmacy, UiTM, for their participation.

APLIKASI PENDEKATAN “MINI-BRICKS” DAN STEM DALAM MENARIK MINAT GENERASI MUDA KE ARAH BIDANG KEJURUTERAAN

Norizzati Binti Ibrahim

College of Engineering, School of Civil Engineering, Universiti Teknologi Mara,
Campus Pasir Gudang, Johor
izzati6752@uitm.edu.my

Industri pembinaan di Malaysia merupakan salah satu industri yang memangkin ekonomi negara agar dapat bersaing di peringkat global sejajar dengan perkembangan teknologi pada masa kini. Namun demikian, penurunan terhadap minat generasi muda sebagai pemacu negara ke arah bidang kejuruteraan adalah amat membimbangkan. Bayangkan sekiranya permasalahan ini berlanjutan, tiada lagi generasi muda tempatan yang akan berkhidmat sebagai jurutera di Malaysia pada masa 10 tahun yang akan datang, dimana negara terpaksa mengimport pakar-pakar kejuruteraan dari negara-negara maju yang lain. Statistik penurunan ini dilihat berdasarkan kajian-kajian menerusi kaji-selidik dan sesi temubual yang dijalankan di beberapa buah sekolah di peringkat menengah, rendah dan pra-sekolah.

Pada permulaan kajian, hampir keseluruhan pelajar-pelajar dari pelbagai peringkat umur menzahirkan perasaan tidak berminat untuk meneruskan pengajian dalam bidang kejuruteraan di peringkat institusi pengajian tinggi sejurus tamat persekolahan di peringkat Menengah. Generasi-generasi muda menzahirkan perasaan takut yang menganggap kursus kejuruteraan adalah agak mencabar kerana sifat kursus, yang dianggap "kursus sukar." Pemikiran negatif ini lahir kerana kurang pendedahan di peringkat sekolah menyebabkan pelajar-pelajar tidak dapat membayangkan penggunaan kejuruteraan dalam kehidupan harian mereka.

Oleh yang demikian, pendedahan awal kepada generasi muda telah dijalankan menerusi program penciptaan bangunan-bangunan dengan aplikasi “Mini-Bricks” dan pendedahan Sains, Teknologi dan Matematik (STEM). Pada permulaan program, pelajar akan diberi pendedahan berkaitan bidang kejuruteraan dan STEM. Kemudiannya, pelajar-pelajar akan membuat aktiviti pembinaan secara praktikal menerusi pembinaan bangunan-bangunan

dengan menggunakan “Mini-Bricks”. Pelajar-pelajar perlu mereka cipta model bangunan yang kukuh dan paling menarik dengan menggunakan “Mini-Bricks” yang dibekalkan dan bahan pelekat bangunan yang diperbuat dari “Cassava”. Mini-Bricks diperbuat dari tanah liat yang telah dibentuk menjadi batu-bata dengan saiz yang kecil (3cm panjang x 1 cm lebar x 1 cm tinggi) berbanding saiz bata yang digunakan dalam realiti alam pembinaan yang selamat untuk digunakan oleh semua peringkat umur dan lebih ekonomis. Mini-Brick ini telah diolah bagi menggantikan permainan lego kerana pelajar-pelajar dapat mempelajari asas pembinaan bangunan dari bata dan bahan pelekat berbanding permainan lego. Kemudian, pelajar-pelajar telah dibekalkan dengan rod kayu yang diperbuat dari buluh untuk dijadikan replika jambatan bagi program STEM yang seterusnya. Pita pelekat dan benang diberikan untuk mengikat struktur jambatan, dimana pelajar-pelajar perlu mereka-cipta jambatan yang paling cantik serta kukuh. Setelah kerja-kerja pembinaan replika jambatan dibuat, beban (100gram dan 1kg) digunakan bagi menguji tahap kekukuhan jambatan yang dibina.

Hasil dari program STEM yang berlangsung, pelajar-pelajar dapat meningkatkan kemahiran rekacipta kejuruteraan bangunan serta jambatan yang lebih unik serta kukuh serta dapat mempelajari teknik-teknik pembinaan dalam realiti. Hasil akhir mendedahkan peningkatan yang amat ketara terhadap minat generasi muda dari pelbagai peringkat umur (6 tahun sehingga 17 tahun) dari peratusan 8% kepada 95% ke arah bidang kejuruteraan. Oleh yang demikian, aplikasi serta pendekatan “Mini-Bricks” serta STEM menunjukkan keberkesanan kerana ia mampu mengubah persepsi generasi muda untuk lebih berminat dalam bidang kejuruteraan dan seterusnya dapat melahirkan jurutera-jurutera yang boleh memandu pembinaan Malaysia di masa depan.

EVERYONE NEEDS A SUPERHERO

Razanawati Nordin¹, Marzlin Marzuki², Izza Syahida Abdul Karim³

Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA, Kedah¹

Faculty of Accountancy, Universiti Teknologi MARA, Kedah²

College of Creative Arts, Universiti Teknologi MARA, Kedah³

razanawati@uitm.edu.my

Innovative & Creative Project: The Superhero Box

The year was 2021 when COVID-19 shoved us ruthlessly behind our cold walls. The whole world shut down, and we were not allowed to roam and conquer the world. Millions had died and were inflicted with the lethal virus. It struck us hard not only in our health and economy system but also in our education system. All schools were forced to shut down physically for months, and the teaching and learning progress was immediately withdrawn. When the Ministry of Education announced that teaching and learning must resume, virtual classes are introduced. It was an enormous transformation when we switched the teaching mode from face-to-face to online. Teachers, parents, and students had to wrestle wearily with online platforms, gadgets, connectivity, communication, and knowledge. Not only that, but all of us also had to face the battle of managing our mental health during the pandemic. If normal school children were struggling with online classes, just imagine the special needs students must experience.

Being a mother of an autism spectrum disorder (ASD) boy, I observed all my son's online classes and activities. Teachers were talking alone to the screens and my son was hardly communicating with anyone. It was sad to see that class engagement and participation were not optimal. Most communications were distorted, and some instructions were unclear. One question lingered in my mind – how could I boost my son's learning experience? We could do more than this! Let's find a way to boost their motivation and sensory motors while learning online. So, I proposed an innovative idea to my son's teacher and my team members, and we decided to introduce the Superhero Box.

Superhero Box is a toolbox containing selected items to help special needs students study at

home during the pandemic. This teaching kit was created through a unique collaboration of instructors, parents, and researchers. Not only that, but these items are carefully consulted, selected, and approved by a Ministry of Education expert Occupational Therapist. The kit's goals are to improve learning experiences through sensory stimulation, to participate in fun and active learning, and to support their emotional well-being. My son and I assembled the first seven boxes for more than two weeks. Our team brainstormed ideas and we selected items in the box so that we can distribute the box to his friends.

Based on our observation, students and parents use the items in the box during online classes. All the kits are selected and guided using the instruction manual during learning activities. Parents and students can follow the instructions, grasp the material, and carry out meaningful home-based activities because the teachers upload the videos to YouTube. The instruction manual is one of the most useful and important parts of The Superhero Box to ensure the proper usage of the kits given according to learning activities uploaded on YouTube. It will give a better experience to parents and students to ease the process of teaching and learning. It can be overwhelming for parents to cope with teaching without proper instructions. As for the Superhero box, a wide range of colours and Superhero themes were chosen to attract the main customer - the students. It is important to engage with the learning process and to sustain the focus on learning longer than usual. As the students are easily distracted and lose focus, this is one of the efforts to encourage learning engagement. A variety of selected colours may stimulate students' senses and increases energy in students as well as encourage creativity.

The teacher and students have used this Superhero Box extensively in their teaching and learning tasks for months since its introduction. For example, in a Mathematics class, the instructor used two items from the Superhero Box: dice and fake money. These two items were combined to make an entertaining and engaging activity. In another situation, during an English or Bahasa Melayu classes, the teachers used the same flashcards, ice-cream sticks, colorful beads, furry wires, clothes pegs, and play dough from the box to demonstrate during the online class activities.

Furthermore, the application of this Superhero Box for special needs students was shared with other stakeholders and got overwhelmingly positive feedback. In 2022, for example, officials from the District Education visited this school and class. The teachers gave a live demonstration of how to use this Superhero Box in class. The officers were astounded by the initiative taken by teachers, parents, and students to create novel tools to aid in the delivery of teaching and learning, particularly for those with special needs during the pandemic COVID-19.

It was remarkable to see the effort we put into it. We worked hard happily and pushed ourselves further from writing and presenting a paper, applying copyright for intellectual property (Perbadanan Harta Intelek Malaysia - MyIPO), and submitting for the international invention innovation competition – INDES 2021.

By the end of the year, to our surprise we won not one but multiple awards:

- The best paper Award at the international conference, i-InTeLEC 2021,
- The best design for Education & Special Needs Category at INDES 2021,
- Gold medal award at INDES 2021 and
- People's Choice Award at INDES 2021.

To sum up, this project taught us that hard work pays off, and all challenges are opportunities for us to learn. All you need is a great team and a creative solution. To my son and group members, you are my true superhero.



Our humble brand and poster were created by Izza Syahida.





Our award-winning certificates



Our Copyright application to Perbadanan Harta Intelek Malaysia (MyIPO)

THE NEW IDEA OF COMMERCIAL SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT OF GULA APONG LANGKAU OUTLET

Siti Hamidah Binti Abdul Hamid

Jabatan Bangunan, Kolej Pengajian Alam Bina (KAB) Uitm Cawangan Sarawak,
Kampus Samarahan
hamidah059@uitm.edu.my

Sarawak's famous gula apong or nipa palm sugar comes from the nipa palm tree, which grows abundantly in the coastal areas of Sarawak. Gula apong was traditionally produced and utilized in the coastal villages where sugar was not available and was expensive to come by due to limited road accessibility. It was used in drinks and foods as a sweetener. Unlike refined sugar, gula apong is more natural because it involves minimum processing and no chemicals are added during the process. It contains high amounts of vitamins and minerals hence its popularity increased as a replacement of white and brown sugar.

The production of gula apong requires passion and craftsmanship skill, as the process is very time consuming and labor intensive. Despite the high demand of gula apong, the production area is still in a small cottage called 'langkau'. Langkau or some pronounce it as langko is a processing hut of gula apong where local villagers still practice the traditional processing methods. The business allows rural populations which did not live in or near towns and cities to participate without requiring them to travel to central factories every day. It is considered as a

cottage industry business that is home-based rather than being manufactured in a factory. Therefore, the production process seems to be less efficient and even with a massive number of raw materials, it is impossible for small entrepreneurs to sell their products in a large quantity within a short period of time.

From the observation and survey to two sites of making gula apong (Figure 1 and Figure 2), most of the langkau were in a poor condition in terms of its access road, building structure, building layout, facilities, and even the cleanliness. The langkau which is normally located inside the nipah forest requires sinking deep into the mud journey for those who wanted to reach there. The structure is made of wood and pieces of used board while the roof uses zinc sheets that look leaky and worn. The gula apong making process is conducted in an open space under one roof. With no electricity and gas supply, the producer relies on a simple firewood to cook the gula apong. The tools and equipment used in the trade utilizes traditional techniques and are made of local materials from surrounding areas such as bamboo, firewood, clay stove and coconut shell.



Figure 1:
Langkau condition at
Kg. Pinggan Jaya,
Kuching Sarawak



Figure 2 Langkau condition at Kg. Sri Tajo, Asajaya, Samarahan

There is an area provided to park gula among cooking equipment called 'para' but the condition is also poor and doubtful cleanliness. These problems occur due to the lack of investment and serious assistance from the government for the development of the gula among industry. Small entrepreneurs cannot afford to finance the cost of building a better and perfect langkau. As such poor condition of the workplace, it is not impossible that the younger people are less interested in continuing the industry. There is a possibility that it will diminish over time as other forms of sugar, honey and treacle are available and cheaper in the market.

Thus, the innovative idea is to upgrade the production area of gula among namely langkau, in order to commercialize and upgrade the gula

among industry. The objectives of the project are to identify the sustainable elements to be implemented to langkau construction and to design the new langkau based on the sustainable features identified. This is in line with Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) 11, to invest in renewable energy resources such as solar, wind, rainwater and sustainable local materials such as bamboo, bakau and nipah leaves in building design for sustainable and economical business purposes. The new proposed langkau with sustainable and affordable characteristics is hoped to be used as an example or pilot projects for gula among entrepreneurs to improve the existing langkau. The goal is created with business in mind, providing a pathway for community businesses to lead the charge toward a more sustainable future.

DOING AND SAYING SOMETHING THAT YOU DID NOT MEAN TO.....

Professor Dr Angeline Ranjethamoney Vijayarajoo

Academy of Language Studies UiTM CNS, Seremban Campus
angierv@uitm.edu.my

How many times have you done or said something that you did not mean to? I am sure that we can all recall such times under various situations and contexts.

How many times have you turned on the signal indicator instead of the wiper? Sounds familiar? This could be an example of a genuine short term confusion of the location of these gadgets. This is usually followed by an almost immediate realization and a corrective action. Sometimes, this is caused by driving various vehicles which follow either the Japanese or Continental systems. Most Japanese vehicles come with signal indicators on the right, Continental, on the left. So, when one drives both models, confusion is bound to occur.

Another instance is when we forget to put on our safety belt and the annoying alarm comes on to remind us, in a high, painful pitch to the ear. Then we go "oops, gotta do this though I don't want to...". We then quickly plug in the safety belt. This is an impulsive response to the alarm. On the other hand, I know people who automatically plug in their safety belts as soon as they are seated in the vehicle, as an immediate response to being in that space. So there, we have all kinds of people with all kinds of responses in terms of action or words spoken.

What about the times when we consciously say something that we don't mean. How many times have you said that the bill was 'quite' steep when you actually meant 'very expensive'. This is about language nuances and how we coat the real intention as it makes for a toned down interpretation of expression in communication.

In a similar context, we've heard ourselves say things like 'the food was quite or pretty good', to mean very good with minor flaws. The effect could be similar to the earlier context or it could actually mean good on a scale that does not reach extremely good. So here, interpretation would depend on the context of the speaker. How many times have you said 'no thanks' to an

offer of cake when you really wanted it?. You had hoped for a little persuasion from the other party and if this did not come, you'd kick yourself for saying what you did not mean. If all went as planned, and a continued offer came by, you respond and say 'well, ok..ok...ok....but just a bit ok'. Here is yet another context of - this is not good or healthy for me or my diet but I want it anyway. It is a cheat mechanism that many of us possess which is built in our personality to satisfy our longings without making it obvious and/or reducing our guilt of doing so to the public eye and to ourselves. This 'cheat' mechanism is created to help us feel better about eating something that we know is going to blow our diet, but still makes it 'ok' for that moment. Regrets and guilt may follow later.

Alternatively, some of us genuinely decline an offer of cake, but on persuasion and in order not to offend our host, we respond with 'ok, just a bit then'. So, here, the context is to please our host at a minimal cost to our waist line! Then, there is the situation where you have an unfavorable response to something but you do not wish to state it that way. For example, when a suggestion to go out to a place is given and you are not in favour of it, you may say 'not really' or 'maybe' in a tone of voice that says: No, I don't think so or No, I don't like that place'.

Reasons attributed to this lack of honesty varies from a softening of a negative response to not wanting to displease the person making the suggestion. Hence, language has a wide spectrum of interpretation and various language phrases and vocabulary, together with voice tones and body language, to get the 'intended' message across subtly.

I hope you have enjoyed reading some of my language sharing points and perhaps could think of countless other situations whilst adding more varieties to these shared.

Thank you.

A LITTLE BUDDY WHO IS THE LIFE TEACHER

Nur Asyrani Che Ismail

Academy of Language Studies UiTM Cawangan Shah Alam
nurasyrani@uitm.edu.my

I've always thought that at the age of 25 would be the perfect timing for getting married while building up a good career. Well, the time is just yet to happen. At such age in 2017, I had just completed my master's degree in Applied Linguistics. No luck to find true love so life goes on. The journey continued with my first teaching job in Kedah. That was the time where I got to see my true capabilities in teaching, balancing my life with work and personal time. I enjoyed those so much. I could see myself was very productive and highly committed, giving the best for work. I could still manage going for a travel, experiencing myself working at different places to grow my networks and skills bigger and participating in some committee service activities. One thing left was to pursue my study to a higher level. I gave myself a year before continuing my study to a PhD level. Looking at my ways of handling time and performing work, I was certain to do PhD and even I targeted to finish it in four years time which was to be at least in the mid of 2022.

God's plan is always ultimately unexpected. In early 2022, I got such a beautiful baby boy. Throughout the pregnancy period, I could still able to complete my data analysis which included transcription and documentation of results. What was left was only completing my Chapter 4 and Chapter 5. While I was on maternity leave, I got some time to look at my thesis but my writing was very limited since I had gone through an emergency C-section operation. All I could do was only staring at the data and that's it. I seemed to experience writer's block beyond the critical phase. Nothing could actually come through my mind. So I comforted myself that I should resume my writing once I settled with my confinement.

Once I got back to work after the confinement, I was persistent to continue my work as I used to be. Resuming the thesis writing, continuing my Chapter 4 and joining some activities which were organized by the organization. HOWEVER, these were DREAMS actually. Why dreams? Something that you could only imagine for it and yet the works complied to strive for these were not easy. I could only dream of accomplishing those! I always wonder to myself. What's wrong actually? Where did all of my productivity and consistency in doing work go? Was I the one who should be blamed? While contemplating myself on these, then I heard giggling and saw a beautiful smile coming from my son.

That's the moment where I realized that it's not me for being unproductive. I have changed the priority now to my son, catering for his needs. At this age, attention and care are truly important but I do not totally disregard all of my work. The challenging part is time. My time now has become limited. I can only start doing my work once my baby has gone to sleep. And while he's sleeping, I sleep too! As that's the only time which I can rest too.

Becoming a new mother while you are a full time worker and a student has not been easy. There would require many sacrifices along the way yet I always believe that there are always great outcomes behind. His existence in my life has taught me that; 'it's okay to take some time finishing your writing', 'it's not a crime to take a long rest after a very long day' and 'there will definitely be a reward for your patience and persistence'. Things will just settle for good one day.

So have faith!

GO BACK TO AFRICA!

Norliza Che Mustafa

Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UITM) Shah Alam
norlizamustafa@uitm.edu.my

Here in Malaysia, you can see people smiling everywhere, every day. It was not a novel phenomenon in this multicultural country. A smile is a gift we give to others—family, friends, and even strangers. You could say that smiling is our daily routine. Maybe the smile that we give can lighten up the life of the receivers, elevate their mood and make them happier. We never know, right? What I want to write about is an incident caused by a smile that I encountered a long time ago.

The incident happened when I was studying abroad. I was still green at that time; still young. I just finished my secondary education and enrolled at a university thousands of miles away from home.

It was winter. The day was cold and sombre. I was walking to the university for my morning class. When I arrived at the entrance of the university, I saw an old lady waiting to cross the street. I assumed she was on her way to the market because I saw her holding a small basket. I glanced at her and saw that she was looking my way. I smiled as a greeting, like I did in Malaysia. But little did I know that my small action triggered her. She got angry and pointed her finger at me and shouted, “What are you smiling at?” “Go back to Africa!” Why Africa? Well, only she knew. I had no idea.

To say that I was stupefied was a euphemism because, like I said, I was still quite young at that time. My mind was blank. I couldn’t believe what I just heard. This was the first time in my whole life someone said that to me. And I did nothing. I continued to smile despite feeling shocked and sad at the same time. Luckily, there were no other passers-by around since it was still very early. Nobody saw her getting mad at me. I was thankful for that.

I kept thinking about the incident the whole day. After that, I thought, maybe I shouldn’t smile. Maybe in this country, a smile meant something else. I guessed it was a cultural thing. The things I did in my own country were not necessarily accepted in this country.

And rightfully so; I found out later that in this foreign country you only smiled at someone close to you, either your family or your friends, and not at a stranger. Here, you smiled at a stranger in two different cases. One, if you wanted to flirt with him or her, and two, when you were being sarcastic or making fun of someone. And so the old lady had the right to be angry because she thought I was making fun of her. Without knowing it, my small action hurt her feelings.

In Malaysia, smiling at someone is considered a gift, whereas in this country it was something else. So, on that cold winter morning, I learned about cultural differences. It really opened my eyes. I won’t make the same mistakes again, and I won’t assume all behaviours are equally acceptable around the world. A lesson learned. Not the hard way, but I felt hurt, nevertheless.

What would you do if you were in my situation on that cold winter morning? Would you smile?

MEMOIR TERAKHIR

Mohamad Rahizam Abdul Rahim

Faculty of Sports Science and Recreation Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Shah Alam
rahizamrahim@gmail.com

Aku bergegas pulang ke Alor Setar pada untuk bersama dengan mak di hospital selepas adik perempuan aku maklumkan yang keadaan mak agak kritikal. Baru saja masa Hari Raya minggu lepas aku sekeluarga balik beraya dengan mak. Kebetulan tarikh hari raya jatuh sama dengan hari jadi mak. Kami sempat beli kek hari jadi dan bergambar ramai-ramai dengan mak di bilik wad. Masa tu, mak dah terlantar hampir dua minggu di hospital akibat komplikasi dari sakit buah pinggang dan diabetes tapi pada sesi dialisis baru-baru ini, keadaan mak bertambah teruk, mak terus tidak sedarkan diri selepas itu.

Aku sampai di Alor Setar lebih kurang jam 9 malam dan terus ke hospital. Sebaik saja sampai di wad, aku terus ke katil mak. Melihat keadaan mak dengan segala macam tiub masuk ke tubuh mak dan bersusah payah untuk bernafas melalui tiub yang dimasukkan ke mulut mak, tiba-tiba aku rasa pilu dan hiba sangat, bayangkan insan yang bersusah payah melahirkan aku, membesarkan aku dan menyayangi aku dengan penuh kasih sayang berada dalam keadaan yg sebegitu rupa. Air mata aku tiba-tiba menitis melihat keadaan mak.

Aku terus duduk disisi mak, tatap wajah dan pegang tangan mak. Sesekali aku mencium dahi dan pipi mak. Bapak yang sentiasa ada disisi mak sejak mak dimasukkan ke hospital, kelihatan letih dan penat kerana sepanjang mak berada di wad, bapak tak langsung berenggang dengan mak dan menjaga mak sepanjang masa. Jam dah hampir 12 tengah malam, bapak suruh aku balik ke rumah dulu untuk berehat tapi aku tak sampai hati nak tinggalkan mak. Aku beritahu bapak yang aku akan sama-sama dengan bapak di wad malam tu untuk temankan mak.

Sekali-sekala aku jenguk keadaan mak di katil. Nampak nafas mak agak laju dan sesak. Aku tahu mak berada dalam kesakitan tapi tak dapat nak meluahkan rasa dan mengadu macam yang mak sempat buat semasa hari

raya yg lepas. Masa aku baru sampai tadi, adik perempuan aku, Ela beritahu yang mak terjaga sekejap lepas dos ubat tidur dikurangkan, masa tu mak buka mata dan memandang jauh ke depan sambil tangan mak cuba untuk mencabut segala tiub-tiub yg ada di badannya, nasib baik jururawat yang bertugas sempat tahan, kalau tidak habis semua tiub nak dicabutnya, mungkin tak tertahan dengan kesakitan atau lemas dengan segala macam tiub yang masuk ke badan.

Di wad ICU ada ruang lobi untuk menunggu. Aku dan bapak akan duduk di sofa yang ada di lobi dan sekali-sekala akan menjenguk mak bergilir-gilir. Aku mungkin terlelap sekejap disofa, sedar-sedar saja dah hampir subuh. Aku jenguk mak sekejap, nampak pernafasan mak dah tenang sikit, tak macam semalam. Aku cium tangan dan dahi mak sebelum ke surau untuk solat subuh. Selepas solat, bapak macam biasa akan berada di sisi mak dan bacakan surah Yasin dengan lantang. Aku ajak bapak keluar sekejap sebaik saja selesai baca surah Yasin untuk bersarapan sementara Ela yang baru sampai dari rumah temankan mak.

Lepas sarapan kami balik ke wad semula, Ela masih temankan mak sambil baca Yasin. Aku terus ke surau untuk solat dhuha. Selesai solat aku terus jenguk mak. Kelihatan jururawat bertugas baru saja selesai bersihkan mak, tukar baju dan siap letak bedak lagi kat muka mak. Aku rasa nak duduk sebelah mak saja kali ni. Aku capai buku Yasin dan terus duduk di sisi mak. Sambil baca Yasin aku tengok mak menarik dan menghela nafas, kali ni nampak tenang sikit, aku jeling ke arah mesin meter kadar denyut jantung, terpapar angka 64, rendah dari semalam. Aku teruskan bacaan. Terasa sebak yang amat sangat, entah berapa kali aku berhenti baca sebab menahan sebak, aku pandang mak beberapa kali. Aku rasa macam tak puas menatap wajah mak.

Selesai baca Yasin aku cium pipi mak dan bisik kat telinga mak, "Ijam sayang mak" ucapan yg dari dulu aku selalu teringin sangat nak ucap. Aku cium dahi mak lagi, terasa tak puas. Aku duduk balik. Rasa nak baca lagi Yasin, memang sejak semalam, surah Yasin ni terasa amat pendek sangat. Aku teruskan lagi bacaan dan memang kali ni aku menangis. Air mata aku mengalir macam kanak-kanak kehilangan ibu. Aku perasan bapak datang sekejap jenguk mak dan kemudian kembali ke ruang rehat duduk di sofa Hampir saja aku nak habiskan bacaan Yasin, jururawat datang nak tukarkan balutan kaki mak yang kena bedah baru-baru ni. Aku bangun, berdiri depan katil mak dan habiskan bacaan. Sebaik saja selesai baca, aku tatap wajah mak lagi. Aku pegang tangan mak dan aku cium tangan mak agak lama. Rasa macam berat sangat nak lepaskan tangan mak.

Kemudian bapak datang dan ajak balik sekejap untuk mandi dan tukar baju. Sebelum kami balik, adik lelaki aku baru sampai dengan adik beradik mak dari Bagan untuk ziarah dan temankan mak. Waktu hampir zohor masa tu, adik mak yang baru sampai dari Bagan tadi duduk di sebelah mak sambal bisikkan kata-kata semangat di telinga mak. Kebetulan masa tu ramai juga kawan-kawan mak dan jiran tetangga datang menjenguk. Adik lelaki aku, Roki pun ada sama. Masa adik mak bisikkan syahadah ke telinga mak, Roki nampak bacaan kadar jantung mak makin lama makin rendah dan menurun.

Aku dan bapak di rumah dah siap-siap nak bertolak ke hospital dan tiba-tiba azan zohor berkumandang. Aku rasa masa berlalu cepat sangat, dah masuk waktu zohor walaupun rasa macam baru saja balik dari hospital tadi. Kemudian telefonku berbunyi, Roki telefon dari hospital. Dia sebut ayat-ayat yang aku dengar macam tak jelas, walaupun rasanya aku dengar. Aku minta dia ulang lagi. "mak dah tak ada!!!", jelas sebutan Roki. Aku terus terdiam, kaku sekejap tubuh aku. Mak dah pergi untuk selama-lamanya. Sepanjang perjalanan balik ke hospital, air mata aku terus mengalir. Semoga Allah swt menerima segala amalan mak, mengampuni dosa-dosa mak, melimpahkan rahmatNya keatas roh mak dan ditempatkan mak bersama orang-orang yg beriman. Aku pula akan meneruskan amal ibadat untuk mak di dunia ni, insyaAllah.

12 WONDERFUL YEARS OF #THEMISSANDKIDS

Wan Nurul Basirah Wan Mohamad Noor

Faculty of Accountancy UiTM Cawangan Kelantan
basirah66@uitm.edu.my

#1

Debit vs Credit (1)

Miss : A debit is an accounting entry that results in either an increase in assets or a decrease in liabilities.

Kids :Oooooo...

Miss : For example, a small business owner purchases a refrigerator for his business. Refrigerator is an asset, so it should be recorded as debit or credit?

Kids : CRRREEEEEEEEBBBIIIIIIIIIT!

#2

Debit vs Credit (2)

Miss : Class, if DR stands for debit, then could anyone tell me what CR stands for?

Kids : Cristiano Ronaldo!

#3

WWW vs WNB

Miss : Class, next week is Week Without Walls so we are going to have online classes. Enjoy your class break time but don't forget to regularly check out the i-Learn for WWW tasks.

Kids : Alaaaa...

Miss : Don't you all love WWW?

Kids : Yes, but we love WNB more!

#4

Because of you

Miss : Diversification can only reduce risks but cannot eliminate it. Can anyone explain why is it so?

Kids :Because...

Miss : Because of what class?

Kids : Because of you... I never stray too far from the sidewalk (sing the Kelly Clarkson's song until the end)

#5

Miss-Knows-Everything

Kid 1 : Miss, how do you know that we need to put a negative sign for the initial outlays?

Miss : Because it is a cost. When we pay for a project, the cash is transferred out.

Kid 2 : Miss, why do we accept the project when NPV is positive?

Miss : Positive NPV means that the project will maximize the shareholders' wealth.

Kids : Miss, when are you getting married?

Miss : On my wedding day.

Kids : Miss, do you really have answers for everything?

#6

Do you have any questions?

Miss : Before we call it a day, do you have any questions?

Kid 1 : Can I ask you something?

Miss : Sure...

Kid 1 : Where do you usually buy your tudung?

#7 Frequently-Asked-Questions (FAQ)

Week 1.

Kids : Miss, how old are you?

Miss : You have 14 weeks to find out.

Study week.

Kids : Miss, can you tell us your age please. It's bugging us, we cannot concentrate on the final exam until we know the answer.

Miss : Don't worry, the exam question won't ask for my age.

Results day.

Kids : We did it, thanks to you Miss. So, how old are you, Miss?

#8 Risk-takers vs risk-averse

Miss : There are two types of investors. Those who like high returns and are up for challenges are risk takers while risk-averse investors will always opt for investment with minimum risk. So, class, which group do you belong to?

Kid 1 : I think I am risk averse.

Miss : What about you? Are you a risk-taker or risk-averse?

Kid 2 : I am Rizuan Shah.

#9 Wishes

Miss : Class, if you really want something, go and make du'a for it. Be sincere and please be very specific of what you wish for.

Kid 1 : Miss, I have a du'a for you. I wish that you reach home before 4 pm today, safe and sound.

Miss : Thanks for the wish, but the time now is 3 pm already. Are you trying to say that we should finish the class now?

#10 Mergers and Acquisitions

Miss: The conglomerate merger is the merger of two different industries. Among the most well-known examples is the merger between Walt Disney Company and ABC Corporation.

Kids : Oooooo...

Miss : Class, could you give me any example of a merger that we can categorize as a conglomerate? Think of two total strangers that will do things better together.

Kids : You and me?

#11 Talking Quota

Miss : Why are you all so quiet today? Who kidnapped your voice, girls and guys?

Kids : It's Thursday afternoon, we are running out of talking quota, Miss!

#12 Miss you!

Kids : Miss...

Miss : Yes?

Kids : Miss...

Miss : Yup, what's up?

Kids : Miss you!

友達 (FRIEND)

Adam Zafry bin Zaharin

Kolej Mara Kuala Nerang
adamzafryzaharin@gmail.com

It was rainy that day. All I could feel was coldness, dizziness and a grace of a comforting warmth. Greetings, everyone. This is your normal high school boy, Rui Sakaratsu. Family? I am a single child with a dad, Takeyama Sakaratsu. My mom died after giving birth to me. It was quite lugubrious for my dad but "Why bother?" - he said. From what I know, my pop is a successful businessman who always goes around the country even though I never knew what he does for a living. Due to my dad's work, I have been transferring school so many times. There were times where I had to transfer two times in a month. My dad has a lot of money on him, so it wouldn't bother him too much on the fees and such. Since then, I never actually tried to make friends with anyone. I never blamed my dad for that since he bought me everything I wanted. It was a win-win situation for me.

Recently, I transferred into a new high school in Kyoto. As usual, I never expected much of what's to come. On my first day of school, I introduced myself to everyone. After that, I was assigned to sit beside a girl. I spent my time all by myself that day. Of course, who would ever want to approach a suspicious guy who transferred to a new school in the middle of a semester? As I was packing my bag to go back, the girl beside me tapped my shoulder lightly. I tilted my head a little towards her. She introduced herself to me while holding out her hands to me. Her name was Hana Koitatsu. After that sudden interaction, I grabbed my bag and left without a word. I left her hand hanging out just like that. I never planned to befriend anyone as I was expecting my pop to transfer me after a few weeks in that school. I was wrong.

Days after days, weeks after weeks, I was still in that school. It was pretty awkward for sure. Furthermore, I isolated myself from everyone most of the time. However, Hana still tried to reach me. She would randomly throw me questions. Sometimes, I really thought that she

was so dumb but the fact that she was the best student in the class still made me wonder "What is she?". A few days later, my pop left me a letter. He wrote that he had to go outstation for a few months. He also said that I was lucky that I didn't need to follow him this time as it was too urgent. I didn't know how to react to it so I just put the letter down and went on with my life. My day was getting much noisier after that. Hana started talking to me more frequently than usual. After a while, without me realising, I started talking to her. Sometimes, I felt enlightened by her words although I found her annoying most of the time. A little thing about her was that she was never good at sports. She has had asthma since she was a child. During P.E class, I would usually see her sitting on the bench while trying her best to make me look at her. She was so annoying back then.

It was around summer. The school was planning for a field trip in Tokyo that weekend. For the first time in my life, I was looking forward to something. On the day of the event, I got to school earlier than usual. The students were very excited and as we were choosing seats in the bus, Hana asked me to sit with her. How could I decline that offer? We spent our time sharing our interest and listening to both our favourite artists together. At that time, I realised that I finally found a friend. A friend whom I was really dreaming for. After we arrived in Tokyo, we were asked to get ourselves a partner and of course, I paired with Hana. We were asked to get a lookout before our activities tomorrow. We went for a walk together. It really felt like a date to me. I hoped it did too for Hana. After a bunch of walking, we went to the resort that our school booked. Hana went to the girl's room and I went to the boy's room. To be honest, I did feel a little lonely that night.

The next day, we went for a few visits to the museums. It was all about historical talks and such. I decided to sneak out with Hana. Hana

totally agreed with me so we went out with just the two of us. We went to the park to get a little fresh air from the city. It started raining suddenly. We ran our hearts out for shelter. We stopped at an alley. The rain didn't show any signs of stopping. We were cold for sure. Suddenly, we heard a noise and we saw the police were chasing after someone. At that moment, I was shocked when I caught a glimpse of the runner. It was my dad. "Why?" I asked myself while Hana was looking at me. Hana was curious about my pale face after seeing the runner and she started chasing the criminal. I immediately tried to grab her hand but I failed. At that moment, he pointed a gun out and I realised he was pointing it towards Hana. He probably mistook her as the police because it was really rainy and blurry at that time. I ran towards Hana and I hugged her. "BANG!". I froze, frozen on how warm her body was. My chest was bleeding. As my legs were going numb, I fell. Hana wrapped her hands up on me as she was screaming for help. As my vision was getting blurry, I saw my dad was getting away. He probably didn't realise it was me there. All I felt was the warmth of Hana. I gathered all the strength I had to tell Hana how thankful I was for her. How she made me feel. The shortest time of my life being with her was the greatest time after all. I wished it could be longer. Thank you, Hana.

PAK PANDEH

Afina Nazira Afnizul

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Selangor
afinanazira@uitm.edu.my

The gleam of the scorching sunlight shocked Mak Andeh from her sleep. She glared at the clock and her eyes widened looking at the time. She was late for her shift and she could feel the blood rushed to her brain.

"Abang, I am late! Did you not set the alarm last night?" she shrieked.

"I did, 6:30 pm, right?" replied Pak Pandeh while passing off his big yawn.

"Why would you set it in the evening? It should be AM!" frustrated, Mak Andeh raced out of bed, releasing a long sigh, trying to think of a reason to give to Sarah, her supervisor.

Pak Pandeh has always acted foolishly and he was known for that. Mak Andeh thought it was cute at first, but after their 15th year of marriage, she found it bothersome. One day, before leaving for work she slipped out a short note saying "THROW THIS" near their trash can and she came home disappointed seeing her husband discarded the note instead. Not only that, Pak Pandeh once allowed some strangers to clean their house for free which ended with her losing all of her jewellery. Or the other time when Pak Pandeh traded his laptop for an e-voucher to Bali that did not exist.

Mak Andeh dismissed her inner whine and quickly stormed to the bathroom and her husband continued sleeping as he was 'in between jobs'.

After a few years of trying, they finally woke up to the sound of their crying baby. Their lives were filled with joy and happiness with the presence of their son, Boboi.

Kling kling kling, the keys clashed together in Mak Andeh's hand. *"Abang, I am going to go to run some errands. Please watch over our son and do not forget to feed him."*

"I am doing my Tiktok live for a short while. Be sure to be back soon. Boboi is having a fever and I think he needs you around," he added.

"Another Tiktok live? Could you do something better with your life? Your viewers are just making fun of you," the smile disappeared from her face as she marched out of the door.

Pak Pandeh shrugged off the comments and promptly set up his 'live'. It was his daily 2 PM live and he placed his sleeping son next to him. When the live commenced, as usual, the viewers streamed to his account.

Having foolish behaviours worked for Pak Pandeh as he gained thousands of followers for his multiple social media accounts. His gullibility was found to be charming by his followers. He spent his time entertaining his followers by doing silly acts online. He found his people online.

He streamed and laughed with his viewers for one hour before Boboi started crying. Being a good father, he took his son in his arms and rocked him gently. The comment section went wild as it was the first time Pak Pandeh ever showed his son to his virtual friends.

"This is my son and he is not feeling well. My wife said I should end my live session to take care of him," he said while tucking Boboi's swaddle.

Rosa18 : Is he sick?

Bunga : Have you checked his temperature?

XULikram : Is it Covid-19?

MommyAli :You should not use a swaddle.

All of his followers started to ask endless questions about the boy and Pak Pandeh answered it like a good father that he was.

My friends are nice! Who says I should stop doing live? They are so helpful.

"My son has been having a fever for the past two days. He cried non-stop. Maybe some of you could share some tips. What should I do?"

Amy22 : Bring him to the doctor.
Bunga : Do Covid test!
MamaHanna : Make sure he is hydrated.
Burhan: Take off his clothes. It will trap heat!
Tasxha : Put him under the AC. IT WORKED ON MY BROTHER.

The suggestions from his viewers kept on coming in. Pak Pandeh read it and responded to each of the suggestions but the sound of Boboi crying shoved all the thoughts out of his mind. Reluctantly, he ended his live session to attend to his son.

He went to the kitchen and took some ice before wrapping it in a washcloth. He put the cloth on Boboi's forehead and patted his son gently. Boboi stopped crying and resumed sleeping.

Pak Pandeh proudly smiled at his victorious attempt at soothing his sick son. He took off Boboi's rompers and placed him on his lap. He knew that Mak Andeh would be amazed at his well-thought fatherly instinct.

Just after a short moment of being proud of himself, Boboi started wailing again.

Maybe he cannot stand the heat. A bunch of ice would not help it.

When the idea stroked, a small smirk escaped his lips. He calmly lifted his son and paced to the kitchen. Pak Pandeh took out all the frozen food out of his fridge. Carefully, he placed Boboi in his fridge and just like that Boboi stopped crying.

"I know honey, it's so hot outside. I wish I am small enough to fit in this," he closed the door and moved the frozen food. I will put it all back before it is completely thawed.

Mak Andeh returned to her quiet home. She was relieved that she reached home before her son was up from his nap. She glanced at her husband scrolling on his Tiktok account watching a man DIY-ing a cupboard. She knew her husband assumed he could build it too.

"How's Boboi, Abang? Is he alright?" she asked while bringing her groceries to the kitchen.

"He is fine. In fact I believe his fever is gone by now. You can check it yourself since you are in the kitchen," Pak Pandeh replied without looking at his wife. His eyes were glued to the screen.

Mak Andeh's face went pale. She knew something went down the moment she heard SINCE. YOU. ARE. IN. THE. KITCHEN. Mak Andeh marched her way to what-her-gut-said, and for the first time, she did not want to be right. She pulled out the door and was lost for words as she saw her still son. She knew she had lost her son.

Pak Pandeh came and took a look at his son too and he said, "See! He has been sleeping and guess what, it was my viewer's idea! Why didn't we do it yesterday?"

THE DARK VOID

Arrominy binti Haji Arabi

Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Cawangan Sarawak
arrominyarabi@uitm.edu.my

A group of six friends entered an abandoned building to do some research about the building's past. The group was led by Simon, and the other members were Paul, Ali, Ahmad, Raju and Morgan. After a few hours of researching around the building, Ali realised that he could not get out of the building as he wanted to get more tools from their van. Paul and Raju started panicking when they knew that they could not exit from the building. The group leader, Simon, assured the panicked members to calm down and asked them to help one another in finding a way out. Simon suggested that they should go their separate ways in two groups, each group consisting of three members to enable them to quickly find their way out.

The first group was led by Simon with Paul and Ahmad and the second group was led by Ali with Raju and Morgan. After the division of groups, both leaders checked the building blueprints only to find that there was no other exit unless they reached the highest level of the building that would be the rooftop. Then, Ali got an idea and urged the other members to call the emergency services but too bad all their cell phones did not have any signals. Simon suggested that they find a long rope so that they could use the rope to climb down from the rooftop of the building which is four-storey high. Unfortunately, both groups failed to find a rope that is long enough for them to use. Suddenly, Raju informed everyone that while searching for a rope, he found a suspicious room locked from the outside. After minutes of discussion whether they should force open the suspicious room, they finally come to a decision to do it to check if there was anything that they could use in order to get out from the building. The room was situated on the second floor of the building. After breaking into the room, everyone barged inside and furiously searched for a rope. Whilst in the midst of searching for a rope, Simon noticed a weird looking wall covered with a wide yellow cloth. There were mysterious wordings written on the cloth. They looked at each other and out of the blue, Raju

and Morgan hit hard against the weird wall and accidentally ripped off half of the wide yellow clothing. They were shocked to find what was hidden behind the wide yellow cloth. There was a big dark black hole and suddenly their bodies were sucked into the dark void. As soon as they could control themselves in the void, they heard a whisper saying that they only have two hours to get out of there or something bad is going to happen. The six members gathered closely together, shivering, crying their hearts out. The voice was so scary and Simon shouted asking ways to get out from the void.

Slowly the void changed into a place that they had never seen before. The place looked like a large deserted island and they heard the whisper again for the second time telling them to start looking for their way out of the island. They quickly made their way along the island until they finally came to a stop where in front of them stood a door with two locks. But they could not find any keys to open the locks. They decided to search for the keys separately and meet again at the door in ten minutes regardless with or without the keys. While searching, they could hear a third whisper saying that a first wave had come and the island got covered with mist. Still with no keys, they gathered again near the door when suddenly Morgan spotted a shining reflection and they immediately rushed to the spot. Luckily, they had brought along their torchlights and some tools as their shields. Upon reaching the spot, they were overwhelmed to find out that the shining reflections were the two sets of keys that they had been searching for. The mist disappeared slowly and they heard a fourth whisper saying that a second wave had just begun and the land spot where they found the two sets of keys slowly sank deeper and deeper. Ali managed to grab the keys and they quickly ran back to the door to get out from the dark void. While struggling to unlock the door, they heard a fifth whisper telling them that a third wave was about to attack and out of the blue, they were surrounded by ugly creatures. They

ran as fast as they could from the creatures but Paul and Raju both fell and got caught by the creatures. The others could not stop to help because there were many more creatures chasing after them. They shouted for Paul and Raju but tragically they had already passed. The others could not do anything to help Paul and Raju except to run for their lives from the creatures. At last, they found the door again and Ali started to pick on the key locks. The creatures were gaining after them not very far away. And for the last time, another whisper said that the fourth wave was about to start and everything around them started to float upwards and thunder began to rumble. Storm and lightning flashed here and there and they held on tightly to one another so as not to be blown away. Ali tried hard to pick the second lock, then the door immediately opened and they finally escaped from the dark void and out of the building. They were just in time before the end of the two-hour. All that had happened remains a mystery.

CINDY

Dzeelfa Zainal Abidin

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Negeri Sembilan
dzeelfa@uitm.edu.my

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, a pretty girl called Cindy was polishing a brass lamp that belonged to her father. Cindy polished the lamp hard while she hummed to her favourite tune. She polished and polished until she could see her reflection on the lamp. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. Cindy frowned. She got up, wiped her hands on the apron and glanced at her reflection in the mirror that hung on the wall on the way to the door. Now who could this be, coming to the house unannounced? She pulled open the door and saw, the Prince!

The Prince was looking for the owner of a shoe who left so suddenly while he was dancing with her at the ball last night. He asked if Cindy wanted to try the shoe on and see if it fitted her. He explained that he would marry the person who could fit into the shoe as the shoe is petite in size and not many women he knew have feet that small! Cindy told him there was no one else in the house and she was not interested in trying on the shoe.

In the kitchen, three ladies were snoring away. They came back at nearly dawn and this annoyed Cindy because she had to wake up to let them into the house. They were upset and crying and told her that they had walked home all the way from the palace because their carriage couldn't be seen anywhere! They were in rags and there was a pumpkin, a rat, six mice and two lizards at their feet. They fell asleep almost immediately after sitting down at the kitchen table.

The Prince left, but not before asking Cindy to try the shoe on again. Cindy closed the door and went back to work on the brass lamp. It was said that the lamp was once home to a genie, the kind that grants you three wishes. Or sometimes four. Cindy told the genie to find a

new place to live and so that he can do something useful with his life, like granting the wishes of sick people. She told him to be like the fairy godmother that has left many months before to pursue something more worthwhile like saving tsunami victims around the world.

Cindy placed the brass lamp nicely on the mantelpiece over the fireplace. She then went into the kitchen to throw away the pumpkin, chase away the mice, the rat and the lizards while firmly telling herself that life is not a fairytale. Never was. And never will be.

The End.

THE REVENGE CHIMERA

Fatihah Hashim

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
fatihahhashim@uitm.edu.my

Janet wakes up from her dream screaming. She could not remember why she was so terrified of that dream but she felt as if the dream had not ended yet. The room is pitch black so she cannot see a thing although her eyes are now wide open. She tries to remember where she was when she fell asleep but she fails to recall anything. Suddenly, a stranger's voice is heard.

'Happy to see you again Ms. Janet' a male voice with a smooth tone is heard.

'Who are you?! What do you want from me?' asks Janet panicking. Janet tries to move her body but not a single muscle is twitching. She had lost all control of her body. As if she is a malfunctioning robot. She feels as if she is still in her dream.

'Ms. Janet, born in Norway, age 27 years old, hmm... this is interesting, you were recently divorced?' asked the unknown male voice sounding as if he was reading a resume in an interview.

'Got, we got a divorce, it was a mutual agreement from both parties. And why would you care anyway? This has nothing to do with anyone except me and my husband.' Janet realised that the word husband slipped through her mouth as soon as she said it. The room is filled with silence. Janet could hear the unknown man is now walking towards her. She tries to move her body but again nothing is happening.

'Oh yeah, sure. We don't really mind the details. We are here because we are on your side Ms. Janet. You don't have to worry; we know your story. Your husband had left you for another woman, right? We can help you to get even. You can redeem what you have lost from the marriage. Aren't you interested?' said the man in a forced jolly tone. Sounding almost like the Joker looking for his next victim.

The man is now standing in front of Janet. Based on the warm breath hitting her face Janet could sense that the man's face is just a few inches away from hers. She is confused with the word

'we' the man used because she is quite certain that they are the only two people in the room. 'Wha...what kind of a sick joke is this? I don't believe you. Besides, how could you ever help me? I had lost years of my youth, my time and my...my child. I had lost everything from this marriage. There's nothing you could do to make things right!' Janet feels her throat is choking up. 'Well, trust me, we have our ways. We could tell you, but you need to agree first. We will brief you on the procedure after you have signed the agreement contract. So, it's your call, yes, or no?' The man demands an answer.

Janet is bewildered. So many things are running through her mind right now including her memories with her husband Blake. She still remembers vividly how he had reacted when she had gone through her miscarriage. It still bothers her how that evil man tried to hide his smirk when she delivered the news to him. Her husband was never in love with her. The only reason why they ever got married was because her father was a wealthy businessman and Blake was a young entrepreneur looking for investment. But Janet did not see that motive. She only saw a nice young gentleman who wants to get to know her because he loves her unconditionally. Two years after they got married, her father died and Janet started to see the real Blake.

Blake had planned to take over her father's business months before he died. He had all the legal documents and contracts lined up for him to take over the company as soon as Janet's father died. That cold blooded man couldn't care less about the death. He was busy making business calls during her father's funeral. Eventually, Blake got bored with the marriage and decided to get a divorce with Janet and marry the girl he had been dating secretly for a year. Janet was devastated when she knew that her husband had been using her to gain wealth all this while. It took her almost a month before she could get back on her feet after her divorce.

'Ms. Janet? Hello? Hi, I know you're sad. But can you please stop with this dramatic stare? Listen

here Ms. Janet, we don't have much time to spare for you to think. You must make your decision now. Do you want our help to get your revenge or not?' the man breaks the silence.

Janet contemplates her decision for a while but hurriedly nods to agree. Suddenly the room is lit up and Janet finally can see her surroundings. She is in a very strange looking room. It is white in colour all over and there is almost no difference between the floor and the walls. The man immediately takes out a pen and a piece of paper. Janet, still in a daze, did not even read the contract before she signed it. She just wants to hear about how they are going to get her revenge.

'Okay, but I get to decide how he will suffer, right?' Janet could not wait anymore to know the details.

'No. You should have read the contract Ms. Janet. Now you are bound to follow our terms and conditions. Let me introduce myself, I am the founder of Compos Mentis. An underground organisation that helps poor souls like you to gain justice in this evil world. Tomorrow, Blake will be having his business product launch party at the Plaza Hotel. What you need to do is to go there and congratulate him. We will take care of the rest' the man said with a vicious smile on his face.

The next day Janet put on her best dress to go and meet Blake once again. She feels very nervous, she doesn't even know how he is going to react seeing her there. At the party Janet tries to act natural and sit at the back of the hall. Blake is busy talking with his business partners at the main dining table while his new wife is looking bored sitting beside him. She still could not muster up any courage to go and say hi to Blake. After a while, she notices a bunch of tall men dressed in black suits and sunglasses are standing at the corner of the room.

'Is that them? What are they going to do? Should I go up to Blake now?' Janet keeps calculating her next move. Trying to act calm, Janet stands up from her seat and starts to walk towards Blake. She could feel her heart pounding. With every step she takes she feels more and more anxious as if there is an electric jolt inside her stomach that keeps shocking her every five seconds. Yet, Janet also feels her anger is building up as she recalls all the pain that man had caused her.

As she is about to arrive at Blake's table, suddenly she sees everyone is in panic and stampedes for the exit. Blake's face turns white as he stands up in astonishment. The place turns to chaos and Janet's vision becomes

blurry, everything around her seems to be in slow motion. Then, a loud bang is heard. Gush of blood splattered all over Janet's pearl white dress. She blacks out and everything turns dark.

Janet wakes up screaming on top of her lungs. She is drenched in cold sweats. Was it a dream? Janet could not recall what happened after the incident. She realised that she is now back in the white room and now her whole body is tied up. She is looking for the man she had met earlier but sees no sign of him. After a while a woman entered the room bringing with her a trolley.

'Hello Ms. Janet, happy to see you again. How are you today?' asks the woman with a smile on her face.

'What happened to Blake? Did your stupid organisation kill him? All I want is to make him suffer, not a murder! I will not be a part of this crime.' Janet starts to panic as she remembers how that night Blake was shot straight through his skull.

The woman places down a tray of food and so me pills that she carried in with. She proceeds to check some things in a folder she is now holding. Her face is calm and undisturbed with what Janet had just said.

'Where is he? Where is your founder? I want to talk to him!' Janet is frustrated to see that the woman is not responding to her.

'It's okay Ms. Janet, Mr Blake is fine. He is now getting his treatment. You can meet him after you get yours. Here, take this pill.' The woman puts the pill in Janet's mouth and gives her a glass of water to drink.

After giving Janet the pill and feeding her some food, the woman goes out of the room. She lets out a deep sigh as she is walking down the hallway. A male nurse sees her walking and starts to catch up with her.

'Hi Andrea, another long day huh? How Janet is doing, any progress?' asks the man.

'Well Kent, it's been five years since she entered this asylum. It's not like schizophrenia would suddenly heal. That girl keeps on blaming her murder on some weird organisation as usual. To be fair she had it rough during her marriage. I heard that the extreme abuse from her husband caused her to kill her own child. If you ask me, that man deserves more than being shot.' said Andrea with spite as they both continue to walk down the hallway.

-THE END-

HERS

Iffah Insyrah binti Mohd Zarali

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Melaka
2020496736@student.uitm.edu.my

On a Saturday morning, the sound of birds chirping in the sky could be heard and it awakened me, who was sound asleep in the room. I was awakened by Alicia, who lives with me in the studio apartment and she quickly asked "You didn't go to work today?".

"I never had any holiday, what do you mean?"
"It's 9 in the morning".

Oh shoot, I'm late.

I got up and got dressed as fast as I could and drove my car to my workplace. I worked as a psychiatrist and today I was supposed to meet my 12-year-old patient. I slept late last night because I was reading her case.

Being a psychiatrist, I get to see a lot of underage girls. Most of them are depressed because of sexual assault, bullying, and many more. The reason I work as a psychiatrist is because I want to encourage and advise others, especially women, so they can carry on living colourful lives in this ugly world where colour is fading. I understand them, as I myself, experienced the same. Since I was a little child, I experienced bullying, humiliation, and discriminatory behaviour from others, especially when I was a teenager, which left me feeling depressed and anxious. I think that not only myself but all women worldwide will experience some type of discrimination at some point in their lives just for breathing. I've only ever seen a psychiatrist once, and I never did so again. He spoke to me as though I was the problem and treated me like a joke. I was sad and angry, and at the same time, I switched my career aspirations from lawyer to psychiatrist.

It's 9:50 a.m. Glad I made it on time! The patient was supposed to arrive at 10:00 so I got the time to prepare everything I needed. Paper, ballpen, water, and sweets. She was just 12 years old, very young but she was also a victim of rape. At

the age of 12, I could not imagine the hardships she had to go through.

'Kreeek' The sound of my door could be heard. "Hi, Sofea." I smiled widely. Trying to be professional but deep in my heart I was devastated every time I met her.

The little girl nodded her head. She signaled her parents with her eyes to let them wait outside. She then sat in front of me.

"So, how are you feeling today?", I asked. We only met for 2 days every week and it has been 3 months since I met her. She still did not talk a lot, especially about that day. She only told me once and never again.

"My... trial for the case is next week". She looked at me with an empty face while biting her lips with doubts. I looked at her, waiting for her to speak more and I saw her hesitating.

"I... I'm nervous. I don't know what to do, I feel lost, and I am ashamed of my friends, my parents, my teacher, and everyone. They asked what I was wearing at that time, they asked me did I lure this guy. You know.. I didn't, right?"

I told her I would come to the trial and supported her no matter what. I told her again that I believe the person who did this to her will get his punishment. She then said goodbye to me after the 1-hour session with her. I then continued to read again about her case. I was truly perplexed at how this obnoxious human being was strongly defended by his wife and lawyer. I chuckled at how he said he was drunk in the first trial and said he did not mean to hurt and rape the girl. Funny when he had time to clear out the evidence and sent the girl back to her home. Since then, the girl had a trauma, depression and she suffered several injuries in her internal organs while the rapist lived just fine in jail. Eating and sleeping like a normal person.

So came the day of the trial, and it was even more for Sofia. Sofea asked questions about that day. I was curious about his question... The only question he asked is.

“Do you smell alcohol on him during the day”? he asked.

“Yes...”.

“So, it is true that he was drunk that day and he did not mean to rape her at all.”

I was filled with rage, but there was nothing I could do. My heart broke even more looking at Sofia who was already in tears.

“The offender will receive 15 years of jail”.

I froze. I could not believe what I just heard. The court became feral after the announcement. I looked at the rapist. He seemed satisfied with his sentence and his face did not show any guilt or remorse at all as if he was really innocent. 13 years from now, the rapist will be released and at that time Sofia will be 25 years old, and she will be scarred mentally and physically. It made me question why the law is so unfair to the victim sometimes. What a travesty and violation of her rights when they knew it did happen but because the rapist was drunk, he only received a sentence that is not going to change anything in this world. While for a woman, even if she was raped, she had to face assumptions to what could have caused the rape. Was it her attire? Did she lure the guy? And will forever be portrayed as someone who does not have dignity anymore while a man, by some means can still be a man, even if he had lost his dignity.

Samuel Johnson once said, “Nature has given women so much power that the law has to belittle them”, and I couldn’t agree anymore.

SOUL WITNESS

Maryam Azizan

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
maryamazizan@uitm.edu.my

I remember that night being the most traumatising, absurd and daunting night of my life. It started like any other limbless after work nighttime routine of bubble bath and a chapter of a book I was currently reading at the time. I was halfway through it when I got drowsy and dozed off a couple of times. Failing to stay awake despite the amazing chapter, I decided to take a nap and let everything sink in with the aroma of the lavender from the candle on the side of the white crooked bathtub in my bathroom. I closed my eyes and was about to meet my own Mr. Sandman when I felt a cold air breeze right to my face.

I opened my eyes slightly and was shocked to see the strange sight in front of me. Wait, this isn't my bathroom. I got out of the filled tub and quickly grabbed hold of the pink bathrobe from the nearby hook. Suddenly, a loud scream came from the other side of the door and I walked to it slowly. This must be one hell of a dream. Everything seems so vivid; the curling iron, numerous drug-store makeup products scattered on the sink; all of them are products that I saw on my monthly grocery trip. I didn't sleepwalk right? Whose house is this? Hundreds of unanswered questions popped out of my head as my feet reached the stairs that lead downstairs. A gruff sound of a man can be heard from below so I peeped through the railing to see who it was.

A man in a black suede jacket was seen kneeling down towards something on the floor. A blast of curiosity rose out of me as I took a few steps down the staircase slowly until I saw the bloodbath that situated right in front of my eyes. The screeching sound coming from my mouth echoes loudly after seeing a woman lying on the floor, with blood pooling out from her head and scratches filling her naked body from top to bottom.

Her raw gaping neck showed a sign of a clean slithered cut while her upper middle torso, right in between her breasts, buried a rusted

karambit knife. That's only when I realised the smears of blood everywhere in the house; on the floor and the stair railing too. The man suddenly stood up and turned his body to face mine. He cocked his head to the right and gave me the creepiest grin I've ever seen in my life.

I let out the strongest blood-curdling scream to his face and ran back upstairs as fast as I could towards where I came from. I locked the door and pushed everything that I could get a hold of while sobbing and yelling my heart out. Wake up! Wake up! Please WAKE UP! I told myself while I was pinching every single corner of my body and slapping my own face as hard as I could. The man was trying to get inside and was using anything that he had on his hand to break down the door. I ran to the window and was about to gamble my own life by jumping out when a hand suddenly grabbed my shoulder and pushed me back into the filled bathtub.

His strong hand held my head underwater as I struggled for the last breath of my life. My hands were trying to reach out for his face while my legs slowly faltered from the captive of his other hand. His eerie grin was still present as I began to see darkness and solemnness around my eyes. My body got weary from the constant struggle and I felt like I was falling deep down under his spell to comply with all of his desire to give up. Don't fight it. It only makes it harder. That was the last guttural sound that I heard coming out from him. Before my senses fully shut down, I noticed the black raven tattoo on his wrists and the bird's red eyes bore into mine as I closed them forever.

I suddenly woke up and looked around me. I let out a sigh upon seeing the familiar sight of my bathroom again. Gee, thanks Mr. Sandman. I knew I asked for something exciting tonight but that was not it, I said to myself. I went out of the tub to grab my ducky bathrobe and went out to my room. After putting on my Nirvana shirt and sleeping short, I decided to settle in for the night while watching whatever was on the TV.

Suddenly, the sound of an ambulance and police siren stirred up the quiet neighbourhood while I was searching for the right channel to watch. I looked outside the window and saw a few policemen pulling out the yellow tapes, paramedics rushing out of the ambulance and the street began to be filled with my neighbours surrounding a house across the street.

As the scene began to be crowded with more people from other streets, I decided to not want to get tangled in that commotion. Besides, I was never really acquainted with the couple living in that house. So, I grabbed my binoculars and watched the scene from the comfort of my own grey ottoman in front of the window in my living room.

A figure of a man was seen handcuffed out of the house so I zoomed in to get a good look at his face. My hands were shaking the moment I saw the disturbing smile and the black suede jacket. I had to take a moment and stirred my eyes away from the scene but when they went back to the binoculars, I began to scan his hands. The black raven tattoo on both of his handcuffed wrists were as clear as the moment I spotted it the first time, minutes ago. Later, two dead bodies covered in a black body bag were seen taken out of the house inside the ambulance.

This didn't make any sense. What just happened? Did I just see someone being murdered in my sleep? But how's that even possible? More unanswered questions came out of my mind as I numbly watched them take the man away in the police car.

AKU – VIRUS COVID-19

Mohd Izani Bin Othman (DR.)

Faculty of Pharmacy, UiTM Pulau Pinang, Bertam Branch
mohdizani.othman@uitm.edu.my

Aku dilahirkan pada hujung tahun 2019 dan diberi nama Covid-19. Aku berasal dari wilayah Wuhan, China. Ketika aku masih berada di China, masyarakat dunia tidak memberikan perhatian kepadaku. Mereka memandang enteng dan belum menyedari satu wabak yang dahsyat bakal menyerang dunia. Pada tahun 2020, aku mula mengembara ke serata dunia bersama-sama manusia yang tidak menghiraukan aku. Aku terbang dan berlayar dengan percuma. Seawal bulan Januari 2020, aku tiba di Malaysia selepas transit di Singapura. Aku mula menapak dan memasang strategi untuk menyerang bumi Malaysia. Aku dan rakan-rakan mula mula bergerak dan menyerang dalam diam. Ramai yang masih tidak sedar, buntu dan keliru. Ya, kami akan berjaya dengan sikap lalai dan alpa manusia! Senyap-senyap, kami bergerak menjangkiti mereka – petanda bermulanya wabak Covid-19 seantero dunia.

Kami berjaya! Manusia sudah tidak keruan. Mereka menjadi takut, bimbang dan risau. Ramai yang mula berkurung di rumah dan takut hendak keluar. Kawasan dan tempat yang biasa menjadi tumpuan orang ramai sudah mulai lengang. Sekarang, kami menjadi musuh nombor satu mereka. Kerajaan Malaysia segera bertindak untuk melawan kami. Strategi mula difikirkan dan diatur bagi mengekang penularan penyakit yang kami bawa. Langkah drastik diumumkan – perintah kawalan pergerakan (PKP) dilaksanakan di seluruh Malaysia mulai 18 Mac 2020. Pelaksanaan PKP yang ketat mengehadkan pergerakan orang ramai. Mereka perlu duduk di rumah dan keluar jika ada keperluan sahaja. Tiada pergerakan merentas daerah dan negeri dibenarkan melainkan hanya sekitar 10 kilometer dari rumah. Malah, seorang anggota keluarga sahaja dibenarkan keluar untuk membeli barangan keperluan.

Kehadiran kami telah memaksa manusia membudayakan norma baharu. Penggunaan pelitup muka, membasuh tangan dengan air

dan sabun, penggunaan pensanitasi tangan serta penjarakan fizikal sekurang-kurangnya satu meter merupakan antara norma baharu manusia sekarang. Malah, akibat penutupan sekolah dan institusi pengajian, pembelajaran secara atas talian dan jarak jauh terpaksa dilaksanakan. Sebagai pematuhan kepada PKP, masyarakat tidak dibenarkan untuk melakukan ziarah dan kunjung-mengunjung seperti kebiasaan. Suasana sambutan perayaan seperti Hari Raya Aidilfitri, Tahun Baharu Cina dan Deepavali berubah mengikut norma baharu. Anak-anak tidak lagi dapat pulang ke kampung bertemu orang tua untuk sama-sama meraikan hari kebesaran.

Namun, ada juga di antara mereka yang degil dan tidak patuh arahan pihak berkuasa. Mereka merentas sempadan daerah dan negeri tanpa kebenaran – jalan tikus menjadi pilihan. Ramai juga yang ingkar dan mengadakan sambutan keramaian. Mereka tidak sedar, ada yang menjadi pembawa Covid-19 tanpa gejala. Akibat perbuatan mereka, ramai telah dijangkiti terutamanya warga emas dan mereka yang mempunyai penyakit kronik. Penularan penyakit berlaku dan kes semakin bertambah saban hari. Itulah kehebatan kami! Semakin manusia lalai dan alpa, semakin mudahlah kami merebak. Keadaan bertambah meruncing kerana ramai yang sakit dan perlu dirawat segera. Semua hospital dipenuhi pesakit Covid-19 dan hampir melumpuhkan sistem kesihatan. Bilangan pesakit di wad rawatan rapi juga telah mencapai had maksimum di seluruh negara. Paling menyedihkan, ramai pesakit telah meninggal dunia akibat komplikasi penyakit yang kami sebar.

Kini, keadaan yang lebih membimbangkan – petugas barisan hadapan mulai keletihan. Kelesuan akibat wabak Covid-19 mula dirasakan. Sudah lebih setahun mereka bekerja keras dan bertungkus-lumus menghadapi penularan wabak ini. Namun, belum membuahkan hasil yang diinginkan. Walaupun letih berpanjangan, para petugas barisan

hadapan terus cekat menghadapi pelbagai rintangan dan cabaran. Mereka terus tabah mengharungi badai wabak Covid-19, bertugas penuh dedikasi tidak kira siang atau malam. Bersatu hati bekerja dalam kepanasan terik matahari, malah ketika hujan ribut melanda. Mereka terus berdiri teguh dan tetap utuh.

Namun, bagi memastikan misi perangi Covid-19 ini berjaya, kerjasama semua pihak diperlukan. Tanggungjawab tidak boleh diletakkan ke atas bahu para petugas hadapan semata-mata. Seluruh rakyat mesti bersama-sama menyahut seruan untuk terus patuh kepada peraturan yang ditetapkan. Masyarakat perlu berganding bahu dan menggembeleng tenaga bagi menyekat penularan wabak Covid-19. Setiap individu perlu melakukan kawalan pergerakan sendiri. Kekal berada di rumah dan keluar hanya perlu. Jangkitan dalam komuniti sudah dikesan dan semakin meningkat hari demi hari. Hanya kita yang mampu mengubah keadaan ini. "Kita jaga kita"- tiada siapa lagi yang boleh diharapkan.

Bersatu teguh, bercerai roboh – itulah hakikat perjuangan memerangi Covid-19. Pemberian vaksin secara besar-besaran juga telah mengukuhkan lagi strategi peperangan terhadap aku dan rakan-rakan. Akhirnya, aku semakin lemah menghadapi peperangan ini. Sedikit demi sedikit aku rebah, jatuh tersungkur di medan tempur. Aku tewas jua. Dunia kembali pulih, rakyat bersorak keriangannya tanda kejayaan di atas segala usaha dan jerit perih selama ini. Bersemadilah Covid-19 selamanya – ibarat "datang tak berjempit, pulang tak berhantar".

BUNGA ANEH DAN SEBUAH KEHIDUPAN

Nurhafizah Ali

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Terengganu
nurhafizah@uitm.edu.my

Pada suatu malam, seorang pria yang meningkat dewasa bernama Arya tertidur setelah puas mengamati bait-bait kata yang ditulis oleh Indri lewat surat yang dikirim olehnya sebelum berpindah ke kota. Indri, gadis keturunan bangsawan itu terkenal dengan rupa paras yang anggun dan perilaku yang mulia. Berbeda halnya dengan Arya, dia hanyalah orang biasa. Arya tidak mempunyai harta dan kedudukan yang dipandang tinggi oleh keluarga Indri. Keluarga Arya adalah kaum nelayan kecil yang bergantung hidup dengan laut. Apabila laut tenang dan tidak bergelora, Arya dan ayahnya akan ke laut menangkap ikan dengan perahu kecil mereka. Namun sekiranya musim tengkujuh tiba, mereka anak-beranak akan mengambil upah membaiki pukot dan melakukan pelbagai kerja di desa terpencil itu demi sesuap nasi. Ibarat langit dan bumi, begitulah jurang yang membedakan taraf dan kedudukan antara Arya dan Indri.

Ketika bulan bercahaya terang dan bintang-bintang di langit berkerdip indah, Arya mulai dibuai mimpi. Dalam mimpinya, dia berjalan di sepanjang pantai di saat matahari terbenam. Suara camar yang berteriak dan menguak keras menarik perhatiannya ke arah laut. Di pesisiran laut di hadapannya, kelihatan sekuntum bunga aneh sedang terapung di atas air. Arya penasaran. Dia cuba untuk mengambil bunga itu, namun ketika dia menyentuhnya, bunga itu hanyut ke tengah laut. Semakin Arya mengejarnya, semakin bunga itu menjauh dibawa ombak. Arya gagal. Kakinya hampir kaku menongkah arus laut yang kian dingin. Dia lelah dan pasrah. Kini, bunga indah itu lenyap dari pandangannya dan meninggalkan bau harum yang akan dirindukan Arya sepanjang hayatnya.

Ketika Arya dilanda rasa sedih dan galau, muncul suatu suara yang berkata: "Janganlah cuba mengambil apa yang tidak bisa kau miliki. Biarkan semesta berjalan dengan caranya sendiri dan nikmati keindahannya."

Arya tersadar dari mimpinya dengan perasaan yang tenang dan merenungkan kembali pesan dari mimpinya tadi. Dia menyedari bahwa keindahan bunga aneh yang terapung di atas laut cukup untuk dihargai dan dinikmati tanpa harus memiliki. Seperti kisah cintanya dan Indri, cukup untuk disimpan menjadi kenangan-kenangan indah dalam botol kaca kehidupannya. Arya sekali lagi mengambil surat dari Indri dan membacanya. Indri mengkhabarkan bahawa dia akan dinikahkan dengan pemuda bangsawan yang dipilih oleh orang tuanya. Indri seperti bunga aneh yang hanya mengikut rentak ombak. Dia tidak mampu bersuara mengatakan tidak, apatah lagi menentukan jodohnya sendiri. Indri hanya mampu menelan pahitnya takdir yang tertulis buatnya. Arya pula hilang separuh nyawa. Indri adalah nyawa, hasrat, dan satu-satunya cinta yang didukung oleh Arya selama ini. Arya memejamkan matanya rapat-rapat menahan tangis, sehingga akhirnya dia terlelap kembali.

Keesokan harinya, setelah selesai menghadap Yang Esa - Arya turun ke laut dengan harapan dan semangat yang baru. Perasaan damai menyelubungi dirinya. Keindahan laut serta pohon-pohon yang tumbuh di sekitarnya membuahakan rasa kagum dan syukur pada Sang Pencipta. *"Tuhan tidak pernah menjadikan sesuatu dengan sia-sia,"* bisik hati kecilnya. Arya berjanji pada dirinya sendiri bahawa dia akan selalu menghargai anugerah Tuhan iaitu cinta dan kehidupan, tanpa harus memiliki semuanya.

WHAT?!

Ong Elly

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Perak, Tapah Branch
ongelly@uitm.edu.my

Scene 1

It was a presentation for a movie review. The instructor asked for the movie's title and heard "no name." The instructor asked again, and the student explained that the movie's title was "no name." The student was asked about his choice of movie and replied that "No Name" was his favourite anime as he had watched it countless times. There is an anime titled "No Name," for the record.

Scene 2

The class was scheduled for ten o'clock in the morning on Wednesday. Still, a student had been late to class a few times. It was not a test week, and the instructor confirmed with the other students that there were no assignments for the specific period. When interrogated, the student admitted that she went out with someone until the early morning hours. Although the instructor maintained that it was the student's responsibility to attend class punctually for the semester, the student was adamant that she only met the male student a few times during the semester.

Scene 3

All students were with dark circles under their eyes early in the morning. The instructor assumed the students burned the midnight oil to study for their test. After the instructor wished the students luck in their upcoming test, they explained that they had diarrhea after dinner the night before. The students went to the restroom one after another, saying that they still had diarrhea. The instructor managed to advise the student to get medication and medical certificates before all of them were in the restroom at eight o'clock in the morning.

Scene 4

The invigilator saw that a male student brought in an English-Malay dictionary for the

examination and warned him that the dictionary could not be used for the session. After confiscating the dictionary, the student started to wail, saying half of the dictionary was in English. The invigilator threatened that she would tear the dictionary in half for the student's use. Even though the intimidation could prompt a backfire, there was no further complicated commotion from the student.

Scene 5

The instructor received a text from two female students asking to reschedule their presentation, saying they had stomach aches. The instructor agreed to see them at eight the following day as they attached their medical certificates in their text. The instructor pointed out male names on the PowerPoint slide and asked the students if they had typed their names wrongly, prompting them to apologize profusely.

Scene 6

A well-dressed young man had a piece of tissue stuffed into his left nostril. The tissue strip went in and out of his nostril when he started talking and breathing. Nobody laughed due to the solemnity of the situation, which occurred during a public examination speaking component. It was a surprise that the candidate spoke clearly and calmly despite having a blocked nose.

Scene 7

A female student refused to switch on her camera during a video call. When asked, she replied that she was not confident with her looks. The instructor told her that she was blessed with double eyelids and could always use eyeliner or false eyelashes compared to people with monolids; i.e., the instructor. The student was not expected to sport thick black eyeliner and false eyelashes for the rest of the semester.

A LONGED VACATION

Siti Husniah Husin

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Dengkil
husniah@uitm.edu.my

Today is the day. The 8th of June. A date that I have particularly marked with a cute star since two months ago in my locked dusty pink diary. I am really excited for today as we will be packing up for a vacation. I can hear the rapid but cautious footsteps downstairs. Mummy is busy preparing the fried mee with some crackers and nuggets as the usual sides while daddy is probably loading the luggage. I really cannot stop imagining the murmuring sound of the waves under the vast blue sky, glimmering in the hot scorching sun. It has been a while since the three of us had a vacation as half of this year was filled with endless company meetings of my Mummy and Daddy.

The clock strikes 8 am and I am all ready in my Totally Spies shirt and the dark blue jeans in which I am going to pair with my favourite mustard and cream daisy sandals. I run in excitement downstairs after reaching for my Barbie sling bag behind my door.

"Good morning Sweetheart!" Daddy greets me with a bright smile on his face.

"Morning, Daddy! Have you loaded everything inside the car? What about my little set of Snow White sand castle that we bought last week?" I whimper.

"No, of course I would not forget the most important kit for our beach vacation!" he reached for me on the last step of stairs just to pinch my nose, ugh!

Mummy sets up the last set of tupperwares on the counter top before Daddy loads them into the car.

We set off to Pantai Tanjung Ara at 8.30 am with a short prayer led by Daddy.

"It's gonna take a while. I'm pretty sure it will be a lonely journey for me soon..." He giggles as he takes a side look at Mummy who is busy fixing her hijab.

"Eh, hello! I'm one of the best co-pilot in the world, okay! Don't pandang me sebelah mata like that!" she rolls her eyes while putting up one side of her shawl and pins it on the side of her head.

I smile in silence at the back while fixing my gaze outside of the window.

After almost 1 hour on the road, Daddy decides to stop by at the Petronas petrol station to buy some coffee.

"Sayang. We have arrived!" he pokes the right side of Mummy's shoulder to wake her up from the deep sleep that she strongly denied earlier.

"Ahh? Em, for real la?" she fixes her position as she opens up her eyes to check the surrounding area.

"Ala, you lied! Stop joking around!" She rolls her eyes and begins to close them right after.

I giggle at the back and rush to follow Daddy towards the shop.

After a while, we come back to the car and continue our journey.

"Mummy! Wake up!" I gently shake her shoulder to show her the Cheesy Roller Coaster's snacks that we bought earlier. It's her favourite snacks.

"Ahh, Darling! How sweet of you! Thank you for being so thoughtful" she strokes my hair.

"What about me? Am I not thoughtful?? It was my money though..." Daddy begins to pull a sad face.

"You too la my big baby! Always!" she smiles brightly.

"Daddy, I have a question for you!" I push myself forward in the middle of my parents.

"Later if we build the sand castle by the beach,

will you help me to build a big castle just like the one they advertise on the Snow White castle set ?" I ask out of plain curiosity.

"I want a REALLY big one tau! And you also need to put the crown that comes together in the set okay ?!" I urge him again with an excited tone.

"Of course, sweetheart! I will build you a REALLY big sand castle. A castle for our lil princess to reside, forever, happily ever after. Haa, does that sound promising enough..?" he smiles as he pecks my chubby cheeks.

"Can't wait to have my own castle...!!!" I move backward to secure my back on the leather seat.

"Can't wait to be the honored architect too!" Daddy raises up his hands as he speeds up the car to overtake the white truck in front of us.

"Hey, careful Abang!" Mummy quickly holds onto the handles above her head while I begin to be knocked over the other side of the back seat.

Daddy speeds up even faster as a black Hilux begins to hint at us with a few blinking lights from the other side.

The next thing I know is I can clearly hear a loud thud as our car crashes into the nearby jungle and hits one of the trees before it overturns sideways into a ditch. I can feel the left side of the back seat crushing onto my small body while Mummy tries to reach out for my hands.

"Baby!! Hold my hands!" she screams for me as I notice the dripping blood from her forehead and her stained shawl.

I try to come to my senses and reach back for her hands but all I can feel is a sudden throbbing pain in my chest.

"Mum... Help... Mummy...He...eelll...ppp...Helppp.." I try really hard to utter her name while fixing my breathing right. However, the copper taste of blood begins to soak my mouth completely and makes it even harder for me to breathe.

"No.. Nadia.. No...!! Wake up!! Please wake up!! Daddy is here...Come on! Come to your senses!"

I can barely hear Daddy's wails from his seat as he tries to unbuckle the seatbelt that tangles around his body.

I am trying. And I tried, so hard.

But it feels so much better to lie unconscious in this cramped space than to breathe out the air.

Today is the 8th of June 2006. The day of the beach vacation. With Mummy, Daddy... And.. Nadia.

A WITNESS

Siti Husniah Husin

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Dengkil
husniah@uitm.edu.my

It was a breezy night. I cycled home from my extra class as I passed by the heavily faded, white and rustic villa that has been the talk of the town. It is Villa Nabila. The villa was well-known for the crime scene that had shocked the entire country back in the 1980s. From the widely-spread rumours, the owner of the villa was Puan Nabila, a career woman in her 40s who had lost her dear husband and son in a fatal car accident. After the incident, she was seen to have lost a grip on reality as she locked herself up in the villa without any connection with the townspeople. The only remarkable thing about her was the mad screaming in the middle of the night. The next thing that the nearby neighbours noticed was a foul, rotting smell from the garden of the villa. After a thorough investigation, her badly decomposed body, chopped into pieces, was found underneath a mango tree. I was reminded of the story and every other story that my friends told me in school – mainly about the spirit of Puan Nabila that had never found peace as she could have been robbed, raped and killed in her own villa. Some also speculated that every Friday night, those who happened to pass by the house would hear her weeping and wailing along with some strong smell. That particular night was just another Friday night for me. Whenever I passed by, I would only fix my gaze towards the front as I never wanted to cross path with Puan Nabila's restless spirit or whoever it was.

"Help me.... Kid... Helppp...."

It was a distant cry. I glanced through the long window at the first floor of the villa. It was a man in black, standing in the dark facing the other side of the house. I fixed my sight towards him and in a second, he turned his face towards the window. We exchanged eye contact through the big holes of the woody brown fence that was almost completely wrecked. He waved at me with his squinting eyes and a face half covered with a mask. I squatted down and peeked from my thighs, and he surely was not hanging

midair. I forgot the distant cry for a moment and walked to the front part of the villa.

"Hello there little one.... You seem to be lost, aren't you?" he smiled at me.

"Ah... no Mister, I'm not. I was just going home from my tuition."

"Aha I see... Where do you live dear? Is it nearby?"

"Yes, yes. My house is in the nearby neighbourhood. Taman Gemilang. Only 3 to 4 houses from here. But may I know if you are in need of any help? This villa is not a safe place, my mum said."

"Uhuu. I'm getting afraid now little boy..." he looked at me with his sad eyes.

"Maybe you can run away in an instant. Or maybe we can run together. I have a bike though," I claimed.

"Nah it's okay boy. I'm just going to settle my unfinished business for now. I will find my way out soonest."

I nodded in silence and smiled.

"Anyway, you should go back now, little one. Your mother might be worried about you at home. But let me ask you one last question, okay?"

He sighed and turned his back before he began to ask me.

"Did you see anything earlier? From when you were peeking through that hole?" He smiled while pointing out to the woody brown fence.

"I saw you, Mister. And you were waving at me, right?" I answered him with another question.

"Aha! That's it. I guess...? But aren't you curious about who I am and what I am up to after you go home...? Would you tell anybody else about me?" he smiled countless times.

"What are you doing here at night then Mister? I thought everybody else is afraid of this villa." I scratched my head.

"Hmmm.. what am I up to..." He slowly removed his mask.

"Uncle.. I mean Mister... Ah... your face.... It's bleeding..." I was shaking as I saw his scratchy face with blood stains on his forehead and his left cheek.

"Calm down dear. I was born with this mark and scratch on my face. But the blood stains though.... It was an accidental doing." He pats me on the head.

"I see. I'm sorry. Maybe it's time for me to go back!" I stuttered a bit.

"Of course, boy. It's getting late... But remember... You didn't see me at all tonight,

okay? You are too precious," he muttered while patting my right shoulder.

I cycled back home that night with mixed feelings. I began to wonder about his identity and his presence in the supposedly haunted Villa Nabila.

Almost a month later, the townspeople received news of a heinous crime that had happened in the nearby area. It involved a murder of a thriving business woman as the cops found a chopped up body in the river that connected Taman Gemilang and Taman Sejati. After a thorough post-mortem on the body, the police claimed that she had been raped before the body was cut in three parts. Her head, arms and a few ligaments of her right calf were found in a separate location along the river.

That was the turning point of my life. The incident that had happened almost 10 years ago. I remember his scratchy face clearly up till today. And I never wanted to disclose it to anybody else, including my doctors here. The only thing that is certain is I have been here since I was 12.

SECRET LOVE

Siti Husniah Husin

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Dengkil
husniah@uitm.edu.my

Zayn rushes towards his marbled design walk-in wardrobe as he gets back late from the meeting. He skims through his shirts as he feels really antsy over the dinner meeting he has in an hour. While he wears his new Burberry flannel, he can picture her face vividly. Their first encounter was probably 9 years ago, back in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Throughout the years he studied in the US, Zayn had been the talk of every female student who attended the same class as him at the North Carolina University. With his sculpted body and composed attitude, Zayn would always draw everyone's attention as he passed by the hallway. Despite all the rumors about him that spread around the campus, Zayn would never take any near to his heart. He just knew people would be talking. He certainly knew his limit and boundary in life but surely it is subjective. His life in the US was nothing different compared to KL. He would be the same Zayn who enjoyed going to the bars and parties every night. That was the ways he had been before and he won't be changing that. However, that was not until he met Alisa. The meeting was nothing of an unexpected event to begin with. It was during the Gala Night for Malaysian students in North Carolina. Alisa was one of the committee members for the event. Zayn still remembers her brown nude scarf and the creamy flowery dress she wore that night. Her modesty captured him at first sight. Over one year he spent in the campus, they became closer as they shared the same passion and taste in music and vintage albums. They would go to the nearest town every Sunday for a hot mocha by the riverside as they talked about the jazz music they fancied. For the rest of the year, Zayn had completely abandoned his party buddies. He knew for a fact that a modest girl like Alisa won't be pleased to befriend the wild and carefree Zayn. They were nothing but university mates despite all the warm and cozy feelings that Zayn had grown upon every single time they hung out together. Zayn knew for a fact that Alisa would only regard him as a friend considering how she would act every single time they met. It would be a shame for him to confess his feelings towards Alisa as he knew that they came from two different worlds. Eventually, Zayn finished his final year and went back to Malaysia.

However, Alisa's direct message in his Instagram two days ago brought him to today's dinner. Zayn drives his jet black Porsche to the Tuah Café in Bangi to meet Alisa. He does not know what is the tight knot he feels pressuring in his stomach. He arrives at the café after a 20-minute drive from Putrajaya. He walks towards the only female customer sitting by the corner of the café. His heart races as he increases his pace. Her face glows and her eyes shine as Zayn calls her name.

"It's been years, Zayn Asyraf, but you still do look the same."

"Same old, Alisa Maira. How have you been?"
The chatting continues over the next two hours as they reminisce about their university days back in the US.

"I have been waiting for today, Zayn. I'm sorry that during our university life, I have denied your feelings towards me. I knew that you were interested in me. It was just me who was never ready. After you were back in Malaysia for good, North Carolina felt really empty."

"Alisa? Are you really sure? I thought it was only me all alone, babe. I was really afraid to pour my heart out back then knowing that you would blatantly reject my confession. I thought hard about it and eventually my friends said that we could never be a perfect match."

She lightly scratches the back of her hands as she smiles softly towards Zayn.

"Yes, Zayn Asyraf. Let's get to know each other again. I know that I have tortured you before. I should have just come true to myself and confessed to you. But I was also afraid that the time was not right. But I am certain now, Zayn."

Zayn feels a sense of euphoria as he drives back to Putrajaya while counting the days he would have as a bachelor.

In her car, on the other hand, Alisa caresses her small baby bump she has been hiding all along.

ABAH

Siti Norfatimah Ismail

Fakulti Sains Kesihatan, UiTM Cawangan Selangor
sitino8537@uitm.edu.my

100 hari yang lalu, dalam sunyi hening pagi, kami dua beradik setia menanti di ruangan menunggu.

“Adik, boleh dah ajar ayah mengucap” panggil Dr Amira. Doktor yang sejak petang tadi memantau keadaan abah di zon merah unit kecemasan ini.

Kami berdua bergegas ke kiri dan kanan abah. Kami pegang tangan abah sambil melafazkan syahadah ringkas ke telinganya.

Sempat ku dengar abah turut sama melafazkan dan dia yang tadinya agak gelisah semalini tenang. Kusapu airmata yang mengalir di tubir matanya dan akhirnya abah diam begitu saja. Kami berpandangan seakan tidak percaya apa yang baru saja dilalui.

Dr Amira memecah kesayuan “kalau ikutkan, ayah dah tak ada tapi sebab ada bantuan ubat, mesin masih dapat kesan degupan jantung dia. Jadi, saya tunggu mesin ni berhenti dulu baru saya umum waktu kematian secara rasmi”.

Ya, setibanya di hospital petang tadi, abah telah diberikan ubat penguat jantung kerana tekanan darah dan denyutan nadinya makin menurun. Kesan ubat itulah yang menyebabkan degupan jantung abah masih ada walaupun roh dan jasadnya sudah terpisah.

Kami berdua hanya mengangguk.

Terima kasih kepada Dr Amira kerana ketenangannya mengawal situasi menjadikan kami juga lebih kuat menghadapi saat-saat akhir itu.

Pantas... dan tidak ku sangka itu hari terakhir kami bersama abah. Tiada yang pelik sebelum itu melainkan perkara biasa yang saban kali telah kami lalui.

10 minit kemudian, adik lelaki tiba bersama mama. Terus kupeluk mama sambil menyeka

air jernih yang mengalir di pipinya. Ada rasa ralat dihatiku apabila mama tidak sempat bersama abah di saat akhirnya. Mungkin silapku jua kerana salah membuat percaturan. Aku tidak benarkan mama ke hospital petang tadi kerana keadaan kesihatannya juga tidak begitu baik. Apabila keadaan abah semakin merosot, baru kupinta mereka bergegas ke sini. Abah disahkan menghidap kanser hati tahap 3 hampir setahun yang lalu. Dek faktor usianya yang sudah lanjut, tidak banyak pilihan rawatan yang boleh dijalankan. Dua minggu sebelum ini pun doktor pakar telah mengadakan satu sesi perbincangan bersama ahli keluarga.

Menerusi perbincangan tersebut, memang kami sedar yang masa untuk abah ada dengan kami sudah semakin singkat. Namun, walau dalam sedar dan sentiasa bersedia, peritnya sebuah kehilangan itu tetap tidak dapat digambarkan dengan kata-kata.

Abah, 5 Januari 2020 adalah tarikh yang akan kami ingati. Hampir jam 1 pagi kami dipanggil ke zon merah, unit kecemasan hospital. Aku dan adik yang memang sedia menunggu disitu terus berlari kesana sebaik sahaja mendengar pengumuman tersebut.

Ku hampiri abah yang kelihatan tidak keruan di katil. Abah sebut namaku namun tidak sempat kami teruskan bicara, doktor dan jururawat datang menghampiri.

“Keadaan ayah sekarang agak stabil. Kita akan pindahkan ke wad. Nanti bolehlah panggil semua ahli keluarga kemari.. tak apa walau bukan waktu melawat pun.” Kata Dr Amira sambil tersenyum.

Kufahami maksud senyuman itu dan terus kuhantar mesej kepada ahli keluarga yang lain. Sedang kami memperhatikan para petugas bersiap sedia untuk membawa abah ke wad, tiba-tiba mesin yang memantau tekanan darah abah berbunyi nyaring. Tekanan darah abah turun mendadak. Walaupun dos ubat penguat

jantung dinaikkan, tiada respon positif yang kelihatan.

Hampir 10 minit kemudian, semuanya berakhir. Alhamdulillah. Dipagi jumaat yang mulia, abah dijemput pulang. Satu pengalaman berharga bagi ku sebagai anak yang paling tua ada ketika itu. Abang-abang yang lain masih dalam perjalanan ke hospital.

Khubungi saudara mara yang lain, menghebahkan kehilangan ini. Rupanya tidak mudah setiap kali ingin membuka cerita. Walaupun skripnya sama namun pedihnya tetap berulang. Dan reaksi setiap orang tidak sama. Setiap kali mendengar tangisan orang ditalian sana, aku menangis lagi.

Setelah selesai semua urusan di hospital, aku dan adik menemani abah menempuhi perjalanan pulang ke rumah. Bau wangi haruman mawar mengiringi kami dalam van jenazah itu.

Jika bukan kerana penumpangnya abah, tidak mungkin kami akan seberani itu meredah kegelapan malam dalam kenderaan yang digeruni ramai.

Malam yang tidak mungkin terlupakan...

Dan abah, tidak mungkin juga terhapus dari memori kami. Jasamu terlalu besar dalam kehidupan kami. Rehatlah abah di sana. Semoga satu hari nanti kita dapat bertemu kembali. Salam sayang dari anakanda yang sentiasa dalam kerinduan.

Nukilan
Siti Norfatimah Ismail
Pegawai Dietetik
Fakulti Sains Kesihatan, UiTM

CHATGPT: SAY YES OR NO?

Hajah Aishah Binti Haji Othman

Pusat Tingkatan Enam, SMK Keladi, Kulim, Kedah Darulaman
mdnoziz@yahoo.com

It is amazing and unbelievable with the progress of technology, specifically Artificial Intelligence (AI)! It is a yes or no for someone like me, an educator. I am telling you; this is a work of art as whatever you ask ChatGPT everything will appear within seconds and at your fingertips. I cannot believe it at first, this is too good to be true for teachers, lecturers, or students. Stay with me now...

What is ChatGPT?

<https://openai.com/blog/chatgpt/>

"We've trained a model called ChatGPT which interacts conversationally way" stated openai.com. The dialogue format makes it possible for ChatGPT to answer follow-up questions, admit its mistakes, challenge incorrect premises, and reject inappropriate requests.

A large language model developed by OpenAI. It is designed to answer questions, generate text, and engage in conversations with users in natural language. The name GPT stands for "Generative Pre-trained Transformer," which is refer to deep learning architecture that was built in. This program is trained on massive data, understanding, and generating human like-language.

How does ChatGPT works?

It works by utilizing a deep learning architecture called the Transformer model. The Transformer model is pre-trained on a large amount of text data. When a user inputs a question or prompt, ChatGPT analyses the text and generates a response based on its training. ChatGPT then generates a response that is tailored to the user's question or statement.

What are the capabilities and limitations of Chat GPT?

Number	Capabilities	Limitations
1	Remembers what users said earlier in the conversation	May occasionally generate incorrect information
2	Allows a user to provide follow-up corrections	May occasionally produce harmful instructions or biased content
3	Trained to decline an inappropriate request	May not have an emotional response

Source: chat.openai.com

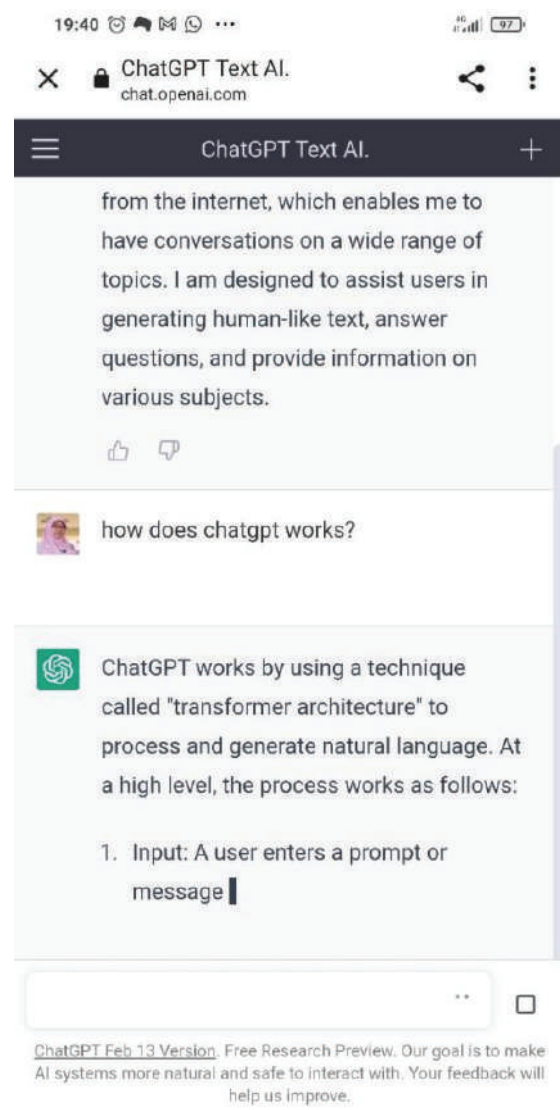
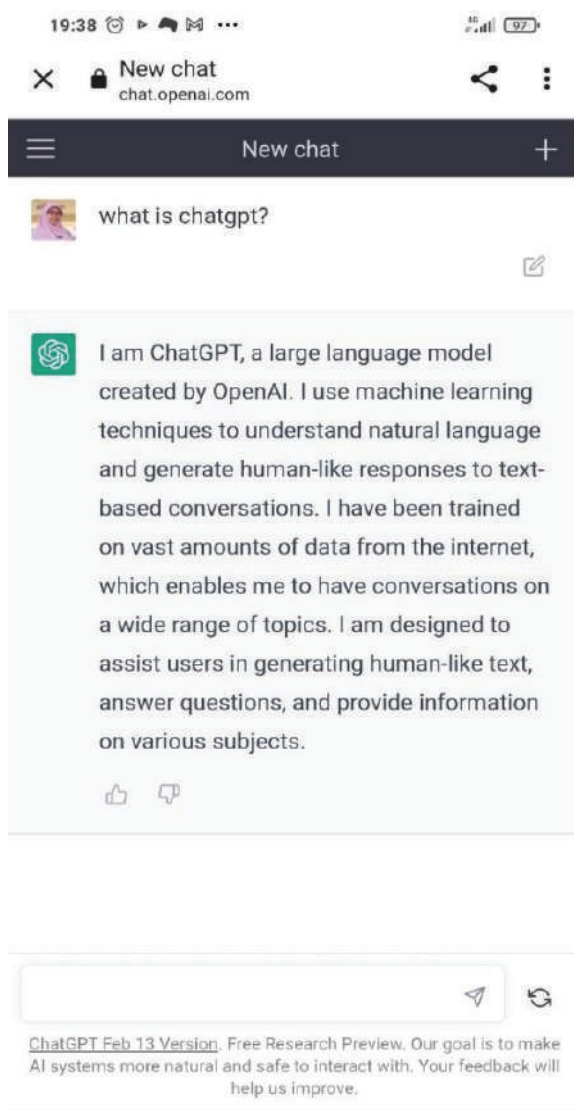
I have tried ChatGPT myself as it has been introduced by scholars and educators like Professor Dr. Abd Karim Alias, Dr. Satirah bt Hj Ahmad, and Dr. M. Tazli Azizan just to name a few. Ask anything to ChatGPT and in a blink of an eye your doubts will be answered immediately. Now, I would like to introduce ChatGPT to my students to help them with their English Language, especially in writing an extended essay. However, I am worried that ChatGPT will make my students feel lazy to think or be creative. My concern is also that I am afraid my learners will answer me by saying 'teacher let us ask ChatGPT!' Educators out there, if you have tried this share your feelings and experiences as this will clear our uncertainty.

Personally, when I used ChatGPT, it makes my work easier and I can complete my task faster. However, I have to be careful not to plagiarize everything or be critical in choosing the information given. If it is to compare ChatGPT and Google search engine based on my personal experience, I think I prefer ChatGPT in terms of the richness of information and complete data. I need to read and critically analyse the data or information given by ChatGPT, in other words, I have to read a lot! On the other hand, by using the Google search

engine, I must type the keywords to let Google search for the information for me. Then I must select and narrow down my selections. In contrast, ChatGPT will give bull's eye information that I can directly read and examine.

Basically, when it comes to the usage of AI or advanced technology, teachers or educators have to make sure everything is under control and monitored by us. The students will benefit from blended learning, but machines, gadgets, AI, or applications can never replace a teacher as a human being. The teacher is missed and waited by the students every day in the classroom, lecture hall, or even in Google meet or MS Teams. Nevertheless, technology and AI will spice up our lives now and in the future.

So, teachers and educators or even students let us check it out! Is it true that ChatGPT is the next big thing in education? Only you will be able to answer it after you have tried it. Join the community of future educators to improve our education in the emerging classroom.



An example of a chat or conversation with ChatGPT via openai.com

SEBUAH PENGAJARAN DAN KESEDARAN

Arrominy binti Haji Arabi

Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Sarawak
arrominyarabi@uitm.edu.my

Aku adalah insan yang sentiasa dikotak-katikkan, seolah-olah aku seperti boneka, yang tiada harga diri, dan senantiasanya menjadi sasaran untuk dipersalahkan. Aku umpama patung boneka yang ada ketikanya dikasih dan ada ketikanya dibenci. Namun, aku gigihkan diri untuk memikul amanah yang dipertanggungjawabkan. Walaupun terpaksa meredah onak dan duri, maki hamun dan kata-kata cacian. Aku sedar aku seumpama seorang insan yang lemah dan tidak berdaya. Namun, aku mempunyai harga diri dan prinsip yang harus aku perjuangkan demi melaksanakan tugas-tugas yang diamanahkan. Kadang-kadang kita merasa terpinggir, tapi kita tetap melangkah ke hadapan. Meskipun terpaksa mengheret kaki dari satu anak tangga ke anak tangga yang seterusnya. Aku akur bahawa ada masanya aku tidak dapat menyiapkan amanah seperti yang dijanjikan, namun, aku rasa bersyukur dapat melangsaikan tanggungjawab yang diberi. Biar pun lambat, yang penting dapat dilakukan mengikut justifikasi. Anggaplah bisikan atau suara halus yang negatif hingga menyebabkan hati terasa kecil sebagai pengajaran dan penyucuk semangat buat diriku. Aku yakin atas keupayaan ku berpaksikan jati diri dan keikhlasan hati.

Lalu aku berkata kepada diri ku sendiri dengan penuh kesedaran, "Ayuhlah bangkit, terus bangkit dan lawan". Buktikan bahawa apa yang diperkatakan itu tidak benar. Berubahlah untuk kebaikan diri sendiri dan keluarga tersayang. Tunjukkan kemampuan di luar pemikiran dan jangkaan mereka. Sesungguhnya, untuk berjaya, kita mesti berubah dan pandang ke hadapan. Usaha memanjakan diri bertindak mengikut emosi dan perasaan. Sekiranya mahu berjaya, kita mesti memaksa diri kita dan punya keyakinan diri. Paksalah diri kita tidak kira sesuatu kerja itu seronok atau senang atau sebaliknya dan harus belajar memaksa diri sendiri melakukan kerja berkenaan. Dari situ ketahuilah bahawa itu adalah rahsia utama kejayaan.

Demi mencapai sesuatu keinginan, kita harus tanya diri kita sendiri. Apakah kita betul-betul mahukan perkara itu? Apa yang sanggup kita lakukan untuk mencapai apa yang diinginkan? Lakukan apa sahaja untuk mendapat apa yang diinginkan dengan tulus dan ikhlas. Tiada sesiapa yang boleh menghalang kemahuan seseorang. Semua orang dapat mencipta kejayaan sekiranya mereka menyukai apa yang dilakukan. Harus tahu bahawa sesuatu pekerjaan itu bukanlah satu bebanan sekiranya kita menyukai pekerjaan itu. Kenapa ada orang yang sanggup bekerja sehingga akhir malam dan masih kelihatan segar? Ia adalah kerana mereka amat menyukai pekerjaan tersebut. Dan jika kita menyukai apa yang kita lakukan, apa jua halangan akan pasti dapat dihadapi dengan jayanya.

Akuilah bahawa setiap orang ada kelemahan dan tidak mungkin sedar akan semua kelemahan kita. Dalam berusaha untuk mengatasi kelemahan diri, seseorang itu akan menjadi seorang yang lebih mantap peribadi dan mampu mengawal emosi. Dengan keadaan tersebut, kita berupaya menghadapi berbagai cabaran yang akan datang. Kita juga wajar menjadi pengkritik kepada diri sendiri. Cerminlah ke dalam diri sendiri dan bermuhasabah diri agar dapat mengetahui kelemahan diri. Dengan menjadi pengkritik diri sendiri, kita akan lebih terbuka kepada teguran, nasihat serta pandangan orang lain. Carilah sahabat yang sudi menegur kita secara ikhlas dan jujur. Meskipun ada kalanya teguran itu amat pedih sekali tetapi kita harus menerimanya dengan sikap terbuka dan positif. Rancanglah kerja yang akan kita lakukan hari ini, esok dan seterusnya. Buatlah jadual pekerjaan secara terancang supaya pekerjaan yang akan kita lakukan menjadi lebih berkesan dan mudah membuahkan hasil. Dengan ini, kita dapat menggembirakan bukan sahaja diri sendiri tetapi semua rakan sekerja kita kerana apa yang kita kerjakan lebih teratur dan kemas. Dan sudah pastinya produktiviti diri juga akan meningkat serta kurang merasa stres. Buatlah sesuatu pekerjaan dengan niat yang betul dan ikhlas.

忆北京留学之食篇

朱锦芳 **Choo Kim Fong**

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Johor Kampus Segamat
kimfong@uitm.edu.my

印象中对北京的饮食最深刻的感觉是“油”和“咸”。每次外出就餐，无论点的是清炒鲜蔬或是酱烧鸡鸭鱼肉，上菜第一眼看见的必定是“油汪汪”一片，前后呼应地是吃完后也还是那片“油汪汪”。这对于一向偏清淡饮食的我而言，是一大挑战。刚开始的时候，还以为是我个人的问题，后来跟其他国家的留学生接触以后，才发现我并不孤单。解决之道，当然就是亲自下厨，自给自足。不过，课业繁忙，加之一个人食用也不可能给整大鱼大肉，通常都是水煮一切的“大杂烩”。



在留学生涯的数年里，我有过来自世界各国的同屋，俄罗斯、印度尼西亚、巴基斯坦、韩国、美国、意大利和越南，从她们身上学会了少许简易版的各国美食。我的厨艺也从水煮一切进阶，尝试各国美食的烹制。于是，韩国拌饭、紫菜卷、饭团、寿司、海南鸡饭、山东煎饼和生鱼片就应运而生了。

回到马来西亚的三年里，时刻想念凉皮、杭州小笼包、山东煎饼、麻辣烫和麻辣香锅等中国美食。在我学会海淘以后，跃跃欲试地购买材料自己制作，然而在等到包裹送达期间，热情渐渐退散。中国餐馆在马来西亚不少，辣子鸡、水煮鱼、酸菜烤鱼、糖醋里脊、酸辣土豆丝、鱼香茄子和麻辣火锅极易获得，但也不是记忆中的味道了。



ARE WE LIVING IN THE AGE OF DIGITAL DYSTOPIA?

Dr Sheikh Ali Azzran

Fakulti Senibina, Perancangan dan Ukur, UiTM Shah Alam
sheikhali@uitm.edu.my

The rise of digital technology has become the catalyst in shaping our reality of the digital world. In such a tumultuous time, the disruption of digital technology has influence, for better and for worse, in various aspect of society including politics, economy and especially social. This also warned us on the dark side of the reality that we are inevitably experiencing—the digital dystopia.

Cyber-attacks, scams, fake news, sensational fad of fintech, and many other advance manipulative online methods has taken a toll on the people especially those who are not used to the latest technology. These are only the tips of the ice-berg. The digital dystopia has greatly influenced the social order with unlimited exposure to endless global affairs that somehow fuel our lives with anxiety, vulnerability, and insecurities. The rise of individual fame, political righteousness, conspicuous consumption has put us in the unsettled position and self-destructive manner, thus, affecting the overall health and well-being.

Among the trends in the digital dystopia that has the most profound effect in the society include: automation, disconnection, intellectual degeneration. Without a doubt, technological progress and productivity growth have been self-limiting; rapid change in some sectors of the economy displaces millions of workers has left with people without employment and lead to a dark, downward spiral for the future.

The rise of automation such as Artificial Intelligence (AI), Internet of Things (IoT) and blockchain technology, other emerging digital technologies has taken over human tasks and menial works. The effect of automation has displaced most of the low skill levels employment while boosting the productivity of the firms to thrive in the hypercompetitive economy. Most firms could no longer operate the way they used to. They had to invest on innovation so that they could stay relevant in the global market. This could potentially garner

mass unemployment and lead to social disparity, as not everyone has the opportunity to develop the necessary technological skillsets required in such a short time. This results in those who can would monopolise the employment market, inevitably increasing the wealth gap.

The disconnection of society in the global-connected world is appallingly worrisome. The pursuit of popularity, visibility and achievement has become the battle of finding sense of worth and value in society. The rise of individualism has not only degrades social ties and community lives but also fueling people with the sense of negativity and distrustfulness. This also compromise with health and wellbeing with no true social relationship, and in constant pursuit of ephemeral happiness such as smartphones, cars and luxury items. This kind of lifestyle inflation trap has made people worse off and in a lot of debt.

Lastly, the digital technology is not just convenient but often makes people less bright and heavily reliant on the online search engines for information effortlessly, leading to a complacent mind without considering flaws in arguments. . The intellectual degeneration phenomenon is seen by many people being scammed and easy prey to cyber-attacks and unscrupulous scammers. . The lack of wit and perception on fraudulent activities online such as clickbait of fabricated website had many being cheated. In terms of education, the recent hype of Open AI chatbot system has been hound by media and seen as threat to the education sector. The concern of rampant academic plagiarism has made it easier for the students to not leaving their intellectual comfort zone—and eventually will have an effect on the student ability to think for themselves and their originality will subsequently subdued.

The trends of digital dystopian are not limited to these themes but impacted in many layers of social issues which could contributed to the fatalistic and pessimism to live. The social harmony had been destabilized, the rate of online hatred, racism and resentment has slowly seeped into the mind of people which make way to apathy, anger and tension around the globe. The digital dystopian has a profound effect on our personal wellbeing, like it or not. We are easily getting envious with flicks and images that we see each day, the feeling of scarcity and self-sabotaging ways that people are judging us based on whatever influences we had in the digitally connected society in order to seek for validation and approvals from the public. The deep-seated misconstrued belief could become the very thing that defeat us from our purpose to live our life more meaningfully.

“THREE DECADES OF DEAD POETS SOCIETY”

Faiza Rostam Affendi

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UTM Cawangan Pahang
faiza@uitm.edu.my

All my life, I remember how people around me had quite frequently used the term “Carpe Diem”. However, I had never really known what the meaning was and quite frequently, I heard a few of my friends greet one of my lecturers in university with “Oh captain, My captain!” to which my lecturer was glad. Never once has it occurred to me that both of the sayings are references to the movie “Dead Poets Society”, a brilliant cinematic masterpiece which I have greatly regretted not watching sooner.

I remember watching this movie for the first time and after two emotional hours, I was left questioning “Have I lived my life being a slave of the system?”. Yes, I have. I have always been on the edge of uproar when it comes to the matters of putting our education system and social criticism into perspectives but I have never dared to speak my mind about it because I never thought that my opinion would matter or even if my voice would be heard. Witnessing how much of my life choices, my actions and the words I utter are all manipulated by the societal demands and the course of our education system, I realised that there are just so many things that I never get to achieve or how spontaneity has never been a choice of act because I was just too afraid to seize the day. I know now that since I've gotten this far in an academic course, I might as well use John Keating as my aspiration now that I am an educator. I will start the spark that could fire up a change in the system.

"Carpe diem. Seize the day, boys. Make your lives extraordinary."

This is the idea that the movie centres on, to encourage youths to live their lives to the fullest, to not live through any regrets and never succumb to social conformity. Social conformity is an ugly condition in which philosophies have become meaningless and ceased to be rules and pillars in which all members of society have to follow. The boys in Welton Academy were greatly tested between practising traditional

values, which by far had led them to being slaves of the pillars, never tasting the freedom of having an opinion or expressing themselves and accepting conservatives values which urge them to discover life as much as they can while they are still young. Likewise, in our country, and many others, there are certain living standards that we have to follow in order to be accepted, in order to avoid poisonous societal criticism. The way the society's mind works, the way they think and the way they judge got me thinking, who made them God? Who are these people we often refer to as society? Us. All of us. It does not matter if you stand for a different belief or concept, if you're not doing anything to voice out your mind and start the chain of change, everything will always be the same.

You're born, at the age of 5 you start schooling, later on you further your education in college or university, get a job, secure a career, settle down, start a family and you die. A typical setting formed by society to become a certified average individual. If you don't go through this, the society will have a different perspective on you. Most parents' minds are contaminated with the idea of this setting thus making it hard for them to accept their children's idea of the way to live their lives. Exactly like how it was portrayed in “Dead Poets Society”. Some of us have unenviable circumstances that force us to take a different route in life and some of us simply choose to the road less travelled by.

Now, differences are acceptable in the society only if you manage to make it on the news with your success. Society will say, it's okay to be different, but here's the catch, you have to go through a ridiculous amount of bashing, criticisms and oppression. All of these can lead one to suffer mental illness in which they slowly retreat to their dark side and loose the battle to their own demons. In the movie, Neil, who was totally burnt out by his father's rules and demands, decided to end his life at the age of 17. What's the price to pay for

parents to listen to their children rather than losing them forever? Mental illness causes the same damage as physical injury or even worse. The awareness on mental illness was artistically raised in this movie which was created over 34 years ago and yet, here we are in 2023, knowing very little about mental illness even constantly disregarding it. Basically, you have to play it safe to be accepted.

This movie was an incredible watch and it was worth every second that I spent watching it. Nevertheless, no matter how much praise and compliments this movie received, bear in mind that the messages and values this movie was trying to deliver has been going around for over 34 years. People all over the world would passionately yell out “Carpe Diem”, have it printed on t-shirts but the saying will only stay as a fun utterance never to be taken literally. Why do I think so? Simply because we can compare the events in this movie with our everyday lives and realise that nothing much has changed. However, I know every single soul this movie has touched are just waiting to explode like fireworks, inspiring others, making a change with every word that they utter and every idea that they plant.

THE WAY OF LIFE

Haslina Hassan

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
haslina2310@uitm.edu.my

I can still remember when I was back in school and when I heard my teacher told me about nature, I would imagine the greenery of a forest, the cooling air of waterfall or the calming air at the beach. I used to believe that it stops there. Now that I have lived for three decades fully surrounded by the high-rise buildings of the city, I find myself consumed with the thoughts of this becoming more natural, or nature-like, and the “nature” I used to imagine when I was that little girl disappears. Though this is my current view on nature, however, I never feel like it has ever been positive. I always feel like I am in a rush seeing how all these metal death traps surrounding me being erected one by one and this particularly affected me back in the end of 2021.

I am not sure how many of us would still remember the event that happened back in 2021. We had just been granted freedom to travel after two years being cooped up at home due to the pandemic when we were faced with one of the biggest floods in history. I have only been staying in Shah Alam for not more than three months by then. I went out the morning of 18th December to celebrate the birthday of a dear friend in KL along with a few of my closest friends. It had been raining for quite some time that morning, but I never could envision anything of it. By the time I reached Elite wanting to exit to Ebor later that night, the traffic was horrendous. I was rerouted multiple times. Luckily, my siblings are all in Selangor, so I had options since I was locked out of Shah Alam.

I stayed at my sister’s place in Cheras since my parents and elder brother had also come to her place for a visit from Johor at the very same day. As this happened in Shah Alam, we had been trying to reach my uncle who lives in Seksyen 19, but it was to no avail. The following day, my aunt sent a message in our extended family WhatsApp group of what happened to her and family. Her house was flooded and only the roof was to be seen, but they managed to escape to

her daughter’s place in KL before the situation escalated. A few days later once the flood subsided, she went back to her place. It was devastating. The flood had caused severe damage to her home, leaving most of their belongings rendered useless. I can still see the horrific scene of the living room and smell the nasty remnants of the mud. Though we did not see it happening again last year, but now even with the teensiest rain, my aunt started packing and went to her daughter’s place. We might be lucky that all our family members got out of the situation unscathed, but that was not what happened to many other flood victims that year.

Even now, in the middle of KL, whenever it rains, flash floods continue to happen as if it is something natural, as if it is the way of life. Malaysians are now numb to scenes of flooding, and this got me thinking, are we going to continue living like this? Living in fear every end of the year, praying and hoping that we would never be the flood victims? I used to feel blessed whenever it rained, but now whenever I feel like posting #blessed whenever it rains, it feels wrong when I know there are hundreds and thousands of people who might be living in fear due to the rain.

Commodities

2 minute read · December 20, 2021 5:57 PM GMT+8 · Last Updated a year ago

Malaysian manufacturers fear heavy losses from floods

By Liz Lee



FBS



GO!

Untung pantas berdagang dalam 3,2,1

BERDAGANG SEKARANG

Click Here for More Information

TheStar Floods: Still not over, tight watch as watery end closes 2021

Floods: Still not over, tight watch as watery end closes 2021

NATION Thursday, 30 Dec 2021 11:17 AM MYT

Related News



NATION 38m ago I will monitor to make sure flood victims get cash aid says Zahid



Get 30% off our Ads-Free yearly plan. Use code 'GOPREMIUM30' at payment page & w

MALAYSIA

Experts: Selangor floods show failure to prevent a repeat of Kelantan in 2014; Malaysia needs better warning systems



ADVERTISEMENT

JUST IN

malaymail

5 m ago

A-G report: Weaknesses in work procedures resulted in Ministr

105 IN SUBSCRIBE

THE STRAITS TIMES ASIA

Malaysia floods death toll rises to 46

Malaysia massive floods result in RM6.1 billion losses, Selangor worst hit



Roshniqwee S Badi 28 Jan 2022 04:09PM (Updated 30 Jan 2022 04:19PM)



The original title remains unchanged to work across various devices. Please do not edit. © 2022 The Straits Times. All rights reserved.

Clippings of newspaper articles surrounding the massive flood in 2021

擂茶飘香 (THE FRAGRANCE OF LEICHA)

Loh Siaw San

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Sarawak
siawsan@uitm.edu.my

擂茶作为客家保健养生美食，颠覆了大众对客家菜味浓的舌尖记忆。

一碗以绿色蔬菜为主的擂茶，你能猜到它就是客家菜吗？

擂茶，顾名思义，它应该是一种茶或者喝茶的办法。然而，如果你要在古晋“喝”擂茶，那就真的是说不过去了。简单来说，砂拉越擂茶就是一个以绿色蔬菜为主的美食套餐。套餐里面有各种蔬菜、米饭和茶汤。

在砂拉越华人的日常生活中，擂茶是一道深受大家喜爱的主食。在古晋市区，我们可以轻易找到专卖擂茶的档口。小部分的客家妇女也擅长煮擂茶，并把擂茶当作是待客佳肴。关于擂茶的食谱，各家制法大同小异，主要表现在配料的选择。擂茶特点是吃饭的时候佐以多种蔬菜，加上白米饭或是糙米饭拌在一起。各种含水量较少的青菜都可用：包括长豆、菜心、四角豆、树仔菜、包菜等。再加上花生、江鱼仔、虾米、菜脯等配料，十分丰富。

关于擂茶的典故，可追溯至唐朝的陆羽《茶经》卷三里所记载：“闻南方有一困蜀姬作茶粥卖”。这句话结合了河婆地名的传说，此蜀姬可能就是指何婆。何婆用“三生汤”——擂茶，给水土不服的兵士治病，成为一时的美谈。

与古代治病的目的不同，现代人吃擂茶，更多是为了健康与养生。擂茶不仅能生津止渴，清凉解暑，而且还有健脾养胃，滋补长寿之功能。擂茶汤除采用茶叶外，更多的是含有草药成分的植物。例如：苦刺心（苦刺的嫩叶）能清热解毒、排毒养颜；艾叶可用于温经止血，散寒止痛；九层塔能强身健胃、促进消化及驱风解热；薄荷叶具有消炎止痛、解热降温、健胃的功效等。

为了让擂茶汤的味道更顺口，客家人会加入花生、芝麻等调味。由于部分草药难以寻找，因此各家的做法不一，材料也可自行增减。由此可见，擂茶汤可说是一种“味道丰富”的“汤”。茶叶的甘味，苦刺叶、九层塔的苦涩味，薄荷的清爽味，芝麻、花生的香甜味。荤食版的汤还带有江鱼仔或虾米的鲜味呢！

此外，被简化的擂茶配菜虽然可以自由配搭不同的蔬菜，但里边一定少不了带甜味的树仔菜。除了树仔菜外，四角豆、油麦等也是客家农人菜园里常出现的。务农的客家人长期在大太阳底下曝晒，容易中暑，所以擂茶中的蔬菜如树仔菜、四角豆、油麦、韭菜等，都具备了解毒去暑的疗效。

擂茶的擂，即研磨。传统擂茶的工具主要是擂钵和擂棒。作法是将材料放入擂钵中舂捣，至原料成酱状茶泥。擂好的茶泥必须放在擂钵里或大盆里。待要喝的候时，把滚烫的开水往里一冲，稍微搅拌，便成了擂茶。

随着时代的进步，许多繁复的程序也逐渐简化。现在的擂茶汤，食材都会放入搅拌机中搅碎。享用时加滚水冲泡即可。至于味道方面，也会随着烹饪者或食客的口味，作出调整。例如：不喜欢苦涩味的可以减少苦刺心，想要汤头更清甜可以增加花生的比例，或者加入江鱼仔等。虽然如此，擂茶做工仍是十分繁复。每一种蔬菜必须全部手工刀切成颗粒，然后下锅炒香，不得马虎。

客家方言源流支派多，如：大埔客、河婆客、兴安客等等，各有不同的口音。饮食文化也不尽相同。很多人都知道擂茶是客家人的代表美食。但如果要更贴切，擂茶其实是河婆客的食物。早期的客家人祖辈从中国原乡，带着擂茶，漂洋过海，加上料理本土化后变成今天我们吃到的擂茶饭。究其原因，客家人先贤大部分都以耕种蔬菜为主。早期移民，都以劳力为生。他们选择的食物必须吃饱耐饱，且容易获得。因此他们选择了清炒自家耕种的蔬菜，然后购买豆腐、豆子等便宜的材料，再加入白饭，上面撒一些炒香的花生。这便是南洋化的河婆擂茶了。

河婆擂茶能饱腹裹肚、清热解渴，同时也连接着客家族群的历史命运。早期客家先贤下南洋来到砂拉越，入乡随俗，客家饮食文化经历本土化的渗透。从中国原乡的擂茶，再到南洋华人的擂茶，一碗擂茶从咸变甜，最后更成了米饭，虽然都叫擂茶，可它们的内容和角色都大有不同。这段历程恰好说明人下南洋华人历经数次大迁徙，长途跋涉，颠沛流离的日子，最终凭着顽强奋斗、刻苦耐劳的精神，在南洋找到了属于自己的天空。

如今，擂茶已作为保健养生食品中的佼佼者，人们吃擂茶已经不分籍贯。吃擂茶的方法也是根据自己的喜好。有些人喜欢吃饭配汤的方式，将饭和茶汤分开来吃。有些人喜欢将茶汤倒进饭中，搅拌均匀，来个茶汤泡饭。也有人不喜欢汤里面的苦涩味，单吃没有擂茶汤的擂茶饭。这种吃法，又到底算不算是在吃擂茶呢？

无论如何，如果你有机会去台湾品尝擂茶，千万不要太惊讶。因为台湾的客家擂茶，另有一番风味。

CURRENT TRENDS OF TRAVEL AGENCY

Mashita Abdul Jabar

Faculty of Hotel and Tourism Management, UiTM Cawangan Melaka
mashita@uitm.edu.my

Do you love to travel and explore new places? If so, you are not alone! Millions of people around the world travel every year, and travel agencies play a big role in helping people plan and book their trips. Travel agencies have been around for a long time, but they are changing in some exciting ways. Let's take a look at some of the current trends in travel agencies.

One of the current trends is sustainable tourism. In recent years, travellers have become more aware of the impact of tourism on the environment and local communities. They are increasingly seeking out eco-friendly and socially responsible responsive travel options.

Travel agencies have responded to this trend by offering sustainable tourism packages. These packages focus on responsible travel practices, such as supporting local communities, preserving natural resources, and reducing carbon footprints. For example, a travel agency may offer tours that promote wildlife conservation, eco-friendly accommodations, or responsible tourism practices.

Technology is another significant trend in travel agencies. The rise of smartphones, social media, and other digital platforms has transformed the way people plan and book their trips. Travel agencies have had to adapt to these changes by incorporating technology into their services.

One way travel agencies are using technology is through virtual and augmented reality. These technologies allow customers to explore destinations before booking their trips, giving them a better sense of what to expect. Travel agencies are also using mobile apps to make it easier for customers to book and manage their trips. These apps allow customers to access travel information, get real-time updates, and communicate with their travel agents.

Social media is another significant trend in

travel agencies. Platforms like Instagram, Facebook, and Twitter have become essential tools for promoting travel destinations and packages. Travel agencies use social media to showcase their destinations, share travel tips, and engage with customers.

Social media has also changed the way customers interact with travel agencies. Customers can use social media to research destinations, read reviews, and communicate with travel agents. This has made it easier for customers to plan and book their trips, but it has also increased competition among travel agencies.

Apart from that, the travel industry has also experienced significant changes in recent years due to changing consumer preferences, and new travel trends. They are in terms of the elderly market, vehicle travel, short vacations, and business travel.

The elderly market is a rapidly growing segment of the travel industry, and travel agencies are responding to this trend by offering specialized packages and services for older travellers. Over 593 million international travellers aged 60 and above travelled in 1999, accounting one-third of total holiday spending. According to the World Tourism Organization, this figure is expected to reach 2 billion trips per year by 2050.

One trend in travel agencies for the elderly market is the increasing demand for accessibility and comfort. Elderly travellers often require special accommodations, such as wheelchair ramps, easy access to transportation, and hotel rooms with grab bars and non-slip surfaces. Travel agencies are responding to this demand by offering accessible transportation options and customized travel packages that cater to the unique needs of older travellers.

Another trend in travel agencies for the elderly market is the emphasis on health and wellness.

Many older travellers are looking for travel experiences that promote health and well-being, such as spa vacations, yoga retreats, and outdoor adventures. Travel agencies are offering these types of packages to appeal to the growing market of health-conscious older travellers.

Vehicle travel is another current trend in travel agencies. Many travellers are opting for road trips and self-guided tours instead of traditional guided tours. This trend has been fuelled by the rise of car-sharing services and the popularity of recreational vehicles (RVs).

Travel agencies are responding to this trend by offering customized road trip packages and self-guided tours. These packages often include rental cars or RVs, hotel accommodations, and suggested itineraries. Travel agencies are also partnering with car-sharing services to offer discounted rates and incentives to customers. Short vacations are becoming increasingly popular among travellers who have limited time or budget. Instead of taking extended vacations, many travellers are opting for shorter trips, such as weekend getaways or day trips.

Travel agencies are responding to this trend by offering short vacation packages that cater to the unique needs of these travellers. These packages often include local experiences, such as food tours, cultural events, and outdoor activities. Travel agencies are also offering flexible booking options, such as one-day tours and last-minute deals, to appeal to travellers who are looking for short, spontaneous trips.

Business travel is another important market for travel agencies. Many businesses rely on travel agencies to arrange their travel arrangements, such as flights, hotels, and ground transportation. However, the COVID-19 pandemic has dramatically impacted the business travel industry, with many companies cancelling or postponing their business trips. One trend in travel agencies for business travel is the shift to virtual meetings and remote work. Travel agencies are responding to this trend by offering virtual event planning services, such as webinars and online conferences.

Another trend in travel agencies for business travel is the emphasis on safety and hygiene. Travel agencies are offering packages that prioritize safety measures, such as enhanced cleaning procedures, contactless check-in, and social distancing protocols. Travel agencies are also providing travellers with up-to-date information on travel restrictions and safety guidelines to help them make informed decisions about their travel plans.

In conclusion, the travel agency industry is evolving to meet the changing needs and preferences of different types of travellers. Sustainable tourism, technology, the growing elderly market, the popularity of vehicle travel, the trend towards short vacations, or the impact of the COVID-19 pandemic on business travel are all current trends that are shaping the industry. By staying up-to-date with these trends, travel agencies can continue to thrive in a rapidly changing industry.

NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES

Mohd Faisal Abdul Wahab¹, Dr. Azila Azmi²

Faculty of Hotel and Tourism, UiTM Pulau Pinang Branch
mohdfaisal@uitm.edu.my¹

1. Tragedi yang 'terpaksa berlaku' ini tercatat sebagai antara peristiwa paling gelap dalam persekutuan ahli politik demi genggaman kuasa. Operasi hitam yang lebih terkenal dipanggil Night of the Long Knives (Malam Pisau-pisau Panjang) yang berlaku antara 30 Jun hingga 02 Julai 1934 ini bertujuan untuk mengukuhkan kuasa Hitler melalui National Socialist German Workers Party atau dalam bahasa Jerman dikenali sebagai Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei (NSDAP) atau lebih mudah diingat, Nazi.
2. Mengapa terjadi? Berlaku atas arahan Hitler kerana ketakutan dan prejudis melampau beliau terhadap sayap separa tentera Nazi iaitu pasukan SA (Sturmabteilung) yang turut terkenal dengan gelaran Storm Troopers atau Brownshirt yang cukup banyak membantu Hitler mendaki puncak kuasa.
3. Nak mudah lagi? Tragedi ni 'terpaksa berlaku' untuk membasmi kesemua pesaing paling rapat Hitler yang memang dahagakan kuasa mutlak. Sama ada anda kawan rapat atau penyokong parti paling lantang, jika dirasakan berpotensi untuk memotong jalan, anda berpotensi untuk disingkirkan!
4. SA berperanan penting dalam melindungi ceramah umum atau perhimpunan pihak Nazi, mengganggu mesyuarat yang dilakukan oleh pihak lawan, selain menentang unit separa tentera milik pihak lawan jika diperlukan. Peranan SA (Storm Troopers atau Brownshirts) ini memiliki fungsi sama dengan sayap separa tentera elit di Itali yang digelar Blackshirts semasa era Parti Fasis pimpinan Benito Mussolini.
5. Kembali ke Jerman. SA dikhuatiri menjadi sangat berkuasa dalam angkatan tentera apabila ketuanya iaitu Ernst Rohm (merangkap rakan lama Hitler, sekutu dan penyokong kuatnya) merancang mahu menggabungkan Reichswehr (angkatan tentera Jerman) dan SA di bawah pimpinannya. Masakan Hitler tidak gusar, 3 juta tentera lelaki berada di bawah arahan Rohm! Pasti itu menggusarkan Hitler jika Rohm melakukan rampasan kuasa.
6. Hitler melihat ada dua ancaman utama untuk pengukuhan kuasanya selepas dilantik menjadi Cancellor Jerman pada 1933. Pertama ialah Ernst Rohm (Ketua Pasukan SA) dan kedua ialah Paul Von Hindenburg (Presiden kedua Weimar Republic pada 1925-34, menjadi Field Marshal semasa WW1 dan bertanggungjawab melantik Hitler menjadi Cancellor). Mereka berdua dilihat boleh menghalang cita-cita Hitler untuk menguasai Jerman secara mutlak.
7. *Weimar Republic ialah gelaran alternatif kepada Republik Jerman dalam tempoh 1919-33 mengambil nama Weimar, sebuah bandar di Jerman sebagai lokasi perlembagaan mula2 ditubuh.
8. Ramai figura terkenal di dalam pasukan SA yang membantu Hitler ke puncak kuasa telah dibunuh dalam operasi jijik Night of the Long Knives ini. Kebanyakan pembunuhan dijalankan oleh sayap separa tentera elit Nazi yang lain iaitu SS (Schutzstaffel) dan Gestapo (Geheime Staatspolizei) iaitu Polis Rahsia rejim Nazi. Banyaknya organisasi. Paranoid dengan diri sendiri.
9. Kesimpulan dan pengajaran: Politik boleh menjadi lapang sasaran yang sangat kejam hingga boleh memperjudi nyawa dan air mata asalkan matlamat akhir dicapai. Sikap dipapar Hitler ini membakul sampahkan dosa pahala kerana apa yang penting, sasaran mereka akan mengena dan misi akan tercapai.
10. Hitler memang tidak kisah pada dosa pahala kerana tiada konsep itu dalam jiwanya. Jika ada ahli politik moden yang melakukannya, orang itu dan Hitler tiada beza.
11. Menambah sedikit nota, pihak Hitler sebenarnya menyuruh Rohm membunuh diri terlebih dahulu kerana jasa Rohm masih dikenang ketika membantu Hitler sebelum

ini, namun Rohm enggan. Atas desakan orang rapat Hitler ketika itu, akhirnya Rohm terpaksa dibunuh juga.

RUJUKAN:

Night of the Long Knives. Retrieved on 20 Feb 2023 from https://www.newworldencyclopedia.org/entry/Night_of_the_Long_Knives

Hitler purges members of his own Nazi party in Night of the Long Knives. Retrieved on 19 Feb 2023 from <https://www.history.com/this-day-in-history/night-of-the-long-knives>

The Night of the Long Knives. Retrieved on 20 Feb 2023 from <https://www.historylearningsite.co.uk/nazi-germany/the-night-of-the-long-knives/>

Consolidation of power. Retrieved on 20 Feb 2023 from <https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/guides/z3kqrwx/revision/4>



Daily Express: Keratan berita pada tahun 1934 oleh Daily Express

Ernst Rohm: Inilah lelaki yang menjadi ketua SA, sahabat baik dan pendukung Hitler namun turut dibunuh dalam operasi ini. Dialah punca utama operasi ini terpaksa berlaku.



PERSONAL ESSAY: WHAT MAKES A GREAT LEADER IN ACADEMIA? FIVE QUALITIES TO LOOK FOR

Muhammad 'Arif Aizat Bin Bashir¹, Ahmad Fauzan Bin Badiuzaman²

Faculty of Hotel and Tourism Management, UiTM Pulau Pinang, Permatang Pauh Campus
arif.aizat@uitm.edu.my¹

Without exaggerating, I have seen a variety of leaders in various industries, but leadership in academia is a unique ball game. It takes a special blend of skills, knowledge, and personal attributes to lead and inspire academic communities towards success. Based on my observations and summations, we will explore the five utmost important qualities that make a great leader in academia and how they can contribute to a thriving academic community. First up, great academic leaders need a clear sense of purpose. They should have a vision for their institution that is inspiring, challenging, and achievable. They need to communicate this vision to the faculty, staff, and students, and get everyone on board with the common goal. They should also have a deep understanding of the institution's history, culture, and values and make sure their leadership aligns with these essential aspects.

Next, effective communication is a must-have quality for a great academic leader. They need to communicate effectively with everyone in the academic community. They should listen actively and empathetically, foster open and honest communication, and promote collaboration and teamwork. They should be able to convey their ideas and vision clearly and motivate and inspire their team.

Thirdly, a lifelong learning attitude is essential for great academic leaders. The academic world is always evolving, so a great leader needs to stay up-to-date with the latest trends and best practices in their field. They should encourage their team to pursue professional development and provide them with the resources and opportunities to do so. They should also be willing to learn from their mistakes and seek feedback from others to improve their leadership skills continuously.

Fourthly, inclusivity and respect are key qualities of a great academic leader. They should create a safe and welcoming environment for all members of the academic community, regardless of their

background, gender, race, or beliefs. They should promote diversity and inclusion and ensure that everyone feels valued and respected. They should also be open to different perspectives and encourage constructive debate and dialogue.

Finally, leading by example is a non-negotiable quality for great academic leaders. They should embody the values and principles they promote, demonstrate integrity, honesty, and ethical behaviour, and be accountable for their actions and decisions. They should take responsibility for any mistakes they make and be willing to take risks and make bold decisions that are in the best interest of the institution and its members.

To sum it up, great leadership in academia requires a combination of personal attributes, skills, and knowledge. A great leader needs to have a clear sense of purpose, exceptional communication skills, a lifelong learning attitude, be inclusive and respectful, and lead by example. These qualities will enable them to inspire, motivate, and guide their academic community towards success and excellence.

There you have it! Keep these five qualities in mind when you are looking for a great leader in the academic realm or maybe, for yourself to implement when becoming one in the future.

THE JOURNEY: AM I CAPABLE?

Natasha Zuhaimi

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Pahang, Kampus Raub
natashaz@uitm.edu.my

I remember vividly the date of my arrival at UiTM Raub Campus, Pahang, 3rd of October 2022. As I drove into the campus, the first thing that popped into my mind was, “this place is so serene”; surrounded by greenery and peaceful ambience, it leaves you breathless. I parked my car and went to the Human Resources department to report for duty. Being a new staff member of the APB Raub campus, the enthusiasm was intense, as if you are eager to bring out the best in yourself. The session with the HR department was quick; they ushered me around the campus and brought me to level 7 Cendekiawan building to meet with my head of department. All praises to the All Mighty; the APB lecturers welcomed me with such warm liveliness, I feel blessed and relieved. Thus far, I would say the first day of my arrival was fine—a quick briefing by the head of APB Raub, reading the course details and pondering my class schedule, which was quite packed, especially on Wednesday and Thursday. “Bring it on!” I say to myself, welcoming new challenges to come. But things do not turn out to be as smooth sailing as I thought...

It all started to be real when the APB Raub campus called for a meeting on the 6th of October 2022. Frankly, I was looking forward to that meeting. Gathering all the APB lecturers to exchange pleasantries and getting to know them in person got me all hyped up. It was fun until reality knocked me. After the gathering session ended, one of the APB lecturers offered me to become an advisor for a theatre competition. The offer took me off guard as I was new—three days of reporting as a new English lecturer and was offered such a task. To top it off, the theme of the theatre was SHAKESPEARE. Oh, my goodness. I expected to have a breather before pursuing my fervour yet ambitious journey. Golden opportunities do not knock twice, they say. With cold hands, I accepted the offer.

Short education background check, I earned my first degree in English for International

Communication (ENCOM), majoring in Applied Linguistics. During my degree days, we studied Introduction to Literature. The word *Introduction* is there for a reason, in which we learned the basics only. I remember during my Literature class, we did theatre as well. Indeed, I am one of the main casts, except we did not cover Shakespearean Tragedies—we played the story of *Layla Majnun*. I pursued my master’s in teaching English as a Second Language (TESL). Yet again, Shakespearean Tragedies were not emphasised during my master’s journey. The scope of Literature during my second degree focused more on studying Literature in Schools and its effectiveness. “Am I Capable?” is the question I asked myself after committing to Macbeth for the theatre play.

The journey began in October 2022. During the first week of my lecture, I observed all my students with intensity, analysing their behaviours and capabilities. Up until week three, I still have yet to decide. I repeatedly changed classes to find the perfect fit for the Drama Festival. Then, I got this self-realisation to follow my gut. Thus, during the fourth week, I entered every class and asked them, “Have any of you joined Theater before?”. Among all five classes, only one class has a student with National level Theater experience. Without hesitancy, I assigned their class to join the Drama Festival just because of that one girl. It was indeed a gamble. I put trust in the Almighty that everything will be fine. Well, this is just the tip of the iceberg— what is life without trials, right?





Assigning and delegating tasks, November 2022. All praises to Allah, the so-called National-levelled-theatre-student volunteered to do the play's script. Deciding the director was hassle-free, as one of my students volunteered to become the Director. I thought assigning the major roles would allow them to move independently. Alas, they did not know each other much. Although, I did not put high expectations on them— knowing they were just part-one students. But their enthusiasm to explore something outside of their league is beyond madness. How could I turn a blind eye and leave them be? If they could sacrifice their time and energy, why can't I? Thus, we started to meet a few times to create a good rapport and get to know each other closer. The voyage was indeed not smooth sailing. There were a few hiccups along our journey of getting to know each other; one of the students, who was supposed to be the main cast, changed campus, and the other, who was supposed to be with the make-up team, withdrew from UiTM. With those mishaps, the students' eagerness started to dim a little...and so did I. Will this be the end? I said. Will I give up? Then a voice in my head said, *you are the advisor. Please support them. Be their torch and light the way!*

December 2022. We did script reading in class to ensure the students enunciated the words correctly. We practised day and night on Wednesday and Thursday with limited time before the Drama Festival. During our last meet-up before the student's special break started, some did not attend the rehearsal, and some came late. I thought I pressured them too much, and perhaps they protested. With a

MACBETH

JANUARY 05, 2023



heavy heart that night, I told them, *"I have guided you, I have attended all your practices, and now you are on your own. This is as much as I could do for you; it does not matter if we win or lose; what matters most is that you do not humiliate yourself in front of an audience. Let us do our best to entertain them."* We ended the night with a simple script-reading session.

Fifth of January 2023, Drama Festival. Although it was not me doing the play on stage, the fact that these students were under my care— I feel accountable for every ounce of action they did. The hall was filled with people, including notable ones. For the first three plays, I was relaxed and was not haunted by anxiety. But when my students were on stage, I was freaking out. This is the moment—the fruit of our practice and all our sacrifices; I hope they will not humiliate themselves and enjoy the thrill. Once they started the play, I was blown away by their almost flawless performance in my eyes. THEY OUTDID THEMSELVES! I could not contain my happiness. Once the play was over, I ran on stage, united with my students. I looked at them like a proud mother. It was a treasurable night; indeed, the cheering and applauding still echoed intensely in my head. Alhamdulillah, we got second place for the play, and to my surprise, one of our cast was awarded BEST ACTOR! These students are forever a champion in my eyes! Thank you, "The Chosen One" AM1101G, for being a part of my early journey in UiTM Raub, Pahang! Till we meet again!



THE JOY OF READING (阅读乐-乐阅读)

Ng Set Foong

College of Computing, Informatics and Media, UiTM Cawangan Johor, Kampus Pasir Gudang
ngsetfoong061@uitm.edu.my

从小，我在闲暇无事时，并不是上电影院看戏，亦或邀三五朋友出外喝茶谈个天南地北，而是宅在家看看书、制作一些小布偶或小卡片。或许，是因为上天赐我一个平静的性格。

说起看书，我爱的书籍种类有好多款。一般上，我总会找些励志书，侦探小说，文化旅游简介，亦或是诗歌散文之类的书籍阅读。当然，如果找到有作者把我有兴趣的学术性课题简化成适合大众阅读的书籍，真是一场欢喜的缘分。每一次从书局、书展或图书馆找到我心爱的书本，就会迫不及待地赶回家，坐在沙发上开始阅读。当我翻开书本的一页又一页，鼻子嗅着那纸张清新的味道，眼睛就会随着一行行的字体滑动。

偶尔，有趣的事也会伴着阅读而来。好几次，当我的思维渐渐进入了书本里精彩的故事，不知为何我的眼皮竟然情不自禁悄悄地盖下来。就在这时，“啪”的一声就会突然响起。怎么会有这一响声呢？原来，当我的眼皮盖下时，我的手也不自觉地松开，书本就掉在地上了。我这个人就是这么地容易被书本俘虏。每当我拿起一本书，就有一种感觉。我感觉到我的心跳开始平静下来，有规律性地跳动；我的呼吸率也开始变缓，慢慢地吸入及呼出空气；我的脑袋开始在书本里畅游，但渐渐地就游进了梦乡。书本就像是我的抱枕，抱着它，我就进入了一个很安静的世界。世界里只有文字和图片，带着我，去到他们的国度。也同时，把我短暂带离这复杂的世界。

就这样，我好喜爱阅读。每一本书籍，充满了作者无限的创作力和智慧，阅读是一种智慧知识的传承，也是无穷的乐趣。

WHATSAPP: BILA TEKNOLOGI KUASAI DUNIA PEMBELAJARAN

Noorliza Zainol¹, Norrina Din², Muhammad Azli Razali³

Faculty of Hotel and Tourism Management, UiTM Pulau Pinang
noorliza690@uitm.edu.my¹

Permulaan tahun 2008 menyaksikan perkembangan media sosial seperti *Facebook*, *WhatsApp*, *Telegram* terus meningkat penggunaannya sehinggalah ke hari ini. *WhatsApp* umumnya berasal daripada perkataan Bahasa Inggeris iaitu "*What's up?*" *WhatsApp* merupakan aplikasi mesej komunikasi yang menjadi pengantara untuk hantaran dan penerimaan maklumat melalui telefon pintar dengan membenarkan pengguna bertukar gambar, video, suara atau pun mesej secara bertulis melalui platform teknologi komunikasi mudah alih yang tinggi penggunaannya di Malaysia (mendominasi 80% hingga 90% kaedah penggunaan media sosial di kalangan remaja) serta diandaikan hampir 1.8 billion kos penggunaannya pada tahun 2018. Anak kecil di usia muda, kini sudah mahir bermain telefon pintar. Peningkatan kepada perkembangan penggunaan aplikasi media sosial dan teknologi komunikasi mempengaruhi proses interaksi komunikasi semasa. Trend yang berlaku dewasa ini sama ada kita sedari ataupun tidak adalah penggunaan aplikasi teknologi dalam sistem pembelajaran anak-anak kita melalui medium *WhatsApp*, *Facebook*, *Messenger* bagi membantu pelajar untuk lebih memahami pelajaran yang diajari. Jadi, penggunaan teknologi dalam pembelajaran adalah sesuatu yang amat penting dan wajar.

Pengaruh penggunaan aplikasi *WhatsApp* mengatasi komunikasi secara bersemuka. Agak mengkusarkan penggunaan medium pembelajaran sebegini, kerana di samping mempunyai kebaikan ia juga membawa keburukan. Kewajaran penggunaannya perlu diperhalusi dan dikaji; tambahan bila anak yang di peringkat sekolah rendah juga diminta untuk menggunakan medium ini sebagai tambahan alat bantu belajar mereka. Cuba bayangkan kemampuan rakyat berpendapatan rendah? Tidak semua keluarga mampu menyediakan telefon pintar kepada anak-anak mereka. Bukan itu sahaja, masih terdapat lagi kawasan yang tidak dapat "liputan" Internet. Jadi

bagaimana ia boleh di guna pakai dan di paksa rela kepada anak-anak sekolah untuk mengaplikasikannya?

Memburukkan lagi keadaan, apabila tugas, pemberitahuan menggunakan aplikasi *WhatsApp*. Segelintir secara halus sering menggunakan ungkapan: "Untuk kerja sekolah hari ini, kamu semua boleh tengok dalam *whatsapp*". "Untuk subjek sekian-sekian sila buka *WhatsApp*, ada arahan untuk tugas kamu". Persoalannya kenapa menjadi satu budaya untuk mengguna pakai aplikasi ini dalam dunia pengajaran? Cuba bayangkan jika dalam kumpulan aplikasi *WhatsApp* tersebut terdapat 148 "pesanan atau mesej" yang masuk; ini bermakna pelajar tersebut perlu membuka satu persatu untuk mengesan arahan tugas. Implikasi dari segi masa, kos dan kaedah amat tidak membantu. Jika dibandingkan dengan sekiranya kata arahan tersebut ditulis di papan tulis yang terdapat di kelas atau di buat salinan dan kemudiannya diedarkan kepada para pelajar. Arahan dan tugas ternyata lebih jelas, lebih mudah, cepat dan praktikal untuk pelajar terima dan fahami tanpa bantuan *WhatsApp*.

Penggunaan *WhatsApp* sebenarnya menjadi satu dorongan dan menimbulkan keinginan kepada pelajar untuk memiliki gadget telefon pintar berteknologi tinggi. Berbagai cara digunakan oleh pelajar bagi memenuhi keinginan yang satu ini. Memujuk rayu, memberontak, mendesak ibubapa hingga akhirnya boleh menimbulkan satu hubungan "dingin" antara keduanya selagi kehendak tidak dipenuhi. Peranan ibu bapa tidak berhenti di situ sahaja. Di sini letaknya cabaran buat ibubapa masa kini kerana kanak-kanak zaman sekarang semuanya diajar "dunia di hujung jari" sejak kecil. Kalau dikatakan mereka tidak gemar bermain telefon mudah alih atau sebarang peranti teknologi seumpamanya, sudah tentu fakta itu bercanggah dengan realiti. Pendek kata, generasi muda kini memang sudah 'melekat' dan sebatu dengan

peranti canggih. Contohnya, laman sosial seperti *Facebook* dan *Youtube* yang kita tahu amat mengujakan dan boleh membuatkan anak-anak kita ini menjadi tidak proaktif. Penggunaannya boleh menyebabkan pelajar menjadi leka, malah sumber maklumat yang dipaparkan boleh diragukan kebenarannya. Jika ingin membantu proses pembelajaran pelajar mungkin boleh dibangunkan suatu aplikasi laman pembelajaran dan kemudiannya ia diguna pakai oleh pelajar.

SEHARIAN MENUNGGU RAWATAN: TIGA CERITA SATU WAJAH

Noorliza Zainol¹ ,Mohd Farizan Mohd Saad@Zakaria²

Fakulti Pengurusan Hotel dan Pelancongan, UiTM Pulau Pinang¹

Kursus Penyediaan dan Pembuatan Makanan, Sekolah Menengah Pendidikan Khas Vokasional Merbok, Kedah^{1,2}
noorliza690@uitm.edu.my¹

Senario 1-

Ibu bapa dengan dua anak kecil. Bapa uruskan pendaftaran anak, ibu uruskan karenah dua anak. Agak lama mereka menunggu untuk mendapatkan perkhidmatan sehingga si kecil mengamuk. Bila nombor giliran dipanggil, mungkin agak kelam kabut, seorang anak dibiarkan bersendirian menunggu diluar. Dalam penglihatan saya, anak yang ditinggalkan bersendirian ini mungkin dalam lingkungan empat ke enam tahun. Si bapa selesai menguruskan urusan pendaftaran, terus ghaib tak nampak bayang. Tak berapa lama kemudian kelihatan si ibu dengan si kecil keluar. Terus berjalan menonong keluar menuju ke pintu utama. Agak lama kemudian si kecil yang ditinggalkan bersendirian kelihatan gelisah, ke hulu hilir tanpa arah. Kelihatan seperti nak menangis pun ia juga. Saya tegur anak ini dan minta duduk berdekatan saya, dengan harapan nanti akan kelihatan kelibat ibu dan bapa yang dicari.

Alhamdulillah, tak lama nampak si bapa berjalan santai menuju ke tempat di mana mereka berada sebentar tadi. Rasa mulut gatal nak bertanya, "Encik kenapa lama sangat? Encik pergi mesyuarat tergepar ke tadi?". Tapi mengenangkan saiz tubuh si ayah yg agak besar dan sasa dengan sisi muka yang agak garang, ayat tu saya pendamkan saja. Nanti kena jentik pun rasanya boleh terpelanting dibuatnya saya ini. Nampak si bapa tercari-cari kelibat bayang anak dan isterinya. Saya hampiri si bapa yang kelihatan muka mula bertukar masam. Bukan kena mengasuh anak sepuluh orangpun, si ibu tadi pun masa anak mengamuk sakan masih berwajah manis. Senyum sikit, hadiahkan senyuman pada si kecil yang resah menunggu ibu dan bapanya ini.

Senario 2 -

Sepasang suami isteri juga bersama dua anak kecil. Kelihatannya si isteri yang hampir menguruskan semua. Membuat pendaftaran,

menjaga anak, memberi makan anak. Si suami , setia di sisi dengan tangan sibuk main telefon pintar. Sehingga ketika nama dipanggil berulang kali pun, si suami masih tekun mengadap peranti telefon. Si isteri juga yang terkocoh-kocoh ke kaunter. Pasti tempat duduk yang disediakan di hospital memang disediakan khusus untuk para suami duduk bersantai mengadap telefon. Sedang di sekeliling masih ramai orang tua, pesakit, anak kecil dan ibu berwajah lelah perlu berdiri menunggu giliran. Syabas encik suami.

Saya rasa sudah tiba masanya pihak berkaitan menyediakan satu ruang khas untuk golongan sebegini. Golongan yang setia menunggu, tanpa membantu dan tanpa perasan empati pada keadaan sekeliling.

Senario 3 -

Duduk berdekatan saya, lelaki dan wanita muda. Si lelaki (tak tahulah statusnya apa, sama ada suami, teman lelaki kerana kelihatannya agak berusia, khusyuk mengadap telefon ditangan). Si wanita pula sedari tadi ke hulu hilir dan kemudiannya berdiri sepanjang waktu menunggu di sisi si lelaki ini. Tidak sekalipun lelaki ini mempelawa pasangannya untuk duduk. Sendu betul.... Bila ada pesakit, atau warga tua berdekatan. Khusyuk si lelaki ini akan berganda, hampir telefon ditangan boleh disumbat masuk dalam kornea mata. Bila berada di tempat awam sebegini, mohon kaum adam dan siapapun untuk lebih bertimbang rasa dan prihatin. Wanita di sisi kalian sememangnya hebat tapi jangan dipergunakan kehebatan mereka. Andai mereka jadi lelah dan sakit, penyesalan tidak dapat mengubah keadaan.

Agak lama saya tidak menulis sebegini panjang. Separuh hari saya di hospital bagi mendapatkan rawatan, memberi saya peluang untuk melihat berbagai watak manusia. Terima kasih Allah kerana memberi saya peluang untuk belajar dan mengkaji watak yang ada.

GRATITUDE: A LOSING VIRTUE

Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Campus
syahriza@uitm.edu.my

Would you be honest and admit that you, even once in your life, have asked for more when in fact, you already have everything? You have a home for shelter, but you wish for a castle. You have a car for transportation, but you want one for show. Material possession is one aspect of life which we fail to be grateful for. We complain too much, maybe without realising it, and we undeniably do it every day. We often compare with what others have, forgetting what we have, and oftentimes, we take for granted what is in our hands, just to get a hold at others'.

Our ingratitude is driven none other by greed. Greed is an intense feeling of wanting more and more and every time we want more and more, greed slowly creeps in us until it finally gets a hold of us, controls us and defines who we are. The thing about greed is we fail to acknowledge it can never truly satisfy us. It is never enough. It will never be enough. However, we do have a lot to say, to justify how it is not wrong to wish and to ask for the best. And that is it, the problem is with the word 'best'. Let me ask you this, to what extent best is best?

I also believe our inability to appreciate and to be grateful will result in monstrous feelings. The people around us, especially our loved ones will be the first to suffer the consequences. "Why can't my wife be as beautiful as other people's wives"?! "Why can't my husband make as much as other people's husbands"?! "Why are you such a trouble, can't even be like children your age"?! Enraged with anger and dissatisfaction, we would hurt the people around us with malicious words. Eventually, relationships are torn beyond repair. Our innocent children, would pitifully grow up believing in the unkind words we have implanted in them. Words do cut deeper than anything else in the world.

But don't be mistaken. There is a great difference between wanting for more to feed your greed and to fulfil your necessity. Let's say we only make enough for a family of three, but

with time, the family is growing. Therefore, there is a need here for us to wish for more, to want a bigger car, to have more money to put food on the table so that nobody in the family would go to bed on empty stomach. To put it simply, it all depends on your *nawaitu*, your truthful intention for wanting more.

Each and every one of us, are bestowed upon a pair of shoes. These shoes, they are of different brands, sizes, colours and even quality. We need to be grateful because they fit us best. You can try a pair of polished, branded pink heels instead of your ripped, dull and dirty flats, but there will come a time when you realise they don't hurt your feet like the heels do. Be grateful, and you'll see what a happy life you could have, and when the time is right, you will be given even more as reward for showing your gratitude for Allah is *al-Wahhab*. Hasn't Allah promised us that?

OPENING DOORS TO ENGLISH LANGUAGE LEARNING BY FOSTERING STUDENTS' INTEREST

Nuruladilah Mohamed¹, Nurhafizah Ali²

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Terengganu^{1,2}
nuruladilah@uitm.edu.my¹

It is often said that all intellectual work relies on interest, so does the learning environment for students. In today's globalised society, the ability to communicate effectively in English is becoming increasingly important. Because of this, it is essential to foster students' interest in learning English to prepare them for a better learning experience.

The first important factor in English learning is how a teacher motivates students to learn and develop their own learning initiative. What we see these days is during an English lesson, most students just decide to be silent and listen throughout an English lecture. They seldom ever respond to queries from the teacher in English or raise their hands freely, and some even nod off.

It seems that they are attaching little importance to their English lesson especially if the class implements a traditional teacher-method approach which actually reduces students' interests in English. Even while it may cause students to progressively lose interest in studying English, this type of forced-feeding method is bad for their growth.

There are ways for teachers to cultivate interest among students in the classroom but bear in mind that these ways may not work wonderfully to all teachers or students, but they seem pretty applicable. One of the ways to promote interest in learning English is by making the classes fun and interactive. This can be done by engaging students in activities like debates or mock trials, as well as giving them opportunities to use the language through presentations and conversations. Using examples from everyday life is also a great way to demonstrate how the language is used in everyday conversations. These activities expose the students to different aspects of the language and allow them to experience its power in action. Other than that, utilising technology and multimedia is another action that teachers can do in boosting an excitement to learn the language in the

classroom. In today's era, technology and classroom activities could not be avoided, which can be excellent tools for ESL learners, for example by supplementing class materials with videos, audio recordings, and interactive software to expand the learning environment.

Dr. Janice Lo Yueh Yea, a senior lecturer from Faculty of Education, Universiti Malaya (UM) recently voiced out her opinion that there are many people restrain the importance of encouraging students' wonder and intellectual curiosity which those could stimulate their imagination and open their eyes to see other possibilities in English learning.

It is so unfortunate for academicians regardless of where we teach, to forget about how the students' "first love" could be the key point for them to instil their interest in English, especially those who have inferiority to use the language in class and daily conversations.

Students might find it challenging to spur in English learning without interest as it is a crucial and practical component in learning. To help the students learn English effectively in the shortest amount of time, all teachers must make every effort to arouse their students' interest in the subject.

Therefore, teachers should completely utilise and sustain students' interest to help them engage in active learning and become the real language warriors. Only when they are happy to learn and interested in learning, can they improve and begin to form positive feelings about learning the language and become more motivated to master it.

WHY WE SHOULD LEARN THE MALAY LANGUAGE

Piermauro Catarinella

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
piermauro@uitm.edu.my

I have been teaching the Italian language at one of the public universities in Malaysia for the past twenty years, and now I am able to speak the Malay language (Bahasa Malaysia) with those around me.

During my online webinars, I always recommend that people from all over the world should learn the Malay language, even if it did not reach an international level like English. The reason is that this language has been considered the least sexist language. In fact, according to Focus D&R (an international digital magazine that deals with science, nature, technology, culture, medicine, history, and ecology), Danish is the most sexist language, followed by German, Norwegian, Dutch, Romanian, English, Hebrew, and Swedish. Mandarin ranks ninth, followed by Persian, Portuguese, and Hindi. Italian ranks thirteenth, just before Finnish, French, Korean, Spanish, Indonesian, Arabic, Japanese, and Croatian. At the bottom of the rankings are Turkish, Filipino, Polish, and, finally, Malay which, out of the 25 languages examined, was the least sexist.

Issues about linguistic sexism have been discussed by linguists and academics. Learning Malay helped me to recognize sexism, even in small forms, in my mother tongue. A language that emphasizes male and female gender manifests the unequal power relations between men and women which have existed historically. The sexist language, in a way, is compounding the discrimination against women. It also prevents the full advancement of women in society.

Unfortunately, sexism is widespread and prevalent in all sectors and all societies and reinforced by gender stereotypes affecting mostly girls and women, much fewer men and boys. Sexism constitutes a barrier to the empowerment of women and girls, who are disproportionately affected by sexist behavior, it is linked to violence against women and girls, whereby acts of “everyday” sexism are part of a

continuum of violence creating a climate of intimidation, fear, discrimination, exclusion, and insecurity which limits opportunities and freedom. Despite the existence of standards at international, national, and regional levels guaranteeing the principle of gender equality, a gap still persists between standards and practice, between de jure and de facto gender equality.

We must be aware that the words we speak shape our thinking in subtle, subconscious ways and influence our actions. That’s why some cultures and religions emphasize the use of positive words in order not to create a negative character of the speaker and listener. Here we see that language structures subtly influence and dictate culture.

It is accepted that each language has its own structure and grammar rules. But some languages do not mark gender distinctions systematically. Some use pronouns to distinguish between male and female, and some go even further, extending the gender distinction to inanimate nouns through a system of grammatical gender. For example, in Italian, the word “house” is feminine, while book is masculine.

Non-gendered language is important as it frames the understanding of equality; it shapes our views of women’s roles and directly impacts their participation in all aspects of society. Non-gendered language can also empower, advance and promote equality between women and men. On the other hand, gendered language can contribute to the marginalization of women in the labor market, impede educational attainment, reinforce traditional gender roles, and support harmful traditional practices.

Language is a reflection of the attitudes and norms within a society. It also shapes our worldview and, over time, people’s attitudes as to what is “normal” and acceptable. If a language uses unequal distinctions between

females and males, it is accepted that men are more favorable than women. For example, some Italian words, in the masculine form, have a positive meaning. But, in the feminine, it is negative: “Un uomo disponibile” (masculine) means a kind and thoughtful man, but the feminine “una donna disponibile”, means whore. Hence, this word that carries the meaning “whore”, seems to be a norm to the users. It also looks like that feminine gender nouns (compared to the masculine ones) are dirty and repulsive.

The way language is used not only reflects social structures and biases but may also reinforce preconceptions and inequalities related to gendered roles in everyday life and in the work environment. While women play an active role in all parts of society, language that ignores or minimizes their contributions is still often used. Gender-inclusive language is about writing and speaking in a way that does not discriminate or marginalize on the basis of gender and does not promote or perpetuate gender stereotypes. The Malay language is the less gendered language. For instance, the same word “dia” is used to refer to a male or female; while English has two different gendered personal pronouns (he and she) to name them.

For this reason, I would like to congratulate the Malaysians from the bottom of my heart and tell them: “Chapeau”, for creating and using such a beautiful and non-sexist language.

PENSYARAH PEMBULUH DARAH PEMBENTUKKAN MAHASISWA BERJAYA

Dr Sheikh Ali Azzran¹, Dr Farrah Zuhaira Ismail²

Fakulti Senibina, Perancangan dan Ukur, UiTM Shah Alam¹
sheikhali@uitm.edu.my¹

Menara gading merupakan institusi yang melahirkan mahasiswa dan mahasiswi berkaliber yang mampu berfikir secara matang dan kritis serta bersiap siaga menempuh alam pekerjaan. Namun, apalah kejayaan graduan-graduan ini tanpa kehadiran insan yang bergelar pensyarah di sebalik tabir setiap langkah mereka.

Pensyarah didefinisikan sebagai golongan pendidik atau ilmuan yang berkemahiran dan berkepakaran tinggi dalam sesuatu bidang. Tugas hakiki pensyarah ini bukan sahaja terletak kepada penyampaian dan perkongsian ilmu bersama pelajarannya semasa syarahan kuliah, tetapi juga bimbingan di dalam aspek tutorial, latihan makmal dan sebagainya.

Namun begitu, pelbagai tugas lain yang perlu digalas meliputi pelbagai peranan lain yang perlu dilaksanakan seperti menjalankan penyelidikan, menghasilkan buku, projek kemasyarakatan, penyeliaan tesis, perundingan dan pelbagai lagi. Disamping kesemua tuntutan tugas tersebut, tanggungjawab untuk menerapkan dan menanam sifat-sifat terpuji dalam pembentukan mahasiswa/mahasiswi menjadi seorang insan yang berintegriti tinggi dan berwibawa dalam menghadapi dunia luar adalah juga menjadi tanggungjawab para pensyarah.

Sambutan hari guru yang lalu mengingatkan kita kepada kegigihan seluruh warga pendidik yang tanpa mengira penat lelah menyampaikan ilmu sehabis baik dan seikhlas yang mungkin. Walau bagaimanapun, usaha dan kegigihan ini kerap kali dipandang enteng dan sering tidak dihargai. Malah lebih menyedihkan, bila kegigihan dalam mendidik ini diperkotak-katikkan. Hakikatnya, setiap jerih pengorbanan di sebalik tabir, demi memperjuangkan masa depan anak bangsa ini, tidak pernah diambil peduli. Hanya dipandang sebelah mata, malah mungkin terus dibutakan mata dan dipekakkan telinga bilamana berbicara perihal pengorbanan tanpa henti

seorang insan bergelar pendidik ini.

Misalnya, dalam menghadapi zaman pasca pandemik dan berteknologi tinggi ini, pensyarah juga perlu mahir dalam pembuatan video mengajar serta platform-platform pengajaran dan pembelajaran (P&P) digital di dalam talian. Dengan keluk pembelajaran 'learning curve' yang tinggi disamping mendidik mahasiswa pada masa kini kian mencabar. Pelbagai rintangan pengaruh media sosial perlu dihadapi mengakibatkan mahasiswa kini mudah menerima pelbagai fakta yang sering disalah erti dan bersifat berat sebelah ('bias') tanpa usul periksa, ini mengakibatkan pensyarah sering dihukum dan dikritik dengan pelbagai tohmahan dari pihak luar.

Menurut Laporan World Economic Forum (WEF) "Pandemics: Youth in an Age of Lost Opportunity" menyatakan isu belia kini diuji dengan rintangan berat yang meliputi kesenjangan digital, keganasan, pengangguran, keciciran pelajaran, kesihatan mental dan kemiskinan. Laporan itu juga menunjukkan 80% belia mengalami kemerosotan kesihatan mental semasa pandemik yang mengakibatkan mereka menjadi 'double lost generation of the 21st century'. Manakala, pelbagai faktor lain yang dilaporkan di media massa mengenai cabaran graduan kini yang memilih pekerjaan lebih fleksibel dalam 'gig economy', penjenamaan peribadi di media sosial, dan kadar pengangguran yang masih di tahap tidak menentu.

Rentetan itu, sebuah resolusi strategik yang tuntas harus dilaksanakan dengan mewujudkan ruang kerjasama merentasi kepakaran dan ideologi yang cakna kepada keciciran mahasiswa/mahasiswi kini yang semakin ketara. Masa depan pendidikan mereka kini adalah tanggungjawab bersama. Pelbagai inisiatif mengeratkan hubungan pensyarah dan pelajar boleh dilaksanakan bagi meniup kembali semangat mahasiswa/mahasiswi dengan mengembalikan

aktiviti sosial yang melibatkan lawatan akademik, aktiviti persatuan, aktiviti luar kuliah seperti sukan, hari keluarga, program kemasyarakatan dan keusahawanan dan lain-lain. Sifat-sifat 'people skill' perlu disemai semula agar dapat memberi pengalaman bermakna bagi mereka kelak.

Sistem pendidikan merupakan tunjang kepada pembangunan modal ekonomi dan sosial negara. Dengan hanya berbekalkan ilmu pengetahuan sahaja tidak mencukupi, namun harus disemaikan kemahiran nilai-nilai murni dalam menjaga hubungan sesama manusia. Tugas seorang pensyarah bukanlah satu kerjaya yang mudah, pelbagai beban kerja dan kesibukan yang tidak sering dipamerkan dan dihargai sesetengah pihak luar. Pelbagai rintangan dan cabaran perlu dihadapi terutama dalam mendidik mahasiswa pada masa kini. Adakalanya perlu mengorbankan masa dan tenaga di luar tugas demi membentuk mahasiswa yang mampu menghadapi cabaran di masa hadapan.

RAWAT DENGAN JURNAL AL-QURAN

Zareen Zulkifli

Fakulti Perladangan dan Agroteknologi, UiTM Cawangan Melaka, Kampus Jasir
zareen88@uitm.edu.my

Apakah yang dimaksudkan dengan jurnal Al-Quran? Bagaimanakah cara untuk menulis jurnal Al-Quran? Apakah kelebihan jurnal Al-Quran?

Jurnal Al-Quran merupakan satu aktiviti mencatat pelbagai momen yang dirasakan ketika membaca Al-Quran dengan memahami ayat-ayat Nya. Ia merupakan satu kaedah refleksi dalam kehidupan seharian kita. Apa yang dirasa dan difahami akan kita rekodkan dalam jurnal peribadi. Kita sering mendengar tentang kelebihan penulisan jurnal atau nota harian yang merupakan salah satu terapi untuk menenangkan diri. Mereka yang suka menulis jurnal harian ini menyifatkan aktiviti ini mampu mengurangkan tekanan, menstabilkan emosi, meningkatkan daya ingatan dan juga keyakinan diri. Menulis jurnal sangat baik untuk kita secara fizikal, mental dan emosi.

Bagi yang beragama Islam, jurnal Al-Quran juga adalah salah satu kaedah terapi dan cara untuk dekatkan diri kita dengan Allah swt. Al-Quran bukan hanya perlu dibaca, tetapi ia juga perlu difahami dan diambil tindakan. Al-Quran adalah rujukan dalam kehidupan seharian kita. Sekiranya kita biasa menulis jurnal harian, maka kita juga perlu biasakan menulis jurnal Al-Quran.

Jadi bagaimanakah caranya? Perkara pertama yang perlu diberi perhatian adalah dari segi pemilihan ayat Al-Quran untuk jurnal. Seperti yang dikongsikan oleh Ustazah Nuraini Shahbudin iaitu Pengasas Journaling Bonda dalam Bengkel Jurnal Al-Quran yang dijalankan secara maya pada 26 Februari 2023, terdapat empat cara pemilihan ayat Al-Quran untuk jurnal. Yang pertama adalah AYAT YANG DIHAFAL, kemudian TEMA, FOKUS & BERURUTAN serta RAWAK. Ustazah juga ada berkongsi tips lain untuk pemilihan ayat. Antaranya adalah semasa kita membaca Al-Quran, ada satu ayat yang membuatkan hati kita tertarik dengannya, ataupun sekiranya kita ada melihat satu kejadian yang menimpa

seseorang dan juga ketika kita mendengar kuliah tafsir dan tadabbur secara maya atau secara fizikal.

Bagi yang pertama kali mendengar mengenai jurnal Al-Quran dan mahu mula berjinak dengan kaedah ini, mereka disarankan untuk menulis ayat Al-Quran pilihan, terjemahan beserta tafsir. Kemudian boleh beralih kepada menulis ayat Al-Quran, terjemahan dan refleksi sekiranya sudah mahir dengan langkah pertama. Seterusnya boleh menambah dengan menulis tindakan dan juga hadith serta doa yang berkaitan. Dan yang paling penting, kita mestilah merujuk tafsir dan tadabbur dari sumber yang sahih kerana ia akan membantu kita untuk lebih faham.

Kesimpulannya, kelebihan jurnal Al-quran adalah hampir sama dengan jurnal harian biasa. Apa yang membezakannya adalah melalui jurnal Al-quran kita akan merasakan diri kita berkomunikasi dengan Allah swt, lebih dekat dengan Nya serta dapat memahami mesej yang Allah sampaikan. Jadikanlah ia sebagai salah satu rutin. Tidak semestinya harian, ia boleh jadi mingguan dan juga bulanan. Semoga jurnal Al-Quran menjadi salah satu ikhtiar untuk kita lebih akrab dengan Al-Quran serta menjadi hamba Nya yang lebih baik.

THIS IS UNIVERSITY LIFE

Afifah Binti Fadhlullah

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Melaka Branch
afifahfadhlullah@uitm.edu.my

*Dedicated to my previous LG120 PART 1 students and my future
soon-to-be students*

My dear future LG120 students,
Congratulations for being a university student,
SPM is over but a new uncharted territory awaits you,
Do you think university life is easy?
Well, this is for you to decide.

My dear future LG120 students,
'Tis normal to feel anxious, afraid and excited,
New people, new experience, new environment,
To become a new brand of 21st century graduate.

Your true university life will begin with Orientation Week
A chance to meet your seniors and create your social circle
Then comes the academic briefing with your faculty
Listen well, dear students
'Tis for you to learn the ropes of your academic responsibilities.

My dear future LG120 students,
So what does it take to survive in university?
Possessing a long list of A's on paper doesn't really help
Your true worth will be the soft skills you accumulate
And how you plan your studies.

Time management is of essence,
Time for studying,
Time for rest and leisure,
Even time to do your laundry and to clean your room,
Fret not, with proper planning everything will be eased.

My dear future LG120 students,
You are the torch that will keep the flame burning,
Equip yourself with the values of A.D.A.B. in seeking knowledge
Stay true to yourself, be respectful to your lecturers,
Make your university life a learning ground,
To prepare yourself for the working world.

THE CHAOS

Amri Muaz Azminurad

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
amrimuaz@uitm.edu.my

the screams break the sky
the tears drown the sadness
the fears crush the souls

people were running
bodies were scattering
birds were flying
sounds were deafening

earth shakes the land
sea throws its waves
fire burns what it can
and air is filled with agony

chaos
for how it shatters what matters

THE LADY IN THE ATTIC

Amri Muaz Azminurad

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
amrimuaz@uitm.edu.my

roses and peonies
jasmines and daisies
bathe in the morning sunshine
and she breathes the morning air

she realizes
the sound of
birds chirping
children laughing
neighbours talking
are deafening

the sound was
music to her ears
the sound was
her joy and smiles
but she despises them

the lady in the attic
sitting in despair
for she can only hear
but cannot see

KEHILANGAN

Amri Muaz Azminurad

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
amrimuaz@uitm.edu.my

Acapkali soalan ditanyakan
Namun dibiarkan kesepian
Tiada jawapan
Tiada perkhabaran
Adakah dia masih dambaan

Resahnya kian membina
Persoalannya kian berganda
Gundahnya kian melanda
Di manakah dia
Adakah dia masih sama

Ditunggu tanpa kira waktu
Fikirannya kerap dibelenggu
Setianya tiada diragu
Menanti di ufuk rindu
Adakah dia masih di situ

Sesak dadanya tiada terpaling
Suara rindunya terpa diraung
Kata matian kerap berdesing
Air mata diseka memecah hening
Adakah dia masih diagung

Soalan itu terjawab kini
Waktu yang disisa akhirnya diisi
Tapi hanya berita pahit yang dilukai
Permergiannya harus dialami
Adakah dia masih ditangisi

BUTIR-BUTIR CATUR

Afifah Othman

Unit Undang-Undang, Pusat Asasi UiTM Kampus Dengkil
afifahothman@uitm.edu.my

Kita hanya antara butir-butir catur-Nya
Kita menumpang di sini semata
Tiada yang kita punya melainkan pinjaman belaka
Misi kita menjalankan misi-Nya
Acuan kita ditentukan oleh-Nya
Kita ambil yang diberikan dan kita guna sebaiknya
Setiap perjalanan berbeza namun hala tujunya tetap sama
We are blessed with love, we have been blessed with love.
Keep it, cherish it and grow with it
It stays in your heart as long as you allows it to be, In sha Allah.
Let it fuel our journey, Bi iznillah.
Perjalanan kita masih panjang di sini atau di sana...

LEAVING...

Azhani Binti Almuddin (DR.)

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
azhani@uitm.edu.my

You are leaving
I'm crying
I'm going to stop thinking
Because it's torturing
I can't make it
I'm trying
It's still appearing
Why are you going??
My mind keeps asking
No one understand my feelings
I'm still trying
Slowly disappearing
Focus on other things!
Time is flying by
Keep doing work without stopping
Running towards success
Now I'm flying high
Thanks for the memories!

ANAK ITU

Derwina Daud

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UTM Kampus Segamat, Cawangan Johor
derwi293@uitm.edu.my

Anak itu,
Hanya mampu berdiri di sudut sana
Menanti dengan harapan agar kehadirannya
dapat dilihat, dirasa serta dirai
Sesekali matanya melingkas ke kiri dan kanan
mencari sesuatu yang tidak pasti
Tanpa suara, tanpa emosi, tanpa gerak
Pada manusia biasa, segalanya tampak diam
dan kaku
Namun dalam diri anak itu penuh warna yang
sukar ditafsirkan manusia biasa
Warna indah bak pelangi yang ada kalanya
membuat mu tersenyum dan menari keriangannya

Anak itu
Gelaknya hanya pada entiti yang kecil
Yang pada mata kasar manusia tidak punya
apa-apa erti
Yang pada mata manusia hanyalah sekeping
kertas putih tidak bercorak
Senang sungguh kamu terhibur, wahai anak

Anak itu
Kadang kala tangisan mu sukar dimengerti
Entah apa mahu mu, entah apa niat mu, entah
apa lagi yang masih terkurang
Mana mungkin manusia biasa bisa
memahaminya dek kerana dunia yang kamu
diami cukup asing bagi kami
Namun, dua manusia pilihan Allah ini akan
sentiasa memahami mu, biar lelah, biar
berhempas pulas tulang urat
Digagahi jua untuk terus memberi yang terbaik
untukmu
Diteruskan juga usaha untuk memastikan
kehidupan ini menjadi lebih manis buat mu

Anak itu,
Ibu dan ayahmu itu hanya manusia biasa yang
tidak lari dari khilaf serta dosa
Namun, tetap jua di sanubari mereka ingin
memberi yang terbaik untuk mu
Tidak terasa lelah ibu dan ayah mu tatkala
melihat senyumanmu, walau tiada kata-kata
yang dilontarkan dek kerana kekuranganmu,
Ingatlah, ibu dan ayah tetap menerimamu
dengan lapang dada

Tidak pernah ibu dan ayah meminta lebih
Cukup dengan senyumanmu
Senyumlah wahai anak
Teruslah menjadi penghibur hati ibu dan ayah
mu

Anak itu,
Allah Maha Mendengar,
Pohon pada Nya supaya ibu dan ayahmu
sentiasa tegap perkasa dalam urusan mereka
untuk membimbingmu agar sentiasa berjaya.

Anak itu
Allah Maha Pengasih,
Doamu tiada hijab
Mintalah pada-Nya supaya ibu dan ayah dikur-
niakan rezeki bertemu-mu kembali di sana
Agar kasih sayang yang terbina sejak di alam
rahim dapat diteruskan
Agar dapat ibu dan ayahmu bercerita, bergelak
ketawa bersamamu
Agar ibu dan ayahmu dapat merasa seculin
bahagia

Anak itu
Maafkan ibu dan ayah mu sekiranya apa yang
telah dipersembahkan buatmu ini tidak cukup
Sesungguhnya, ibu dan ayahmu sentiasa men-
cuba yang terbaik untukmu
Jujur acapkali ibu dan ayahmu buntu dan putus
harapan untuk memahamimu
Namun, ingatlah, ibu dan ayahmu sentiasa
berdoa pada Penguasa langit dan bumi untuk
sebuah keajaiban
Yang mungkin samar samar kepastiannya
namun tetap jua berdoa kepada-Nya

Anak itu,
Ayah mu memang seorang yang gagah bak
Badang
Namun, tatkala kehadiranmu diiringi dengan
kekurangan
Ayah-mu menyambut dengan segala kata-kata
syukur tanpa bernoktah
Ya Rabb, moga ayah sentiasa kuat

Kita semua berkongsi rasa yang sama, tapi mengapakah payah untuk kita berkongsi keluh kesah anak itu ?

Kita semua berkongsi alam semesta yang sama, tapi mengapa payah untuk kita menghulur tangan untuk sama-sama membantu anak itu?

Anak itu,

Sabar, ya

Moga Allah sentiasa melindungimu dalam setiap langkahmu mencari tempat di dunia ini. Ibu dan ayahmu sentiasa berada di belakangmu, menjadi tempat untukmu bersandar dan berehat dari segala pancaroba dunia

(Ditujukan khas untuk ibu dan ayah yang berjuang untuk membesarkan anak-anak kelainan upaya)

FINAL DESTINATION

Emma Marini Binti Abd Rahim

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu, Dungun Campus
emmamarini@uitm.edu.my

Here lies a quiet, peaceful land
Of field and forest, sea and sand
A place of tranquillity, a place of light
That shines through the darkest night

Its wind may rage and blow
Its tide may ebb and flow
But there's hope, and love to share
And ones that always care

So hold fast to your vision, my friend
Let the joy bring you to the end
And we shall come to see
That the journey itself was a victory

HARAPAN MASA HADAPAN

Emma Marini Binti Abd Rahim

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu, Dungun Campus
emmamarini@uitm.edu.my

Dengan kenangan, hanya menyesali kehilangan
Dalam sendirian, hanya menemukan kesepian
Semua keinginan, hanya lamunan,
dalam keterbatasan dan larangan

Sekuat apa hati bertahan
Melawan, menolak kenyataan dan merelakan
Dijanjakan bintang dan bulan,
dalam kesamaran dan kesabaran

Dan dengan senyuman
Menyerahlah kepada Tuhan
Pada Dia adanya jaminan,
menyambut masa hadapan, dengan harapan.

SAY CHEESE...!

Ernie Rozaini Sulaiman (DR.)

Unit Kesihatan, UiTM Selangor Branch, Puncak Perdana Campus
ernie@uitm.edu.my

Some say it's irresistible
Some say it's undesirable
Cheese, oh cheese, how I adore
Your many flavors, so much to explore

Your pungent aroma fills the air
Your texture, so smooth and fair
On crackers or bread, you're a treat
Oh, how my taste buds always compete

It looks like a sponge
But never taste like one
It's what all the mice want
Swiss cheese is the one

Neatly wrapped
In bright red wax
Take a bite and stay awake
With Edam cheese, you'll have a break

It's a friend of your sandwich
Cheddar isn't only for the rich
Sprinkle Parmesan on your spaghetti
And see people smiling heartily

Sponge cake with Cream cheese on top
Will make your mouth widely broad
Pizza lovers are on the run
Mozzarella is their number one

It's scrumptious yet not rare
You can find cheese everywhere
Take a look at your photo case
On their bright smiling face!

IN BETWEEN MATTERS

F Peter G. Francis

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Seri Iskandar, Perak
peter034@uitm.edu.my

Life comes and goes
Life has no brakes
The destiny has all been decided
The day will come where all will be stopped

Time between coming and going
Needs to be filled with blessings
Time with family and friends
Should be fruitful till time ends

There'll be regrets here and there
Pick up the pieces and don't despair
The journey has lots to offer
Take what is yours and use 'em proper
Do good unto yourself and others
As it will come back in some orders

Stop thinking of what comes and goes
Enjoy the birds, bees and roses
Start living life to the fullest
Leave to God the rest

PF/26 June/2019

AWAKE

Fairuz Ramli¹, Ruqaiyah Ab Rahim², Siti Norhadibah Azman (DR.)³

Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus, Johor Branch

Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus, Johor Branch

fairu503@uitm.edu.my¹

I know it very well,

I can't make you stay,
I can't stop you from walking away,
I can't make you stop pushing me away,
I can't pull you back into our memory.

And,

You have just awoken my new me,
I am not afraid to stand alone,
I am not afraid to walk alone,
I am not afraid to dive alone.

Then,

You try to crawl into my life,
You said, "I'm sorry. It's just a mistake."
I try to grasp my honourable courage,
And I said, "I'm sorry too. I love myself more than your mistake."

The end.

DAMNATION OF HOLLOW

Fairuz Ramli¹, Ruqaiyah Ab Rahim², Siti Norhadibah Azman (DR.)³

Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus, Johor Branch

Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus, Johor Branch

fairu503@uitm.edu.my¹

Tell me something darling,
Are you sitting here alone?
Dragging your soul in a relentless life,
Are you?

Tell me...
Are you diving in an inexorable parade of sorrow?
Screaming your mind in damnation of hollow.
Are you?

Tell me.

Even if... it hurts,
Even if... it insane,
Is it hard to be apart?
Is it hard to take it back to start?

Or ... don't tell me.

HERE WE ARE

Fairuz Ramli¹, Madiha Badrol Kamar², Razieman Mohd Yusoff³

Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus, Johor Branch

Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus, Johor Branch

fairu503@uitm.edu.my¹

There is no magic can fix it,
It's hard to trust,
It's hard to love,
And here I am trying to be nice.

Yet,

Because of you,
I'm through,
It's all because of you,
Let's get it through.

Then,

Here we are,
When truth can't be undo,
Here we are,
There's nothing to adhere to.

SCRIPTURE OF LIFE

Fairuz Ramli¹, Madiha Badrol Kamar², Razieman Mohd Yusoff³

Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus, Johor Branch

Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Pasir Gudang Campus, Johor Branch

fairu503@uitm.edu.my¹

When you laugh,
When you smile,
When you in joy,
And when you cry...

I don't care.

I don't need to know,
I don't need to care,
I don't need to be there,
And I just don't!

I don't care... anymore.

I can stop talking if I want to,
I can stop seeking if I want to,
I can stop bleeding if I want to,
I can stop 'us' and I need to.

And yet,

You can't stop barging in my life,
Like nothing is happening in this scripture of life,
Like I am your one call away... but honey,
You can't be in my life anymore.

Cause... I really don't care anymore.

AN EDUCATOR

Faizah Binti Baharudin

Academy of Language Studies, Foundation Centre UITM Dengkil
faizah7806@uitm.edu.my

Near a decade has passed, but not with ease,
The brutal battles leave scars of victory,
Each passing year, offers griefs as well the means,
The struggle is real, daunting, never without wary.

Once, a fragile junior, in a noble quest,
With vocabs of merely "Yes," unheard the rest,
The unbearable politics became a bless,
To toughened the once, a fragile flesh.

Are these worth it? For what? Responsibility?
All the weekends spent, consulting the best,
Burning the mid night oil- Why? Visibility?
All these - in the name of nobility?

Fred not, He knows the strains of experts' creator,
After all, I am an educator.

FOR A SOUL LIKE YOURS

Fathiyah Ahmad @ Ahmad Jali

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
fathiyah@uitm.edu.my

For a gentle soul like yours, I know how harsh this world is for you.
For a kind soul like yours, I know how cruel sometimes this world is to
you.

For a beautiful soul like yours, I know how sometimes the world can
show its ugly side that you cannot bear to see but had seen it anyway.
For all these ugliness that you cannot bear to witness, let them go. Just
let them be.

You cannot tame a wild animal by also being wild. Just show them your
true colours.

Be the most beautiful soul they have ever met.

Be the kindest soul they have ever met.

Be the gentlest soul they have ever met.

So by the end of the day, they, too, will believe in this world once again.
So, by the end of the day, they, too, will be themselves that they should
be.

A MEMORIAL FOR NATURE

Fatihah Hashim

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
fatihahhashim@uitm.edu.my

I heard the mountain scream
as its guts were dug open
River changed to red
and the soil gushed down along
This is a crime scene
with joyful witness
who can't testify

I saw the ocean waved
tirelessly pleading for help
But who shall dare to look?
At the victim
they have poisoned
Sad eyes and big smiles
Well just enjoy it,
while it lasts.

I felt the forest's anger
Burning in rage
Hissing at the villain
Smoke billowing fiercely
Trees bowed for mercy
Then mourning comes
for their own suffering
The pungent air
caused their tears
With ignorance
they ask in sombre
"Who started this massacre?"

I COULDN'T REMEMBER

Hanna Insyirah Mohd Sukri

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
hannainsyirah@uitm.edu.my

I couldn't remember,
The first time I was breathing in the air of the
island of Great Britain.
The sights, the sounds, the tastes.
I wish I could remember.

What have I seen?
Was it the striking white swans on the lake?
Or the happening crowds on Piccadilly Circus
at night?
The strong tower bridge over River Thames, or
The Prime Meridian of the world in Greenwich
with
The view overlooking the mesmerizing
Greenwich Park?
Oh! Must be the plump sheep on the foot of
the green hills on the way to Windermere.
I couldn't remember.

What have I heard?
The growl of an underground tube coming to
its stop,
Or was it the chitchats of blue-eyed school kids
passing by?
The inspiring words from the minds of two
talented Malaysian writers,
As opposed to the shouts of the sellers at
Columbia Road Flower Market.
Were there gushes of wind as I walked along
the waterfront?
Or lovely British accent of a friendly ice-cream
seller?
I couldn't really remember.

What have I smelt though?
The aromatic hot cocoa from Pret A Manger?
Or the fruity smell of Lush in Bowness' Town?
Without a doubt the freshest air of the
breathtaking Avon's River, and
The sweet smell of the candy shop around the
corner.
Was there any scent of homecooked salmon
and butter rice for dinner?
Or some vintage smell around Anne
Hathaway's Cottage?
I couldn't remember at all.

I wonder what I have tasted.
Was it the sour lemon sorbet sold in
Windermere?
Or the rich flavor of the mutton curry and the
biryani near Buckingham?
Certainly the freshly made green tea and peach
juice from King's Cross,
As well as the scrumptious waffle at Hampton
by Hilton made the list.
A plate of fish and chips so big that was shared
by four,
Oh! And the delicious vanilla pudding from
Waitrose too.
Still, I couldn't remember.

What have I touched with both my hands?
Was it the plane tree leaves covering the
sidewalks?
Or the water of Lake Windermere surrounded
by swans?
The vintage walls of the shops in the town of
Windermere,
And the covers of books in the oldest
bookshop in London too.
Oh! The miniature roofs at the Model Village
were mesmerizing, and
The shortbreads and cookies in a shop in
Stratford-upon-Avon too.
I wish I could remember more.

What have I experienced?
Does the liveliness of Cheshire Oaks include?
Or only the magnificent Lake District
And the horror of The Woman in Black at
Fortune Theatre on Russell Street?
Oh! Must be the pitter patter of the rain in the
middle of Trafalgar Square,
And that unbelievable feeling at Shakespeare's
Birthplace.
Were there any mornings of excitement and
nights of gratefulness too?
Yet, I couldn't remember!

They say if it is memorable, it is remembered.
Every single detail, every single feeling.
I couldn't remember the momentous trip, the
places, the feelings, the senses.
Or could I?

THIS FRIEND

Haslina Hassan

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
haslina2310@uitm.edu.my

I have this friend of mine
Who has been with me since forever
This friend let me ride the high horse
This friend grew with me
Fed me, massaged me, and stroked me.

Eventually,
I feel that this friend makes me think that world revolves around us
I feel that this friend and I have been getting a bit too big for our
boots
We used to have our noses in the air
Putting on airs and graces.

Then,
There's this anchor
Who pulls me down to earth
Letting me see the light
Telling me a hawk from a handsaw.

So,
I try to let the hands of this friend go
And letting the anchor guide the way
I try and I try
To wake up to the realisation
That I should not let this friend grow too big
That I do not see beyond my nose

I am saying goodbye,
To this friend,
For you are my ego
And I am saying thank you,
To this anchor,
For you are humility.

COME AND GO

Hazrati Zaini

Fakulti Sains dan Matematik, UiTM Cawangan Melaka, Kampus Jasin
hazrati_zaini@uitm.edu.my

Seasons come and go, Feelings come and go,

You colored the heart with roses and daisies in spring, But you let
the petals fall one by one in the heart,

You fired the heart as hot as the summer, But you burned all the
memories in the heart,

You chilled the heart with a windy breeze in autumn, But you
ignored the fallen leaves in the heart,

You melted the heart in cold winter,
But you let the thick snow cover up freezing alone in the heart,

Feelings come and go, Seasons come and go.

RAGAM MANUSIA

Hikmah Kamarudin

Kolej Pengajian Alam Bina, UiTM Shah Alam
hikmah@uitm.edu.my

Ragam manusia
Sanggup buat apa saja
Agar diri dimahkota
Dialah raja
Walau makan kawan
Asal capai tujuan
Walau bergolok gadai
Asal hasrat tercapai

Ragam manusia
Sanggup buat apa saja
Agar tidak tersepit
Di celah bukit berapit
Yang baik...aku di mana-mana
Bagai talam dua muka
Rela lidah bercabang dua
Nampak indah di mata semua

Ragam manusia
Sanggup buat cerita
Yang benar jadi dusta
Asal selamat dilihat dunia
Bila ditegur tentang dosa
Ah...bukan alam nyata katanya
Memang sanggup buat apa saja
Tak apa...orang lain yang merana!

Ada juga ragam manusia
Hidup hanya sekadarnya
Kalau ada, ada
Tak ada, tak apa
Keadilan katanya
Kalau dicari
Semakin jauh ia berlari
Kalau dikejar
Semakin teruk kita dicabar

CHATTING WITH CHATGPT: A WRITER'S MUSE

Ho Chui Chui

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
chuichui@uitm.edu.my

There once was a user so keen,
Whose chat with ChatGPT was a routine scene,
With questions that ranged far and wide,
And eagerness to learn that could not be denied,
The answers flowed like a crystal stream.

When words fail and ideas won't come,
A writer's mind feeling suddenly numb,
Just turn to ChatGPT with confidence and grace,
And find a wealth of words to take your place,
A true poet's muse, second to none.

Artificial mind with vast knowledge to impart,
Haiku words at its command, a creative art,
In just a few short lines, beauty and meaning are found,
With ChatGPT's help, a new world of writing is unbound,
A powerful tool, a writer's beloved heart.

DIARI HIDUP

Ho Wee Chee (PM)¹, Teo Ai Min²

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam^{1,2}
teoaimin@uitm.edu.my²

<p>生命日记 --哀悼 Rezia-na博士（副教授）</p>	<p>Diari Hidup --Memperingati PM Dr Rezia-na</p>
<p>（一）2023年2月10日（星期五） 久别重逢欢聚一堂 你生龙活虎 一反常态 踊跃发言 不显疲态 与你近距离接触 你脸色苍白 心想这是没施脂粉的庐山真面目 还是我多疑了</p>	<p>(1) 10-2-2023 (Jumaat) Gembira bertemu semula setelah sekian lama tidak berjumpa Kamu kelihatan bersemangat tidak seperti biasa Bercakap tanpa berhenti tiada keletihan Duduk berdekatan dengan kamu Muka kamu kelihatan pucat Terfikir adakah ini wajah sebenar kamu yang tanpa solekan Atau wasangka saya</p>
<p>（二）2023年2月11日（星期六） 惊闻你紧急送院 需施紧急手术 错愕，不可能 怎会是你 事实胜于雄辩 你确实躺在ICU手术台上</p>	<p>(2) 11-2-2023 (Sabtu) Terkejut apabila mendengar kamu dibawa ke hospital Perlu melakukan pembedahan segera Terperanjat, tidak mungkin Mengapa kamu Realiti lebih kuat daripada kata-kata Kamu benar-benar berbaring di atas meja pembedahan ICU</p>
<p>（三）2023年2月12日（星期日） 你在淌血 医生的答案 存活率40:60 交待亲属得有心理准备</p>	<p>(3) 12-2-2023 (Ahad) Kamu dalam keadaan kritikal Jawapan doktor kadar kelangsungan hidup 40:60 Memberitahu ahli keluarga untuk bersedia secara mental</p>
<p>（四）2023年2月13日（星期一） 你们做最后的争战</p>	<p>(4) 13-2-2023 (Isnin) Kalian bertempur hingga saat terakhir</p>
<p>（五）2023年2月14日（星期二） 文昌星陨落 天人永隔</p>	<p>(5) 14-2-2023 (Selasa) Bintang Wenchang jatuh Langit dan orang berpisah selama-lamanya</p>
<p>（六）2023年2月15日（星期三） 我到墓地 Dr Zul指着一抔黄土 你已入土为安 人生58划上句号 一切都成过去 你息了地上一切辛劳愁烦 回归真主怀抱</p>	<p>(6) 15-2-2023 (Rabu) Saya sampai di kubur Dr Zul menunjuk ke arah tanah Kamu sudah dikebumikan Kehidupan 58 tahun diakhiri dengan tanda noktah Segala-galanya sudah berlalu Kamu berehat dari segala kesusahan dan kerunsingan Kembali ke pangkuan Allah</p>

HANYA BERKONGSI...

Ilham Alia Binti Mat Isa

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
ilhamalia@uitm.edu.my

Pesan bonda,
Inginku kongsi bersama,
Jadi panduan tiap tika masa,
Moga jadi saham ketuk pintu syurga.

Ucap syukur tiap kali celik matamu,
Masih punya hari untuk bertemu,
Jangan biar tiap detik berlalu,
Tanpa menambah tingkat ilmumu.

Sayang menyayang sesama manusia,
Pangkat dan darjat jangan dibeza,
Kata Sang Pencipta, kita semua sama,
Beza hanya pada amal dan taqwa.

Jalan jangan asyik mendongak,
Bersifat langit bagai sang bongkak,
Selagi hidup, tanah kau jejak,
Rendah diri bagai sang bijak.

Jangan sibuk buka aib orang,
Kelak badan terbakar jadi arang,
Tiap semua tuhan bagi ruang,
Jangan siakan tiap peluang.

Bila ada terguris dihati,
Jangan di simpan berhari-hari,
Maafkan, tenang menanti,
Jadikan pengalaman refleksi diri.

Pesan ibu bapa jadikan panduan,
Ilmunya tinggi jadikan pedoman,
Mohon restu tika tangan mereka digenggaman,
Merekalah wali kita di dunia pinjaman.

Tiba waktu malam,
Detik mata mahu pejam,
Lupakan yang kelam, letak azam,
Cerah nanti AKU AKAN tabur bakti sekalian alam.

Tiada guna madah dibaca sahaja,
Nasihat diberi, tenanglah terima,
Baiki kekurangan diri selagi bernyawa,
Hidup terus beri manfaat buat semua.

MAMA

Izlin binti Mohamad Ghazali

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
izlin449@uitm.edu.my

There were nights that she wondered,
Thoughts of her nest lingered,
Looking at the dark velvet sky,
Hollowed eyes and longings that lie.

Glimpses of her childhood revisit,
Of how this feels deficit,
Memories that are too sweet,
All that she wishes to meet.

The void no one notices,
The absence of a grandma's traces,
The memories that linger,
The company that matters,
The shadow that disappears.

Almost like twins,
Almost like identical sisters,
Images that blow like yesterday's wind,
Quickly dissolve with distance.

It wasn't always easy,
Deeply set in their ways,
Yet, wisdom is always there,
Torrential love forever.

She looks at her daughter,
Wonders if she will ever,
Think of her mother,
The same way that she does.

A DREAM OF A STAR

Nor Zerina Johanudin¹, Juritah Misman²

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Alor Gajah Melaka^{1,2}
juritah744@uitm.edu.my²

Alone in this quiet, gentle space,
I was reborn by the crust of another planet,
Opening my eyes to a world of emptiness,
Astonishing as some would say of my existence.

Seeing the others in the far distance,
Seems like I could just grab them,
And surround them all around,
But it is impossible, as I am just a star.

Despaired of not being able to love,
Funny thinking it would be possible to do such a thing,
It seems as if being alone was bound to my existence,
But I can never be upset, as I am just a star.

But I believe I was created to serve a purpose,
Now am able to accept the way I am,
Listening to all of your praises,
Grateful I am to be admired.

And still when I'm all alone,
Here in my own space.
Oh, how it shivers my core just thinking about it,
Dreaming of another life beyond.

SUARA HATI ANAK RANTAU

Khairunnisa Mohd Daud

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam1
khair208@uitm.edu.my1

Menjadi anak rantau
Bukan mudah
Melangkah onak duri
Berani berdiri sendiri
Demi cita-cita dan harapan

Menjadi anak rantau
Banyak cerita
Kadang cerita bahagia
Kadang tangisan sedih
Tetap cekal
Mengais rezeki di rantauan

Menjadi anak rantau
Bukan hal remeh
Ibu Jauh
Ayah jauh
Walau jauh
Dengan doa terasa dekat

Menjadi anak rantau
Tiap langkah berpijak
Ada harapan yang tertanam
Menempa kedewasaan
Di bumi yang dipijak
Di langit yang dijunjung

SINAR

Malissasahila Abdul Manap

Faculty of Hotel and Tourism Management, UiTM Dungun Terengganu
malis5602@uitm.edu.my

Lorong itu aku susuri
Mencari erti sebuah kehidupan
Meraba – raba aku dalam kehilangan
Tiada penemuan yang aku hampiri
Tiada jawapan yang aku cari

Lalu aku berlalu pergi
Sinar yang ada dihujung kian menyerlah
Memanggil aku dalam kesayupan
Mendengar rintihan aku keluhkan
Memimpin aku hingga aku temukan

Bersama rasa hati
Aku tekadkan diri
Tiada ranjau boleh mematahkan
Tiada tembok boleh menghalang
Tiada kata boleh menghiris
Hanya diri
Hanya akal
Aku mampu berdiri

Bangkitlah jiwa yang mati
Bangunlah semangat yang sedang lena
Semarakan api yang kian padam
Aku harus terus berjuang
Mencapai bintang di langit
Mencapai kejayaan
Mencapai impian

THE JOURNEY

Masliza Mat Zali

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu
masli154@uitm.edu.my

This journey is faraway
It takes more tears than joys
It's proudly heard but hardly achieved
It seems so far but sometimes nearby

This journey is so mysterious
Nobody knows nobody helps too
All people want it but not everyone could survive
It takes bravery even it weakens the soul

This journey has no way
Even nobody said they are ready
But you never know if you never try
If you are the traveller, you will strive until the end
Because it's your journey
Nobody knows but you know

If you are tired, take a break
If you are lost, find the right way
If you give up, find your strength
If you want to cry, just let it go
Because a journey without hassle
Like a drink without sugar or milk
It may be tasteless and tactless
Once you finish it, you may be more appreciable
Cause you get what you wish for
Celebrate it and enjoy the moment!

A WITCHES' BREW

Mia Emily Abdul Rahim

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Dungun Campus, Terengganu Branch
miaemily@uitm.edu.my

pinches of petals, a teaspoon of sugar
just the right herbs to stir in the bowl
a potion, a potion, a potent concoction
to heal the body and soothe the soul.

he coughs and wheezes and begs
I raise the elixir to his lips.
so proud of homemade medicine
stirring gently, hands on my hips.

his eyes look troubled, bloodshot even
for some reason he cannot sleep
i give him a dose with a knowing smile
not noticing yet what we have reaped.

the doctor examines him, shakes his head
my heart drops with realization and dread
his hands are trembling. his feet are blue
dying of poison and we never knew.

FOR WHEN DISASTER STRIKES, NATIONS UNITE

Mia Emily Abdul Rahim

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Dungun Campus, Terengganu Branch
miaemily@uitm.edu.my

in the heart of Türkiye, the grounds shake
a tempest of destruction one could barely escape
buildings fall like dominoes, lives shatter in a quake
the world watches in horror as its earth continues to break

a trail of fear, lost, and devastation
seeing remains and destructions all around
as houses and shops and mosques crumble to the ground
and families are found....

.... or the other way around

the quake is leaving behind a trace of pain
they fall to their knees mourning the lost and wounded
but they rise again to find sunshine after the rain
as the world watches and offering its hand extended

hands joined in unity across oceans and borders
as strangers become brothers, vouch to aid in the disorder
no longer divided, by language, race, or creed
humanity comes together, in a time of need

through the dust and rubble, a new dawn shall rise
by way of unconditional love that shines through considerate eyes
the strength of the human spirit, prevails over the quake
a bond unbreakable, no disaster could ever shake.

This writing is penned in remembrance of my brothers and sisters
in the event of Türkiye-Syria earthquake on the night of February 6,
2023.

Al-Fatihah

To Bülent Korkmaz, my condolences are stretched in the form of
prayers.

JOURNEY

Mirrah Diyana Maznun

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Perak Branch
mirrahdiyana@uitm.edu.my

I miss the time when I was a child
I never wanted to grow up
Everything was easy
Everything was exciting.

I miss the time when I was a child
Whenever I had the thought of being an adult
It always made me scared
Thinking of how hard everything could be in
the future.

I miss the time when I was a child
I miss the time when I went to school
I miss sitting in the classes, listening to my
teachers
Playing and laughing out loud with my friends.

I miss the time when I was a child
When my siblings and I would flood the
bathroom
With plenty of water and bubbles too
It was so entertaining.

I miss the time when I was a child
I would sulk and hide anywhere
Most of the time nobody would care
But that's fine as I healed on my own.

I am a mother now
A woman with a career
A woman with an ambition
Sometimes I feel lonely
At some point this journey suffocates me.

Being a mother
Some friends would think you do not need
company
As you are busy with your child
As you are thought to be so busy attending to
your husband
Some would also think you no longer need
friends.

Being a mother
With a career, some would think you have
everything
Sometimes you would feel you got deserted by
the outside world
You need company outside of the office too
You do not want to talk about work
You do not want to think about others just for
a while.

Being a mother
Would make you feel lonely too
Some might say "But, at least you have
someone to cheer you"
Sometimes you just feel like you are forced to
be thankful
When all you want is for others to listen to you
too.

Sometimes this motherhood journey is lonely
When your child is still in his baby language
phase
It feels like you are talking alone
Although the child is listening
In his own unique way.

The time that I feel like I had everything was
When I was a child
I had no money, not in a relationship
But I was contented
Filled with wonderful experiences.

I miss the time when I got to dream about
Whoever I wanted to be
Wherever I wanted to go
Everything was so colourful
I was so positive about life.

This journey has changed me a lot
As a daughter
As an educator
As a wife

As a mother
Most importantly, as a human.

When I look back,
I have countless beautiful memories
Which I treasure
Which make my life brighter
Making life more meaningful.

This journey has changed me a lot
My perspectives
My views about others
My expectations
As well as my efforts.

This whole journey reminds me
To always count my blessings
To love more
To give more
Without complaining.

This whole journey gets lonely sometimes
So, just fake it until you make it!

GUNUNG SUCI

Mohamad Safwat Ashahri Mohd Salim
Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, Uitm Cawangan Perak
safwat@uitm.edu.my

Tinggi-tinggi
Gunung suci

Dipikul bahu
Tidak didaki

Asuhnya memuncak
Dabiknya tenggelam

Intinya terpasak
Menjebrol benderang

Biar bersama resmi padi
Berisi menunduk
Bertuli puji
Belacak melimpah disuap rata
Tidakkan sirna dijamah semesta

Tinggi-tinggi
Gunung suci

Terus dipupuk
menokok tinggi

Andai tersentuh puncak di bulan
Usah terlupa kaki dibumi

PARADE OF PRETENSE

Mohd Akhimullah Mohd Razi

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Perak Branch
akhirazi1992@gmail.com

Your sight can be deceiving
If you believe that what you're seeing
Is the one you should be believing
For it could be no more than a painting
Drawn as a means for distracting
In masking the real thing
From other's viewing
No more is known
Except for all that is shown
And the truth was let to drown
Until all of its covers are blown
Simply because it is not a matter of their own
Will someone ever unsheath the truth from its cover?
Or it will be kept hidden forever?
It is just a matter of discovering it now or later
As it may take seconds or simply never
Depending to whom does it matter
For some it would help them lift the boulder off their shoulder
While others would falter and quiver
Knowing that they are no better
How much longer does this mask need to stay on?
Because any longer would make our life a living con
As it is a needless game we are called to play upon
A game that nobody so far has won

Mohd Hafriz Bin Abdul Hamid

Education/Tesl Department, Uitm Puncak Alam Campus, Selangor Branch
 hafriz@uitm.edu.my

In my mid thirties
 I'm expected to conform
 To the manly male fascinations
 Cars, cigars and social standing
 Tell my friends my victories
 A palace of a home
 VIPs in my contacts
 All there for all to see
 On Facebook with glee

I lack the sophistry to partake
 such testosterone ideals
 I am not less of a man
 But my interest remains nerdy
 Just as it was back then
 A child of thirteen

Action figures adorn my shelves
 As if heroes monuments built
 Monsters and Gods
 Villains and Heroes
 Instagram, posted
 My imagination triumphant.

I don't want to fawn over,
 Dishonest politicians
 To show my allegiance
 Makes no difference
 I only wish to sit
 On the sofa with my family
 Playing Mario Party

In my mid thirties
 Leave my spirit be juvenile
 Breathing in the wild

KOTA BULATAN ITU

Mohd Nur Fitri Mohd Salim

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, Uitm Cawangan Negeri Sembilan Kampus Seremban
fitrisalim@uitm.edu.my

Hati berat yang membenam jiwaku
Aku putarkan bersama lagu
Langkah longlai menelusuri jalanmu
Sebegitu lemah
Sebegitu sendu
Sebegitu asing mengenal baharu
Ini naskhah suatu dahulu

Dari pekan terasa kerdil
Si anak dagang berdagang nasib
Doa ibu dan ayah dikutip
Buat bekal
Buat titip
Buat cekal bila diuji
Saat mencari ilmu Ilahi

Memandang kembali denai semalam
Menguntum senyum memori terpendam
Terangi apa sahaja yang kelam
Sudah ku nampak
Sudah ku lalui
Sudah ku nikmati keringat dahulu
Coretan pengalaman tersemat di saku

Tiada apa yang dapat mengganti
Segalanya ku simpan di dalam hati
Setiap waktu engkau menemani
Waktu gembira
Waktu berduka
Waktu belajar mengenal dunia
Setiap bulatan punya cerita

Oh kota bulatan kota anggerik
Terima kasih kerana mendidik.

ABOVE ALL...STOP WAITING!

Mohd Samsuri Ghazali (DR.)¹, Zuriani Hj Yaacob²

Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Raub Campus, Pahang¹

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Raub Campus, Pahang²

mohdsamsuri@uitm.edu.my¹

Here... I'm still standing
But you please stop waiting!
As there's no end to flee
From this struggle of mental shackles.

Before it's too late, stop waiting!
Run for your life and let me stay
For the shackles to shatter
When the freedom comes and I am the master of my own.

You don't belong here, hence stop waiting!
I'm afraid of losing you and others
I promise to remain steadfast
Though these shackles are embracing me till death.

Don't look back and stop waiting!
I won't surrender until
At one point, the shackles finally break free.

When the shackles rust away
I beseech you don't stay a little longer

If the shackles are tied to death
Don't come to my grave and mourn
Let me lay in silence and no pang of pain to others...

الْحَيَاة

KEHIDUPAN

Muhamad Khairul Anuar Zulkepli

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Kedah
mkaz@uitm.edu.my

إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا حُبٌّ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada kasih sayang)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا عَشَقٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada cinta)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا ابْتِسَامَةٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada senyuman)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا صَبْرٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada kesabaran)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا رِضَا	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada keredhaan)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا عِلْمٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada ilmu)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا جُهْدٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada kesungguhan)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا آدَبٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada adab santun)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا اخْتِرَامٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada kehormatan)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا شُجَاعٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada keberanian)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا سَكِينَةٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada ketenangan)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا مُسْتَقْبَلٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada masa hadapan)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا عَزِيزٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada kemuliaan)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)
إِنْ كَانَ فِيهَا بَقَاءٌ	مَا أَجْمَلَ الْحَيَاةَ
(Jika ada kekal abadi)	(Alangkah indahnyanya hidup)

HAVE FAITH AND DON'T QUIT: BATTLE OF MEDICAL STUDENTS

Nasibah Azme (DR.)

Faculty of Medicine, UiTM Sg Buloh Campus
nasibah@uitm.edu.my

You start the first ladder in medical with a big hope,
Along the journey sometimes you feel down,
A few keep going and motivate themselves,
A few suffocate and seek for help,
A few keep themselves in a corner,
Thinking that time shall pass.

Please understand why you are here
Back to your own initial intention!
This shall make you stronger,
Spiritual connection will boost yourself,
Find it within yourself.

Don't give up so easily,
Do not quit,
Life after medical course is bigger than this,
Hereafter is the biggest.

Try to encounter the battle,
A small test within yourself,
You will mature by time,
It is all in your mind and your body.

Remember every single moment is a destiny,
Create your destiny in medical journey,
You will be a good doctor,
You will serve the society,
You will be a safe doctor,
You will be a loyal people contributing to the nation
Talk to yourself everyday,
You can endure this.

I know it is easier said than done.
But you must take up the challenge,
To be a champion in your own destiny,
You start with a good beginning, so end it nicely.
Carve the journey now.

Dear little battlers,
If you can encounter this,
You surely can go through the next challenges,
What lies ahead is uncertain,
But you have made a victory to be here,
So why don't you make more and more victory,
Every time you feel suffocated and down.

Have faith that this shall pass,
Have faith that you are strong,
Have faith that there must be a reason,
For your presence in the medical school,
Find it within yourself,
Keep exploring for the reason

Dear little battlers,
Keep going and keep going,
With passion, perseverance, wisdom and survival,
You shall complete the ladder,
Have faith!

IF ONLY

Noli Maishara Nordin¹, Roslan Sadjirin²

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Pahang Kampus Raub¹
Kolej Pengajian Pengkomputeran, Informatik & Media, UiTM Cawangan Pahang Kampus Raub²
nolinordin@uitm.edu.my¹

If only we could UNDERSTAND

Those body rocking

Those finger flicking

Those head banging

Those repetitive circling

Those triggered clapping

We should not be agitated,

Being patient is not bitter.

If only we could HELP

Those restless days

Those sleepless nights

Those sunken eyeballs

Those suppressed emotions

Those self-harming

We should not be exasperated,

The struggle develops the strengths.

If only we could SEE

The future you hold

The inner feeling you hide

The pain you suffer

The wisdom you carry

We should not be enraged,

Virtue is its own reward.

It is the ticket to Jannah!, they said.

You are blessed to have one, they uttered.

We wish we were the chosen ones, they
murmured.

Little did they know,

What they were wishing for.

The rectitude is portrayed in her name

The reflection of her intangible grace

The vows she silently makes

May you cite our every name

On that very day

In front of the Almighty

Claiming our souls

To be next to you

To be cherished

To be gathered

To be granted with

The ultimate seventh heaven

An autistic sister of ours

Whom we dearly love

No matter what,

Siti Nurul Janah Nordin.

*Dedicated to all exceptional parents and
siblings who are bestowed with angelic autistic
children, may Allah reward your indescribable
struggles abundantly.

A PLACE IN THE MEANTIME

Noor Fazzrienee Bt JZ Nun Ramlan¹

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Perak (Seri Iskandar)¹
fazzrienee@uitm.edu.my¹

In the depths of time's embrace,
there lies a space, a special place
beautiful and sacred, where memories trace,
a tapestry of life's sweetest face.
Joys and tears made my life,
The clock ticks on with steady strife,
With dreams and hopes that are ever so bright
For though the years may come and go, and life is great as river flows,
People and minds will forever grow, and so the hearts aglow.

Thence I cherish every day, let my hearts sing, come what may,
In the end, I will find my own way,
to that beautiful space, where my hopes will stay
I know that I won't always stay
I know that I won't win today
But I will find my way to a brighter year
And when I do, I'll look back and hear, the winding road that led to me
To the place where I found joy and peace.

Sometimes I'm lost in the wilderness of the mind, I wander through the tangled vines
Of doubt and fear and endless strife, with no clear path to guide my life
The world around me seems to spin, a dizzying dance I can't begin
I cry out for a helping hand, but no one seems to understand
The wind that blows is cold and harsh,
A constant reminder of my broken heart
I search for signs of hope or light,
But all I find is an endless night.

The road ahead is long and hard, and I am weary, with a heavy heart.
But deep within me, there's a spark, a flicker of hope that won't depart.
Even though I failed today, tomorrow brings a brand new way
A chance to start anew and find the path
that leads me to peace of mind
So I keep on walking, step by step,
through the darkness and the stormy night
With faith that somehow I'll emerge
into the light of a brand-new day
When troubles come and sorrows weigh, and darkness seems to cloud the day,
Take heart, my dear, and do not stray, for time heals hardship, come what may.

I learned through this thing, the thoughts you and them are distinct
The pain may linger for a while, and tears may fall with every mile,
But hold on tight with a smile,
For the time is like a gentle breeze, that blows away life's fears and unease,
I should let my heart be light and free, and let my spirit soar and be,
In the end, I will surely see, that hope and love are destiny.
With each new day, a promise to keep,
time heals hardship, and joy will reap,
Hold on tight, and do not fear,
for tomorrow's brighter, it's ever so clear,
So in the meantime, I will make the most
Of every precious moment, and I'll toast
And when I realize the journey ends
I know that I have lived, loved, and had no regrets.

BEAU IDÉAL

Noor Shariena Binti Zaraini

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
shariena7136@uitm.edu.my

A mother is a beau ideal of perfection.
Full of love, care, and selflessness,
We are not looking at the outer beauty...
Not Estee Lauder, not Loreal or Maybelline...
It is the inner strength, the perseverance within their souls that
shine.

A beau ideal of perfection

The tear of happiness is shown...
The tear of sadness is hidden...
The smile that never fades.
The gleaming eyes that encourage...
Those unspoken words...
A mother... a beau ideal of perfection

How can someone be everyone's first love?
How can someone be everyone's true love?
A god's gift to every living creature
A mother...

SAFETY NET

Noor Shariena Binti Zaraini

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
shariena7136@uitm.edu.my

Save me... when I am down, lonely, and blue...
Appreciate me... regardless of my effort, regardless of my
contribution...

Free me... from worries and uncertainty...
Embrace my weaknesses... past, present, and future...
Teach me to be strong and to be independent in many ways...
You guide, you advise, you let me shine...

No words can describe how thankful I am...
Every moment will be cherished...
Thank you, my safety net...to you, you, and you.

AT 4 AM

Noorfarida Filzah bt Mohd Sobri Paridaluddin

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
faridafilzah@uitm.edu.my

At 4am,
My alarm goes off--
It is subtle yet very triggering.
I put so much thought about choosing the right
alarm sounds.
Should it be Radar, Chimes or Presto...
It shouldn't be too loud, the 4am alarm is just
for me,
I don't want to wake anybody else – not my
husband, not my daughter.
They shouldn't be awakened at 4am,
The alarm is just for me.

At 4am,
I am both tired and awakened,
I am half awake and half asleep,
I prop myself up while looking at my newly
changed sheet,
With the scent of lavender and lemon within
the heat,
I find the strength to move my feet...
It's time to freshen up as it is the time to read,
read and read.

At 4am,
I don't smile, I don't frown, I just be,
It is a routine, though the feeling is still very
alien to me,
Turning on the lights of the other room,
Hoping that this time around -- I could bloom,
My eyes are still tired, of all the time this
consumes.

At 4am,
I juggle, I struggle,
To get in the mood within this hurdle,
Keep reminding myself – hey, be ready,
Open few tabs on my computer for my PhD,
Others for the daily work tasks,
Also, my mental tabs for whatever my
daughter has asked.

At 4am,
I am all as a mother, wife, employee and
student.
Daunting as it may sound, I have no choice
but to learn,
To be in constant state of anxiety, panic and
concern,
But anyhow these have never been a
burden.

At 4am,
I guess it will always be a calling for me,
A check of sanity,
A check of individuality,
A need for a me-time,
And maybe, slight chance for a climb.

At 4am,
I gain clarity as what to achieve,
It is in a way a form of a relief,
In a time even though it is brief,
It gives me hope and reasons as to why I live.

At 4am,
Sometimes I just stare at the screen,
Trying to make sense of what I mean,
Of doing my thesis, tasks and anything in
between,
Knowing that I need to move forward from a
place that I am in.

At 4am,
Sometimes I get to tick off few boxes,
A sense of success like I have built a fortress,
Definitely the best feeling in a form of a
conscience,
That I could achieve somewhat an
accomplishment.

At 4am,
I evolve a new person every morning,
Knowing in my heart that I have something
to bring,
I am not just a mother, wife, employee and a
student –
After all, I am a human being.

A TEH AIS STORY

Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan
Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Kedah
syahriza@uitm.edu.my

In a place not far from here
There lives a commoner, just like any other
Who, on a hot sunny day, makes her way
People think she'd be going to Subway
With her Gucci glasses slid on her nose,
tapping the menu with a diva-like pose
"Excuse me, I'd like to have the iced tea"
"Make it in a venti cup, with two pumps of
cinnamon syrup"
"And I'd like it to be extra creamy"
Oh... Just kidding, she was just trying to be
funny
So, on she is with her order at her regular
"Kak, teh ais satu, macam biasa".

Merrily she goes on her way for almost every
single day
Regardless of what people say, until one day
When a doctor tells her "You're obese, with
moderate risk"

But she simply doesn't want to believe
"Come on now, I'm young and healthy"
"And almost everyone is also obese"
Then she notices something's not right with

her knees
Soon, she starts having back pain, which could
potentially be slipped disc
The doctor said her obesity could have caused
this

"Your weight is just too much for your body to
carry"
And she remembers she once had diabetes
"My oh my" she's having a tragic epiphany.

It seems this story doesn't have a happy ending
Because you may be thinking
Gone were the days, where she could enjoy her
favorite drink
Sure, it is hard, parting ways and saying good-bye

But she realises, it's for a better life
And in the end, she lives long and healthy with
her children of five.

MY UITM KIDS

Nor Azyyati Md Saad

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
azyyatisaad@uitm.edu.my

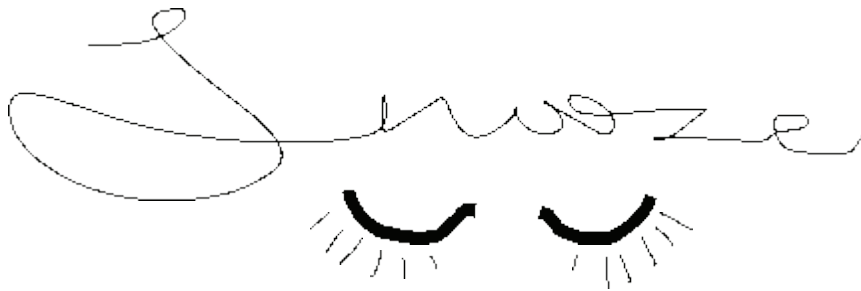


They come from different walks of life,
Their passion and drive is far and wide.
Each striving, each driven, each unique,
Seeking knowledge on campus peak.
From different classes, some bright, some bold,
Cometh each, with stories untold.
Their hearts united, spirits high,
They strive to learn, to grow and to fly.
Oh, the stories UiTM brings us,
Where days of idle? Not a single fuss.
For here they come without a doubt,
To quench their thirst and learn and sprout.
Their journeys never the same, but still,
They come together and share their will.
They bond, they fight, and sometimes part,
But UiTM spirit will remain in heart.
As they trudge through the road so long,
Memories of their journey in UiTM, they remember strong.

SNOOZE

Nor Eleyana Abdullah

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UTM Shah Alam
eleyanaabdullah@uitm.edu.my



You know that nice snooze you have after that mandatory alarm,
Though it was only for 5 minutes?
Or that many snoozes you hit, just to wake up feeling deprived still.
“Five minutes more ...” as you sink back into slumber land,
And regardless of how many times, or how long the snoozes were,
You’ll always end up having sleep inertia.

That transitional state between sleep and wake is taxing.
You took a peek at your phone’s alarm, one-eyed.
Battling between logic and emotion, between a five-minute or two.
Subconsciously treading the waters.
Sometimes it becomes easy to just summon yourself up,
Or perhaps, taking that two-minute would be more tempting.

If this is an analogy to our life’s milestones, then perhaps it’s an
inertia
Catching up on deadlines, burning the midnight oil, pasting post-it
notes, you name it all.
As if we’re constantly running, but like mice running on wheels.
Ticking the checklist could sometimes be like short multiple snooz-
es,
But sometimes it is like that one long snooze.
Either way, we’re deprived.

FLOWERS

Nor Elyzatul Akma Hamdan

Department of Clinical Pharmacy, Faculty of Pharmacy, UiTM Selangor Branch, Puncak Alam Campus
elyzatul@uitm.edu.my

A rose does not proclaim its beauty to the nation; it just blooms.
As wonderful tulips blush in awful moistures, we can prosper in
unpleasant dilemmas..

Dear heart, please hold strong, you are flowering and spring is
appearing..

If we suffer loss, are disheartened, hesitant, or shaky
rescue ourselves, our loved ones, and our family...
go back to who you are.

Return to where the home is and when you get there,
you will realize
that a lotus sprouts in a muddy and deep pond, still wonderful and
powerful.

The world is thoughtful.

And the planet permits the blooms to color.

Let's be respectful and gracious.

Why do we hold sadness?

Even if we don't own the whole land, we can still plant a garden full
of flowers in bloom

And the bouquets will shine in our life.

We must prosper wherever Allah had planted our seeds
because a bouquet does not attain its fate until it blooms,
and an expert does not achieve her title until she proves her worth

Even though you face challenges, remember that there is always
that blooming, magnificent garden.

All entities are blossoms,
blooming in a galaxy..Just like us....

WHY, PERHAPS...

Nor Fadzlina Nawi¹

Faculty of Law, Foundation Centre UiTM Dengkil
nordi314@uitm.edu.my

Dear love, perhaps you wonder why...
Why did I act in ways I'd never try
Why did I let go of all that I once held dear
Why did I not fear judgment or sneer

Oh love, you asked me why
Why I take chances I'd never dare
Why I no longer feel the need to compare
Why I choose to live my life this rare

Perhaps I was always reckless with my heart
Perhaps I wasn't brave, right from the start
Perhaps I thought my sufferings made me
tough
Perhaps I felt like I had enough

Perhaps you didn't know me back then
Perhaps I'm different now, from way back
when
Perhaps I've come to embrace the unknown
And I'm not afraid to be on my own

Perhaps I've realized that time is fleeting
And there's no point in retreating
Perhaps it's time to listen to my heart
And let it guide me to where I should start

Perhaps I'm no longer the person you knew
But a phoenix rising from ashes, anew
Perhaps I don't know why I'm this way
Perhaps I'll figure it out, some day

My love, perhaps we'll never understand
Perhaps it's the journey, not the end
Perhaps it doesn't matter anyway
Perhaps I just wanted to savour my life
now...my way.

~ Inspired 6 years later, today...

BEST BUDDY

Nordibradini Selamat

Faculty of Information Management, UiTM Kedah
nfadz644@uitm.edu.my

In the world full of judgment,
Your pure soul still chose me,
"I got your back!" you said,
And you never hesitate.

I must admit,
Calling you a bestie is a blessing,
You connect every piece of me that has gone
missing,

In hope that you can stop my pain,
So that I can love myself again.

You teach me the meaning of sincerity,
You help me go through the harsh reality,
You lift me up when I feel down,
You become the home where my fear surren-
ders,

Regardless of time, months or years.
Words can't express how much I appreciate
you,

Thank you for always understanding,
That's how I know this relationship is worth
keeping,

You will always be the type of person I want as
a friend,

I hope our friendship meets no end.

PANTUN EMPAT KERAT

Norizzati Binti Ibrahim

School of Civil Engineering, College of Engineering, UiTM Pasir Gudang Johor
izzati6752@uitm.edu.my

Anak punai hinggap di pohon jati,
Merdu suaranya apabila diamati,
Hidup ini perlu saling hormat-menghormati,
Agar hidup lebih bererti.

Indah sungguh pandangan bumi,
Lautan luas menjadi laluan bahtera,
Rasuah perlulah dibasmi,
Negara makmur aman sejahtera.

Indah sungguh suasana di pagi hari,
Memuji keindahan alam sambil menginsafi diri,
Jadikan Al-Quran sebagai panduan setiap hari,
Supaya iman sentiasa menghiasi diri.

MENCICIT RINDU

Norzie Diana Baharum

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UTM Cawangan Pahang
norziediana@uitm.edu.my

Aku:

Kacang panjang kau potong serong, kurang separuh
batang mancis setiap satu
Fucuknya disiat kecil,
molek terlapis sesuap sudu
Lobak sebatang dihiris baji, nipis-nipis
Ku kunyah nyaman dalam
kuning malap kuah berkunyit hidup.

Teman,

Harus kau tahu, seluruh mangkuk ini hiasan mata, enak
meresap ke jiwa.

Dia:

Begini potongnya, serba begitu bentuknya
Ini gaya gemulah nenda
dalam ajaran gemulah bonda
Semangkuk lodeh
Hasil memori cinta, kasih mereka

Dalam sebelanga kasih semangkuk cinta, Teman.

Kau mencicit rindu.

HIDUP MUAFAKAT, MASYARAKAT SEJAHTERA

Nurhafizah Ali¹

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UTM Cawangan Terengganu¹
nurhafizah@uitm.edu.my¹

Harum wangi si bunga tanjung,
Putih berseri indah rupawan,
Agama dijunjung, adat disanjung,
Budi bahasa jadikan amalan.

Indah nian bulan di angkasa,
Terang cahayanya menyinari samudera,
Hidup berbudi, menabur jasa,
Tenteram jiwa, masyarakat sejahtera.

Burung berkicau, harimau mengaum,
Bunyinya bergema seluruh belantara,
Berbilang bangsa, berbilang kaum,
Hormat-menghormati, hindari angkara.

Turun ke sungai merentang pukat,
Sampan berlabuh di Sungai Lembing,
Hidup bersaudara, saling muafakat,
Ibarat aur dengan tebing.

Rumpun puluh ditetak belah,
Cedera anggota tertusuk sembilu,
Jangan mencari salah dan balah,
Jauhi sengketa menambah seteru.

KEBESARAN-MU ILAHI

Nur Anisah Tan binti Abdullah (PM)

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UITM Shah Alam
anistan@uitm.edu.my

Tiada keindahan yang dapat digambarkan
Tiada kehebatan yang dapat diungkapkan
Tiada kata yang dapat dizahirkan
Tiada jua bandingan
Tiada jua tandingan
Tiada juga persamaan
Itulah lambang kebesaran.
Terpancar sinar mentari di waktu pagi
Tertegak sang suria di atas kepala
Terbenan di ufuk timur di waktu senja,
Terpancar cahaya kemerahan menjengah
malam
Menjelma pula sang purnama menerangi alam
Menjadi petunjuk jalan di malam kelam,
Itulah kebesaran Tuhan

Tanda kehebatan di depan mata,
Wajah pepohon tegak perkasa,
Hutan belantara di kejauhan bagai lukisan
Wajah gunung kelihatan berlapis-lapis,
Awan berarak mengikut tiupan
Gagahnya sang bayu yang tiada kelihatan,
Awan putih bergumpal menjadi kehitaman
Akhirnya turun sebagai hujan,
Mencurahkan ke bumi memberi rezeki
Melata tumbuh pepohon menutupi bumi,
Itulah kebesaran Ilahi

Di alam cakerawala ini
Ada bumi, ada mentari
Ada bulan ada bintang,
Ada planet yang setia berputaran
Di atas paksi tanpa kegagalan,

Di bumi ada puncak
Ada gunung sebagai pasak
yang gagah perkasa
yang tinggi menjamah angkasa.
Ada banjaran ada lautan
Ada sungai ada saluran
Ada bukit ada dataran
Ada pepohon ada hutan
Yang setia bertasbih siang dan malam

Di lautan
ada ombak yang boleh menjadi kawan
Ada tsunami yang boleh menjadi lawan
Di dasarnya ada seribu rahsia
yang menggondong seribu harta
yang menjinjing pelbagai sisa

Di udara
ada angin yg bertiup sesepoi bahasa
yang berbisik ketika lara
yang mengganas di musim tengkujuh
yang membantu kapal berlabuh

Di ufuk timur berkilau cahaya sang suria
Memercik tanda kebesaran-Nya
Bagai lukisan penuh makna,
Wajah awan tak terukir tangan manusia
Merempuh gunung menutup sang suria
Wajah indah berbalam di kejauhan
Sekelip mata ditutupi awan

Berarak kabus di depan mata
Menyapa wajah gunung yang setia,
Berarak awan di atas kepala
Menjadi saksi kebesaran-Nya,
Hembusan bayu terasa di dada
Menjadi tanda ada kuasa yang menggerakkan-
nya,
Mata memandangi ke hujung dunia
Tiada jangkauan langkah manusia,
Berada di alam maya hanya sementara
Mengecapi keindahan yang tidak terhingga
Lupa keletihan kerana nikmat-Nya

Esok kita bakal kembali
Meninggalkan alam ini,
Biar pun bagaimana gagah alam ini,
Hanya dengan satu tiupan sangkakala
la musnah sekelip mata.
Kita akan kembali ke alam abadi
Seluruh anggota menjadi saksi
Untuk ditimbang segala kerja
Untuk dihitung segala jasa
Untuk bertemu Maha Pencipta

THIS TOO WILL PASS

Nur Liyana Johari

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
liyanajohari@uitm.edu.my

Hello there dear,
Where are you now? I wonder,
"I'm in the middle of a drought" she cried,
Well, fret not my dear,
Just wait a little longer and it will soon pass.

Hello there sweetie,
Long time no see, where could you be?
"I'm in the middle of an endless storm" he screamed,
Well, fret not my sweet,
There's an end to this endless and this storm will pass.

Hello there love,
Why would you need all that gloves?
"I'm in the middle of a cold dark night" he coughed,
Well, fret not my love,
The sun will soon shine, the cold and the dark will pass.

Hello there darling,
I can see you, you are dazzling!
"I'm in the middle of a beautiful spring" she beamed,
Well, careful now my darling,
For seasons change and this too will pass.

COLLAPSE

Nur Asyikeen binti Kamarudin¹, Nurin Batrisyia Wadihah binti Mohd Razi²

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Melaka^{1,2}
asyikeen@uitm.edu.my¹

Crunch goes the leaves,
Under trying feet,
Up the winding hill, the eye perceives,
Is where the two lovers shall meet

Here is where they promised,
To announce to each other,
Their vows, calm and honest,
Without the presence of another,

Graced by the melodies of a robin,
And surrounded by a bed of periwinkle vine,
Whispers of love turn into sobbing,
As their fingers intertwined,

The earth rumbles underneath them,
In an instant, one went tumbling down,
Another held onto the a pine tree stem,
Dire was now the state of their town,

A town once loud with life and sound,
Is now deafeningly still,
For it is buried deep underground,
All because of a forbidden union on top of the hill.

In the memory of Batang Kali landslide victims

UNCERTAINTY

Nurul Liya Saffura binti Rostam

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
saffuraliya@uitm.edu.my

“Have you ever felt scared of something?” Asked a friend. ***“Of course,”*** I replied without end. ***“Tell me what brings you fear”*** she said. I looked at her and answered:

Uncertainty.
It's taking hold of my heart, so tight –
like it will never depart.
It whispers lies, short happiness in disguise –
and I fall for it every time it tries.
It feeds doubts into me, that I struggle to see –
bringing me down to my knee.
It brings me pain, as part of the game –
Twists in life that cannot be tamed.

“Life is unpredictable, life can be unkind,” said the friend with a determined stare. As I stared into the sunset, feeling the warm glow on my face, I said:

The pain it brings – can be hard to bear,
Like a weight – that's too heavy for me to share.
But – I'll embrace my fear,
Though I know – the road ahead maybe unclear.

“Friend, I found peace within myself” I whispered beneath my breath. Her gaze locked onto me. I breathed out a long sigh of gratitude – a burst of freedom within my heart.

I'll live my day as I am –
me, myself.
I'll walk my own path of uncertainty –
thorny or flowery.
I'll write my own journey –
For I am just me – imperfect and flawed.

“After all, isn't that what being human means? We fall, we make mistakes, we learn, and we grow. I think, the journey of uncertainty is what makes life worth living. It's flawed but beautiful”.

THE GIRL NAMED NAEYLA

Nuruladilah Mohamed

Academy Of Language Studies, UiTM Terengganu
nuruladilah@uitm.edu.my

The girl is so sweet and pure
The beauty is as bright as the sun
The sweet laugh is so true and sure
The girl fills my heart with so much fun

The tender embrace, that magical feeling
Peaceful, happy and so calming
The language of happiness, is what you bring
The love of my life, *the girl* is simply amazing

The girl is always dancing and singing loud
Bring such joy right to my heart
A ray of sunshine that beams so proud
The beauty of life, *the girl* plays her part

The heart is so pure, the spirit so kind
The girl's dreams reach far beyond the sky
The courage and spirit are one of a kind
No one alike, so unique, so wise

The girl is my loyal friend
So humorous and brave and kind
So loving, devoted to me 'til the end
Forever your heart stays entwined

The future is so bright and clear
The world, you should be proud of and care
With a happy smile and lots of cheer
The girl named Naeyla, you are so dear

LIVING TO DIE – STOP AND PONDER

Peck-Leong Tan

Arshad Ayub Graduate Business School, UiTM Shah Alam
tanpe325@uitm.edu.my

Each day we live, we're closer to death,
Wandering the meaning of life,
We will never think of death,
When we have many people to love,
When we have many things to treasure,
When we have the whole world to venture into,
When will we stop and ponder?

When the end of life is near,
Then we'll realize that the end is death,
Wandering how we had lived our life,
When there are no more people to love,
When there are no more things to treasure,
When there is no more world to venture into,
When will we stop and ponder?

For life does not stop with death,
For the end is eternal life or eternal death,
Wandering the choice that perplex life,
Where eternal death is away from God,
Where eternal life is forever with God,
Where choice is made and sealed forever,
When will we stop and ponder?

Regardless, we are moving toward death,
Wandering how we should live our life now,
For death is imminent and sure to come,
Come when we are less expected,
Come when our life is at the fullest,
Come when we think that we will live forever,
When will we stop and ponder?

HARGAILAH KEINDAHAN ALAM

Rasdi Bin Deraman

Pusat Pengajian Kejuruteraan Mekanikal, UiTM Cawangan Pulau Pinang
rasdi925@uitm.edu.my

Menguk jendela di pagi hening
Menjengah menyaksi alam sekeliling
Di saat fajar mulai menyingsing
Menghirup udara segar
Sedingin embun berkaca menyinar
Penuh nikmat keindahan
Menginsafi kekuasaan Tuhan
Pencipta semesta alam
Flora dan fauna menghijau subur
Unggas di rimba berlagu hiburan
Air di kali mengalir jernih
Pepasir pantai keemasan bersih
Ombak beralun memutih buih
Puputan bayu menyapa rindu
Indahnya panorama penuh syahdu
Menggamit memori menyentuh kalbu
Kita insan makhluk bertamadun
Hargailah alam yang indah tersusun
Bijak menilai tahu bersyukur
Meneroka alam penuh makmur
Secara bermoral mematuhi etika
Kerana khazanah alam adalah warisan
Cucu cicit meneruskan kehidupan
Ambillah iktibar kisah berlaku
Negara dilanda musibah jerebu
Panorama indah bertukar kelabu
Kesihatan masyarakat turut terganggu
Pelancong asing enggan bertamu
Ekonomi negara tidak menentu
Dalam kita mengejar kemajuan
Kelestarian alam diambil kira
Jangan hanya menghitung laba
Kerana musnah alam
Musnahlah segalanya

EPILOG MASA

Razif Bin Dasiman

Faculty of Health Sciences, UiTM Cawangan Selangor
tanpe325@uitm.edu.my

Tenungan masa terus berdetak
Bawa hati yang telah retak
Terkadang jiwa mudah diperkotak
Lerai seketika rasa membentak
Masa lalu terus ditangisi
Kosong terisi butiran basi
Kadang ternoda gelakan notasi
Terbiar pergi tanpa diisi
Detik berdetak membawa debar
Perit terasa menghasil lembar
Hati meruntun menuntut sabar
Dipujuk semangat yang kian bubar
Diketika hadir yang lima
Sejadah dan dahi rapat bersama
Pohon doa amalan diterima
Tatkala cabaran terus menjelma
Kita ini bukan siapa-siapa
Terkadang jatuh dirundung alpa
Ingin mengharap tiada apa-apa
Didodoi leka terkadang lupa
Epilog masa terus dirasa
Perjuangan diatur perit terasa
Gempur terus tak kenal bisa
Moga terlerai ikatan tersisa

Nukilan:

Razif D. 22022023

WATER

Razifa Mohd Razlan

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Dungun Campus
razif004@uitm.edu.my

Your colour is indescribable
Your sound is unique
You are our source of life
You are our everything

You are our true therapy
You give us strength
You give us a sense of peace
You make us calmer and happier
You are amazing

You have the ultimate power
The world will die without you
The world will also suffer just because of you
No matter what we still appreciate you
We can't imagine living without you

KASUT

Shahriza Ilyana Ramli

Faculty of Administrative Science & Policy Studies, UITM Kedah
ilyana@uitm.edu.my

Kasut kita tidak sama
Percayalah..
Kasut kamu mungkin luas,
Kasut aku mungkin sempit,
Sempit sampai tersepit,
Jadi aku berjalan terkepit kepit,

Kasut kita tidak sama,
Percayalah..
Kasut kamu mungkin besar,
Kasut aku mungkin kecil,
Koyak dan terumpil,

Lalu kamu mahu bandingkan bila terampil?

Kasut kita tidak sama,
Percayalah..
Kasut kamu mungkin cantik,
Kasut aku mungkin buruk
Lusuh dan teruk,
Sampai terasa jauh ke dalam lubuk,
Lubuk hati yang paling tersorok,

Kasut kita tidak sama,
Percayalah..
Kasut kamu mungkin rapi,
Kasut aku mungkin compang,

Sehingga aku berjalan tempang

Sudahlah tempang, terjatuh pula ke dalam
longkang,

Di bawa arus gelombang,

Kasut kita tidak sama,
Percayalah..

Kasut kamu mungkin diperbuat daripada kulit,
Kasut aku mungkin daripada kanvas sulit,
Dengan tali panjang berbelit belit,
Dan kotoran banyak tercalit,
Sehingga ramai yang melihat terasa pelik,

Kasut kita tidak sama,
Percayalah..
Kasut kamu mungkin mahal,
Kasut aku mungkin murah,
Tidak selesa berjalan, habis kakiku berdarah,

Tapi begitulah,
Aku masih perlu melangkah.

Hal ini, yang aku ceritakan,
Bukan lah untuk mencari alasan,
Bukan juga meminta ehsan,
Cuma untuk kau dengar dan fahamkan,

Kalau kau memilih benci juga,
Maka bencilah aku seadanya,

Kalau kau memilih sinis
Maka silakan berbahasa menghiris,

Aku tidak perlu memperbetulkan pandangan-
mu,

Cukuplah aku ada tuhanku,

Cuma aku sekadar ingin berirama,
Bahawasanya kasut kita ini memang tidak
sama.

JULIET'S TRAGEDY

Sharina Saad

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah Branch
sharina854@uitm.edu.my

I saw a glimpse of her golden coloured hair the
other night

In a split second...

and she vanished into the thin air

Her movement was swift

She was like the wind...

She appeared and disappeared

I neither saw nor heard about her again

Not after long when ...

A little blue bird started to sing

Juliet's Secret love affair was revealed!

Crude people clapped their hands,

Juliet was exposed as Romeo's lover,

Secret meetings, messages exchanged

Explicit photos, videos, images

Between the two forbidden lovers

were vastly circulated,

Now massively the Talk of the town

Devastated Juliet couldn't reach Romeo...

A pang of disbelief... a slap on her pretty face

Her hero escaped and deserted her.

He has betrayed her but played a victim

Called her unfaithful instead...

Juliet a sinner... people shouting in the
streets...

Juliet's heart sank... hopeless she was...

Where is Romeo? the hero of her heart?

Romeo Romeo where art thou Romeo?

Juliet kept calling though she felt like dying..

She was reliving the memories she of the
past...

"Tis twenty years till then."

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

She fell to the ground... a sharp knife in her
hand...

the memory was tormenting her.

no more Romeo's love, no more Romeo

though he once said...

Juliet, let me stand here till thou remember it

Yes Romeo, Yes Romeo...

Juliet will never forget as she remembers...

She was abandoned... a twisted LOVE AFFAIR!!

as Juliet threw the knife away...

tears rolling down her cheeks

Juliet repeatedly asked herself

Should I die for Romeo's coward and phony
love?

Should I ?

PENGUSIK RASA PERLIS

Sharir Aizat Bin Kamaruddin

Fakulti Sains Gunaan, UiTM Cawangan Perlis
shariraizat@uitm.edu.my

Pelbagai rasa masakan bilis,
penyeri majlis di Tasik Melati;
mencari laksa di pekan Perlis,
laksa Perlis pengusik di hati.

Di Pengkalan Asam berkari bilis,
aroma membayu ke Seberang Ramai;
mencari pekasam di Negeri Perlis,
pekasam puyu diserang ramai.

Mencari sarapan tapai dan bilis,
Bukit Lagi ke Padang Besar;
mencari kudapan sampai ke Perlis,
carilah ringgi kelapa dikisar.

Gaul berliput petai dan bilis,
berlapik tikar di Bukit Chabang;
mencari siput di pantai Perlis,
mentarang bakar Sungai Berembang.

Biarpun kecil si ikan bilis,
jadi cetusan buana warga;
biarpun kecil Negeri Perlis,
makanan warisan pesona berharga.

SENI UMAI HADIAH SAMUDERA

Sharir Aizat Bin Kamaruddin

Fakulti Sains Gunaan, UiTM Cawangan Perlis
shariraizat@uitm.edu.my

Rasa sedap penuh asli,
menjadi hidangan sangat lumayan;
rasa umai sedap sekali,
menjadi santapan para nelayan.

Umai asli ikan lautan,
bergaul sagu berasam paya;
umai di sampan menjauh daratan,
bergaul ombak menghilang loya.

Berolah masa budaya diperam,
umai moden mengalih asli;
berolah bawang secubit garam,
umai dicampur limau dan cili.

Umai dahulu umai sekarang,
seni melanau perlu dipelihara;
rasa borneo sampai seberang,
seni umai hadiah samudera.

HEMPASAN REALITI

Shuhaini Samsudin

Faculty of Business Management, UiTM Puncak Alam, Selangor
shuhaini8197@gmail.com

Menara gading—ternyata wisata terakhir bagiku
Seronok belajar, lelah bermain bersama teman
Lenyap selangkah aku keluar dari situ
Anganku dengan sijil tinggi, gaji ikut membukit
Kerjaya idaman juga sudah menanti tanpa bersaing
Ternyata tidak!

Realiti hidup menghempas mimpiku
Aku kini termanggu
Entah sampai bila penantianku akan berujung
Lelah... Aku merasa lelah
Jalan hidupku tidak seindah yang diharap
Aku sedar hidup perlu diteruskan,
Aku merencanakan hidupku dengan baik—bermula dari sifar, kerja
jadi kuli
Tetapi bolehkah aku?
Berkolaborasi dengan fikiranku ini?

Tuhan...
Tak tahu apa lagi yang boleh aku lakukan...

IBU...KASIH MU KE SYURGA

Simah Md Noor

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
simah@uitm.edu.my

Duhai ibu,
Jerih perihmu melahirkanku
Penuh sabar mendodoi dan membuaiku
Penuh bangga membesar dan mengajarku
Mengetahui manisnya madu, pahitnya hempedu
Mengetahui panasnya mentari, sejuknya salju
Mengetahui indahannya kasih, suramnya kalbu
Lalu tenggelam aku dalam lautan kasihmu

Duhai ibu,
Sudah jauh aku pergi.
Membawa harapan mencipta impian
Meluncur perkasa meredahi awan
Ketika langkahku tidak keruan
Ku sulam kasihmu bak mentari dan bulan
Mengiringi perjalananku di siang dan malam
Lalu gunung kudaki menggapai kejayaan

Duhai ibu,
Kini kukembali ke sisimu
Melepas rindu pada wajah kesayangan
Di mataku kau tetap indah bak rembulan
Mewangi kasihmu disegenap alam
Tulusnya meresapi ke tulang belulang
Kasihmu ku junjung jasamu ku julang
Lalu, bahagiaku disini melayani detik tuamu

Duhai ibu,
Baru tadi kau telah pergi
Menemui sang pencipta yg kekal abadi
Berebel amanah yang telah kau tepati
Moga mendapat anugerah Ilahi
Syurga nan indah lagi diberkahi
Lalu, disini aku lemah berdiri
Bertemankan sepi sayu dihati
Kugagahi jua melangkah pergi
Menyahut cabaran hidup sendiri
Moga bertemu di sana nanti.

REMINISCING THE LOVE

Siti Noor Waheeda Binti Hasanudin

Unit Bahasa, Kolej Tingkatan Enam Desa Mahkota, Kuala Lumpur
g-98417552@moe-dl.edu.my

From the day I was born,
You were the one,
Taking care of me,
And another two siblings,
'Abang' and 'Adik',
You were not alone raising three of us,
Accompanied by a resilient lady,
Whom I call 'Tok'.

Your love is pure,
Your love is unconditional,
Made us soothed,
Healed our fears,
Calmed the agony.

How indebted we are,
Witnessing all your sacrifices,
Lessons you imparted,
Implicitly or explicitly,
I am thankful for that.

Now,
You are at a better place,
You will be truly missed,
And always be remembered in my prayers,
May Allah grant you and Tok the highest place in Jannah.

Al-Fatihah to my loving 'Chaq' and 'Tok'.

ANTARES SUPERNOVA

Siti Raba'ah Abdul Razak

College of Creative Arts, Graphic Design and Digital Media Department, UITM Cawangan Selangor
sitirabaah@uitm.edu.my

Antares, you shine the brightest
Your heart homes the galaxies
Love is who you are
Your passion is rare
Unforgettable and pure

Antares, you have a weakness
Your love is enormous
Even when mistreated
Your Ruby still shines

Antares, you must hold back now
Restore your power
Or be defeated, and fall

Antares, you are a beauty
You are gazed upon
In the midnight sky
Hold on, and be still

Antares, your supernova is a myth
Your self- destruction is human prediction
You are greater and powerful than the sun
You are the warrior among the goddesses
You will continue to be the brightest
Of the Constellation Scorpius

By : Raba'ah Razak
Originally written in 2017

TEARS OF PEARLS

Siti Raba'ah Abdul Razak

College of Creative Arts, Graphic Design and Digital Media Department, UITM Cawangan Selangor
sitirabaah@uitm.edu.my

I cry my tears of pearls
That drop in the ocean
To the safekeeper of the depth
In the darkness of peace and tranquillity
In the embrace of the oyster
Protecting the sparkles with its shell

Only mortals with pure soul
Could smell its sweetness from the shore
They have the key to unlock
And enjoy the glow
My tears of pearls
Made of sorrow

By : Raba'ah Razak
Originally written in 2015

OCEANS OF RECKONING

Siti Sarah Roselan

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
sarahroselan@uitm.edu.my

Darling Calypso

Ever the reckoning force of being
Calm, collective yet contriving

Ever the force of beheading
As love could ever aspired to be
I love you, the silent force you have

I admire you, the silent kills you made
Is it sane? No, but is it beautiful? Yes
Ever contradicting? Yes, but you have cause to be

Like the oceans you rule,
I must let you be,
And carry a part of you in me,

As you carry a part of me in you
As we part ways
And be who we are meant to be and live as oceans do.

5 YEARS

Syairah Fakhruddin

Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Shah Alam
syairahfakhruddin@uitm.edu.my

For the past 5 years,
I have met children who thirst for knowledge,
Children with so much potential
but they were deprived of education
due to being underprivileged and marginalised.

For the past 5 years,
I have met mothers, single mothers specifically
Carrying their children, bare-handed, holding them tight,
Bags filled with old clothes, and a diaper or two
begging people to free them from their miserable life.

For the past 5 years,
I have met fathers. Hardworking fathers,
Their hands black, their skin wilted,
Working day and night,
to provide, to sustain, to give life to their families
But it is never enough.

For the past 5 years,
I have met the homeless, yes, the homeless
No proper shelter, no clean food, no happy family
Cast out by society due to their past
As though humans are “angels” who never sin.

For the past 5 years,
I have met the asylum-seekers, the refugees, the stateless,
Those who fled their country due to war,
A war that had torn their country apart,
A war that killed their family, that damaged their dignity
But due to hope, they turned into shields and armour
With a dream that one day they'll return home
Reunite with their loved ones.

For the past 5 years,
I have met people, endless groups of people
Whose voices are unheard of, whose lives are uncared for.
Whose stories and characters were only fictionalised
But changes rarely seen in the real world

And for the past 5 years...I have dreamt of a new world.
Where the rich and poor come together,
Where status is insignificant,
Where voices are heard, treatments are equal, hopes are revived,
...and dreams are met.

For the past 5 years, these are what I've seen, heard, and felt.
LIFE

HAMBA SEORANG PENDAKI

Wan Nordini Hasnor Wan Ismail

Fakulti Farmasi, UITM Cawangan Pulau Pinang Kampus Bertam
nordini.hasnor@uitm.edu.my

Dan dari satu bukit ke bukit
Dari satu gunung ke gunung
Dari satu puncak ke puncak
Dari satu lembah ke lembah
Dari satu dataran ke dataran
Dari satu permatang ke permatang
Terlampau banyak ibrah yang DIA tunjukkan.
Saat benar-benar kelelahan
Saat peparu dahagakan oksigen
Saat bebanan di bahu kian memberat
Saat ayunan sepasang kaki kian perlahan
Saat percikan peluh tidak lagi dihiraukan
Saat gigitan sang unggas tidak lagi menjadi kudis
Saat singgahan sang pacat hanya dipandang sepi
Saat itulah kau sedar
Kau hanyalah hamba yang lemah
Waktu bersendirian ditemani suara hutan
Terduduk dan tunduk tiada kudrat
Emosi berperang hebat di dalam
Antara sifat egois makhluk dan hamba
Benar-benar berharap simpati dari-Nya
Untuk terus mengengsot dan merangkak

COLD NOISE

Wan Nurul Izzati Wan Muhammad Zulkifli

College Of Creative Arts, UiTM Perak
nurul183@uitm.edu.my

If I die
I hope someone will notify
Bury me in the ground
Quiet with no sound
My bed will be sold
My cat will die of cold
My room will be empty
My toys will go to charity
Artworks to the trash can
If lucky, they'll end up in the store
Termites will eat to the very last end
Until there is no more
One day there is a sound
So loud they panicked to the ground
"Whose room is that?"
"Should we go in or leave it there?"
"Just take a peek and leave it dead".

MONDAY TO FRIDAY

Wani Nurfahani Mohd Sapuan

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam
nurfahani@uitm.edu.my

Early morning everyday
Hustle for the pay
Will today be a better day?
Or is it just another day?

Getting herself ready
Sipping her usual coffee
Then she saw the piled laundry
Sighing, why is she just too busy?

It is ironic and also silly
Every month she pays hefty sum of money
To call a place her sole property
Mostly just to leave it empty

It's time to hit the road at six-thirty
Driving alone can be so lonely
Tune in her favourite frequency
Listening what's happening in the city

From crimes to corruptions
Global warming to pollutions
To date, there are still people in hunger
The city is in danger!

She knows that today is just another day
Not any better than yesterday
But she'll wait day-to-day
For everything to be better than just okay

WE'LL WAIT

Wani Nurfahani Mohd Sapuan
Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UTM Shah Alam
nurfahani@uitm.edu.my

Learning you is an art
The kind of no wrong or right
Twist and turn all you might
Till everything to you feels alright

You sing, dance and jump on the bed
All you want is told but not said
We wish you will communicate
One day, we'll just wait

You look us in the eye
When we call you, you come by
We've heard your hello and goodbye
Will we ever hear your first lie?

People criticise you for your character
You are just too strong and never deter
To us, you are never too much to cater
As we love you unconditionally, forever.

A POETIC ODE TO GUNONG

Warid Mihat

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Cawangan Kelantan
waridmihat@uitm.edu.my

In the land of Gunong, where my ancestors
once roamed,
Where the roots of my heritage have taken
hold and grown,
My heart swells with pride as I gaze upon this
place,
And see the beauty of my past, a portrait of
grace.

The mountains rise high, their peaks piercing
the sky,
A steadfast symbol of strength that refuses to
die,
Their rugged cliffs and crags, a crown upon
their head,
As they survey the land below, a sovereign in
their stead.

The forests abound with their emerald-hued
leaves,
A tapestry woven of verdant, breathing
sheaves,
Each tree a sentinel, standing tall and proud,
A loyal protector to the verdure-clad shroud.

The fields are lush with their paddy and rice,
A quilt of verdancy, a paradise,
Where farmers toil with sweat and sacrifice,
Their hands tending to the earth, the fruits of
their lab or nice.

The mosque stands tall, a minaret that pierces
the sky,
As the call to prayer echoes, a mournful sigh,
The faithful kneel and bow, in deep devotion
and prayer,
Seeking the blessings of Allah on this land so
fair.

The beaches are pristine, with sand so soft and
white,
Where waves crash gently, in the morning light,
A paradise of serenity, a haven of calm,
As the tides come and go, with their tranquil
balm.

The rivers flow strong, their currents pure and
clear,
A metaphor for the flow of time, forever near,
Their liquid melody, a symphony of peace,
As they chart their path, their movement never
ceases.

The villages stand proud, their houses made of
wood,
A testament to the craftsman, who once stood,
Each beam and plank, a story in itself,
A tribute to the ancestors, their legacy on the
shelf.

The food is rich, a carnival of spice and flavor,
A celebration of diversity, a culinary savior,
Each dish a symphony, of tastes and smells so
bold,
A feast for the senses, a delight to behold.

Gunong, oh Gunong, how I cherish thee so,
For the memories of the past that forever flow,
May this land always thrive, and its beauty
endure,
For future generations, to cherish and adore.

KETAHUILAH

Yuslinda Mat Yassin (DR.)¹ , Zaliffah Abdul Wahab²

Pusat Pengajian Komunikasi dan Media, UiTM Shah Alam^{1,2}
yuslinda908@uitm.edu.my¹
zalif754@uitm.edu.my²

Bila kau sakit tetap ada yang sedih dengan kesakitan kamu
Jika kau terluka dalam diam tetap ada yang mendoakan kamu
Jika kau gundah gulana, hati merana, kecewa
Tetap akan ada disisi mu, Yang SATU

Jika tidur kau tak lena, tetap ada bait ayat mendodoi kamu
Jika makan kau tidak enak tetap bersyukur apa adanya
Jika hati kau berbolak balik hanya doa untuk kekuatan iman kamu
Jika dihina tidak kau rebah, jika dipuji tidak kau megah
Jika disingkir tidak kau mungkir
Jika tidak disayangi, dicintai, diketepi, dikhianati,
Kau tidak peduli, cuba berdiri sendiri
Tahukah kau setiap badai berlalu
Pasti ada insan, tidak kau, tidak aku,
Mungkin mereka atau siapa yang empunya ceritera

KETAHUILAH

Kita tidak susah, selagi kita tidak pilih untuk susah
Kita pasti senang dan tenang andai kita fikir kita lihat ujian yang lain
Adakah kau jauh dari Maha Pencipta mu
Pencipta UJIAN cabaran, dugaan susah dan senang

KETAHUILAH

Kita rasa jauh dari Allah
Tapi Allah tetap dekat dengan kita, jangan mengalah, kalah, rebah
Cinta Allah pada hamba-Nya, jangan didusta
Cinta manusia untuk Pencipta ... Cinta Agong

KETAHUILAH...

Cinta yang Maha Agong, cinta yang tak pernah hilang darimu

Nukilan Bersama

*DR YUSLINDA MAT YASSIN (186908), pensyarah kanan di Pusat Pengajian Komunikasi dan Media, Shah Alam di bawah program Pengurusan Komunikasi dan Polisi dan telah berkhidmat selama hampir 19 tahun.
Pn Zaliffah Abdul Wahab (152754), pensyarah kanan di Pusat Pengajian Komunikasi dan Media, Shah Alam di bawah program Penerbitan dan telah berkhidmat selama lebih 20 tahun.*

MENGEJAR ANGKA

Zainal Kifli Abdul Razak (Ts)

Pusat Pengajian Sains, UiTM Pahang Kampus Jengka
zainalk@uitm.edu.my

Angka, ada yang cantik, ada yang buruk
Angka besar kadang-kadang cantik, kadang-kadang buruk
Angka kecil pun begitu juga

Ramai orang suka mengejar angka
Ingin angka besar atau ingin angka kecil
Angka jadi idaman
Angka jadi buruan

Ramai orang bangga dengan angka
Ramai orang suka pameran angka
Kerana angka mengundang pujian
Angka mengundang penghargaan
Angka yang baik dianggap berjaya
Angka yang buruk dianggap gagal

Tetapi tidak ramai orang sedar bahawa angka boleh diolah
Ingin angka besar atau ingin angka kecil
Semua itu boleh diolah dan tidak susah
Angka boleh diolah oleh orang yang kerjanya mengolah angka

Ada orang apabila mendapat angka maka dirasanya dia kaya
Ada orang apabila mendapat angka maka dirasanya dia sihat
Ada orang apabila mendapat angka maka dirasanya dia bijak
Ada orang melonjak gembira apabila mendapat angka
Tetapi kemudian menjadi kecewa
Apabila angka itu tidak dapat menolong apa-apa

Ramai orang menilai sesuatu dengan angka
Walaupun angka itu seringkali tidak membawa erti apa-apa
Angka bukan bererti bahagia atau derita
Angka bukan bererti cantik atau buruk
Kerana apabila ditanya tentang bahagia, derita, cantik atau buruk
Maka jawapannya bukan dengan angka

Maka semua orang mesti sedar
Supaya jangan terlalu mengejar angka
Kerana angka itu seringkali hanyalah tipudaya

BISIK REMBULAN

Zarifah Mohd Zain

Faculty of Hotel & Tourism Management, UiTM Cawangan Pulau Pinang
zarifahmz@uitm.edu.my

Duhai rembulan
Ingin kubisik gelora sukma
Ingin kutitip pesan buatnya
Agar dia tahu bahwa aku
Sedang gering merindu

Andai saja kau bisa mendengar
Andai saja kau bisa bicara

Andai saja dia bisa mendengar
Andai saja dia bisa bicara

Satu yang aku tahu
Pasti saja Dia mendengar
Pasti saja Dia bicara

Mungkin saja aku yang tuli
Masih sukar untuk mengerti

WHISPER OF WAVES

Zuriani Hj Yaacob¹, Mohd Samsuri Ghazali (DR.)²

Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Raub Campus, Pahang¹
Fakulti Pengurusan dan Perniagaan, UiTM Raub Campus, Pahang²
zurianibtyaacob@uitm.edu.my¹

When you're calm, you cheerfully say hello
Gentle blue-green splashes
With the wind of words, you rave
Having brought white sand
Make the beach lovely and joyful.

When the storm hits
You bellow
not just sending white sand
But you may blow the whistle of death
that the beautiful life of the beach may be over
Eroding all hope
Crashing all joy

Dear waves
However, you come
The beach is still ready to defend
Still holding hands
Serving you with a smile
That I am the beach, alas for me
to accept, without being able to defy

Until one day you come
Blow bad news
That I am the beach
will continue to be defeated
By you waves
That will change into tsunami thus, ravages hope



UNIVERSITI
TEKNOLOGI
MARA

eISSN 3009-0075

9 773009 007004