



MINISTRY
OF EDUCATION
MALAYSIA



ENGLISH BREAKFAST

for Polytechnic Readers



LB2300
.F64
2019



LB2300.E64 2019



0000029200

English breakfast for polytechnic readers / Chief editor Teng Yee
Ling Susan.

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ENGLISH BREAKFAST FOR POLYTECHNIC READERS

Published by
Politeknik Port Dickson

January 2019

PERPUSTAKAAN POLITEKNIK PORT DICKSON	
PESANAN KERAJAAN	
NO INVOIS	
PEMBEKAL	SUMBANGAN Pembaca
	UD7300
	EGK 2019
BUKU INI DISUMBANGKAN OLEH Pembaca Port Dickson	

Published by
Politeknik Port Dickson
KM 14 Jalan Pantai
71050 Si Rusa, Negeri Sembilan
Tel: 06-662 2000 / 2111
Fax: 06-662 2026 / 2027
<http://www.polipd.edu.my>

First Published © Politeknik Port Dickson, 2019

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National Library of Malaysia Cataloguing-in-Publication Data

ENGLISH BREAKFAST FOR POLYTECHNIC READERS/
Chief Editor TENG YEE LING SUSAN

ISBN 978-967-2246-05-3

1. Education, Higher- -Malaysia
2. Colleges and universities.

I. Teng Yee Ling Susan. II. Politeknik Port Dickson.
378.595

Graphic Designer:
TENG YEE LING SUSAN
General Studies Department
Politeknik Port Dickson

Printed in Malaysia by PD Fastprint Centre (002174416-V)
Ruj.KDN:PQ1780/J/80
Lot. 2022 Taman Ria, KM4 Jalan Seremban,
71000 Port Dickson, Negeri Sembilan Darul Khusus
Email: pdpercomp@gmail.com
Tel/Fax: 06-651 5040

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FOREWORD

Greetings from Politeknik Port Dickson.

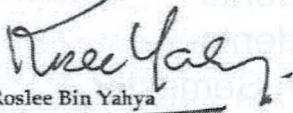
I am delighted to write the foreword for the publication of *English Breakfast for Polytechnic Readers*. First of all I would like to congratulate Madam Teng Yee Ling Susan from the General Studies Department for her initiative to publish our very first own creative writing book.

This is truly an innovation in teaching and learning English outside the box! The poems and short stories in this collection are original works by the writers who have years of experience in teaching English and also from the novice contributors - our Politeknik Port Dickson students.

Students, who read for leisure regularly, embark on new imaginative journeys. I am sure that there are so many poems and stories of adventure, comedy, tragedy, love, thriller and monsters in every student's life. I believe that sharing them in a special platform like this can inspire and multiply the number of polytechnic creative writers and readers.

It is my hope and expectation that this book will provide an active reading experience for all polytechnic readers who are hungry!

Best regards,



Roslee Bin Yahya

Director

Politeknik Port Dickson,



PREFACE

First and foremost, I would like to thank God Almighty for giving me the strength and willpower to accomplish this little dream. It is a great pleasure in presenting **English Breakfast for Polytechnic Readers.**

I would like to give acknowledgement to Prof. Dr. Jayakaran Mukundan from Universiti Putra Malaysia for the inspiration and ideas used in this book. I wish to take this opportunity to thank all the creative contributors for making the publication of this book a success. To Google Images, I would like to give credit and acknowledgement for the use of several graphics in this book under educational purposes.

This is a very special book as it is characterised by originality and expressiveness. Students began to stir and deliver their emotions freely through writing with the introduction of stem poems. Learning English became so much fun and easy. I hope the objective of this publication will soon allow us to produce more creative writers from Politeknik Port Dickson with the vision to drive the love of reading amongst young Malaysians. Enjoy Reading!

Teng Yee Ling Susan
Chief Editor
Politeknik Port Dickson

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STEM POEMS

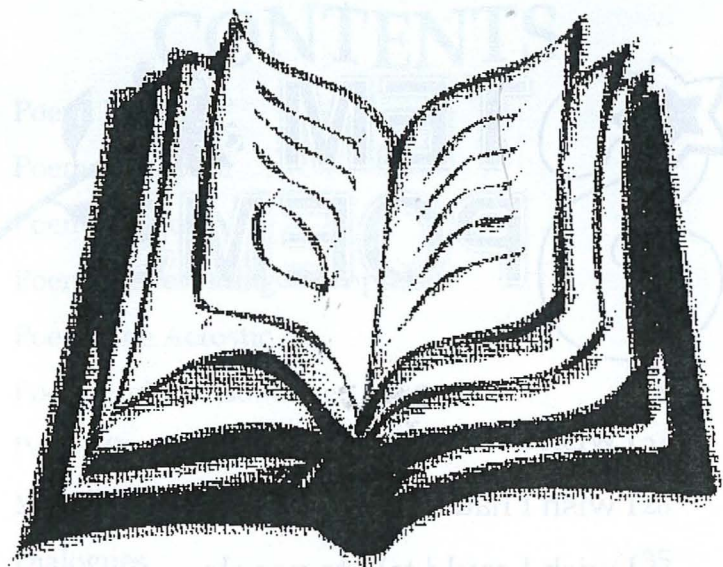


I wish I was a book,
I wish I had a mouth.
I wish I could talk to people -
Read me, read me, read me.

Azamuddin Bin Khamis

I wish I was a singer,
I wish I had many fans.
I wish I could sing famous songs -
Do re mi fa so la ti do.

Tah Shie Shuang

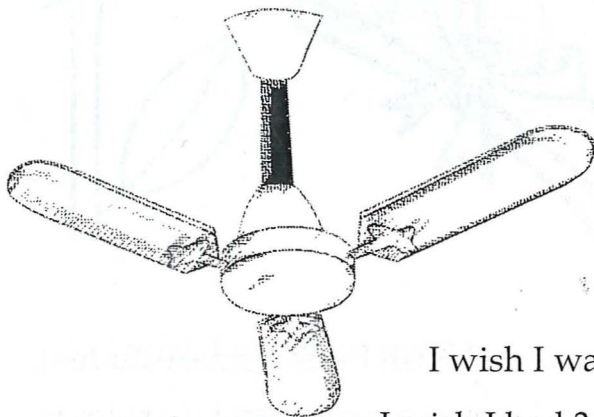


I wish I was a book,
I wish I had amazing stories.
I wish I could make people happy -
Flip, flip, flip.

Zanatulatulain Binti Kaslas

I wish I was a smartphone,
I wish I had a big storage.
I wish I could remember all the things
and have lots of information -
Download, download, download.

Nur Amira Natasha Binti Zairol

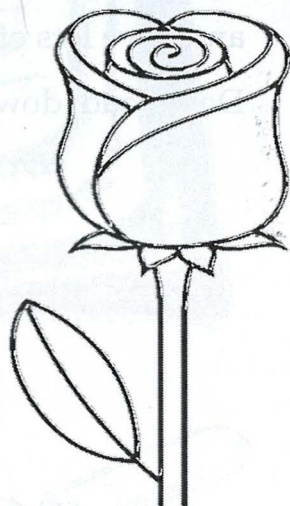
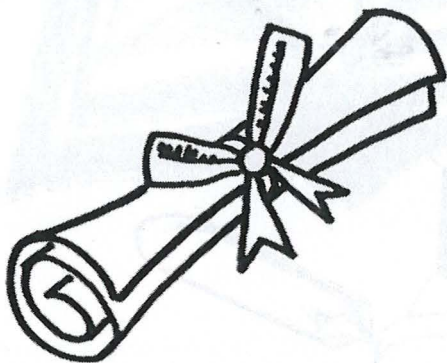


I wish I was a fan,
I wish I had 3 blades.
I wish I could comfort the people -
Ahh so nice!

Ahmad Raffiq Nasrullah Bin Ramli

I wish I was a rose,
I wish I had many thorns.
I wish I could hurt the people who hurt me -
And they will leave me alone!

Norlaila Bt. Ismail



I wish I was a smart student,
I wish I had a PhD.
I wish I could graduate with flying colours -
Study, study, study.

Muhamad Aiman Rahman Bin Abdul Rahim



I wish I was superman,
I wish I had super powers.
I wish I could help everyone -
Nothing is impossible!

Muhammad Hafizzi Bin Abdul Shadar

I wish I was a ball,
I wish I had many patterns.
I wish I could fly and hit a human -
And Thwok, thwok, thwok.

Muhammad Raihan Bin Mazlan



I wish I was a sports car,
I wish I had a fast engine.
I wish I could go as fast as I can -
Vroom, vroom, vroom.

Muhammad Syaahir Bin Azmy

I wish I was a bird,
I wish I had a sweet voice.
I wish I could sing a song -
Tweet, tweet, tweet.

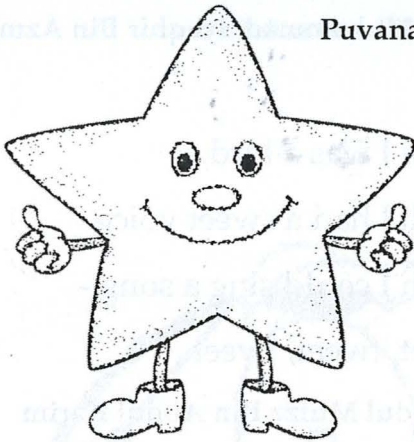
Abdul Muizz Bin Abdul Karim

I wish I was a wall clock,
I wish I had numbers.
I wish I could show the time -
Ticktock, ticktock, ticktock.

Thevithra Sandran

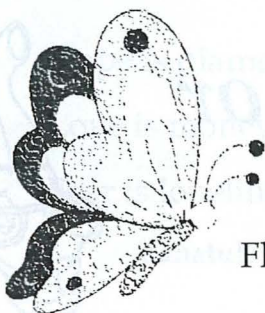
I wish I was a star,
I wish I can stand tall high above the earth.
I wish I could shine beautifully -
Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle.

Puvanambigai Vadivello



I wish I was an entertainer,
I wish I can be on the television shows.
I wish I could be a radio presenter -
Yo what's up people of Malaysia?

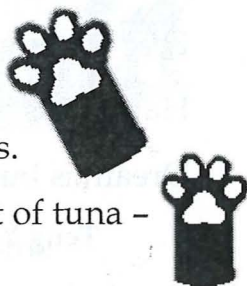
Muhammad Nur Nabil Bin Zulkiffli



I wish I was a butterfly,
I wish I had wings.
I wish I could fly -
Fly away without worries.

Nurhana Binti Jamal

I wish I was a cat,
I wish I had cute paws.
I wish I could eat a lot of tuna -
Meow, meow, meow.



Lai Chew Ming

I wish I was the sun,
I wish I had spread light in the darkness.
I wish I could give people hope
by shining bright -
Shine, shine, shine.

Sharumati Jegatheesan

Metaphor

Hope is cradle

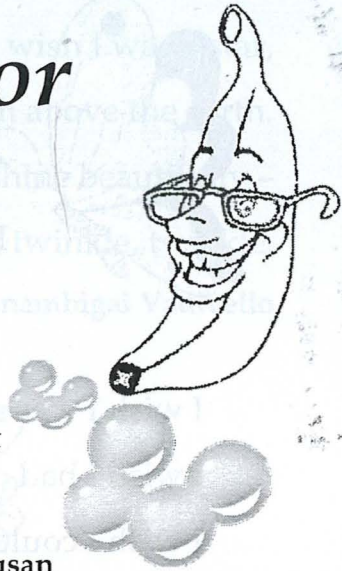
Love is mother

Fear is mingling

Happiness is egg tart

Dream is bubble

Teng Yee Ling Susan



Hope is happiness

Love is pain

Fear is unhealthy

Happiness is money

Dream is possible

Noor Aleeka Mokthi



Hope is diamond

Love is money

Fear is loneliness

Zanatulain Binti Kaslas

Cinquain

Christmas

Black, handsome

Watching, waiting, wondering

Reason to smile after a long day

Pet

Teng Yee Ling Susan



Murukku
Spiral, crunchy
Mixing, pressing, frying
Deep fried in vegetable oil
Snack

Teng Yee Ling Susan

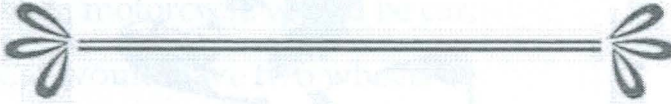
Jayavel
Joyful, awesome
Giggling, laughing, crying
A bundle of joy for a steel-hearted mum
Son

Veeramathy Kesavan

Cholangiocarcinoma
Bitter, merciless
Yellowing, shivering, collapsing
A cure isn't possible
Cancer

Teng Yee Ling Susan

If everything was opposite....



If everything was opposite,
Then hand would be leg;
Leg would be used for eating
And hand would kick balls.

Muhammad Nur Nabil Bin Zulkiffli



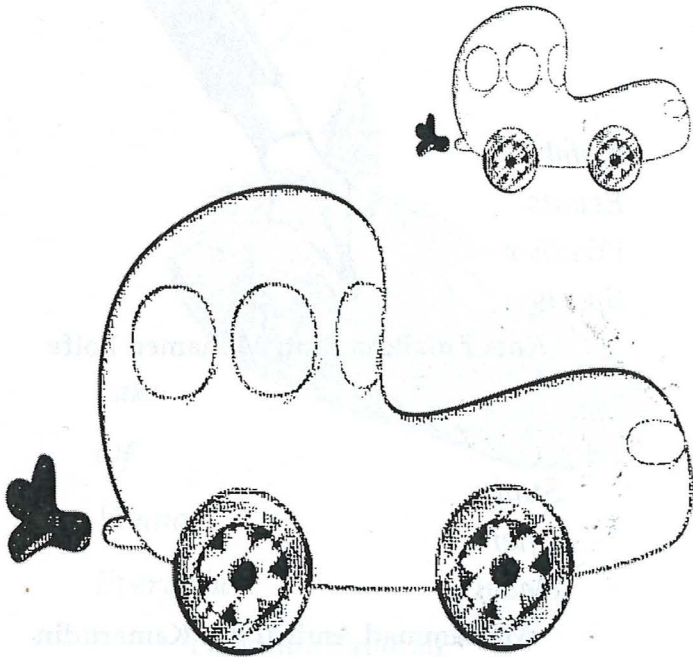


If everything was opposite,
Then humans would be animals;
Animals would be sleeping in bed
And humans would have long tails
and sharp claws.

Sharumati Jegatheesan

If everything was opposite,
Then motorcycle would be car;
Car would have two wheels
And motorcycle would be four-wheeled.

Muhd Haziq Bin Amdan



THE ACROSTIC

*Professional
Expensive
New*

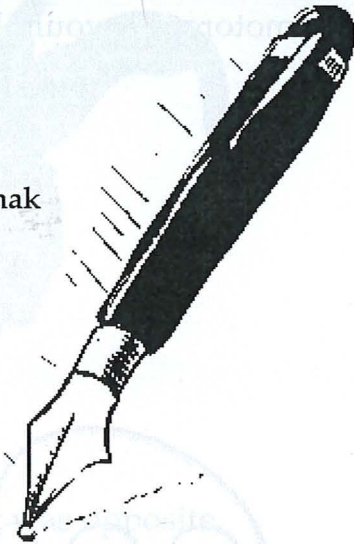
NurulAisyah Bt Ishak

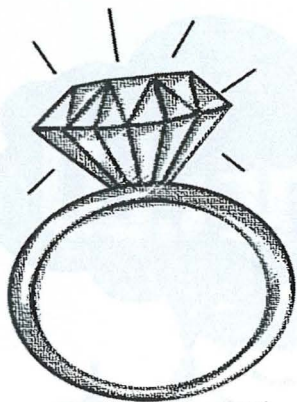
*Notable
Events
Weather
Sports*

Anis Zulaikha Binti Mohamed Lotfe

*Study
After
Dawn*

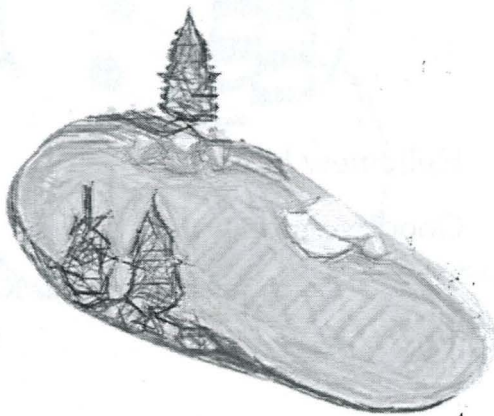
Muhammad Amirul Bin Kamarudin





*Round
In
New
Gesture*

Tharshini Devi Nagarajan



*Lake
Of
Venom
Everywhere*

Thevithra Sandran

goodbye



Hello diploma

Goodbye SPM.

Nur Amira Natasha Binti Zairol

Hello new blouse

Goodbye money.

Zanatulain Binti Kaslas

Hello hardwork

Goodbye failure.

Sharumati Jegatheesan



Hello summer
Goodbye winter.

Muhammad Shahril bin Mohd Sani

Hello adulthood

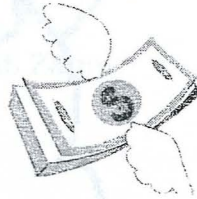
Goodbye childhood.

Syarifah Syafiqah Bt. Syed Mohamad

Khairuddin

Hello girlfriend

Goodbye money.



Muhammad Syaahir Bin Azmy

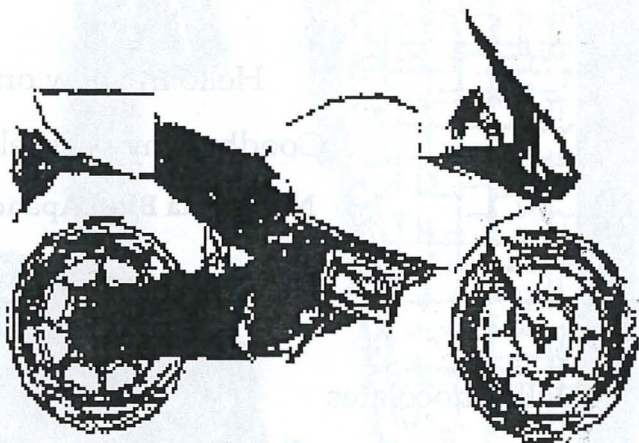
Hello Ferrari

Goodbye Kancil.

Muhammad Immad 'Irfan Mohd Selahudin

Hello motorcycle
Goodbye traffic jam.

Muhamad Aiman Rahman Bin Abdul Rahim



Hello weekend

Goodbye weekdays.

Meeramanalan A/L Chandrasegaran

Hello cat

Goodbye rat.

K. Javagaran



Hello my new one

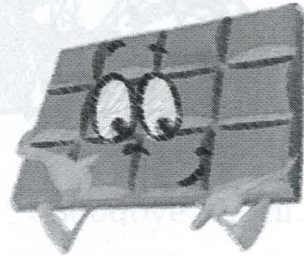
Goodbye my past self.

Norrazeeta Binti Apandi

Hello chocolates

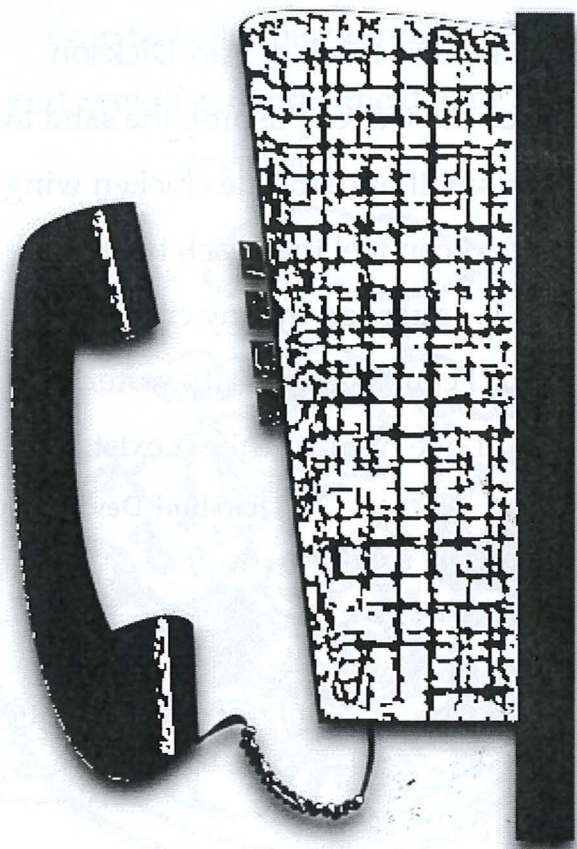
Goodbye health.

Anis Zulaikha Mohamed Lotfe



Hello smartphone
Goodbye public phone.

Mohammad Hakim Firdaus Bin Mohammad



POEM *from the* Senses

When I think of Port Dickson
I can see the waves pushing the sand away.
I can smell of barbecue chicken wings.
I can feel the beach being
guarded by tiny crabs.
I can taste the salty water.
Love nature while it exists!

Tharshini Devi Nagarajan



When I think of pizza
I can see its triangle.
I can smell its fresh mozzarella.
I can feel its mouth-watering taste.
I can taste its spicy topping.
I should avoid fast food – the doctor said!

Anonymous





When I think of coffee
I can see the shiny beans
I can smell the roasted coffee beans
I can feel the brewing aroma
I can taste the *Kopi O Ais*
“Avoid drinking coffee,” the sleep said
Hazniza Bt Azmi

When I think of my mum

I can see her sacrifices

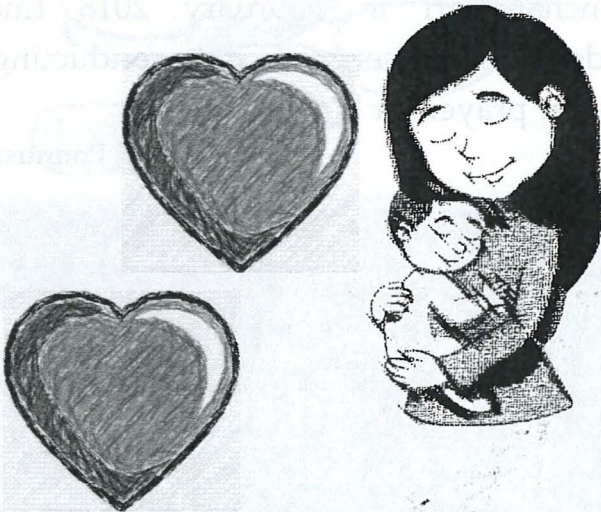
I can smell her favourite perfume

I can feel the outpouring love

I can taste her cooking on my tongue

I miss my mum

Nur Amirah Binti Abu Hassan



MINI SAGA

Gurama hugged me with tears in her eyes. Her father worked on the Siam-Burma Death Railway 75 years ago. The prayers conducted by the Death Railway Interest Group at the worker's camp in Kanchanaburi in February 2018 finally ended her misery of not conducting a proper prayer for her father.

Gouri Ponnusamy



Some said it was easy but actually not. Some said it was going to be fine - truthfully it became harsh. They don't know how it feels when they are not in my shoes. Its hard, it hurts. But one thing keeps me strong - the family that I love the most.

Khairul Ashmawi Ain Abu Talib



I am looking at the wall silently. It is blank, just like my mind. Waking up this morning suppresses me. I am not ready for today after what happened yesterday. Remembering it makes me feel anxious. The scars on my hand are still bleeding. I am taking my pills again.

Hafsah Binti Awai

It was raining cats and dogs. He got ready for jogging at dawn. But when he went out he thought it was a bad day - spoilt by rain. He decided to return to bed with his wife. And when he returned, she said, "Ahh at last you are here, darling!"

Hamzah Husni Bin Mustafa

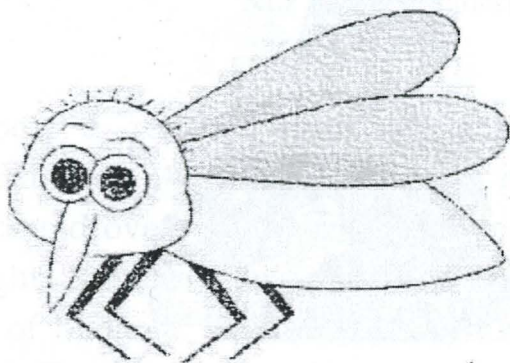


My friend is a Superman. He can fly high and fast. He is mighty and bold. He can walk fast and slow. His duty is saving people in trouble. He never asks in return. He does it for fun. His real father and mother had gone. Sometimes he feels lonely.

Zulkefflee Bin Ahmad

Every time I get into my car, I will get into a war with my enemy. I will try to snap him, smash him, chase him with my hand – but it becomes tougher when he brings along his team of friends. They will win. I lose. What an annoying mosquito!

Abdul Hakim Bin Mustafa Bakri



He is a young boy born in a poor family. He is talented in football. Everyday he cries to his parents for football boots to play football – until the day he saw a man without leg. Since that day he learnt - his blessings from God – he is rich indeed.

Mohd Safiuddin Bin Mohd Yusof

The night you called, you asked and you told me – you said the beach in Japan is so beautiful. You said the new song of Rihanna is so pleasant. I listened to you but I was tired and sleepy. I wondered why you called. I wonder if you miss me.

Tham Yuk Sieng



He is always sad. He always sees blood. When he wakes up, he always hears the sound of bomb blasting. He loses his family and his home – his friends and his neighbours gone. He keeps running. He becomes a soldier to free his country. He longs for freedom – only freedom.

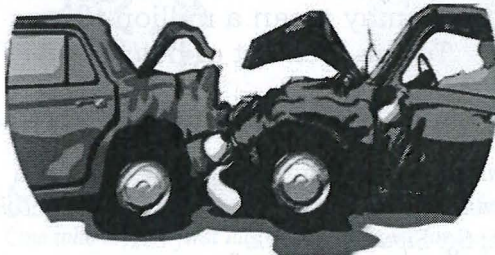
Siti Nashywa Binti Mohd Hasni

They are like a rainbow. They make my life colourful. After rain, they will appear. After thunderstorm, their presence is assured. They cheer me up whenever I have problems - cheer me up whenever I am sad. They never disappoint me. They always make me happy. They are my family!

Nur Afiah Shaharuddin

She took a rental car. She was over dependable on Waze. She drove on hectic roads. She drove on quiet roads turning left and right. She drove on a flyover above the Straits of Malacca. She missed the turning. "Bang!" The car got hit. The car span. An accident just happened.

Teng Yee Ling Susan



A SMILE

A smile of a young child
That stays etched in our hearts
A smile of sincerity
That ensures a lifetime of love
A smile of happiness
That stays in your heart
Long after you've closed your eyes
A smile of joy
That brightens a dreary day
A smile of kindness
That waters a withered soul
A smile of worthiness
That is priceless than any gems in the world
A smile of love
That cares to warm a cold heart
A smile of security
That proves the world is still a haven to live in
A smile of friendship
That bonds good-hearted people together
A smile of familial love
That makes you feel at home
With a heart-warming meal
served with a pinch of unconditional love
A smile may mean a million things
To the greatest of hearts.

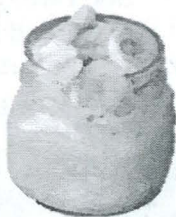
Krishnaveni Munusamy

Krishnaveni Munusamy is an English teacher who enjoys creative writing. She is currently teaching in SMK Toh Muda Abdul Aziz, Sg. Siput (U) Perak.

DIALOGUE

MUTIARA IS ON A NEW DIET

- Mutiara I'm on a new diet.
- Dianne What are you eating now?
- Mutiara I switched from nasi lemak to overnight oats.
- Dianne Why did you do that?
- Mutiara It's easy to prepare for polytechnic students like us. It takes only 5 minutes to prepare. Moreover, it's a healthy breakfast choice.
- Dianne How do you prepare the overnight oats?
- Mutiara Firstly, combine 5 tbsp. whole rolled or quick cook oats with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup low-fat milk in an airtight jar. Next, add one sliced Cavendish banana. Refrigerate overnight and finally stir and enjoy it the next morning.
- Dianne That's pretty simple. I think we can even just grab it from the refrigerator if we are late for class in the morning.
- Mutiara That's right. But don't make that as an excuse to wake up late. Remember, the early bird catches the worm! (*)



Teng Yee Ling Susan

(*) *One who arrives first has the best chance for success.*

DIALOGUE

POWER NAP

- Amir I'm going to take a power nap.
Sabdev What is a power nap?
Amir Sleeping for twenty minutes is power nap.
Sabdev Why do you need to do that?
Amir It can make me feel more refreshed and alert during the afternoon class especially when I am feeling too sleepy. Besides that, it is also good for us if we are trying to remember a lot of important facts for a test.
Sabdev That seems like a good idea!
Amir However, if you are so sleepy but don't have much time, you can take a nano-nap.
Sabdev A nano-nap?
Amir Sleeping for two to five minutes is nano-nap.
Sabdev I think I want to sleep for ninety minutes.
Amir That is known as Lazy Man's Nap.
Sabdev I am not lazy. I am just sleepy.
Amir You're funny! We have a class this afternoon, don't we? Let's not waste any more time.
Sabdev OK. Good Night. Hahaha...



zzzzzz
zzzzzzz
zzzzzzz

Teng Yee Ling Susan



Jennifer F. Netto was born in Kuching, Sarawak and is a published author and a Malaysian Independent Writer. She left her career as a Medical Laboratory Technologist to be a stay-at-home mum and took the opportunity to pursue her passion in writing and publishing while

doing her Degree in English Studies. She now works as a Copywriter and Digital Marketer in Linton University College, and is a Generalist Writer for Health Today - a leading and award winning health magazine in Malaysia. She is currently stuck in a writer's block with her upcoming book - 'The Butterfly Catcher.'

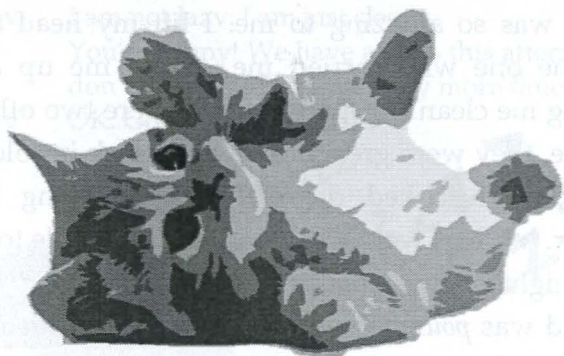
They Called Me Melor

by Jennifer F Netto

The light entered my eyes and finally, I could see the beauty of my surrounding which was so amazing to me. I lift my head and saw the one who carried me, *licking* me up and making me clean. Around her *belly* were two others like me, they were grey, brown and black in colour, but when I looked down I stood looking like neither. My legs were weak and were not able to lift the weight of my *scrawny* body but my heart was big and was *pounding* with excitement for this new adventure I now seek.

Days passed and my legs grew strong as I *suckled* milk from my mother. The others would play with each other leaving me out of their *coterie* even though I was now stronger. They stayed away from me as if it did not matter that now I could run with them into a trash can to dig out food and litter. I always found myself more alone day after day as each one of them went away. Where did they go I wondered, they disappeared for some matter?

I walked on as the sun and moon greeted me, through trees and tunnels that smelled both fresh and rotten. Some days I would cry in the rain as my tummy squeezed me in hunger not knowing what to do for food that could keep me warm under the thunder.



I walked and walked and saw a wall and suddenly I thought I should climb it, but what was on the other side would be a mystery and my *curiosity* insisted I do it. My legs took charge and I reached the top but fell unto a soft ground, with lots of round colourful objects, that were soft and elastic. Suddenly as I looked back, I saw another just like me, with white legs and a fluffy tail, welcoming me with a "purr", and behind her came a little girl who ran so fast towards me. She caught me with her hands and ran to her mum screaming "Mama, I want to keep her!" Her mama smiled and said "Oh this one is beautiful, so what would you name her? The little girl replied, "She's white as a flower, and smells like the grass, I think MELOR would be beautiful for her."

And from that day, they called me Melor. Food and *shelter* was mine without a worry with Miko as my *furry* friend to play with. My loneliness did not follow me, for now, my four larger paws found a home with two-legged people loving me as their own.



Teng Yee Ling Susan is a lecturer at the General Studies Department, Port Dickson Polytechnic, Malaysia. She has over 10 years of teaching experience and continues to enjoy working with students from all levels on creative language projects like short story narration, drama, role play, designing comic strips, singing, painting, modeling clay and field trips. Her field of interest is creative English language arts in teaching and learning. Susan has conducted various English Language projects at polytechnic and community college levels. She was last seen in a Christmas story telling session.



Follow the Yellow Brick Road

by Teng Yee Ling Susan

Aunty was busy sewing *patches* on Ah Boy's and Ah Ngok's T-shirts. She started by using a safety pin to hold the patch in place. She then twisted and moistened the thread in her mouth. The saliva served as a temporary *adhesive* to hold the tiny strands of thread together. She threaded the needle and tied a knot at the end of it. Little Suzy was attentively watching her aunty poking the needle in and out through the fabric neatly. At the *veranda*, her eldest cousin, Ah Boy, was busy polishing his

white school shoes whilst his younger brother, Ah Ngok was *looping* the shoelaces up and dangled the shoes on the *railing*. Suddenly, uncle's booming voice broke the quiet and busy atmosphere, "*Suzy, would you want to follow us to watch Ah Boy and Ah Ngok running on their school sports day tomorrow?*" Suzy quickly nodded her head accepting the invitation happily. She was so curious to witness the school sports day. After all, sports days are a big part of a child's educational experience and it can teach them a lot. "*Uncle, if they win, can we have fried chicken for dinner?*" she asked her uncle. "*Sure! If...*" he said while looking at the calendar; it was 1988.

Cock a doodle doo! The cock crew. The cock crew again. Then, the cock crew again and again. A loud knock - "*They're coming. Get ready!*" Amma's voice could be heard from the kitchen. It was a small wooden house with a single room. Suzy used to sleep in the hall with her grandparents. A few

metres right in front of their house were the railway tracks. The sound of trains moving on the railroad switch could be heard every now and then - clackety-clack, clackety-clack, clackety-clack. The sound of metal clanging. Yet, Suzy couldn't sleep in the hall for too long. It troubled her. The hall was the main entrance of the house that led to the other smaller rooms and the kitchen. At first Suzy thought there were tiny balls floating at the open fenced-window. But then, it slowly came out of the shadowy clouds, gradually increased in size and shone on Suzy's face - forced her to open her eyes slowly with a big yawn. While at the outside of the house was a flock of noisy sparrows chirping on the empty *clothesline*. Suzy jumped out of her bed and quickly got herself ready for the most exciting day!

The sports day started at seven o'clock in the morning with the marching parade of all houses. The scenery was so incredible. Students and

teachers had built many giant tents. Everything was decorated with balloons, flags and colourful ribbons. There was also music playing at every food stall – English, Mandarin and Cantonese songs were blasting in the stalls. However, everybody was so anxious like having butterflies in the stomach to see which team is going to be the winner today. The principal gave his speech to the students and parents who were attending the sports day. His speech was so long but full of information.

The running sack race started before the 100 metres. Suzy's cousin Ah Ngok took part in the running sack race, representing his team. The atmosphere was exceedingly noisy as everybody was cheering for their team. As the race was about to start, uncle told Suzy, *"Stand here and cheer for Ah Ngok. Don't go anywhere. I'm going to sit under the tent for a while."* But Suzy was not paying attention to what uncle was saying to her because it was very noisy. Her

eyes were fixed on Ah Ngok and his competitors. 1, 2, 3..... with the blow of the whistle, the race started. Suzy was clapping her hands while cheering, "Ah Ngok!" - "Ah Ngok!" - "Ah Ngok!" Everyone around her was also cheering for their favourite competitors,

Suddenly, Suzy turned and looked at her right, and then she looked at her left. "Where is uncle!" She panicked. Uncle was missing. Suzy was missing too. She ran from one end to the other. Her eyes were moving quickly wanting to catch the sight of her uncle in the crowd. She walked and she ran across the green grass with tearful eyes. She ran and kept running passing the stalls, passing the tents, passing the stage and passing the people until she reached the main gate of the school field. There were so many people in the field; they were like the sands on the beach. It was almost impossible for her to find her uncle.

At the gate, she saw an Indian boy, tall in *scouts'* uniform. She didn't know what that uniform meant or represented but she thought maybe he would be able to help her. She walked rapidly towards him and she told him, *"I think I am lost!"*

The boy looked at her with his big round eyes.

"Where are your parents, girl?" he asked Suzy.

"I came with my uncle. It's my cousins' sports day. I don't know where he is. I want to go back home," she panted. Then a brief conversation took place between them.

"What is your name?"

"Suzy."

"How old are you?"

"I am 5 years old"

"Where do you live?"

"I live in Bukit Tembok."

"Which bus do you usually take? Maybe I can stop the bus and pay the bus fare for you."

"I don't remember taking any bus to my house. I've never. My house is just opposite the railway station. We walk."

"Walk? Are you sure?"

He was speechless and he was not sure how to help her. His confused face made Suzy to lose her trust in him. So she decided to find another way back home. She thought to herself, "If I can step out of the gate, maybe I can just walk back home. In fact, I know where my home is. It's just opposite the railway station. There is only one railway station in Seremban and the railway station is right outside this gate. Amma had taken me to the Lake Gardens many times in the evening. I am familiar with this road! The road will lead me to the railway station and the railway tracks will lead me to my home sweet home."



Suzy convinced herself that she can find her way back home. For the very first time, she tried to be independent and being independent to find her way back home at the age of 5 wasn't a joke. She slowly stepped out from the gate of King George's field. Lunch hour made the two-way road uncrossable. She wanted to cross to the other side. She looked at the traffic but her instinct told her that it was too dangerous to cross. The cars, motorcycles, lorries and buses were moving at considerable speeds and they did not seem to be in the mood to make way for any pedestrian. Suzy decided to get the help of a *Good Samaritan* to cross the busy road.

Suddenly, she saw a young lady in a *Girl Guide* uniform. The scarf was held together and pinned above it was the Malaysian Girl Guides Trefoil. A nice dangling lanyard and shiny whistle were hooked on her uniform. In addition to the uniform,

she wore white ribbons on her left pocket. The number of ribbons must have indicated that she was holding some kind of post. Although, Suzy knew that the young lady was wearing a name tag but asking for her name was something *petty* at that moment. Suzy went straight to that Girl Guide and spoke to her, *"I think I am lost! I need to cross this road because my house is opposite the railway station. Can you please help me to cross this busy road?"*

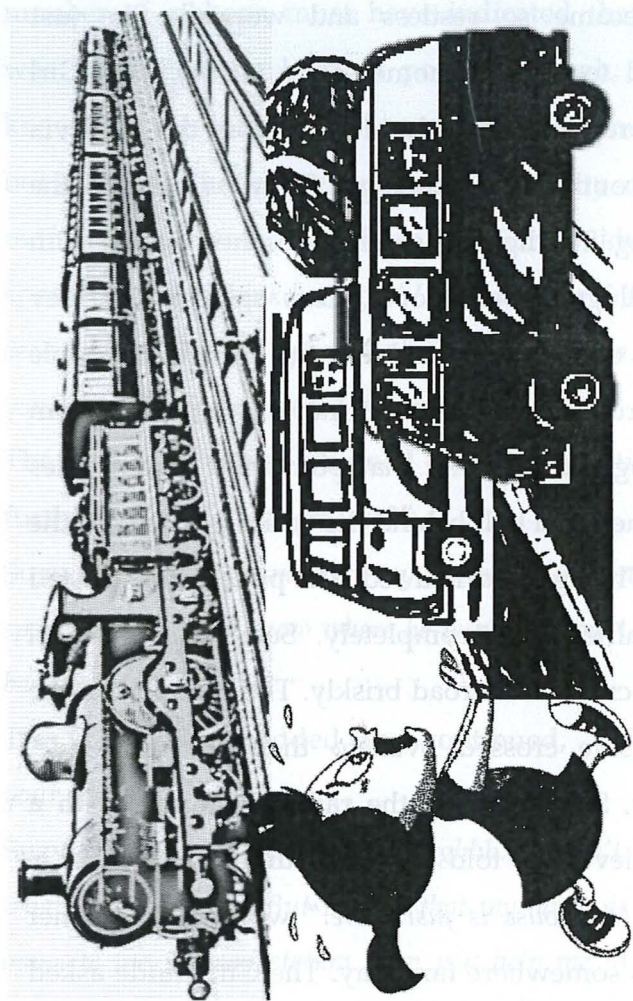
The Girl Guide was stunned but she questioned further, *"How did you get lost?"*

Suzy repeated, *"I came with my uncle. It's my cousins' sports day. I don't know where he is now. I want to go back home."*

The Girl Guide nodded and continued, *"What is your address?"*

Suzy replied, *"It's Block D... Arghhh... I don't know what my address is. But I know that my house is right opposite the railway station. Can you help me to cross the road, please?"*

Suzy was panting as the deer panted for the water. She became so restless and worried. She just wanted to be back home safely. "Okay," the Girl Guide replied. They decided to cross the road via lights-controlled crossing. They reached the crossing. The light was green. So, they waited with a small group of people. Cars sped by as they hurled obnoxious fumes into the crowds of people at the roadside but that did not prevent them from crossing the road. At that point, few motorcycles screeched to a halt behind the white lines across the road. The lights turned red. The pedestrians trusted the traffic lights completely. Suzy and the Girl Guide crossed the road briskly. The group from the other side crossed over to their previous side. Finally, Suzy reached the railway station. With a big relieve, she told the Girl Guide, *"Thank you so much. My house is just there."* while pointing her fingers somewhere far away. The Girl Guide asked Suzy, *"Are you sure you know the way back home?"*



Suzy nodded confidently, "Yes. I Know. Just follow the railway road."

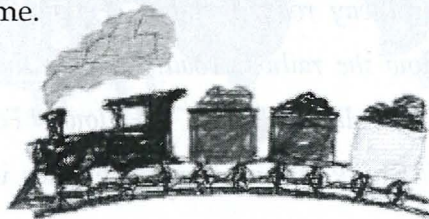
Suzy nodded confidently, "Yes. *I Know. Just follow the railway road!*" Although the Girl Guide looked very concerned but the confidence in Suzy's answer ensured her that Suzy was an intelligent girl and she would be able to find her home. "Bye," Suzy waved at the Girl Guide. She started to run until she lost the sight of the Girl Guide who was also waving goodbye to Suzy. Now the way back home was so familiar to Suzy. Suzy was so confident. She knew that it was the right path! She ran as quickly as a bunny crossing the railway tracks. She ran as quickly as a bunny, crossing the railway tracks and caught a few glimpses of locomotives as well as long goods train wagons, all arranged and stacked neatly along her journey back home. Her heart was singing merrily, "*Follow the railway road. Follow - Follow - Follow - Follow - Follow the railway road! Follow the railway road. Follow - Follow - Follow - Follow - Follow the railway road!*" She kept singing those lines until she

saw a huge Indian banyan tree. At that juncture, she ran like riding a bicycle without brakes until she reached her home. She saw a familiar and soothing face and shouted happily, "Amma."

Amma was astonished. *"Suzy, what are you doing here? I thought you were with uncle,"* Amma asked. Long story! Suzy sat down on a chair and started to tell Amma what happened from the beginning.

The Yellow Brick Road is a fictional element in the novel *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*.

There were several roads nearby, but it did not take Dorothy long to find the one paved with yellow bricks toward the Emerald City. Just like the Yellow Brick Road that brought Dorothy to the Emerald City, the railway road brought Suzy back to her home.



GLOSSARY

They Called Me Melor

licking (p. 37)	pass the tongue over something) in order to taste, moisten, or clean it
belly (p. 37)	tummy
scrawny (p. 37)	skinny
pounding (p. 37)	rhythmical beating
suckled (p. 38)	feed (a baby or young animal) from the breast or teat
coterie (p. 38)	a small group of people with shared interests or tastes, especially one that is exclusive of other people
curiosity (p. 38)	a strong desire to know or learn something
shelter (p. 38)	somewhere to live
furry (p. 38)	hairy

Follow the Yellow Brick Road

patches (p. 40)	a piece of cloth (plural)
adhesive (p. 40)	glue
veranda (p. 40)	a roofed platform along the outside of a house
looping (p. 41)	circling
railing (p. 41)	fence
Amma (p. 41)	mother/mum in Tamil
clothesline (p. 42)	a rope on which washed clothes are hung to dry
scout (p. 45)	a member of the Scout Association
pedestrian (p. 47)	a person walking
Good Samaritan (p. 47)	someone who helps people in trouble
Girl Guide (p. 47)	a member of the Guide Association
petty (p. 48)	of little importance
locomotives (p. 51)	the engine of a train that pulls it long

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