

Less Home

By

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Project: My Malaysian Story

Everyone has our own story to tell. A person has thousands of stories to tell, but most of them keep silence for the sake of not hurting anyone around them. It is like an old book with voluminous stories and each of them has never been told. A piece of life will continue breathing as long as people read them. The unsaid love and the unexpressed pain will continue to be felt and could be part of someone's life journey as long as it exists in a piece of literature. This land screams for enduring all this pain, despair and perhaps happiness which have remained as untold stories. Indeed, Malaysia as a small land and for hundreds of years carrying all the untold stories from every clop of footsteps taken by all living humans on this land. Thus, these are the stories of Malaysians and followed by my stories,



We never know what hides in someone's heart. We will never know what are the agendas of someone's mind. Although, we are all have one Creator, but we all have been created differently. We have two eyes, one nose and one mouth with two lips. Uniquely, all of those are created differently in patterns,



Malaysia tells me a different story. I was born in Petaling Jaya, Selangor in the year of 1993. I grew up in Petaling Jaya for six years in the naughtiness of police's children. A group of boys will suddenly snatch my three tires bicycle and push me down to the ground and play or I would say that they are destroying my bicycle. Ironically, although I lived in polices' barrack, not one adult will take a stand for me. I do understand that both of my parents are busy working during the day which those incidents are beyond their supervision. Sometimes, when I play by my own with my dolls, a boy called Epul will come to me and violently pull my hair and throw away my dolls. That incident happened several times, and all I could do was crying while he laughing at me. Adults are passing by and shake their head like it is too common for them which make them too lazy to interfere or at least sooth me.

What can I say, they probably too tired to interfere with such problems? Whilst, a child's psychology might have been abused. There was one time I heard that Epul who is a son to a policewoman called Cik Rosiah burns the room which captivated all proofs for all cases which are still under police investigation. Unfortunately, Cik Rosiah received many calls of complaints regarding Epul. The Chief of Police Officer in Petaling Jaya Police Headquarters called her to come forward for further legal actions for her son's huge mistake. Epul needs to be sent to Juvenile School and everyone hopes that he will change his attitude.

In the end of the year 1999, we moved to Kampung Sungai Mulia, Gombak. We were moving from Petaling Jaya to Gombak during the school holiday. We were moving because my mother who used to be a Police Inspector had been borrowed by Companies Commission of Malaysia (SSM) to be one of their Investigation Officers. Our neighbourhood is good and we do take care of each other. When I was in standard one, I started primary school at Sekolah Kebangsaan Gombak Satu (1) with my sister who was in standard six. In August 2000, my mother delivered our youngest sister. After three months of confinement, my mother sends our baby sister to the babysitter called, Cik Peah. Cik Peah is our neighbour, her house is very close to ours. She is a housewife, her husband is a Draftsman who works under the architecture company. They have a daughter who is five years older than me. I call her Epa. Cik Peah is what I could say as someone who is over-caring her neighbours.

I like the fact that she will always feed me and my youngest sister with good foods. But, I do not like the fact that she loves gossiping too much, and somehow it is suffocating when she has too much eager to know more than she should. Once, she told my mother that I got back from school with a boy and she accused me of having a boyfriend at a very young age. It was not true because we did not get back from school together, but we just met when I was about to reach my neighbourhood and he asked me about the homework which we have to submit on the next day. My mother asked me about that, I was furiously mad when I heard that because I know that Cik Peah was the person who told my mother about it, and she accused me without clear proof. I was literally screaming “Cik Peah bongok!!!” in front of our front door. After a few seconds of screaming, I was scared because of my words so I ran back into the house and slammed the door. I sobbed so bad in the room and now, when I think of that, I laugh.

Apparently, I am currently laughing alone at 3:46 AM while eating Tosai at one of the famous Mamak Restaurants in Taman Sri Gombak. I sit here for more than an hour with my father and my youngest sister wandering around, watching other people burst into laugh like they did not have any problem with their life. I still believe that everyone has their own story.



I assume that the Mamak's employee who scoops the Dhal is missing his family whom I supposed they are not in Malaysia. But, he has to work to financially support his family I presume. Perhaps, he has issues with other employees. Nonetheless, all the issues and moments which strike in his mind, he stands still and tries to not show any facial expression. I look around and I see an uncle who eats alone. I wonder why he eats alone. I wonder if he has a wife who could accompany him. I was thinking of someone's wife when the person right in front of me whom I know for a fact that he does not have a wife.



He lost his best friend at the time when no one expected that. He once had a wife who will buy for him Laksa in the evening, watch football at Mamak restaurant together with him, fishing at 'ban kenal' - a river where you can find between two paddy fields and they plant vegetables together in front of our house in Kuala Selangor. He had been grieving for at least a month. We all are still in grief, yet the society starts to tell my father to seek for a new wife to take care of him. In my mind, I keep questioning why would he need a new wife? Why would we have this type of culture? The culture of a husband needs a wife to take care of him, while if a wife is a widow, that does not require her to find a new husband because she could take care of herself. The day my youngest sister and I heard to those advices, it marks the day that I will be the one who will fully take care of my father.

Malaysia once for me was a happy place to stay in. But not anymore since I lost my only mother who took care of me since I was in her womb until the day she passed away. It is not that easy to delete the fondest memory that I have with her. It keeps flashing back like when she was sleeping on the hospital's floor beside my bed, when all nurses nagged for not wearing mask when she clearly knew that I had Pulmonary Tuberculosis and Hodgkin Lymphoma Cancer. She was the only person who would accept me regardless I'm at my top point or my weakest point of life. Malaysia was the happiest place for me to live in while my mother still alive regardless cancer and the hospital as life which I have to go through. This place, this land is becoming less home to me without my mother. Malaysia does tell beautiful stories to me, but it turns me down with the loss of my mother. A house is not a home without my mother. I learn the biggest thing after my mother's death which is, you shall never compare your pain to other people. Because different person perceives the pain differently.