



But Different?





HOW TO READ MONGA

So you've finally got your hands on this highly anticipated publication. What now? Of course, you can just skim through it and occasionally stop to laugh at your friends' pictures but you wouldn't fully get to immerse yourself in the whole MONGA experience. Why not follow our step-by-step guide on how to read MONGA?

1. Take A Proper Break.

We get it. You've worked so hard for the past weeks attending lectures, doing assignments and going through quizzes. If no one has told you this, pay attention: You did well. Now you're probably on your way preparing for finals. A little break to refresh your mind won't hurt you, we promise. You deserve this little time off to rest, and MONGA's here for you.

2. Press Play.

Get into the mood to chill while flipping through the pages with this Spotify playlist arranged especially for you. Each of this song holds a special meaning to the team while assembling the pages of MONGA S2 2019. Put on your earphones, press play and dive in.



3. Experience.

What you have in your hands are more than mere pictures and words collated together. These pages are glimpses of memories, experiences - snapshots of one's life stories, imaginations and thoughts intermingled together. All by Monash University Malaysia students, now to be experienced by you as well.

4. Instastory It.

Post pictures of our pages online so that your friends from other universities can be amazed that your university has a magazine with such hipster and aesthetic content. Showing that you're part of the population owning this semester's MONGA makes you a cool person, trust us. We also don't mind you making your friends who didn't pre-order MONGA jealous. Jokes. But we are shameless enough to say that we do appreciate you tagging us on our IG account @musamonga!

MONGA S2 2019 Issue: But Different

Complementing last semester's issue themed Same-same, this semester's edition focuses on what makes us, us. No one person is the same regardless of growing up in the same culture or taking the same units in university. Here, we would like to highlight that differences in each of us is a cause to be celebrated instead of a reason to grow further apart. This issue also features content related to the But Different theme through our thematic months, Taboo!, The Opposite Sex, and Endings. We hope you enjoy reading this semester's MONGA as much as we enjoyed producing it.





Photography by: Sandra Lee







Photography by: Celine Chua





Photography by: Celine Chua





Photography by: Celine Chua





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Photography by: Nicholas Khoo

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I've heard this said over and over again before. It's almost a cliché by now:

“Let's not use labels. I don't like putting things into boxes.”

Well... I think that's kinda bullshit.

Why? Because words, in essence, help us to define ourselves and reality around us. The issue occurs when we misuse these labels assume them to define qualities of reality itself.

Far from it. Labels and words help us understand it, to differentiate concepts and objects from one another. Difference is important. It helps us stand out amongst the crowd and claim ourselves for we might be in the present as well as help redefine our identities as we mature.

Difference helps us to tell the good from the bad. The healthy from the unhealthy. The helpful from the unhelpful. The things which might build us up and break us down.

Difference is great. It makes us unique. Gives us something to talk about on our Tinder bios. It gives us something we can share with others.

But difference is also alienating. Abusive. Political... each label loaded with 17 different meanings and interpretations which can end up leaving you confused and unsure of yourself.

Difference is powerful. It's a game-changer.

Move to a new place where everyone else is not like you... different skin, thinking, culture... You'll have to make good use of your difference... to help, heal, learn, teach, live, love, fuck, talk, spin, twist... you face around til you take the form of something more acceptable...

Being different is tough, and we're all the same in that regardless.

The irony is, of course, that we cannot easily appreciate it, to feel less alone or confused in that difference...

Which is why we need to talk about it - or at least try our best as our chaotic scheduling/planning allows.

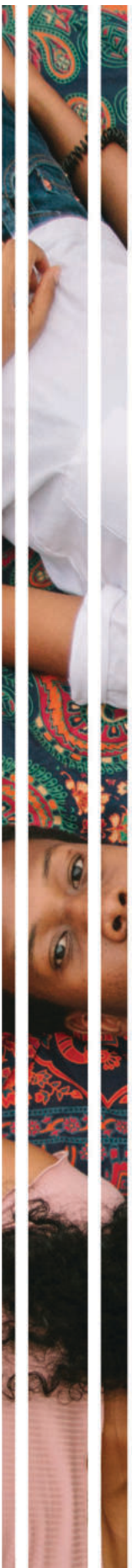
Regardless, we hope you enjoy reading this.

From the bottom of our hearts,
Editors of MONGA 19

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Letters to my Younger Self.

By: Celine Chua, Charles Lee, Sandra Lee, Durrah Sharifah, Sarah Law, Matthew Chin, Nadiah Azra, Serene Chow, Zachary Yoong, Irshika Suthakar, Nicholas Khoo, Kieran Nair, Ivan Liew, Hizal Fadzrin, Mahrukh Ali, Janet Lau, Lee Lin Jun, & Ishika Dua.





WARNING: Content contains self-harm, suicide, death, depression and abuse. Should you have any issues, please skip this section of MONGA.

NOTE: You can read more stories on our Instagram: @musamonga! These stories are collected/compiled by sub-committees of MUSA Monga and all credit goes to them. DM us for more information! xx.





dear 12 year old self,
 you ambitious
 little brat, who wanted
 to learn everything
 under the sun. who
 wanted to be some-
 one whose life
 could be impactful,
 and yet here you
 are ten years later -
 an embodiment
 of nothingness...



DEAR 13yo
 SELF:

you didn't need to try to
 change yourself just to keep your
 'friends'.

-Ash

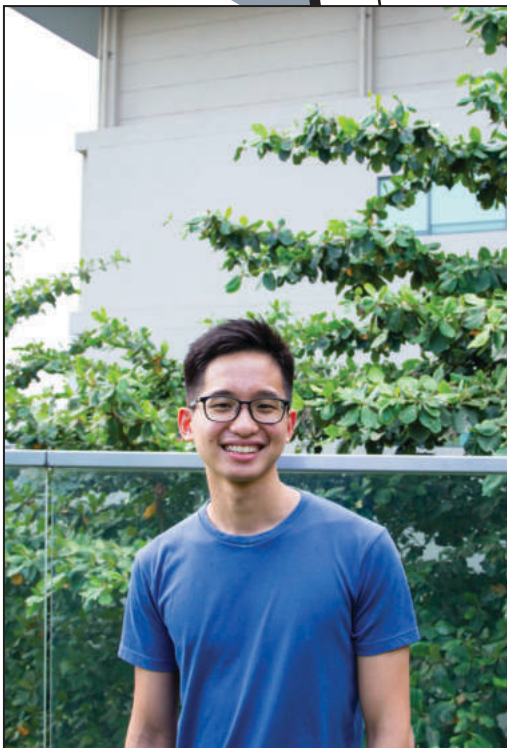




Dear 14-year-old self,

Your melanin was never
something you should've
been ashamed of —

screw anyone who
thinks otherwise!



Dear 13-year-old Wei Sheng,

I promise you'll be so much
happier doing what you love at your
own pace without having to live life
as if it's the freaking Olympics.

Your future self



my younger self,

Stop Day dreaming

you are not that great !.

From your current self



Dear 18 year old self,

By this time you would've started college. There will be moments of ups & downs, but remember that we only live once, so whatever we do, we have to put all our heart in it. Keep doing what we love. You Can't Teach Heart. It's all up to us to be the best we can be and most importantly, enjoy life.





To the younger Punarn,
 Depression is normal, you got to start
 working on it now. It is either now or
 never.

Find a good person, talk to him/her about how
 you feel, that someone would be able to guide
 you through the recovery step.

Smile, spread positive energies.

Get out of your computer and spend time with
 friends now. You can chose to be who you
 wanna be now and in the future. As you grow
 up, life gets even tougher and you ~~don't~~
~~wanna~~ you wouldn't wanna regret about
 the current situation!

From your older-self



Dear younger self,

I assure you that you
 will find the joy and
 peace going through
 these tough times.

your future self





Farhanah.





Dear 21-year-old Farhanah,

This is a letter to remind you that suicide is never an option.

She wants you to know that attempting suicide would simply create a scar in your life. A permanent scar. Moments after you overdose yourself, you will be in a state of fear. You will then realize that you didn't want your life to end. Instead, all you wanted was for the PAIN to STOP.

The image of you being rushed to the hospital and entering the emergency ward will be crystal clear in your mind even years after a suicide attempt. I doubt that you will ever forget the pain on the face of your parents as they find out you had overdosed yourself. I doubt that you will ever forget the doctor saying you were "lucky" to have survived, that the amount of medication you overdosed with could have caused your organs to fail.

But it didn't. God has given you a second chance to live.

I want you to know that healing from a suicide attempt is one tough journey. If you think that suicide is the solution to your problem, you are dead wrong. Suicide doesn't end the pain, it passes it on and I assure you that you wouldn't want a glimpse of that.

I know that this journey to battle mental illness is tough. There will be days that you may feel like giving up but I plead you to read this letter and remind yourself that suicide isn't the solution. You have come a long way in your battle and you owe it to yourself to live life to the fullest. Yes, it can get damn exhausting but give your soul a chance to experience happiness through contentment.

**From,
Your 24-year-old self who survived.**

Pravind.



Dear 13 year old me,

Being in a government high school as someone who identifies as gay is not easy at all whatsoever. Not only did you get bullied by classmates, friends and teachers, you were going through a lot of things; on the cusp of high school, you were diagnosed with depression and anxiety disorder. Looking back at it, all these things that were masked under extreme academic pressure were these accumulation of things that you harboured due to the tough times that school put you through, and you weren't able to find a safe space wherever you went - not at school, not at home. High school weren't the best years of your life; everyone always says they miss high school but you won't, you'll be so happy when you graduate.

Revisiting the experiences, you'll realise you went through a lot of things and weren't given an outlet to share about it, and that would just make things more difficult.

Gratefully you'll stumble across Monash, which is the safest environment that you'll come across or hear of. It's always like a safe space, and having that small space where you're able to be yourself and not have to put up a whole front will be liberating. The sense that you'll get from high school is to basically not care what people think and think about yourself, and it'll help a lot. It's easier said than done, and you will be and still are on that journey. The things you've gone through will just make you a more unique person, so all these experiences will have shaped you to become a more interesting character to yourself; not just to please everybody, but more of an intrinsic growth.

XOXO,
Your 20-year-old self.



Jinnie.





To my younger self,

You always spend your time studying, going to school and tuition from 7:00a.m. to 7:00p.m. You should spend more time not just doing academic stuff, but also more towards playing with friends. Don't spend so much time studying because grades are just numbers. You only get the number to go to university and after that, what other things will you get?

You liked basketball in high school, but you had no time to play it. It would've been better for you spiritually if you had because there's no chance for you to have fun once you get into university and you're busy with assignments and you have no time to play. Your mom would ask you to play and learn the piano, but you get nothing out of it other than a diploma that you haven't used until now.

You'll miss out on a lot of your childhood friends. You wouldn't have friends even in your academics, you would study in school in the morning, go home and also study, go to school and study again the next morning repeatedly - you would have no fun. You mom wouldn't let you quit either, you needed to excel in everything academic and not other stuff.

I just want to let you know that you missed out on a lot of fun in your childhood. Don't focus only on the academic stuff, but also socialise and have fun.

From: older self!



Aiman.



To my 21 year old self,

A bad breakup in the middle of 2015 got you into a psychological state called C-PTSD. It seemed fine for the first two weeks, but it got worse and worse throughout; you were in denial that you had a problem, but then you started self harm towards the end of the year. You were close to dying because the nightmares wouldn't stop, and you couldn't go for more than 15 days without self harm; it never felt like it would end. The only thing that stopped you was the thought that if you died now, it would be a worthless death; you would rather die trying to help someone. So your wish for death stopped you from dying.

At the start of Semester Two, 2016, you looked for a club that would give you the opportunity to help others. After looking around, you joined the Leo Club, and from there you stuck around and started having a family outside of family, because the Board of Directors there were very warm and non-judgemental, a kind of feeling you'd never had the past one-and-a-half years. That in conjunction with professional treatment and the fact that I had a family lucky enough to afford professional help all lined up together will allow you to get better. If any of those elements were missing, you wouldn't be able to heal.

Your last treatment would be in August 2018; where you are now, you can't imagine that these up-and-down cycles would end for the rest of your life. The choices you make will lead you to where you're going now. What I'm providing you now is hope and certainty to do things that you don't have at the moment. What you will meet is family outside of family, a trusted close friend, and the feeling of identity that you won't feel at the moment. The best news I have for you now is that by this time, you have already healed.

From your redeemed self.



Dear 12-year-old me,

Well first of all, you're gonna realise that all your friends are not your friends. Eventually you're gonna find out that they're sexist, racist, and homophobic as hell, but you'll find out that's good because you're gonna outgrow them and eventually find people you actually feel at home with.

You're gonna find out your friends are not actually that open minded, that they're really only nice to you because you're mixed race and that it makes you a prestigious friend to have. You're only really friends with them because you see them five days a week. They don't think pansexuality is a thing that exists, but you'll outgrow them and these small ideas in your small town and find somewhere that you actually feel at home with people that you actually like.

It's all a bit of a mess at age 12, with you realising you're not straight, and that you're Middle Eastern. The things that make you different now will just become a part of who you are later; the things that make you weird or stand out in a bad way are the things that will become valuable parts of you later on.

It's fine that you're not straight, you'll find a lot of people who aren't; it's fine that you're not stereotypically mixed or Chinese, it's not supposed to be a determining part of your identity. There are a lot of things about your identity at age 12, living in a small town and being friends with primarily Chinese people that feel undesirable, that feel like they make you less of a person, but give it 10 years and you'll realise that all of that was wrong.

Hang in there!

From your 24 y/o self.



Ashraff.





Dear 12-year-old me,

I used to remember you as an artefact of my past I wished I disposed of. All that anger, that sadness, the lack of direction. So much bottled up, but nowhere for it to flow. If I could send you a compass and guide you down the path you desire, I would. But life doesn't work that way. And to be honest, what you desire may not bear the fruit you crave. If only I could show you the possibilities that await in your future. The people you'll cherish, the hurdles you'll conquer, discovering things you could never see yourself doing. But that would ruin the fun.

I see you there, with that sinking feeling in your chest. You were always good at hiding it, till today even. It never truly goes away. But I'll share with you a lesson I've learnt... and continue to learn.

Don't let your emotions drive your reality.

At times, we can get swept away by them. It's easy. Its where we feel we belong. But if you let it control your actions, the cycle will never end. The same tune will repeat until it merely becomes the white noise of your surroundings.

Take a step back, breathe, and analyse your situation with compassion. I fondly remember you trying to extend that to other people, but rarely did you extend that to yourself. Treat yourself with the love and kindness you deserve.

**Life is challenging, and it never gets any easier. But what I promise will, is the weight you put on yourself for all your vic-
es. Look beyond them and see your inner beauty. The beauty that will take your heart to your true ideals.**

**Love,
Ashraff**





Joey.





To my younger self,

You have finally reached your breaking point. All is lost- your self-esteem and confidence. Even how you look at food will change. It hurts and you want it to all stop. Understand that hurting yourself and destroying your body is not going to win you this war.

First love. Anxiety got the better of you in being friendly and asking her out. Wish I could tell you that you shouldn't have and drop it, but it is important for you to go through it. You can convince yourself that you love them and want to do right by them as they walk all over you, destroying parts of you every time- physically and emotionally.

The need for approval. First things first, kiddo, it is NOT HEALTHY to build your happiness on how people view you. You resent and push people out for being better than you. You don't have to be the best to be remembered. People remember you for kindness and being a friend more than being the fastest runner, the most talented or one with the highest score.

Death. Why are we alive, what's the point you ask? Being able to brighten up someone's day and make a person smile is a good perk to being alive. Shit happens, but hold on for one more day, then another. It'll get better.

No matter how you feel and how you did, this is not the end, your fight is not over. A wise friend said, 'insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting a different result, so start making small changes with your head and not your heart'

**Love,
Future you.**



Sakura.





Dear 14-year-old me,

You will grow up having loved and lost. You will lose bits and pieces of yourself, but you'll find them in other things too. You will be hurt and hurt other people. You will go through a multitude of emotions before coming to an acceptance.

Life's not going to be a smooth journey and it's not going to be how you think it will turn out to be. It will not turn out to be a great big miracle, but the lessons you learn and the people you surround yourself with will make it seem to be that way anyway.

You will feel what it feels like to hit rock bottom and then you will realise that once you're there, there'll be no way out but up. There will be too many nights where you end up losing sleep over things that won't matter after a while and even more days, when it will feel like you have novocaine running through your airways. Sometimes, the best company you can have is your own tears.

But there are good days. Happy days. I'm-on-top-of-the-fucking-world days. I promise you that these days will make the bad days seem minuscule. You will learn to let go of things that are not meant for you and to embrace the flow. Eventually, you'll understand the balance of life, and one day you will wake up with a whole new point of view.

There will be mistakes to be done, and a lot of regrets to be felt, but don't forget to forgive yourself and to let yourself breathe, because tomorrow is a privilege, not a promise.

Most importantly, you will learn and grow and you will laugh and love. You will finally learn to be sincerely you.

Sakura.





Jesh.





Dear 10 year old me,

You don't know it yet, but the next 10 years of your life will be spent trying to change the world. There'll be a lot of sleepless nights up studying, and a lot of revisions of that original hope of yours, but a decade later the core of that hope will still remain. The world will still need changing then, and you'll need to keep on working as hard as ever to stand a chance of change it, but the hope remains.

So keep your hopes up, younger me, for even if you may not be gunning for the next groundbreaking achievement or drastic change, you can still make a difference in the world. Even if it's just for a small group of people, or even just the people around you. The work you will go on to do will (hopefully) impact the lives of many others, and the love and care you show to those around you will change their lives too.

So remember to study hard, and love and care for those around you while you still have them with you. You'll find that while people and friends may come and go, some will stay, and your own life will be better because of it. Although you may not believe it right now, you won't be alone forever. So work hard to love them like how they've loved you.

Per aspera ad astra.

**With love,
Older Jesh.**

PS: If you've actually read this letter, you now know that time travel exists and you should probably get working on that right about now. We could do interesting things with a few tweaks to history...





The Food Affair





WARNING: Do not read the following section on an empty stomach, especially when the nearest food source is located miles away. The next few pages feature explicit graphic images and sensuous words pertaining to food which might cause discomfort to readers. MONGA is not responsible for any passerbys being bitten from hungry readers following this segment. Proceed with caution.

Photography by: Nicholas Khoo



Donuts/

By: Ishika Dua & Durrah Sharifah

Keeping Up with The Kremes

Have you seen the latest hottest show
Called Keeping Up with the Kremes?
Tempting all - the doughnut's a pro
Don't need no Kyles or Kims

Starring the sugar-coated ring
And our own Misaal Khalique
On their knees people are cheering
"A masterpiece! Magnifique!"



Desserts were not her cup of tea
Said no to brownies and cookies
The doughnut is special though you see
For it she would risk diabetes

When things are not alright
The doughnut's a lifebuoy
The sweetness in every bite
Bringing her endless joy

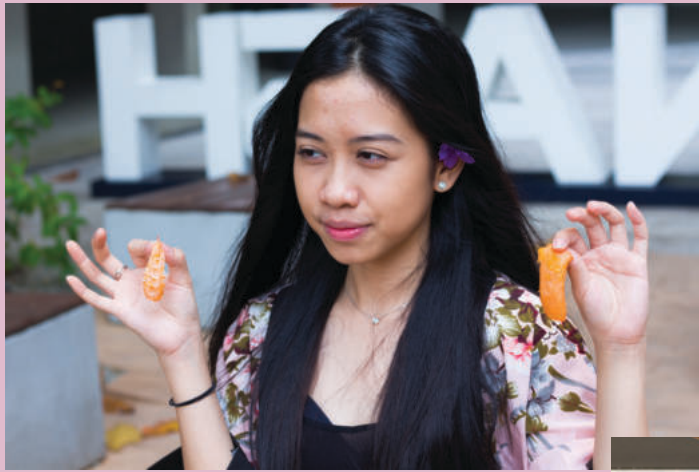
In the last episode they wore white
As they became husband and wife
They sang Can You Feel The Love Tonight
Because she's got her Circle of Life







Sushi/ By: Loh Chee Kien & Matthew Chin





Reasons Lifi Loves Sushi

Seafood on rice
米のシーフード

Healthy
元気

Floral hunger
花の空腹

Wooden Chopsticks
木の箸

Unwavering smile
揺るぎない笑顔

S/S 19 Kimono
S/S19着物

Sushi loves you
寿司はあなたを愛しています

Warm
あたたかい

Haikus

Sushi is healthy (5)
It will warm the heart and soul (7)
Like how it warmed mine (5)

Wasabi and Roe, (5)
Tuna, Sashimi, Seaweed. (7)
A healthy sushi. (5)





Burgers

By: Nicholas Khoo & Kieran Li Nair





It always has your back, whether it's an afternoon quickie or a slow, impassioned night that stretches till daylight.

To gently graze your teeth against a firm yet supple piece of meat, its juices melting into your tastebuds and bringing you ever-so closer towards the edge, ignoring the side-eyes you'll receive when your sleight of ecstasy leaves sauces smeared along your lips; it's nothing but the two of you against the world, after all.

It's the very definition of a guilty pleasure—to say you're both unprivity of this would be an injustice of the worst kind, yet it's still tantalisingly hard to go against the undeniable chemistry that stands in-between. People will tell you that's exactly how it's engineered to be, that it preys on your desires and, perhaps most dastardly, your vulnerabilities; they presume you don't already know, and they presume you're not willingly complacent to this.

That's what an affair entails, after all. An act of deception shared by two players; what could fuel your lust better than that?

You'll push past its doors anywhere between or during the early stroke of dawn, and all you'll face is a muted understanding, a knowing acceptance you couldn't possibly receive anywhere else; it's wrong in all the right ways, and sometimes it's just what you need to take into you, to get you through the day.

...

Oh, and the drink and fries are a staple, of course. What kind of monster are you if you don't get a set meal at a fast food joint?



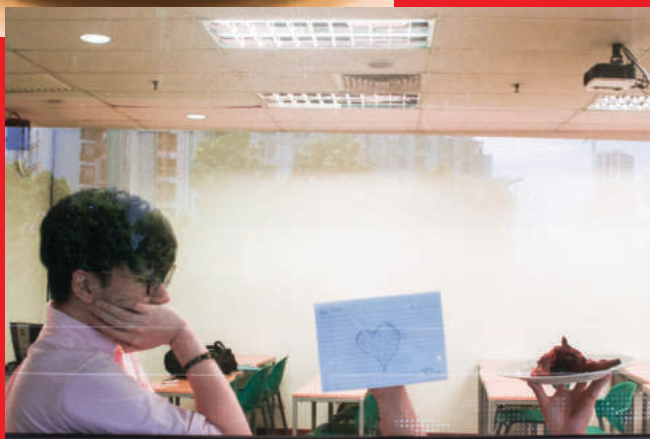
Fried Chicken

By: Zachary Yoong & Cheah Wei Shang

He sighed as he looked at her, his head settling on his arms as he tried to focus on two things at once. The hum of the overhead fluorescents seemed to lightly dull the senses, but its hindrance was not lost on his furtive and longing glances to his side. It was there where she was sat, perched on a plain plate, yet from that the charred redness and perceived tenderness was all it meant.



The love letter, decorated with a simple heart symbol, with the calligraphy meticulous and neat, failed to evoke any proper emotion that was close to affection, or perhaps it was closer to a slight pang of sympathy for the futility of the effort.





It was, and still is, easy to shove down any emotions that boil and bubble to the surface at any given point of time, to repress it to a point of pure calm. And then your distilled feelings will find its way into the next clearest action – that is to hurt them as they hurt you. But he never thought further than that; you can't hurt when you're dead.





Family Mart Oden & Ice Cream

By: Daniel Sim and Kieran Li Nair





When you think of a safe haven, is there anywhere else that comes to mind as quickly as a FamilyMart?

Now before you dismiss me as having a rather sad life, let me explain. If you've ever been into one, especially one that's right by your doorstep, you'll know exactly what I'm talking about, and I applaud your intellectuality in advance. For the uninitiated, however, allow me to enlighten you.

It's multipurpose—a study place, a quick lunch stop or chill zone, even a first date locale (or maybe somewhere to cry your heart out after a break-up—FamilyMart does not judge). Soon enough you'll find yourself parked in one 25/8, and the only looks you'll receive are ones of understanding.

But the highlight is its food, of course, where do I even begin with it?



Has anyone ever left a FamilyMart without a sofuto cradled in their hand before? Whether it's the OG matcha flavour or any of their seasonal varieties (the writer's personal favourite being the sea salt sofuto), it's the soft, sweet comfort food you can't possibly ignore. FamilyMart pastries—if you haven't had any of their melon buns, especially the Hokkaido melon pan, you haven't really lived. Any of their quick meals, from onigiris to cheese baked rice to salads, it had everything you could ever want and more.

We save the best for last, of course; who could resist the savoury and cheap temptation that is oden? Fish cake set, shabu noodles, daikon, ajitsuke tamago, topped off with broth of your choosing (but it's a silent understanding that tom yam is the only correct option)—it's the ultimate comfort food that warms your hands and the pit of your belly for less than RM10.

Take note, guys, girls, and all of my non-conforming friends—the key to a broke uni student's heart is located on the second floor of SMR.





Coffee/ By: Irshika Suthakar & Wesley Chung

Happy 3rd year anniversary, lil bean

I make my way to the cafeteria, smiling cheek to cheek. My heart is racing and I can't wait to get a grip of you and spend the rest of the day with you by my side. It's crazy how my love for you have grown so much.





We first locked eyes when I desperately needed to have something out of the norm, something awakening. Fast forward to a few years after...we're inseparable. You're my first thought in the morning; and if that isn't suffice to show my love for you, I don't know what is. Everything about you makes me believe that God poured a little too much flawless in when He made you.



I can't seem to justify my ob-
session for you-maybe it's your
deep aroma that makes me feel
more alive or the mild sweetness
that comes after the bitterness.
Through the good and the bad, I
know you'll always be just a brew
away.

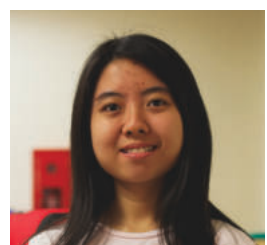
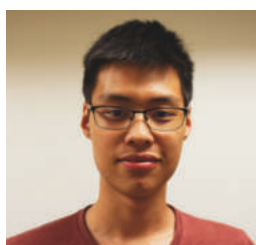
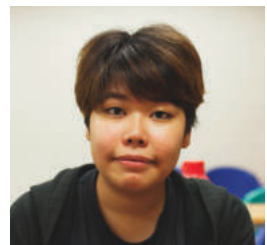
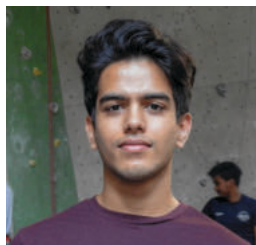
I want you all to myself and I love
the moment of intimacy that we
share. I could never thank you
enough for being a wonderful
company and great support for
the past few years of my life. Who
would have thought that water
percolated through ground beans
would bring so much significance
to my life? Days without you are
terrible and it's undeniably hard
to stay happy without you - I feel
empty and drained.

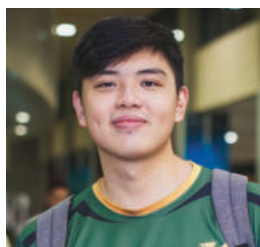
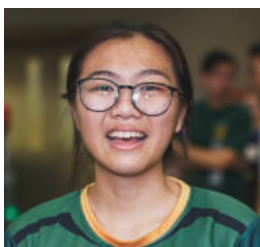
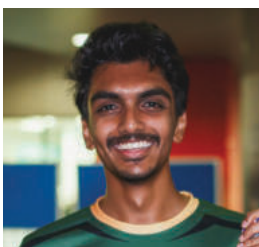
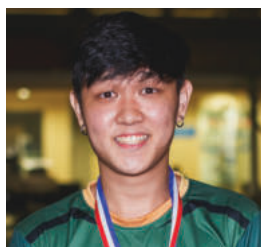
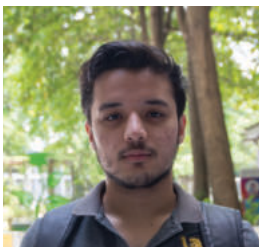
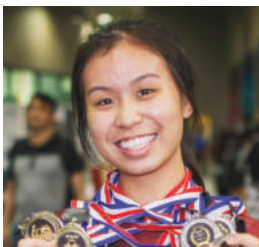


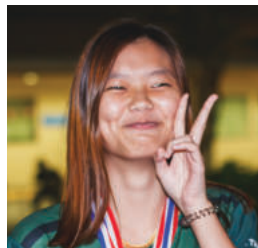
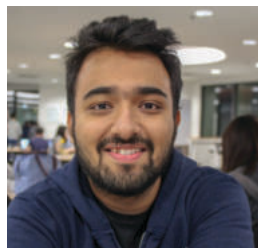
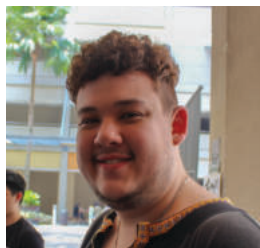


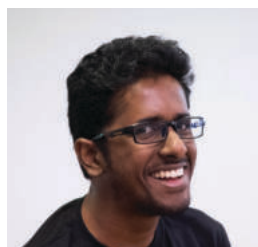
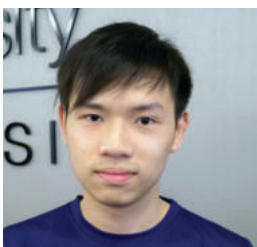
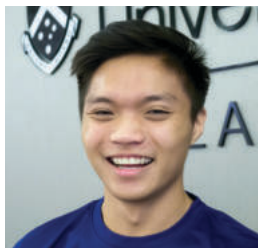
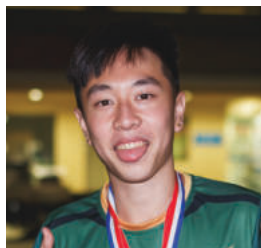
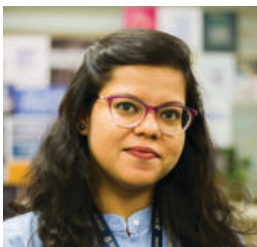
Portraits of Monash

By: Lee Lin Jun, Ishika Dua, Ivan Liew, Sandra Lee, Ai Jia, Nicholas Khoo, Shaun Stanley, Soon Ying Ze, Ang Yu Hang & Wesley Chung

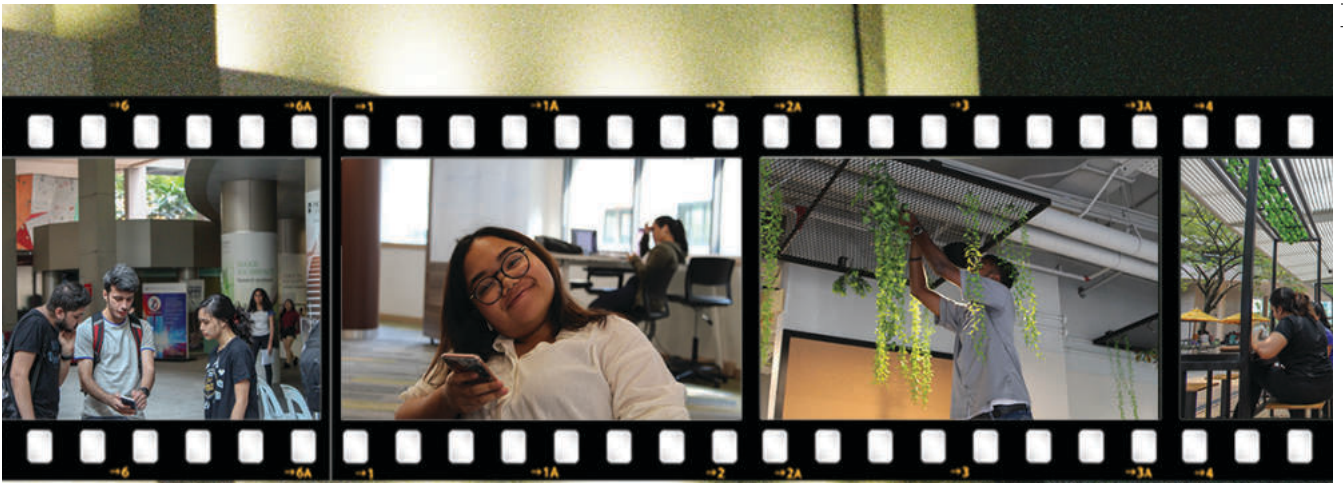




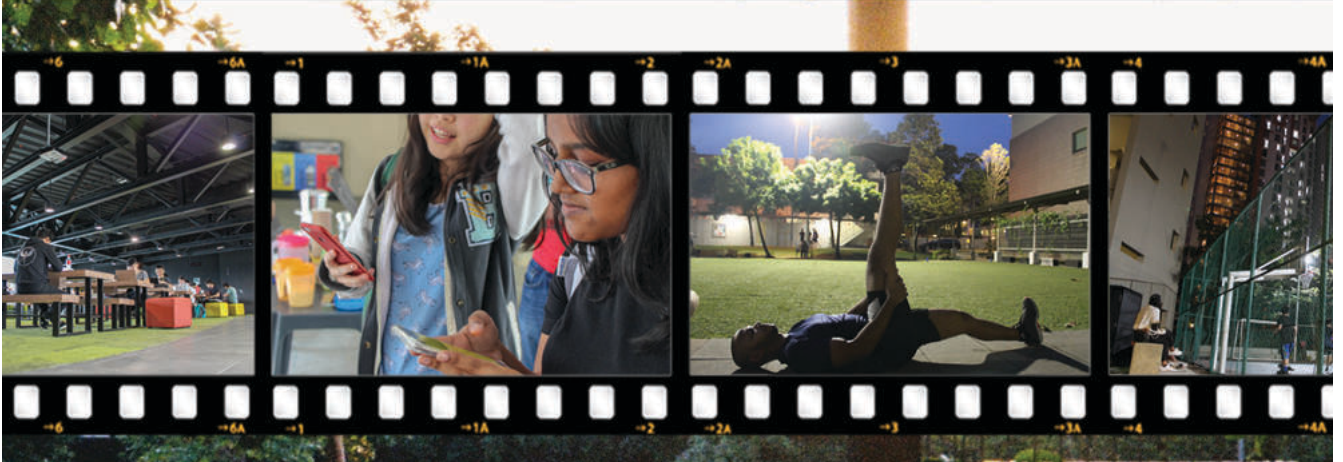














S2
2019
Palate Palettes
Monash Ball

MOOD

Saik Ming Tay __ Fatyn Afiqah __ Azizi Zaidi __ Ella Pang __
Izyan Iman Zainuri __ Nadiah Azra Bt Zaidi __ Kieran Li Nair



m.my 47





/ issue 1 /

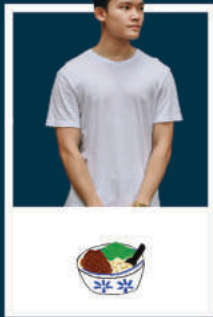
PALATE PALETTES

/ issue 2 /

MONASH BALL



PALATE PALETTES





“Siew Mai” is breakfast (or supper should you so crave it), warm and hearty, reminiscent of simpler, yet satisfying times. Either over your dining room table fresh out your mother’s handiwork or surrounding the round table of a Chinese diner with friends; either way, best enjoyed over company.





"Cendol" is the sweet and savoury treat you can always rely on, pulling over the corner of the street or walking out to that one roadside stall you'll swear to kingdom come that it doesn't compare to anywhere else, beating the blistering heat in the best way possible.





“Bandung” is defined by its rosy and pink touch, complemented by the sweetness and milky flavour. It’s the drink you get chastised for drinking too much, yet find yourself ordering at every mamak corner anyway - satiating only a very particular sort of craving, as its taste compares to none other.





“Cincau” is the staple drink of your childhood, rolling grass jellies between your teeth and over your tongue along the refreshing beverage, mourning the bits you can’t scrape up from the bottom of a can or a glass (or employing various creative tactics to have them if you’re determined enough).

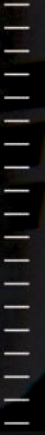
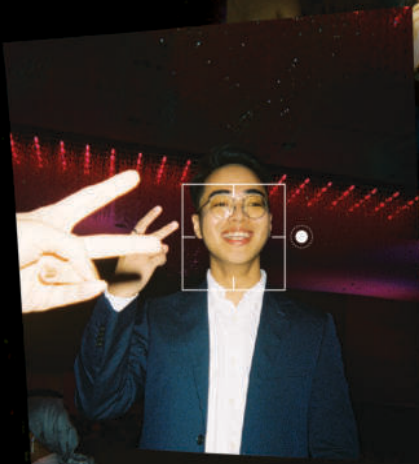




"Nasi Lemak" is the one true local delicacy. Nothing tops the cacophony of coconut rice, egg, peanuts and sambal, unfurled before you from pandan leaves. It's the staple dish tourists beeline for - is there any other dish that could embody national pride as well as this one?



2019
MONASH BALL



MONGA

2019

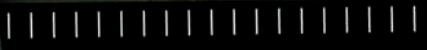
MONASH BALL



MONGA



2019
MONASH BALL





EDITOR'S NOTE: I love art that makes people feel personally addressed, through easter eggs and subtext and layers and cultural references. With reference to Frank Ocean shooting the Met Gala on film, I wanted to emulate this for Mood.





APPLAUSE

s2



BROS

s2

'19



GENTZ

s2

'19



Snapshots of a night pre-
served in analog form, which
we weren't able to review with
digital immediacy; felt personal,
and that felt right. What resulted
was a night of captured emo-
tions, outfits and intimacy.







MONASHGENTS

s2

'19



MONASHGENTS

s2

'19





KARDASHIANS&JENNERS ▶ s2 '19



KIM ▶ s2 '19



BOOYOUWHORE ▶ s2 '19

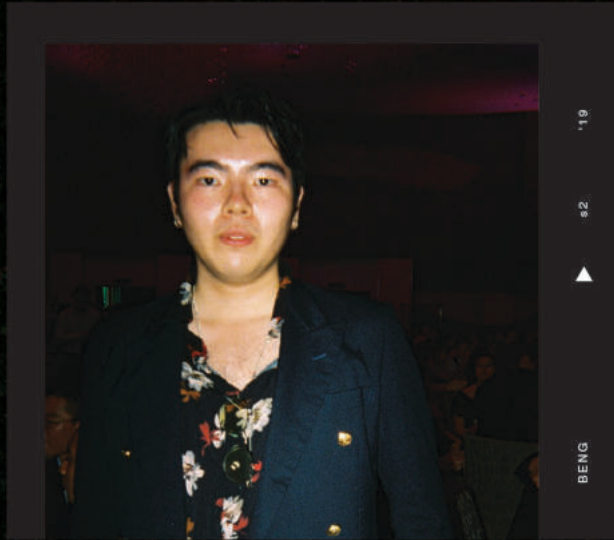


REGINAGEORGE ▶ s2 '19





Shot on disposable cameras by Ella and myself (Saik Ming), we present to you the Monash Ball, as captured through our (lens)es.





E V E





NETS





Pharmgineering Race.

Just when we thought the Endgame fever has come to an end, the collaboration between SOP and SOE has brought us back for one more 'assemble'. After thorough and detailed planning since December 2018, the pharmgineering race took place on the 10th of August with a track that's littered all around Bandar Sunway.


The event kick-started at 8 a.m. and delicious (like really delicious!) curry puffs were distributed to all participants. The race commenced shortly after a warm-up session and the first game station consisted of a series of rather creative games- 'try not to laugh challenge', 'who can hold a squat the longest?', 'bottle flip' etc.

In each station, contestants were tasked with a variety of quests, to which they're rewarded with 'the stones'. The final stage of the game- an intense competition between Team Loki and Team Hawkeye- was to find the gauntlet. This stage was, in my opinion, the most intriguing, because it required both pharmaceutical and engineering knowledge to solve the coordinates for the location of the gauntlet.

At the end, Team Loki won the first place, bringing home 6 pairs of wireless Bluetooth earpieces. The lunch was also extra appetising after all the competition and exhaustion. "I didn't expect the escape room to be that challenging and creepy at the same time", "It was definitely worth the money" and "We thoroughly enjoyed it and a huge thanks to the organisers for pulling off such a great event" were just some of the positive feedbacks shared by finishers.

Photography by: Celine Chua, Sarah Law, Wesley Chung, Nicholas Khoo & Ivan Liew
Article by: Irshika Suthakar





TEDx MUM

“I can finally say this - thank you for coming to my Ted talk!” quipped Shuen Chiu, founder of Rent A Dress KL and one of the speakers at TEDx Monash University Malaysia at the end of her talk.

With the theme The Glass Ceiling, the TEDx held on the 24th August drew a huge crowd despite cynics’ expectations of low turnout due to its expensive tickets. The term Glass Ceiling which means an invisible barrier to keep a specific demographic from rising to a certain position is perhaps a relatable phenomenon faced by each of us in our daily lives.

The event spanned around 13 distinguished speakers, each an expert in their own fields and sharing inspirational anecdotes of shattering the glass ceiling. Strategies in breaking self-imposed glass ceilings were highlighted from the different perspectives of speakers Jan Wong, Wong Yu Jin, Stephanie Ping, and Richard Ker. Meanwhile, insightful stories from specific industries can be seen in the talks by Jeanne Swee on esports and Serina Hijjas on green architecture.

Capitalizing on their experiences and natural character, Tee Ai Ven explains how an introvert like her can do sales while speaker Kathy Tan credited the Malaysian upbringing for her cultural intelligence crucial in her current job. Self-love and embracement of the physical self were brought forward by speakers Aveena Devi who underwent multiple surgeries for her spinal condition and Ratnadevi Manokaran who struggled with body positivity. Additionally, the sessions by speakers Mallory Loone, Shuen Chiu and Ashley Suelyn focusing on their astounding achievements promoted a message of women empowerment. The audience were also entertained by a band from Monash Music club in between the talks.

“I like that they disclosed both their personal experiences for us to learn from and motivate us,” commented Leann, one of the audience.

This TEDx provided invaluable takeaways to those present in order to make changes towards the glass ceiling hindering their growth. Credit has to be given for the wonderful job done by the organizing committee, subcommittees, volunteers and members of the media who worked hard to ensure the event runs smoothly!

Photography by: Ivan Liew & Ang Yu Hang
Article by: Durrah Sharifah





BOM x The Ball

Honestly, how do you feel about how the Ball turned out?

Overall, I'm happy with it. That's why I don't give a shit what people think about it. The event ran smoothly, my team was happy, they learned I learned... It was a really good experience for everyone involved. I can safely say that we all took something valuable away from it.

If you had to pick the absolute worst part of the event, what would it be?

Dealing with the amount of paperwork and bureaucracy we had to go through just to get anything done. Paperwork. For example, we were informed that we couldn't use Pullman Hotel as our venue a week before the event because it was blacklisted by Monash... even though Student Life knew that we were using it at the beginning of August.

Student who hear this might think you're just giving excuses. Can you give us an example of what sort of bullshit you had to go through?

They also didn't let me use Shadow Productions, my usual audio-supplier for reasons I'm still not aware of. Because of that I had to debate with them for a good 5 days to a week to 2 weeks. I had already built up a good relationship with them during Bash of Monash and they were already giving us a good rate.

Do you feel that you are affected by some of the comments and criticisms that students have leveled against the ball?

A little. I know... people like to complain. They always have a reason, especially when it comes to events. There's so many things going on... So many people you have to attend to and make sure they're happy. But with anything, you can't please everybody. As long as the majority was happy with it, I'm happy. There were no hiccups and smooth for the most part.

You were expecting backlash?

Always. I know how we went about the whole planning process - we weren't as organized as previous years, I'd admit.

Thank you for taking time to do this.

My pleasure!

Any subcomms you wanna shout out?

Let's see... Rachel, Kyt Mun, Mikael, and Chloe... Oh don't forget Rifat. He's been a big fucking help the whole year. Last to go to sleep and first to wake up. Before the night of the Ball, he was up with me til' 4AM helping me set up. He's my right hand man. Also for non-subcommittee members, there's Ben.

**Photography by: Nicholas Khoo,
Shaun Stanley & Jay Wen
Interview by: Samuel Mui**







K-Volt Vol. 2

Did you really go to MSDS' K-Volt vol. 2 event if Yeji's iconic "Hey hey hey!" at the opening of Itzy's Icy doesn't end up resonating in your head even days after?

21st September was a great day for fans of K-Pop and dance alike as the K-Pop dance cover competition heated up the Sports Centre with over 26 performances by groups and soloists showcasing their talents. The champion of the event was to receive RM1000, followed by RM800 and RM500 for the second and third place winners respectively.

The audience were wowed by the fantastic performances prepared by the participants. Popular choices of songs were those by Itzy, Blackpink, G(I)-DLE and Chungha. The performances were judged by the eagle-eyed judges Brandon, Jing Han and Jaedon - each established dancers with awards in K-Pop cover competitions.

Everyone was later invited to join in a Random Play Dance event (as seen from the show Weekly Idol) whereby choruses of random songs would be played and anyone who knew the dance could come out at the center to dance. Watching people who were strangers to each other dance in excitement with such passion in their eyes united in their love of K-Pop was truly a sight to behold.

The judges prepared special performances before the prize-giving ceremony. Judge Brandon showed off his sharp moves with his cover of Seventeen's Good To Me followed by judge Jing Han's cover of Chungha's Snapping full of attitude. Judge Jaedon made the audience jaw dropped as he led a team of men in shorts dancing powerfully to Itzy's Icy and Dalla Dalla.

The first place went to the ladies of 7-in-1 with their entrancing dance cover of HASHTAG's Freesm, in which they were invited to do an encore. Meanwhile, the first runner-up went to the girl group HEI.ROSE, whose fun performance of (G)I-DLE's LATATA and Uh-Oh incorporated props such as a makeshift stage and party poppers. The energetic cover of ATEEZ's Pirate King by the dashing boys of B.O.S.S bagged second runner-up as they left female audiences screaming over them.

Photography by: Mahrukh Ali
Article by: Durrah Sharifah





Orientation Day (sem 2)

Photography by: Joseph Ma & Celine Chua



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Jom Makan (Sem 2)

Photography by: Fatyn Afiqah & Celine Chua







MUSA Wars

Photography by: Fatyn Afiqah
& Joseph Ma





Monash Open Debate

Photography by: Soon Ying Ze
& Zachary Yoong

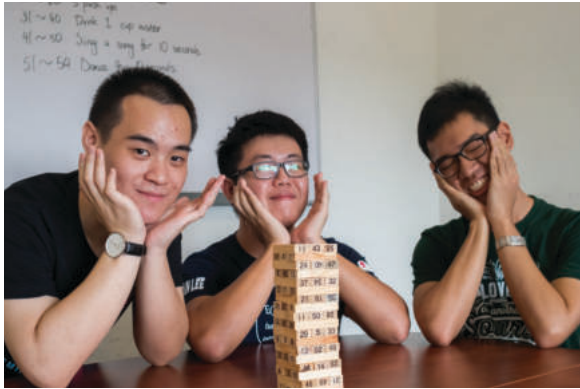




Engineering Day

Photography by: Nicholas Khoo & Daniel Sim







SOS Race

Photography by: Shaun Stanley & Nadiah Azra







SOLT Mingle Night

Photography by: Ang Yu Hang





C&S Week (Sem 2)

Photography by: Nicholas Khoo,
Sandra Lee & Lee Lin Jun





SOB A-Fair

Photography by: Lee Lin Jun
& Joseph Ma





Pharmily Sports Day

Photography by: Amna Shahid, Joseph Ma & Ivan Liew







SASS Chill Night

Photography by: Mahrukh Ali







MIHS 2019

Photography by: Shaun Stanley & Wesley Chung





MUCCS Mingle Night

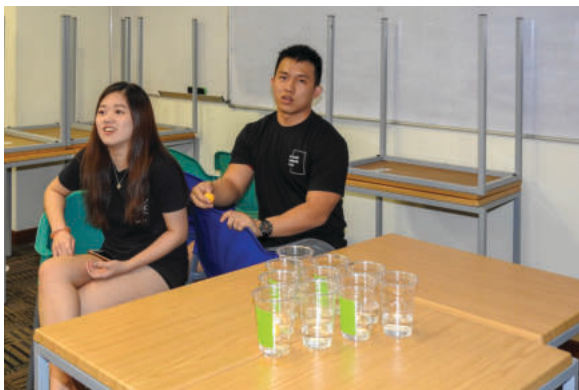
Photography by: Nadiah Azra
& Jay Wen





MBC AGM

Photography by: Ishika Dua



MEC Floral Workshop

Photography by: Sandra Lee





SOS Networking Night

Photography by: Aiman Husaini





*A message from
MSAC President*





Buddle-Buddly Night

Photography by: Nicholas Khoo







AISEC Global Village

Photography by: Joseph Ma & Nadiah Azra





MEC Bazaar!

Photography by: *Ishika Dua & Wong Ai Jia*





Futsal Worldcup

Photography by: Aiman Husaini & Jay Wen



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MERDEKA 2019

Photography by: Wong Ai Jia, Sandra Lee & Lee Lin Jun







PSYCH Minge Night

Photography by: Soon Ying Ze





Monash Captainball Tournament

Photography by: Ivan Liew



Deaf Awareness Campaign

Photography by: Joseph Ma





Monash Chamber Orchestra

Photography by: Shaun Stanley & Wesley Chung





MUCCS Sun-U Audition

Photography by: Joseph Ma



Election Result

Photography by: Fatyn Afiah





Korean Cultural Night

Photography by: Zachary Yoong



Youth Startup Bootcamp

Photography by: Ivan Liew & Joseph Ma



POPSIG

Photography by: Nicholas Khoo





PSYCH Talk

Photography by: Joseph Ma





Jammies Night

Photography by: Nadiah Azra







Night of Drama

Photography by: Daniel Tee







One World Festival

Photography by: Jay Wen and Ang Yu Hang







Dance & Dinner '19

Photography by: Amna Shahid



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MONASH CUP '19





ATHLETICS



NETBALL



BASKETBALL





CHEER



DANCE



DODGEBALL





FUTSAL



SWIMMING



TAEKWANDO





CAPTAIN BALL



TENNIS



POOL





ROCK CLIMBING



TABLE TENNIS



VOLLEYBALL





BADMINTON



CRICKET



FRISBEE





CHESS



E-SPORTS



FINAL SCORING:

430

395

310

305





Monash Cup: That Other Perspective

The staple of annual Monash events would look decidedly dull without the inclusion of the Monash Cup, the (not-so) coveted glory and pride to win a tournament pitting, well, most of the students of Monash against each other. But what goes into organizing an event that spans the length of 3 weeks, from start to finish?

I visited Jayasree Ananda Raj in the Clubs and Society office, sitting at what was obviously the head seat of the halfway-tidy and organized nook in the corner of the MUSA building. The office carried a homey, lived-in feel to it that hummed with human activity. It usually is that way with the offices that demand a high amount of passion and teamwork, creating that unique vibe that can be felt in the air. Jay, as I called her, invited me to sit and chat, with Cam, the other head of the division joined shortly after.

Why did you decide to take on the Monash Cup?

Jay: It's important to me that I don't just work without making a difference. I believe that the Monash cup is very important to many students.

Cam: It's very, very true, it holds a lot of value to a lot of people.

Jay: As cheesy as this sounds, *laughs* but the hours and hours and effort people put into training for the event and how seriously people take it, its crazy! I respect that amount of work that people put into the events. I wanted to provide an event that respects the things that are really important to the students. Because you can say that sports are secondary to academics, but it is important to so many people. Teamwork, passion and letting people do what they love is a very important thing to us. The Monash Cup is our baby.

Cam: Also, everyone likes the Monash Cup.

Jay: *laughs* And that's Cam for you!

What were the struggles, in specifics, that you went through to successfully host the cup?

Jay: When you go into holding a three-week long event, it's not just time consuming, it takes a mental toll on you. It takes up most of your time and since its ongoing, it kinda consumes you as well. Besides that, we had to cater to our sponsors as well. We worked with Red Bull, and that took up a lot of time as well. We had to cater to their needs. We had to cater to their needs but they provided us with a lot from their side that made the cup as amazing as it was.

What could have been done better?

Jay: One of the things that we didn't do was to dive deep into the specifics. Of course, we planned the cup early on - the planning had started since early into the first semester. There was structural and organizational planning, but there was no diving into what the event really needed from equipment to officials and the actual structure of the sport itself. Another thing was that we actually had a lot of volunteers - willing volunteers - to help in the event itself. We could have briefed them better and more comprehensively. Our volunteers would not know the technicalities and requirements of the sport itself. Some might have, but definitely not in the sports they were helping in. We should have recruited and involved the volunteers more.

How did it affect your academics? Throughout the planning of the cup?

Cam: It actually affected me a lot *laughs* I'm doing Computer Science, second year and semester as well, unlike the free business student... (refers to Jay)

Jay: [Indignant] Hey!

Cam: I didn't structure my units, and it seems as though I took the 3 hardest units in the course. Theres just so much I have to catch up on. But there are ways around it, you have to rely on other people. So don't worry, you're not alone in this. Also... *points to a suitcase presumably full of clothes in the middle of the floor*





*Is there anything you'd like to say to the students?
The participants and audience?*

Jay: On behalf of C&S, I'd like to say that everything we did/do is for all of you; for the students and especially for our brilliant athletes. Our goal was to organise the best Monash Cup solely because it's an event where so many people get to do what they're passionate about; students and staff alike. We're fully aware of the amount of effort, time and dedication that it takes to prepare for the competitions which is why we gave it everything we had and we sincerely hope that our efforts sufficed in ensuring that the students had a wholesome and memorable experience during Monash Cup 2019!

Cam: Me and the other organizers are super grateful for everyone who has participated in Monash Cup, through competition or simply word of mouth. Without you people, this event definitely wouldn't work out the way it did.



JAY & CAM
HEADS OF CLUBS & SOCIETIES







month.
month.
 month.
 month.
month.
 month
 month
month





TABOO

(/təˈbuː/)

1. a social or religious custom prohibiting or restricting a particular practice or forbidding association with a particular person, place, or thing (noun)
2. prohibited or restricted by social custom (adjective)





(un)covered

by Sakura Matsuyama

I dream of a touch
to feel the softness
of a pair of lips
trailing down
my untouched skin

i crave for the rawness
of being in the moment
where the bed shakes
and the room is filled
by passionate screams

i want to feel helpless
bound against my will
to shamelessly beg
for a sweet release

i yearn for one night
to be nothing but reckless
to lust without love
to hurt without care

but you will never know
and you will never expect it
because silk covers my body
and covers my hair
and you'll never see it
in my eyes





ABORTION

By Irshika Suthakar

What happened that night was equally strange and remarkable, though you don't often know what's remarkable about what you're doing while you're doing it. It's only after, when it dawns upon you that you've been missing your period. My tummy which only had food babies has an actual baby in it. Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, the biological father of my "child" left because "he's not ready for it". So not only will I be a parent... I'll be a single-parent!

If there's anything that I'm worse in than balancing my academics, it has to be parenting. I can barely keep myself sane, let alone having a foetus that would completely rely on me. When you face unplanned pregnancy here where it's illegal, almost every person that you open up to would give at least one of these generic two cents:

1. "You don't want to be facing legal charges, so keep it anyways".
2. Anything to makes it sound convincing that parenthood isn't that bad after all.
3. A good half an hour lecture on why I should've curbed my sexual desire-as if I had control over whatever "teenage hormone" party my body was having.

Everyone had a solution to my "problem," but no one wanted to hear mine. The fact that some people preached me to keep the child knowing that he/she may have a harsh childhood as I'm certainly mentally and physically unprepared for parenthood saddened me.

Labour was a nightmare-intense pain, doctors who looked like they've not seen the sun for days and blood, a lot of blood. Even as I gave birth, I was still very unsure about what I'm stepping into. All I knew is that my iTunes which has One Direction playlists would be soon flooded with nursery rhymes and lullabies. Pro-life supporters that deemed abortion as a sin aren't by side anymore. Was that all? They fight for a life to come to the world and leave once it's actually out? What about me-my life, education and career? Am I suddenly supposed to know how motherhood works?

-Meanwhile in a **parallel universe**-

If you think detox juices are the most disgusting form of liquid, let me tell you, "abortion drinks" are far worse in the spectrum. All it took was a simple google search: effective abortion drinks and baam! Before I even knew it, I was in the mall, looking for the "ingredients" stated in the very much unverified website that I browsed through.

I ended up in the hospital due to too much toxicity in my body, and though I "killed" my foetus, I almost landed on my own death bed too. I've been charged for illegal and unsafe abortion, hence I'm going through trials at court. Needless to say, I got kicked out of college and getting a job...well you can tell how it's.





I knew that I'm not ready for motherhood and I knew to a greater extend that I'm not established enough to provide for my "child". So was it wrong to save my child from all the potential sufferings and mess that I'd have made as a mother? They tell a women that they can't get an abortion, then they shame them for raising a child on welfare. Then they shame them for not being able to fund their child's education and finally they say "you shouldn't have had kids if you couldn't raise them".

Abortion should be made a choice, not illegal based on stances of those in power. It's okay if people are personally not happy to have an abortion but everyone should have the rights to choose. People need to start worrying about the babies that are already here instead; orphans, homeless children, and children in cages at the border. Unless we've unanimously solved these pressing issues, don't come here saying that you want to protect a child that's still in the womb.

Choose ONE (1):



be supportive

mind your own damn business

keep your opinions to yourself

shut up

back

next

Art: Ella Pang





BY ANONYMOUS

Take a communications class or any sort of Arts unit (shoutout to my fellow Arts homies) and you'll learn it denotes how we, stereotypically mild-mannered Asians, reside in a collectivistic culture. We live to integrate ourselves within the crowd, the culture around us, instinctively seeking approval and acceptance from the people around us; God forbid we differentiate ourselves from them, what good does that bring? The white colonialist-layperson would snub us as doormats, and we'd be inclined to agree, really.

Where I'd like to go with this is that in such a culture, it can be difficult to unearth anything that goes against the norm; in particular one's feelings, especially if you already belong to a demographic less inclined to bare yourself open to others, in fear of being shunned, scorned, perceived as weak or, God forbid, any sort of vulnerable or *abnormal*, dictated by the way you identify yourself, so you can continue to ring true to that strong, ever-so *typical* facade you attempt to convince yourself as much as anyone else.

It's shameful that it'll ring true to many if I brought up being dismissed when attempting to talk about feelings with parental figures, learning that my catatonia and insomnia were mere symptoms of laziness instead of manifestations of depression and executive dysfunction; that maybe cleaning my room would mean I achieve a milestone, even in the standards of my miserable mental state, but doing so wouldn't cure me of these ailments. Of being dismissed by friends because my mood swings were too difficult to handle, really - but you can't quite blame them, either; they've never been exposed to such raw vulnerability to begin with, how would they even begin to know how to react to it?

(Of driving your turmoil inwards, inwards, *inwards* still, the mental manifestations of it even harder to deal with than the physical means you use to take it out on yourself with, because it's only right that you hold yourself accountable for being so abnormal, and dreadfully *weak*; who else would, otherwise, to the extent that you deserve it?)





I spoke to someone fairly recently - I had a relationship that went very, very sour because of vulnerabilities on both of our ends, further accentuated by this stigma at hand, of which got between us and destroyed what at some points of my life used to be my only reason to wake up the next morning. It was a matter of push, push, push and no pull, a series of "are you okay"s and "are you alive"s reciprocated with radio silence in the end; and while *trauma* is a big word to use, it's undeniable how deeply the blatant abandonment and utter disintegration of our relationship had affected me, even moreso the realisation that it was never quite the happily-ever-after I had envisioned in my mind to begin with, forgive the ineloquence - seeds of doubt like *was it ever a mutual thing to begin with?* rear their ugly roots into the deepest nooks and crannies of your heart; it's not a feeling I'd like anyone to empathise with.

But more onto the point at hand - perhaps it was a sort of fate, or perhaps it was the mere inability to be a frog in a boiling pot any longer; even voicing out this harrowing experience with permission and punctuated by incessant apologies screamed *unnecessary* and *burden* and *taboo* at the time, but my friend listened, and accepted, and *reciprocated*; the core message he had to relay in response was: it's okay to feel hurt from it, and it's okay to talk about it.

And it *is* okay, really. It's all we need to be told to start breaking these unnecessary walls down, to start making a norm out of these vulnerabilities, albeit one step at a time. Since when did our collectivistic culture dictate that we can't share these wounds as well to begin with? We have a lot more in common than we seem to think we do, whether it's a graze on your knee or a telltale stroke across your wrist, or even the ever-so cliched heartbreak wound; no one deserves to feel isolated with such hardships. And while there's no doubt that it hurts like hell to lay them bare, the understanding and relieve you'll receive in return is all the more healing, all the more forgiving onto yourself.





WEEKEND MALAYSIA TRIP

by Durrah Sharifah

Posted on 1:41AM, Sunday 25/8/2019

Hi readers, I'm alive! It's so kind of you all to be so concerned for my inactivity on Quickgram and Chirpchirp (two days during the weekend, a personal record!). No worries, I just got back from my identity exploration, soul-discovering, social media detox getaway in Malaysia. In case you don't know, it's that country between Singapore and Thailand that singers like to skip for their world tours – their loss.

It's only a six-hour flight journey from our Sampah airport! Not to mention, it's a very safe country to visit for solo male travelers like me, regardless of what happened in the last day I was there. Plus, it's in the list of top countries for people to retire. If old people can survive there, why can't I?

The country is famous for its food, so when I touched down Kuala Lumpur, I knew that I had to get a taste of the local cuisine. I went to this quaint restaurant that was highly recommended on Geegle which was famous for its nasi lemak (Geegle Translate says it means fat rice, the website must be broken). Only after tasting it do I remember having eaten a similar dish during my family trip in Singapore a few years back. The original nasi lemak in Singapore tasted so much better, I was disappointed. I mentioned it to the chef and he charged an extra RM1! Sucks that he can't accept constructive criticism that Singapore food is better.

I got lost later searching for my Firebnb accommodation. Fear was the last thing on my mind because

these are all experiences that will contribute to my growth and development. Plus, it makes a great story to be put here on my blog (you know you love it). A sweet lady who was all covered up in loose clothing helped me find my way. I was so thankful for her afterwards that I gave her a big hug as a sign of appreciation. She shrieked and ran away fast, tripping several times on her long dress. Poor her living in an oppressive society, she was probably too joyed to be in physical contact with someone from the opposite gender. How endearing!

My accommodation was actually the house of a family living there. I was so excited to be staying with them. While my peers back in Sampah were wasting time working part-time jobs to support their probably dim future, here I am experiencing a different culture! The family walked around barefooted in the house.

When they asked me to do the same, I politely declined and insisted on wearing my Dr. Martins in the house. I mean, I'm not primitive! We didn't talk much afterwards. In fact, I don't think they interacted with me at all after shooting me a weird look. Malaysians are a funny bunch. The next day after checking out of the house, I was prepared for the next step in my self-exploration journey. According to [rr/Malaysia-Holiday](#), your trip isn't complete without busking by the roadside for extra cash. Plus, I do need the funds for my future self-exploration trip – a Third World country this time? While scouting for the perfect place to do so, I passed by a group of unkempt-looking people lining up to get what seems like free food from a group of youngsters who could be university students.

A-ha, was this a soup kitchen?





My late grandfather used to tell us “Seize the moment”. So I did! I positioned myself next to the soup kitchen area and began setting up the cardboard I found (there were kittens inside but they can survive on the concrete floor) and wrote: Help Fund My Worldwide Self-Exploration Trip! I went through some vocalizations before singing Rachel Platten’s Fight Song followed by Wonderwall. The people queuing up gave me dirty glances but it’s ok, my target weren’t them anyway but the volunteers and donors dropping up the food. Three hours later, I got nothing except for some cigarette butts and shouts from people.

Guess they were lying when they said Malaysians are helpful people. Selfish pricks. At least this was a story I can tell to my children in the future, of the hardships I went through in chasing my dreams.

My journey ended there as I had a flight back home to catch. Did I mention that I went through all of that without a stable Internet connection? Honestly, it was a liberating experience and I feel like a changed person on the inside. I know you guys think so too from the poll I made on my Quickgram Story asking you guys if I look different. We really need to live in the real world and experience life as it is instead of comparing it with others. I had a wonderful time broadening my horizons and I wish my readers all the best in living life to its fullest too.

Selamat tinggal! (meaning bye! I picked it up from the Kuala Lumpur International Airport)



Art: Ella Pang



bad

He looked at me with intensity,
his eyes wandering to where they don't belong—
a dangerous curiosity.

A shiver ran down my spine,
my mind fully aware of where his eyes were laid.

I could feel him – his eyes tracing my body ever so
thoroughly, as much as they were soaking it in. I felt
them like cotton against my skin, caressing me lightly,
making out the shape and curves of my body.

Those damn eyes.

But I maintained indifference— at least the best I
could.

Because we were standing— living under the same
roof, belonging to the hands that fed us, as his vulgar
eyes were shamelessly undressing me.

Yes, we're expected to love each other. But nobody
expected us to be in love with each other... because
we're not only related, but also twins.

And so I tried to shake it off, but the feeling was stub-
born. It demanded to be acknowledged—
much like the person inflicting it, who refused to
leave me alone.

"It's not right," I reminded myself.

We were siblings.
Born and raised— *conceived* by the same parents.

But do these things really matter
if he wanted me, too?

My pondering was cut short by the sound of foot-
steps that hit my ears. Though I heaved a sigh of
relief, disappointment was blatantly pertinent.

In the comfort of his absence, I was finally rid of the
nuisance he was causing my head to be.

But the solace was short-lived, as he trapped me in
between his arms, between his own body and my
desk that I had been organising.

"What are you doing?" I gasped, my voice a mere
whimper as I felt him place a soft kiss against the
sensitive skin of my neck.

He was so close, I could almost hear the beating of
his heart; urgently rapid and powerful.

I could almost feel it pounding on the surface of my
back— vibrating through the thin textile of my dress
and wavering against my trembling skin.

His large, calloused hand caressed the back of my
thigh. His thumb drew circles before sliding upwards,
eventually resting under the flimsy fabric of my dress.

Wind fluttered against my skin through the open-
ing his forearm allowed and I had to stifle a sigh, by
biting onto my bottom lip.

"Tell me to stop," he whispered into my ear,
his voice hoarse, as if they lacked lubrication.

My legs trembled under his touch as my knees
threatened to falter.

But I remained stood and I remained silent.

It was a warning. That if I didn't tell him to stop, he
soon wouldn't be able to.

But my jaws were clenched shut from fear of provid-
ing him with a vocal response, that could be taken as
encouragement rather than disapproval.

He pressed himself against my back, his free arm
slithering around my waist, holding me in place.
I couldn't help but gasp at the feel of his body on
mine. It was as if I could feel every inch, but at the
same time, I wasn't feeling enough.

When he whispered my name—

I spun on my heel, and in a split second,
we were face to face.

He retreated from me, though his eyes never once
leaving me.

They were calculative and expectant, as if working
out my thoughts. But they also showed concern, as if
afraid that he might have offended me.

My heart pounded against my ribcage alarmingly at
the sight of him. His hair was unkempt and his shirt
was so wrinkled, it seemed ungroomed. And yet, he
remained well formed.

I was promptly reminded that alarms typically only go
off when something bad is about to happen. And in
our case, this presumption surely applied.

I was no victim, nor was he a perpetrator. The bad
wasn't a person, but an act.

The desire— the *sin*.

But in that moment, I couldn't care less for what was
right and what was wrong. I was impatient for the
bad to commence.



I pushed him with more force than necessary, causing him to land uncoordinatedly on the chair of my study table. Even so, his eyes remained on me. The mix of emotions they previously held, shifted into that of confusion, but he made no protests.

I lifted my dress, exposing my upper thigh as I placed my knee by his side. I did so, slowly, as I didn't want him to see me tremble under his gaze.

A glint of mischief shone brightly through his eyes as he understood my intentions.

With that, he grabbed my other thigh and harshly lifted me from the ground, though he was careful not to hurt me.

He positioned himself in between my legs, his strong hand pulling my thigh away from the other, while his other hand held me down.

My thighs were spread a little too wide for comfort, but I made no complaints.

He then rested his palms on each side of my waist, and I couldn't help but melt to his touch; protective, possessive and foreign yet it felt so familiar. As if it belonged.

Muttering my name once more- the way that my name rolled out of his tongue sent goosebumps all over my body.

But I refused to look at him.

Dissatisfied with the lack of acknowledgement, he placed an index finger under my chin.

But before he could lift my face for our eyes to meet, I captured his lips with mine.

I knew - that once I laid my eyes on him, my conscience would take over.

That I would push him away and start to ramble on about how what we were doing was wrong.

I didn't want that.

With the way that we've yearned and ached, and how we finally got a taste of each other- how could you tell us that we were wrong?

- by Anonymous





THE OPPOSITE SEX



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I'm a straight guy. Funny how that's the first thing that comes to my mind when I started writing this, as if I have to declare myself. I'm not insecure about my sexuality, nor am I still unsure of it. I know because I managed to test it out (watching gay porn is a very good test).

There's a lot that fascinates me about the different kinds of sexualities in this world. I only came to know about homosexuality at the age of 15, and since it was new to me, I thought that was the only type of sexuality that existed; gay people and lesbians. When I entered college, boy oh boy did the world grow for me. I found out about bisexuals, asexuals, genderfluid people, demisexuals, transgender people, and I know for a fact that there are more out there. I could just look it up on the internet, but real life is more convincing, and fascinating to me.

Yes, I sound like a kid who just found out that there are other planets in the galaxy.

Some may refer to my mentality as narrow-minded or closed-minded. Ever heard of something called a "straight thought"? It's not a bad thing, neither is it necessarily good. It's just... straight. I would explain the term as a person who finds it hard or is unable to put themselves in another person's shoes in terms of sexuality, so they just simplify things. There's no discrimination or change in behaviour with the interaction of different sexes. In fact, people are just treated as people.

Personally, I've been scolded or lectured by others who misunderstood my questions as being discriminative, rude, and/or obnoxious. For example, the fact that I am fascinated with different sexualities in the world doesn't mean that I see them as animals in a zoo. I'm simply genuinely curious. The biggest joke that I've come across numerous times is the fact that people mix sexuality with personality. For example, I've heard lines like "he's quite judgmental for a gay person" or "of course he's flamboyant, he's asexual". The reason why those lines are the biggest jokes are because they were told by students who took Gender Studies units.

It's a funny world we live in. We will be condemned if we judge a person's sexuality, yet we must be careful because people can be sensitive about it. How are we supposed to achieve a mutual understanding with that kind of mentality? I don't get it (insert straight thought). To put it in a different perspective, don't all successful experiments start off with a hypothesis or a guess?

- "Chris"





ARE MEN TRASH?

by Christopher Chong

Yes, you read that title correctly. Men really are trash. Or are they?

A few weeks ago, I was watching a movie with this girl that I fancied and everything was going great. The movie was reaching its climax, and the main character, who was a woman, was betrayed by her man in a life-or-death situation, and while I was infatuated with the gore and the drama of said movie, the girl whispered: "Men are trash."

Upon this incident, I kept telling myself that "not all men are trash" or "at least there are some good men out there". Upon close scrutinisation and inner reflection however, I started to ponder. Maybe it's not to say we smell or look like trash, but our masculinity-based mindset is not evolving and society never seemed to bother questioning it - until now.

I present to you three reasons on why, in my opinion, men are trash.

NOT COMFORTABLE WITH THE SHIFT IN POWER

For aeons, men have been the hunter-gatherers, the providers for their families. They act like they're the Alpha, always getting what they want, when they want it. It can be argued that men are supposed to be emotionally dead. They were never taught to speak about their troubles, and are told to bottle them up. You see, this is the masculinity that has unfortunately reached its expiry date, but a lot of men do not know this yet. They are always in need of a certain amount of power in their life. I think this leads to the mindset that having men in leadership roles is generally better, but looking at how politics are run around the world, can you really say that is true? Of course, gender and politics have no substantial correlation at all, but sometimes the constant disappointment we have in incompetent men ruling our governments has exhausted all our hopes.

However, the power shift in the 21st century is causing men to lose that power. Women are toppling men from high power positions, and this stigma has caused men to categorise these women. There's even a saying that men generally do not date women who have a better career than them because they fear that these women will control them. Do you see the issue here? Men have been controlling women for God knows how long and this has to stop. Yes, this type of masculinity is slowly evolving into something better, but when a woman says "men are trash", they think this evolution is taking too fucking long. No matter how bitter men are about girls taking over the world, they can't stop the progress. They should be part of the process.



Art: Ella Pang





JUDGMENTAL BEHAVIOUR

I'm not saying that girls do not judge men on their appearance (they most certainly do), but the glaring error is that girls are shamed for judging men, or anyone in general. Men get it easy. Even in the workplace, men are judged for their potential, whilst women are judged on their past performance. There are also studies that show while both women and men are aware of the importance of their appearance for social functions, women are judged more by their looks than men in various spheres of life. In my opinion, women are like flowers, normally the centre of attention, whilst men are like leaves, always there to accompany the flower, even when it withers. However, sociology has caused men to turn into thorns, a drawback to the beauty of a flower. When they themselves cannot be the flower, they will be jealous of the aesthetics that the flower is able to provide to the naked eye and therefore causes a judgemental environment.

NOT DOING ANYTHING TO HELP

Another thing that makes men so trashy is that they simply do not care. They do everything for their own gain. When there are reports of abuse and rape, a lot of men do not even bat an eye, because it's not them. However, have you ever thought about why girls are scared to go to the toilet alone? Heck, why they are scared when they are walking out alone at night?

The main reason: men.

I can never say I understand this feeling, but men are the only living things that rape and kill women. That's a cold, hard fact. Thus, it's time for men to stand up and be true men. Men who are all accepting and be the protector of the flowers of life, our ladies. Stop with that fuccboi mentality and grow up.

Don't get me wrong, there are good men out there, but as long as there are men who are still abusing and posing a constant threat to our ladies, every one of us will be trash. All it takes for good men to turn into trash is for them to do nothing.

A bald-headed, wise man from India once said:
"Be the change you want to see in the world."

Do you want your future wife or daughter to live in a world like this?

Think about that.





“THE OPPOSITE SEX”

by Chow Yuen Shan Serene

“The opposite sex.” It’s a common phrase we often hear. What even is the opposite sex? What does it define? As I am a female, what does the term “opposite sex” mean to me? Does it signify males? *All the males? In the world? Wait, what?!* Let’s back up and rewind.

When I was younger, *“the opposite sex”* was just a phrase I often heard that is used to describe boys. Probably around when I was old enough to understand that there were anatomical differences between males and females. But is that where the difference ends? Anatomically? We always hear about gender stereotypes:

“Boys don’t cry.” “Boys are strong.”

“Girls like using make-up.” “Girls are emotional and weak.”

So when I say *“opposite sex”*, does it imply that the two sexes are complete opposites? Even in personalities and attitudes? Which means all girls behave in a similar way, and all boys behave in another similar way completely different to girls. Does this mean that there are only two categories in which a person can fall in? Honestly, is the term *“opposite sex”* even sufficient to define the current gender spectrum? Using the word “opposite” suggests a gender binary, which classifies gender into only two distinct classes. In this day and age where everything is rapidly evolving, more and more people are beginning to identify with the non-binary gender spectrum. The usage of the term “opposite sex” indirectly hints at noninclusion of everyone on the aforementioned gender spectrum. But I digress.

Honestly, I don’t think using the term “the opposite sex” is right. There is no “opposite sex”. Non-binary gender spectrum aside, and looking at it from a completely binary viewpoint, I completely disagree with the idea that males and females are opposites. Therefore, using the word “opposite” in the term “opposite sex” would be completely contradictory. Yes, I admit that there are differences between men and

women. Mainly, there might be anatomical differences, and sometimes, maybe differences in personalities and thought processes. But these little things don’t mean that the two genders are opposites. Let’s be honest, these differences probably even occur between people of the same gender. So what makes us so “opposite”?

I have many close male best friends. As a girl, sometimes I get judged for that. Some might say that I have close male friends only because I “think” or “act like a boy”, but what do they know? I think that I am more alike with some of my closest male friends that I am with other girls. In fact, the person who I feel I am most alike with in this world is actually a male, and not a female. Of course, there are still some differences which exist between us, but that’s an obvious truth for me and everybody else in this world. After all, no two person can be exactly the same, not even twins.

Which is why I find the generalisation of the term “opposite sex” so hard to swallow. I think that it’s pretty weird to have a general set of specific thoughts on one entire sex. Let’s take males for example. There are almost 4 billion males in the world. Even within my own group of friends, all the guys are completely unique and different from each other. What’s more, within 4 billion men? There are many different types of people in this world, and to generalise all men as one type would be odd, as they are extremely varied. Personally, I feel like most of the guys I know have different personalities from one another. I have some who are introverted, quiet and structured, while others who are more extroverted, loud and wild. Some prefer talking, others prefer listening. To group them all as one seems really inaccurate.

Besides the fact that they all have distinct personalities, they all also have unique mindsets, different goals, different priorities, and also come from various walks of life. I just cannot imagine a single set of thoughts that would simultaneously fit all of them appropriately.

Maybe the whole world is too big, so let’s consider a smaller population sample size. Even within my own course (BSc Computer Science, shoutout to School of IT), specifically within my batch’s cohort, I find it impossible to generalise all the boys. Technically speaking, since they all study the same course in the same university, it shouldn’t be that hard to generalise





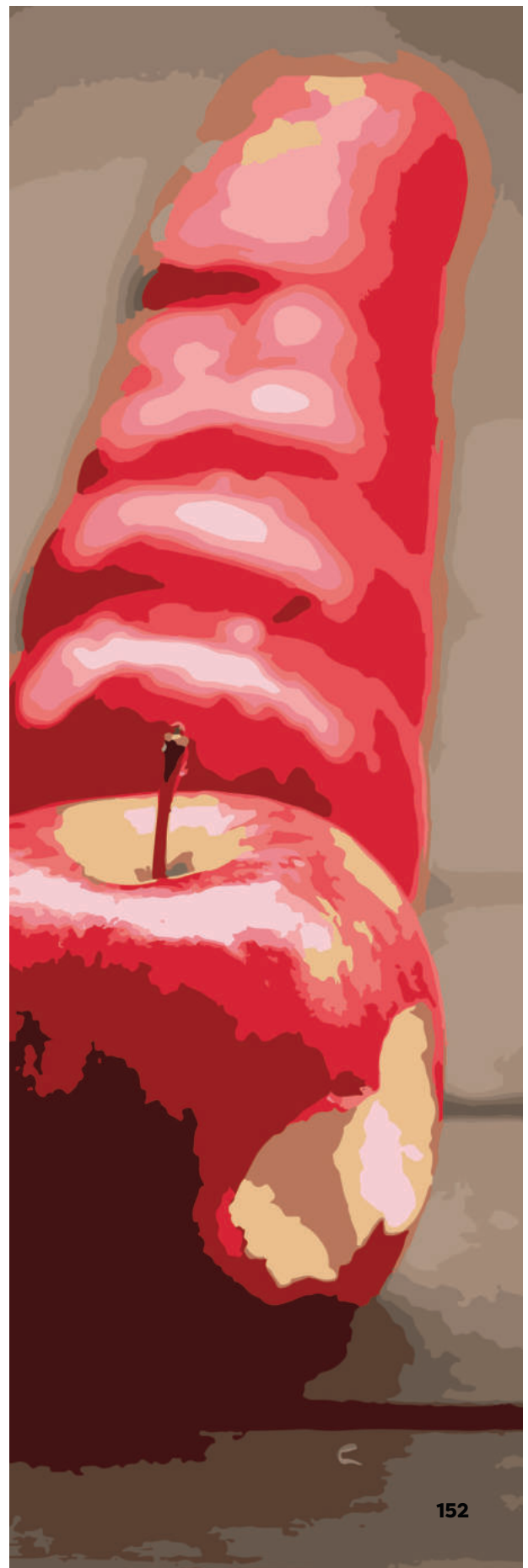
them, right? Wrong. All of them are so, so different. While a majority of them are the same age as me, some are older, some are younger. They come from different places and talk about different things. They have different interests, and honestly, even their style of work differs. Some of my friends are pretty chill and laid-back (“due date is do date”) while some get anxious if they don’t start working on an assignment the moment it’s released. Even these supposedly “similar” guys are all so very different from each other, what’s more the rest of the world? Where everyone has different life experiences, distinct cultures, different desires, etc.? It’s clear that these differences exist even within the same gender, which makes everyone unique and distinct.

So what makes the “opposite sex” so “opposite” if there already exists differences between members of the same sex? Simply put, there isn’t really an actual “opposite sex”. I know that this is mostly just a term that’s being used because of its popularity as a common phrase, but people tend to take it quite literally as the truth sometimes. It’s really not. Everyone is their own person, and this difference isn’t defined by your gender. We’re all just people in the end. So excuse me for sounding cheesy, but maybe it’s time we shed the gender norms and start looking at people beyond the limitations of their gender.

I am a girl.

He is a boy.

We’re not opposites.





WOMEN ALWAYS HAVE RELATIONSHIP TRAUMA... AND MEN ARE PROBABLY THE BIGGEST REASON WHY

by Charles Lee

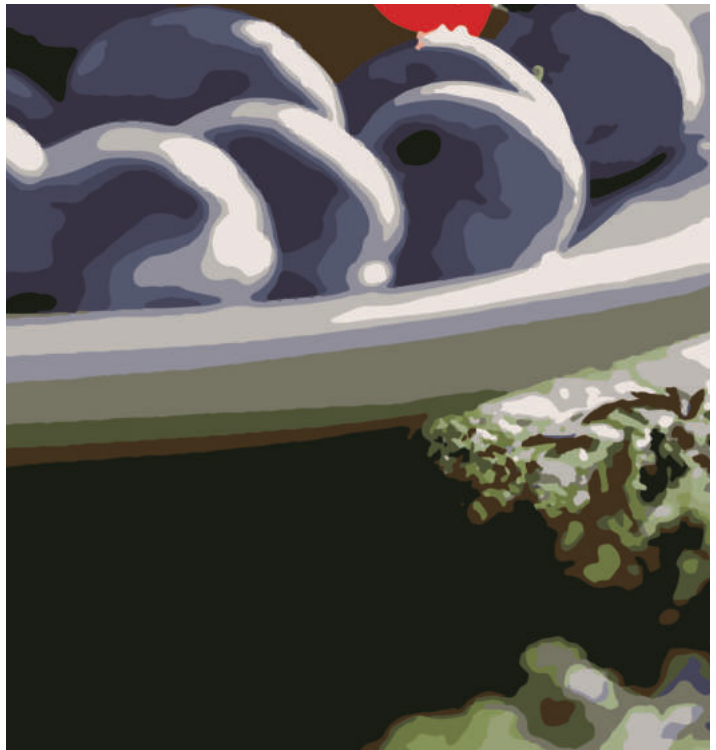
"To be honest, women are a real pain in the neck." my friend murmured as he lazily finished his last sip of beer.

I asked what he meant and he confided,

"...If you lack the looks, you lose her; If you lack the personality, you lose her; Even if the stars align and both of you are a perfect match, you might still lose her because of some mistake her ex did to her..."

Now, before you all pounce on him claiming how unthoughtful and ignorant he is towards the girl's feelings , allow me a brief moment to say:

1. He's been after the girl for a year and a half





WOMEN ARE FRUSTRATING

We all are at times. But if you were to be specific, women generally are more emotionally sensitive due to both biological and psychological reasons.

"Its the way we women think. We generally experience emotion more intensely than men, and there is a terrifyingly thin line between negative and positive emotions." - anonymous

Anyone would have been frustrated if they were to be in my friend's shoes.

Imagine investing effort into someone who reciprocated feelings, only to be **disappointed** because they can't meet you in the middle, For reasons you aren't responsible for and have no control over.

Why can't women move on?

WHAT'S THE DEAL?

Now I get that things don't always go as planned in life.

No process of a relationship is smooth sailing. It is also absolutely absurd to claim women are entirely responsible for these "disappointments".

It's absurd to call these "disappointments" at all. Women don't itch out inconveniences for no reason.

Neither is it their choice in being emotionally constricted during whatever phase of a relationship. Men should learn to accept these flaws.

But how can we, as men, *help* as a counterpart?

Because we're equally responsible.

STOP PORTRAYING WOMEN AS ITEMS

*"Some men view having slept with a girl as an achievement he can boast about amongst his friends. I know it's casually talked about since we've evolved into a more open society, but the thought of being treated as some trophy scares the sh*t out of us."* - anonymous

Women were never meant to be "won" over. Women always had the freedom to choose whoever she wished to form an attachment with. We destroy this freedom the moment we view them as an item, an asset.

Men never once owned women.

Not during a relationship. Not even in marriage.

But very so often **we act as if we do.**

We worry about commitment before a relationship. We question their level of commitment during the relationship.

But when have we worried about her?

When have we worried about her thoughts, her emotions, her well being?

When have we admired women as art.

Adoring them intimately yet gently, knowing full fact that a masterpiece should never be scarred or bruised.

AND IF IT DOESN'T WORK OUT?

We let them go.

We leave them for the next person to admire.

We have to acknowledge that as we grow, our views change.

And just because both now walk a different path, we let her go because we cherish her as a person.

The one way we men can help for women who are emotional frustrated?

Not being the cause of it.



ENDINGS



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IT ENDED LIKE IT BEGAN

by Wei Shang

It ended like it began, like those old black and white movie stills that are lost in translation, picked apart and pried from their contexts, leaving the audience to guess and speculate, worry and nitpick. Which is to say, everything has lost its original meaning, hence everyone is now as lost as ever.

To be deeply in love is to soul-search for reasons that one might not fall out of love and revert to the state that wishes you to curl up foetal-like, begging for that emptiness that transforms your daily routine in a numbed shroud of depression, then have it eat away at you inside into the throes of the night, when dogs howl and sickly yellow streetlamps flicker, and to repeat until you've had enough but unfortunately, it does not leave you.

To this date, coming to terms with it is hard. Everybody says so, that your first love cuts the deepest. "It wasn't a relationship. It never was."

Would you believe it left me dumbfounded, sitting by the side of that curb, looking for ways to not accept it?

Yeah, being physically and emotionally intimate for 7 months doesn't count does it?

Mmm, most people last a year at least, don't they? The next year was spent desperately clinging on to every single moment and fucking stupid rationale that my dumb shitty brain would cook up, lingering on each detail, counting the number of times I'd done wrong, wondering if I'd done wrong, wondering if she'd done wrong, wondering if I was fucking human, because, if I was, then why can't I fucking move on?

Of course, I mean, besides the fact that she was dating my best friend from college, it was fine.

Why wouldn't it be fine?

I howled in rage, cried in my emptiness, beat my chest to the animalistic creature that lived inside me. Each day tattooed in a new numbness, tallying to a point where, you know, life just flatlines. That sine wave that writes the high and lows of your life begins to flatten until suddenly, feeling is just not feeling.

Ever so slowly, you build armour against that barrage life throws at you. Because, rules exist, just like in mathematics, the less you experience the lows, the less you experience the highs.

And then, you must take responsibility for your life. You need to take responsibility for every fit you've thrown, every assumption you made, every needless act of valour. Erase the fine line that separates blame and fault, and take responsibility of it all. Don't give a goddamn shit about who started the fire. She didn't make you do anything. You drove her away. Believe it, and do not blame yourself. Rid yourself of guilt and rid herself of blame.

Take responsibility for it all.

And slowly, that armour will come off.

And look, I didn't mean to hurt her. I said it out of spite, jealousy, and all the ugly emotions mixed together to create that bursting full cesspool. You need to flush once in a while.

Whether it ended, I still don't know. It ended like it began. But it's better now.



Art: Ella Pang





Janet Lau

18:10



"And they lived happily ever after..." - an ending we all grew up believing, right? Nah, Romeo and Juliet did not survive, Jack died and Rose married someone else. Not everything ends on a good note, especially relationships.

15:21

One of the most common cause of bad endings of a friendship/relationship is of this phrase - "if I really mattered to you, you would have made time."

15:21

Let's be real, we have all thought of this or even applied it on people before. Is it really true, though? Depends.

15:22

Sometimes, you get extremely busy with a bunch of commitments and I know how taxing life can be, especially as a Monash Student. All you want is to get all your crap done but time is the limiting factor. Then, there's this relationship you are in.

15:22

"Why didn't you text me? Why did you reply late?! One word reply?!. Sounds familiar? Yeah, we were probably one of those before or still are. Let me give you a scenario.

15:22

You are texting her half way, and suddenly a physical friend interrupts and asks about assignment and the weather, but your phone screen is still on WhatsApp and you are blue ticking her. Uh oh...you quickly reply but the reply is not as "dedicated" (one word reply) because obviously, you are distracted. *MOM CALLING*

15:22

"Halo? Boy ah, mommy forgot to fetch ah girl, she finished school already, can you please rush over? I am stuck in the jam now. She scored 100 marks for Maths yesterday, so bring her for KFC later and send her for English tuition after that ok?"

15:23

Your WhatsApp pops out with 3 messages :

15:26

"Wei, why you suddenly didn't reply?"

15:26

"walao one word reply me"

15:26



Type a message





Janet Lau

18:10



Finally, you sit down after a long ass day and shucks, you realize there is this assignment due in two days and you have not started a single thing so you go auto-focused mode and forget to reply. Your phone is buzzing with texts but the moment you unlock your phone with your thumb, there goes all the notifications and you slip to reply her text AGAIN.

15:34

You'd be surprised that even friendships break because of things like that. Yes, it is true that we will need to put in effort in things that matter, but it really does depend on the circumstances. We won't fully know how a person's life is when we are not physically with them, especially when little tiny pop-ups can cause interruptions. I can be texting you at 11:00pm, and at 11:01pm I would have knocked out. But, that's not because I did not make time, it can just simply mean "I fell asleep."

15:34

You get so caught up in chaotic situations that it is inevitable to miss to text back. One week of Monash life later, she texts "If I really mattered to you, you would have made time". Even Boba can't save it. WHY CANT SHE UNDERSTAND ME? Sigh, Instagram posts drop to zero. Facebook status: Single.

15:34

The next time your bf/gf/bff does not text back instantly or blue-ticked you, don't fire your gun. Wait, be patient. 99% of the time, being understanding towards each other and having less expectations and demands, would let a relationship sail smoothly, and maybe then, you decide your own endings, happy endings.

15:34

lemme know your thoughts Sam

15:35

Saaaaaaaaammmmmmm

15:35

Sam!!!!

15:36

Hi

17:16 ✓

Is my writing good?????????

18:09



18:10 ✓



Type a message





The End

by Saik Ming

Everything is nothing and nothing is everything; new starts and fresh beginnings everything comes to an end this is the beginning of the end. We went from nothings to forever things, we went from forever things to nothings. Three years is a long time and no time at all; how far is a lightyear? How fast is a lightyear?

Everything is nothing and nothing is everything. I've never had to worry about finding words to express my thoughts and emotions. Gifted with words and people and conceit, what then is this unease that constricts my chest quickened breaths heavy heartbeats mental lethargy I'll admit I am scared I am scared I am scared. Of the future of the past; don't overthink the process I've got this far feet don't fail me now. Stop. Reflect. Everything is nothing and nothing is everything. Immersed in discontent I will be better I can only get better. Littered with references poetry is in the streets in full living colour.

Everything is nothing and nothing is everything. Text-to-speech, speech-to-text; mind moving faster than any of the words I can form, mind speaking like I'm bigger than my body. On the cusp of graduation and everything (nothing) has changed. Same person who stepped into this university three and a half years ago my changes have come in the form of a new pair of spectacles and thankfully better dressing (no more jackets and shorts around here); same person who stepped into this university three and a half years ago my growth has come in the form of expanded mind-sets lived experiences broadened perspectives.

Everything is nothing and nothing is everything. My best friend(s) broke up this week and the thing that stood out to me most was that sometimes everything (and more) just isn't enough. Chelsea played Liverpool and had the worst fucking luck in the first half, 2-0 and 2 injuries and a disallowed goal against arguably the best team in world football, every moment counts; Chelsea played the best second half of football I've seen in a long while against the best team in world football and it wasn't enough.





Everything is nothing and nothing is everything; sometimes everything (and more) just isn't enough. Three and a half years of love and memories and intimacies and shared firsts and shared lasts (lusts) ended on a FaceTime call; three and a half years that ended before it even reached the third year, hanging on by a thread holding out for love for each other for anything and everything just hoping everything (and more) would be enough this time but sometimes love isn't enough.

Everything is nothing and nothing is everything. Too long spent in my head in my thoughts worrying about something that has not come, something that may never come. Too long spent losing sleep over the end product how do I make the end product without knowing what the end product is how do I make the end product if I spend too long worrying about the process of actually making the end product? The process comes first. Find beauty in it. Spend more time in the present and less in the future or the past. A dance between dichotomy. Call attention to impermanence. Inhale, in hell there's heaven.

Everything is nothing and nothing is everything. I drove home with Joel and Ivan for the first time in a long time. I drove home with Joel and Ivan for the last time in a long time. The first of the lasts to occur over the next couple months, the last of what was once a first, a first that went on to become habitual, with Joel, with or without Ivan, sometimes others joined; two of us three of us four of us. Drives home to the island we call home if you told me we'd be making these drives together five years ago I would never have believed you, if you told me we're never doing these drives ever again I wish I could say I do not believe you. Drives home shared music shared perspectives shared thoughts shared secrets shared fears shared hopes shared ambitions shared life. Drives home lying about departure times to give our parents the illusion we were going at safe speeds drive safe drive safe drive safe.

Everything is nothing and nothing is everything. In a dream you saw a way to survive and you were full of joy, in this life you found a way to survive but you were void of joy. For the times when love isn't enough please let us be enough.





A FAREWELL TO ADOLESCENCE

by Hizal

*Oh me! Oh life! Of the questions of these recurring,
Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities filled
with the foolish*

What good amid these, O me, O life?

Perhaps it's just me, but I'm certain that I am not alone when it comes to pondering these questions. And though for me, the overwhelming advice I constantly give myself would be to 'cross the bridge when I get there' because if all goes well, I am to remain here in this institution for another two years.

But three years have passed, and how mighty quick has time galloped ever since that morning in March three years ago on the day of MUFY orientation. It's a cliché notion that time flies and it certainly does, and it's at these moments prior to the end of a year, or a semester where you just stop and look around. You start to wonder how on earth have you gotten here and you start to reminisce and see the changes that lie ahead.

My journey in Monash began with a slightly different group of friends than the ones you often see me with now. As these things normally happen, friends from pre-university don't all necessarily remain (close) friends in university. To put it simply, we were once a big, joyous, diverse family in MUFY that by no fault of our own, and utter nature of life, grew apart as we continued pursuing our different degrees. I write this with the select few in mind who are leaving for Johor in the next year. If you know, you know. This is for you lot.

To the man I genuinely consider one of the smartest and brightest people I have met. You are truly an inspiration to me and a glorious example of a student who puts 200% effort in your studies. You leave no stone unturned when it comes to preparing for your exams and your dedication to your work dwarfs anything and anyone I have met. However, to only mention the obvious about you would be criminal, for within that big, broad shoulders you so gallantly carry, lies the fierce but warm heart you so quietly keep

within. I look forward to you unsurprisingly achieve great things in life.

To the girl whom is my 'sister' thanks to a silly nickname-giving 'family' we once resided in. Among the myriads of funny memories I have about you would have to be when you were dancing with an umbrella at the Sunway University cafeteria to Rihanna's 'Umbrella'. I also once cooked you maggi when we all crashed at my place and you cried. I hope that wasn't because the maggi was terrible.

Your quirky nature is, in my opinion, the best thing about you, but in no way does that overshines how benevolent and gracious you are as much as your grit and tenacity. Having been given the chance to know and befriend you will always be a memory I cherish no matter how small those memories may be in this perpetually expanding life. Admittedly, we haven't spoken much for a while so allow me to say my piece here, in this article, by wishing you a happy and fulfilling life ahead and may you never lose your quirky sense of humour.

Lastly, to the guy whom once rocked a headband like nobody else. I never told you this but I was convinced you were Malay for the first 20 minutes when we first met even though you've told me otherwise. I thought you were trying to be funny or something but after a while I realised you weren't. You are technically the first friend I made from college and I could never be more thankful to have met you on that orientation day.

You remind us constantly through your actions on the importance of appreciating the very little things in life and your undaunted nature to try new things without a care for vanity undoubtedly helped many of us around you slowly escape our comfort zones. Your humility in everything you do supersedes everything else that makes you a fierce friend. You almost never not laugh at any of my jokes and may that childish laughter of yours never die.

Together, these three and many more made up a diverse group of about twenty of us. Despite not taking the same units, share the same classes, nor even in any club or society. Somehow, all of us in some unexplainable manner came together beautifully and we went on to live our best lives possible together as friends. From those old dinners at Hungry Brunch





to our huge trip to Penang that really shouldn't have worked. When I think of those moments we had, they seem perfect and incorruptible, and perhaps it is because we have moved towards different directions that make those memories incorruptible. That period had ended and we are now thrust into a new era. However for me, I will always associate these memories with a line from an old play.

"Don't let it be forgot, that for one brief shining moment, there was camelot"

We met at a time when all of us were fresh from high school, many of us not from the Klang Valley region, and for the first time in our lives we had to live far away from our families, forcing ourselves to find comfort within each other. In other words, together we transitioned out of adolescence and I could not be happier that I went through that transition with them.

However, that age is ending and a new daunting time is ahead of us. I would be lying to say I am not afraid of it and of life in general, but for me personally I guess, some old poem would always be there to put things into perspective.

Answer:

*That you are here—that life exists and identity,
That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute
a verse.*



HOME

by Janet Lau



Growing up in a rather strict Asian family, I was tied down to 9pm curfews, the pressure of scoring 90 and above for every subject, having to answer all the who, what, where, when, how just to get the approval of my parents to go out with my friends. My life as a teenager was like living in a box. Sometimes I envy those that live in bigger cities where the kids travel to and fro school by buses and trains, living the independent life where parents are too busy to send them to school due to the bad traffic and chaotic work life. As the phrase goes, "we will always want what we can't have". Just as some kids may wish to have my overly comfortable and protective life where parents give a 100% attention to the children, what I wanted was to have what they have — Freedom.

At the age of 18, I packed my bags and left for college, away from home. "Do you ever miss home?" was the most frequently asked question by my course-mates. I would be silent for a minute or two and hesitated before I half-heartedly say "I do". In fact, just like a bird being freed from its cage, my desire to explore and find myself, after all these years have somehow overshadowed "home". At times, I do find myself crying to sleep, hoping I can somehow teleport back to my room and hug that bolster that has witnessed my lowest and highest, but never the reason to face a restricted life again.

University life was not any different, just simply an addition of four part-time jobs. Deciding to self-support for my living expenses was probably the hardest but

best decision I have ever made. I was so engrossed in the idea of being independent, from getting my own meals to buying my first Dorothy Perkin's jumpsuit and self-funding my first trip to an island, everything felt surreal. I could go out with anyone I wanted, and my curfew? Anytime. It felt almost perfect, living the life the way I have always imagined, no restrictions, and buying flight tickets and only calling home, not to seek permission but just to inform. I was earning and spending my own money and most importantly, I was away, from...home.

Hectic life overtook me, from daily calls back home that turned into weekly calls, monthly calls and eventually, endless missed calls. I would often give the excuse of being too busy that I did not have time to check my phone and that I was perfectly fine just to reassure my parents, but truth is, I wasn't. I was stressed out, burned out, I was far from being okay. What happened to "home", the place I should be running to at times of depression, when I am in need of comfort but no one to turn to? Well I guess, I just did not want my parents to worry. One, they already have enough on their plate and I really do not want to further burden them. Two, because I can already foresee what's next, most probably forcing me to quit all my jobs, concluding that they are the reason of my exhaustion, in other words, I would be living, once again, a restricted life.

Semester break came, I now have all the time in the world. "Why are you not home?" Oh, I figured to stay





and work because well, I'd rather not have a 9pm curfew again.

Just few hours ago, I was living a life that basically cycled around endless lectures, hours and hours in the library and fast-paced meals in university every single day. Having that taken away, felt weird as if I have lost my purpose, not knowing what to do everyday besides anticipating for my work shifts. I was really lonely and felt super uncertain about my future plans, basically a blend of issues circulating my mind and there seemed to be no right way out. As days passed, I find myself scrolling through my contacts, wondering who to call or text. All my friends from home have dispersed into different countries, time zone was an issue and they were also facing exams. Unconsciously, I would go through Instagram, then Snapchat, then Whatsapp and repeat the cycle again. Everyday was a drag.

Life was just so dry and I realised the one thing I haven't called, was home. The number I have been avoiding to dial. "Hi mom". A conversation I thought would only last 10 minutes eventually became 2 hours and finally ending with her saying "you must be hungry, go have some milo and biscuits before you sleep". As I hung up and stared into the blank screen on my phone, a rush of guilt filled me. I reflected on how badly I wanted to be away from home, just so I can be free from rules, live my own life the way I wanted. But somehow, that call instantly replaced my loneliness and worries with a sense of comfort and

that everything is going to be alright, like finally, a light at the end of my dark tunnel.

I can't imagine those nights when I missed their calls, were they sleeping soundly? Was the phone in the palms of their hands waiting for my text? And as they closed their eyes to get some rest, at the back of their minds, they must be wondering about me. To finally realise, that all this while, the one that kept the candlelight burning, just so I can see a glimpse of light in my time of darkness was...home.





BUT DIFFERENT



ART

differently."





DIFFERENCE IS POWER//

DIFFERENCE IS DEFINING//

DIFFERENCE IS INDIVIDUALITY//

DIFFERENCE IS AGENCY//

**DIFFERENCE IS ME YELLING AGAINST WHAT CONFINES
ME//**

DIFFERENCE HELPS ME BECOME MYSELF//

DIFFERENCE SEEKS TO UNITE - I AM NOT ALONE//

DIFFERENCE GIVES ME SOMETHING TO SHARE//

DIFFERENCE GIVES ME DIRECTION//

I AM MY DIFFERENCE//

I LOVE YOU FOR YOUR DIFFERENCE//

//THANK YOU

//I LOVE YOU TOO





DIFFERENCE IS PAINFUL//

DIFFERENCE IS ALIENATING//

DIFFERENCE DIVIDES//

DIFFERENCE DENOTES A HIERARCHY//

**DIFFERENCE DENOTES THAT I AM EITHER BETTER OR WORSE
OFF THAN OTHER PEOPLE//**

I WISH I WASN'T DIFFERENT//

I WISH I WAS COMFORTABLE WITH MYSELF//

I WISH FELT HUMAN//

I WISH BEING MYSELF DIDN'T MEAN FEELING LONELY//

I WISH I COULD EMBRACE MY DIFFERENCE//

**EQUALITY IS A UTOPIAN DREAM BUILT TO COVER UP INJUSTICE
AND OPPRESSION//**

I WISH I KNEW MYSELF SO I WOULD KNOW WHAT TO EMBRACE//







**truth be told we only mire ourselves in pretention
and metaphors and insults because we can't say
how we truly feel**

**truth be told we sometimes make others the target
of our hurt because we don't know how to get rid of
it**

truth be told we just wanna feel safe

truth be told we just to feel loved

**whether it's hiding ourselves in the warmth of a hug,
blanket, or labial fold**

truth be told we're all hurting

Art @iruaru





they said I wasn't good enough smart enough hot enough

i am a coward i am a freak i am a loveless

virgin slut with fat chicken legs

and i will never amount

to anything

damn

that's a lot of hurt

but it's how I feel and sometimes

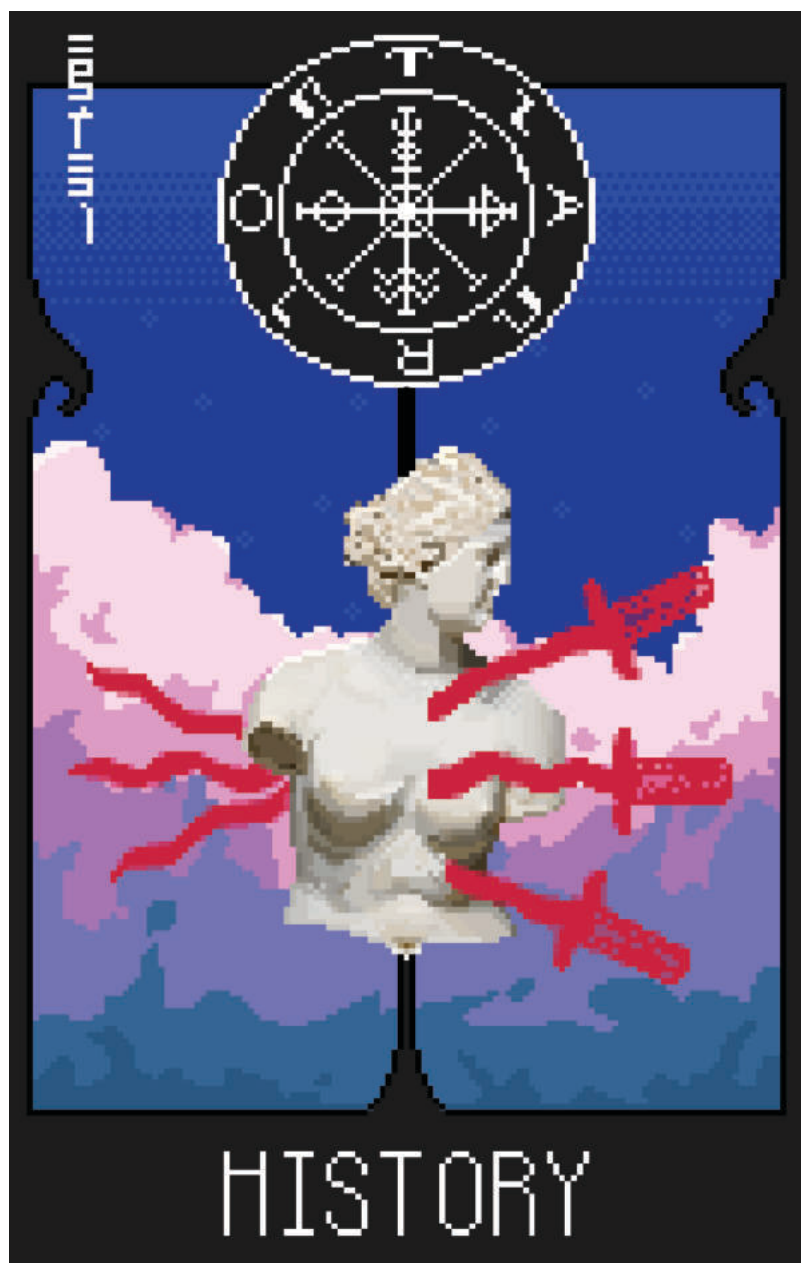
and sometimes it's literally all I feel.....

so like... how can I move forward... despite all this alienation???



SO SO SO SO I THINK THERE'S A CHANCE YOU ARE HURTING THE WAY I AM HURT
AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT PERHAPS THE IDEA THAT WE ARE ALIKE IN OUR LO
LINES AND FRUSTRATION MEANS THAT WE AREN'T SO DIFFERENT AND THAT M
BE WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER OUT A BIT DO YOU CATCH MY DRIFT SO LET'S SEE
CAN TREAT YOU THE WAY I WOULD LIKE TO TREAT MYSELF CALM COOL COLLEC
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HISTORY

Art: @iruaru



SO LET'S BE KIND...

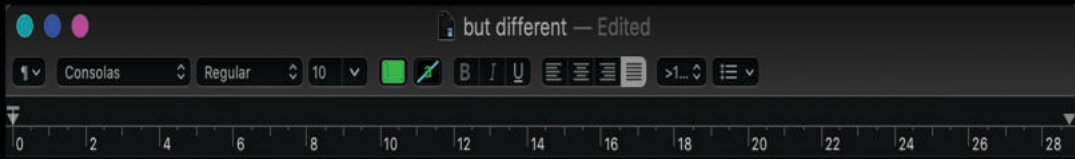




IN DEFIANCE OF OURSELVES

“BUT DIFFERENT”
TEXT: SAMUEL MUI
ART: ELLA PANG (165, 173, 174)
@iruaru (169, 172)
PHOTOS: CELINE CHUA (167-168)
RYAN WEE (171)





I'M TYPING THIS ON A PLANE BACK TO SUBANG FROM PENANG. I FLEW HOME FOR ANOTHER NEEDED WEEKEND AWAY FROM UNIVERSITY. I'M IN AN AISLE SEAT; I GAVE UP MY WINDOW SEAT FOR A COUPLE TO BE TOGETHER. IT'S SEPTEMBER 9 2019 AND BY NOW I'VE WRITTEN 9 PIECES MORE THAN LAST YEAR AND HOPEFULLY BY THE END OF THE YEAR I WILL HAVE WRITTEN 9 MORE.

WRITING HAS ALWAYS COME NATURALLY TO ME, A MEDIUM FOR MY THOUGHTS FOR WHEN THE LUMPS FORMED IN MY THROAT AND IT WAS EASIER TO FIND SOLACE IN THE MECHANICAL CLICKING OF KEYS ON A DIGITAL SCREEN. STRUGGLING TO PUT MY THOUGHTS INTO WORDS; BRING ME PEACE BRING ME SERENITY, BRING ME COMFORT IN MY SKIN AND IN MY THOUGHTS. I WANT OUT OF THIS LABYRINTH. REPLAYING THE SAME SONG OVER AND OVER WON'T BRING ME CLOSER TO CREATING THE ART I WANT TO BE PRODUCING, HELP ME BRIDGE THE GAP BETWEEN WHO I AM AND WHO I WANT TO BE; LESSEN THE SPACE BETWEEN WHERE I AM AND WHERE I WANT TO BE. SUDDEN STROKES OF INSPIRATION, LONELY SATURDAY NIGHTS WHERE THE SKY TURNED BETWEEN DIFFERENT SHADES OF BLUE BUT ALL I DID WAS SIT IN MY ROOM WITH THE CURTAINS DRAWN INDIFFERENT TO LIFE PASSING ME IN FRONT OF MY EYES. TWO HOURS FEELS INSIGNIFICANT IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS AND TIME IS ALWAYS PASSING BUT I DON'T WANT TO LIVE A WASTEFUL LIFE.

I LOVE THE ROMANTICISATION OF HANDWRITING AND SCRAWLED INTIMACIES ON THE PAGES OF NOTEBOOKS MEANT FOR YOUR EYES ONLY. BUT THAT IS NOT ME. I AM THE LOST LINES NOT PURSUED BECAUSE I CHOSE NOT TO INSTANTLY WRITE THEM DOWN. I AM MY OWN REGRET IN THESE SITUATIONS, HEAD AND GAZE AVERTED TO THE SKIES TO THE HEAVENS SCREAMING AT MY CREATOR SCREAMING QUESTIONS OF INSOLENCE AND INDIGNITY; WHY WAS I NOT MADE TO BE DIFFERENT? WHY WAS I NOT MADE TO LOVE BETTER, TO BE PATIENT AND KIND AND LOVING AND UNDERSTANDING; UNWAVERING IN TURMOIL AND REASSURING IN HEART TO HEARTS AND HAND IN HANDS. WHY WAS I NOT MADE TO BE EQUIPPED TO HANDLE MY LOVED ONES AT THEIR WORST, ONLY WANTING TO BE AROUND PEOPLE AT THEIR HIGHEST BUT NOT KNOWING HOW TO BE THERE FOR THEM AT THEIR LOWEST. WHY WAS I NOT MADE TO BE SELFLESS, WILLING TO PUT OTHERS IN FRONT OF MYSELF, A MIND THAT WHEN DEMANDED DOES NOT THINK OF THE BEST OUTCOME FOR MYSELF BUT FOR OTHERS? WHY WAS I NOT MADE TO BE HARDWORKING, CAPABLE OF PUTTING IN THE GRAFT THAT I SO ENVY WHEN I LOOK AT MY PEERS AROUND ME AND FEEL SO INFERIOR TO? WHY WAS I NOT MADE TO BE TALLER, A DWARF AMONG MEN, IN STATURE AND IN BEING; TO HAVE EYES THAT DO NOT STRAY AND LEAD TO STRANGERS WONDERING IF I AM INDEED TALKING TO THEM FOR THE FIRST TIME.

BUT IN EVERY QUESTION AND GRIEVANCE I DIRECTED AT THE SKIES AT MY CREATOR CAME GRATITUDE FOR THE BLESSINGS SHOWERED UPON ME IN MY LIFE. I GIVE THANKS TO THE PEOPLE IN MY LIFE, THROUGH UPS AND DOWNS AND HIGHS AND LOWS FAMILIARITY IN THE UNKNOWN HOMES AWAY FROM HOME IN TRIUMPH AND IN DEFEAT. BOWED HEADS IN SILENT PRAYERS OF THANKS FOR THE ONLY DECISION WHEN IT COMES TO FOOD IS WHAT TO EAT AND NOT WHETHER I CAN AFFORD TO; AFFORDED THE LUXURY OF HOW LONG DO I SPEND ON NETFLIX IN MY THOUGHTS ON MY LAPTOP IN THE PAGES OF BOOKS, WHERE DO I GO A QUESTION IN MY HEART AND IN MY HEAD INSTEAD OF A REALITY WHERE IT IS WHERE DO I GO (TO SLEEP) WILL THERE BE A ROOF OVER MY HEAD TONIGHT. FOR THE SHORT LEGS THAT STILL WALK AND RUN (RUN FORREST RUN) AND CARRY ME TO PLACES I COULD ONLY EVER DREAM OF VISITING; FOR THE EYES THAT SEE THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD EYES THAT SEE LIFE IN WAYS NO OTHER PERSON WILL EVER SEE EYES THAT FIND A HOME IN THE EYES OF A LOVER EYES THAT REST UPON PRIVATE SMILES IN GOLDEN HOUR SUNLIGHT; FOR THE MIND THAT INTERPRETS BOOKS AND LINES AND PARAGRAPHS AND QUOTES AND SONGS AND MOVIES AND IDEAS AND THOUGHTS AND VIEWPOINTS AND PERSPECTIVES AND LAUGHS AND TEARS AND FEARS AND HOPES AND DREAMS AND ART IN CONSTELLATIONS AND COLOURED REVERIE; A MENTAL PICTURE THAT ONLY MAKES SENSE TO ME.

I WILL LOOK BACK ON THIS PERIOD OF MY LIFE AND KNOW THAT I WAS NOT PERFECT. FAR FROM IT. AND THIS WILL HOLD TRUE FOR MANY MORE OF THE ENSUING PERIODS OF MY LIFE. I HOPE NOBODY HOLDS THAT AGAINST ME, I HOPE I WILL NOT HOLD THAT AGAINST MYSELF. I WILL KNOW I HAVE WRONGED, PEOPLE AND CIRCUMSTANCES ALL VICTIMS OF MY NAIVETE AND IGNORANCE AND IMPULSE, FAULTS OF MY OWN AND NOBODY ELSE. AND IT IS DISARMING FOR ME TO ADMIT TO MY FAILURES AND SHORTCOMINGS. ONE THING TO KNOW IT MENTALLY, TO HARBOUR IT IN MY HEAD AND MY HEART; ANOTHER TO TRANSLATE THESE THOUGHTS INTO WORDS, VULNERABLE WORDS FOR A VULNERABLE WORLD, TANGIBLE FOR THE UNIVERSE. IT TAKES A MIND TO WORRY, A CONSCIENCE TO FEEL ASHAMED. I WILL AT ALL TIMES TRY MY BEST TO LEARN FROM THESE TRIBULATIONS, BECAUSE IT IS HUMAN TO ERR AND FALL AND MAKE MISTAKES, AND TO BECOME BETTER IS TO GROW AND GROW AND GROW, THROUGH THE STUMBLING AND FALLING AND COMING UP SHORT.

SINCERITY IS SCARY. I KNOW THAT NOW MORE SO THAN EVER. I STRUGGLE WITH PERSONAL TRUTHS VULNERABLE TRUTHS HUMAN TRUTHS; AS A SON AS A LOVER AS A FRIEND; AS A HUMAN BEING. I WANT TO BE TRANSCENDENT; TO MAKE THINGS FOR A GENERATION; TO BE BIGGER THAN LIFE. I'LL START WITH BEING DIFFERENT, WITH BEING MYSELF. AND IF I LISTEN CLOSELY, I CAN HEAR MY HEART BEATING; IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY, YOU CAN HEAR MY HEART BEATING.

“BUT DIFFERENT” BY TAY SAIK MING





I've always felt that the word "different" resonated with me.

22 years of breathing, the word 'different' always seemed to hit a home run. Perhaps, a distant light-house when I feel like sinking; a single buoy I can hold on to. Sometimes, it seemed to me that 'different' is like a cape draped over my shoulders. I wear it around nonchalantly, as if it were my responsibility.

I've heard a lot of things about being different or difference in general. Difference is a wide spectrum, depending on how you perceive it. But the difference I refer to is the uniqueness of individuals: you stand out with personal traits; idiosyncrasies that many would deem one of a kind. Which brings me to my question:

Should we glorify difference? Or should we romanticise it? Sure, you may have watched movies like Forrest Gump, with values tattooed all over screaming "STAY TRUE TO YOURSELF" or "BE YOURSELF" bla bla bla and whatnot. I love that movie regardless (I re-watch it every Christmas), but I can't help but wonder if being different in real life is actually practical.

The only difference between me and you is that I wasn't enough.

Is a year never enough? You made me feel as if I let us slip away from my fingers in oblivion. I recall listening to you sobbing over the phone line; the rhythm of your breath filled my ear, yet infatuated by lust and pride, so much you could only say, "maybe you're not here that's why and it's not enough".

Difference saw my past lovers come and go like pirate ships; they came and rob and left. For a moment you thought I was special, for a moment you thought I was different.

The only difference we have is that we are living in two worlds.

If I were to compress our late night musings into a beer bottle, I'd be paralyzed. If words and numerals represented the both of us, the world would begin to know art in your name's sake. We were back to back; and yet I found myself thinking that the skies in Subang were far different from home. I found answers through the lines we wrote for each other, the songs we listened to, and the silences we shared: that we were not meant to be. And we will never be.

Difference could only plant hopes that we find our unspoken thoughts meant for us in between queue lines at the airport, on your way back to Melbourne one day.

The only difference I have is that God didn't love me.

I grew up knowing that I am loved. However, do I need to know that I am loved by feeling it? My Sundays were filled with worship sessions on the guitar with Aunty Adeline guiding me through the book of Acts. While my afternoons were occupied with fellowship, nights were filled with songs and prayers.

Maybe difference saw the parts I didn't understand: the part when I lost someone so dear, when I felt like an outcast in church because no one cared enough to see through my depression; the part when they could only put me down. The part when emptiness could only be found in between the cracks of my battered heart.

God, did you forget about me?

If only being different usually means standing out.

If and only if...

"BUT DIFFERENT" BY CELINE CHUA





MUSA 2019





Vice Presidents



General Secretary





Treasurers



Publicity Officers



Welfare Officers



Wom*n's Officers



Clubs and Societies'



MUISS





School of Arts



Acitivities Chairpersons



School of Engineering



School of IT



School of Medicine and Health Sciences



School of Science





School of Pharmacy



School of Business



Zu Peng, President

2019 was an incredibly challenging year for MUSA. But the goal to serve the student body will still remain and we hope to continue serve the student body well. To those who ask why I returned to MUSA, I just didn't want to see MUSA crumble because of the actions of some people and hope that students can continue to trust MUSA. To the future MUSA, please do not join MUSA because of CV but with the intention of serving the students. Once again, thank you for your support. What matters to you, matters to us.



Vice Presidents

NIKITA: MUSA, will always be the highlight of my Monash experience. It was a rollercoaster ride, with innumerable bumps and unexpected turns. However, it was the thrill of the journey that became my driving force and it's safe to say that I managed to land on my feet at the end of it. We're passing on the baton to the new MUSA, hoping they will reach even greater heights!

mic drop

HIBA: Countless experiences, life-long friendships, several challenges and unforgettable memories! Thankyou MUSA for helping me grow! It was an experience of a lifetime which shall always be cherished.

Adios!



Chung Hou, General secretary

Why are we still here? Just to suffer? Every night, I can feel my leg... and my arm... even my fingers. The body I've lost... the comrades I've lost... won't stop hurting... It's like they're all still there. You feel it, too, don't you?



Treasurers

MARIUM: Dealing with uncertainties, new friendships, countless memories, unforgettable experiences and constant reminders that we are broke; perfectly sums up my year in MUSA.

MINAL: Not going to lie, it was quite the year for MUSA. However, all's well that ends well! So, here's to ending my Monash experience on the highest of notes; MUSA, you've been a roller coaster of a ride, but I wouldn't have had it any other way. From the amazing friendships that were started in the office, to the countless memories made, and to working with the best team ever, I'm going to miss every bit of it. Thank you for all the lessons taught!

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- Zai Jian -



Publicity Officers

VENIA: MUSA is a platform to learn and grow. Went through ups and downs; mostly downs -but still it is the choice that I have made. As a result: One of the best life experience ever! Thank you Publicity team!

KAR MENG: My term in the Publicity office has been challenging, to say the least. But thank you to my team for making it worthwhile by challenging themselves and acing it every time in such an extraordinary way! MUSA is an association that acts as a platform for its members to grow and to develop a sense of responsibility. Thank you team and here's to another year of success!



Matthew, Activities Chairperson

"Life is like a box of chocolates, you never know what you are gonna get." - Forrest Gump.



Welfare Officers

EMILY: Joining MUSA has been an eye opening and challenging experience, and although the journey had many ups and downs, I don't regret it in the slightest!

KENNETH: MUSA. Amazing people with amazing experiences? Cannot deny that. But in all honesty, fuck this. Gave my all and even more and yet it was never enough. One mistake and you'd get flamed by the students for "not doing more". Stand in our shoes and then you will see the limitations that prevents progress. I am just one man seeing to every students' welfare but yet who is taking care of mine? Ask yourself this before you speak as your words impact others in different ways.



Ee Gee, C&S Sports Officer

It's Monash Cup, not the Olympics.



Clubs and Societies

CAMILLUS: C&S was a wiiiiild ride. Do I wanna do it again? Noooooooope. I learnt a lot though. Thanks MUSA for kicking my ass, it really was a rare opportunity to be here. Time to be a normal student again :)

JAYASREE: "If we can do just one thing I hope it is this; leave behind a better world than the one we came into ." To my C&S, this was truly one of the most memorable years I'll ever have, with memories that I'll cherish for a lifetime. All I can hope for is that I've made a difference.



Anis, C&S Secretary

What a way to end my final semester. If anyone asks me what's the best thing in Monash by far, being a C&S secretary is probably the highlight of it. Thanks to my small fam and precious people who make my life less miserable and more meaningful. Definitely going to miss the people, drama and chaos ;) Now it's time for some real paid jobs weee~



WOM*N'S Officers

FIZZAH: It's been a true pleasure serving the student body as part of MUSA'19 and working alongside passionate, creative and driven individuals, my amazing partner Charu and the best subcommittee one can ask for! Thankyou for changing me in so many ways. And for the last time, IT'S WOM*N'S not Women's Officers!! :((

CHARULATHA: The past year has been most rewarding and fruitful for my character development! Thank you to our exceptional and beautiful subcommittee for working cohesively to nurture this tropical jungle of a department. Thank you to my best friend Imran, and my soul-sister Fizzah who have made me laugh and kept me grounded in this scary ole' Cowboy Town! Finally, thank you reader for the contribution that you have done to make this campus more inclusive. And if you read the last line confused as to what your contribution has been, what will you do to change that?



C&S Publicity Officers

DHIRAJ: Took up this position cuz I like editing videos and making posters. However, there were a few situations where I unexpectedly face issues that I assumed was impossible to handle and the best way to describe this entire scenario is by a bar by the The Notorious B.I.G, "I drop unexpectedly like bird shit".

SERENE: Working with C&S 2019 was an incredible journey from start to finish. I made so many friends and memories along the way. I'd like to commend all of my committee members and sub-comms for their effort and hard work. Lastly, I'd like to thank the students for the opportunity to serve them.



Heads of MUISS

CHARLOTTE: My biggest takeaway from this year is that MUISS brings out the weird in people. I am so proud of how far our team has come, and of how we have flourished in our year in office.

SAMIUL: MUISS will be a part of my life and I will do it all over again if I am given the same team mates



C&S Treasurers

MANISHA: Firstly, I would like to thank C&S 2019 for accepting me as part of them. It was really great working with each and everyone of them and I wouldn't have wanted it any other way. Being a treasurer, I have learned and grown so much along the journey. I will forever cherish this journey and the friends that I have made.

TAN WEY: I hate treasurer job, however, I've never regretted joining C&S!!! It's an honour knowing each one of you and thanks for the help you all have given me. This was truly a memorable and meaningful year for me.^^



Humaira, MUISS Secretary

I've seen my team go through countless ups and down, but I can always rely on them to push through together to get work done. I'd be lucky to work with a team half this good in the future.



Sridurga, C&S Liason Officer

Aren't we all glad this is over?!? my position remained a mystery since day 1, but it was a f*cking great journey!. Thankful to have been a part of C&S, couldn't have asked for a better team to work with .. making this a memorable year.



Vania, MUISS Treasurer

I love making financial reports, it's my life's purpose. Each receipt I paste gives me such joy and comfort and relief :)





**Akriti,
MUISS Publicity**

Although I couldn't finish an official term at MUISS, I'm still extremely grateful for how much I've learned and all the amazing people I've met. MUISS is a family like no other, and I couldn't be happier with the time I spent here



**Aarcha,
MUISS Activities**

"The activities officer can't have fun; she makes sure others have fun". Nope! My term was the best year of my life; full of sugar, spice and everything nice.



**Esha,
MUISS Welfare**

It was a kick-you-in-the-crotch, spit-on-your-neck-fantastic experience.



**Dua, MUISS Country
Representative**

Being a part of MUISS is joining into a colorful, sometimes messy, often chaotic and beautifully diverse family filled with support, sprinkled with joy and covered all over with stress - and I wouldn't have had it any other way.



MUISS Editors

MIUVAN: "The purpose of life is finding the largest burden that you can bear and bearing it." Jordan B. Peterson

ALIVIA: This year has been a long ride but I have never once regretted being part of MUISS and grateful for my team, the experiences and friends I've made along the way.



School of Arts

AMY: I think one advice I'd give to every student is to just take a chance and join something, anything, in university. Everything's been bittersweet, but irreplaceable, and I'm really so thankful for it.

UZAIR: Arts Rep - the job that stands out. This experience was tiring. Fruitful but tiring. What an adventure we've had. The Sassy community will always be an amazing bunch :) Remember to always have fun with everything you do and the team I had this year was tremendous! okay, its cold on the 4th floor library right now and I have an assignment to do, uzi out.
Hashtag: SethuGiveaway





School of Business

MATTHEW: "I would not have predicted that I would become the SOB Rep 2019, and I want to shout-out to my amazing Subcommittee and Major/Year Reps for working their ass off, and to my partner, Jingjing, for doing so much and carrying me throughout the semester despite not being appreciated at all by the Students.
#MUSASOB2019

JING JING: Thanks to supportive students, alumni and staffs. Unexpected challenges of working solo, with changing partners, and an interim partner show just how people management is key! Shout out to my ever-supportive colleague Matthew and our loving subcommittees. GROWING together with you ALL is like how ATAS coffee fragrance is – bittersweet – keeps me awake reconciling this MUSA-in-a-lifetime journey;)



School of Science

YING SHAN: I have no regrets. Or do I? MUSA 2019, Thanks fr th Mmrs

BRYAN: What an amazing opportunity it is to meet new people and spearhead meaningful initiatives for the betterment of the school of science. I would like to thank the students, admins, fellow colleagues, subcoms and my partner Violeta for the support provided during my tenure. Ever so grateful to serve you as your student representative. Gambateh MUSA 2020!



School of Medicine & Health Sciences

SETHU: It was a very eye-opening term. Met various kinds of people, and learnt that some people can be full of shit. Anyways, although balancing this and my course is a freaking nightmare, I'm glad that I joined, because I've made friends that I will cherish for many days to come. OH AND THE REPS DON'T JUST SIT IN THE OFFICE AND ENJOY THE AIRCON OK!!

THISANSA: One thing I learnt through my year of MUSA was how important support was; Its been a tough year but a great experience and make sure you surround yourself with people who help you grow and get through. Make sure to smile and be happy, your well-being matters more than anything!



School of IT

DANIEL: Honestly the highlight of my life in Monash thus far. Uni life has peaked and i'm not sure if there'll be anything that can top the months i've been part of MUSA. Great moments, great experiences, and great opportunities. Only regret was not being able to start early and contribute more. Regardless, on to the next chapter!

AMBER: Thank you Daniel for dragging me into this mess. Everything happens for a reason and I'm glad to have been part of this crazy team. Even though we came in late, it has been a pleasure to serve SoIT for the year 2019 :)



School of Engineering

WAIL: Repping for SOE has been the craziest thing I've ever done in my life! To my amazing partner Mariana Grande and my favourite team of subcoms, words can't express how grateful I am to have you guys. To MUSA 2019, our ever-so supportive CMO, year reps and students of SOE, thank you all for your support and for making this journey a memorable one. This is me signing off as your 2019 SOE Rep! Time to catch up on one year's worth of sleep!

MARIAN: One year, Two Semesters, Three is too much, For me to handle. Jokes aside, wonderful experience. Turn back time? I will do it again.



School of Pharmacy

WAYNE: Roller coaster ride through 2019. Learned and gained a lot of wonderful experiences. Ask me if I'd do it again and my answer will always be "I need my sleep". A shoutout to See Mun and our lovely subcoms for pulling through this together.

SEE MUN: I took on this position with my entire HEART and SOUL because I had so much to offer and I did everything I wanted to achieve! It brings tears to my eyes, how fulfilling, rewarding and blessed 2019 has been. LOVE MA #MUSAFAMFAM subcoms 3000 times! Without them and Wayne, I am nothing. Please continue to support MUSA SOP! Will definitely MISS Y'ALL! PHARMILY forever and always!

MONGA EDITORIAL TEAM 2019





OUR LAST WORDS

..... or not.



AMNA, PHOTOGRAPHER: My experience with Monga helped me channel my inner photographer and learn from the best. During this tenure, I realized how much I loved capturing moments and seeing the joy it brought to people when I shared the photographs with them. With the help of the easy-going and down to earth crew and Editors of Monga, I was able to enhance my photography skills. The part that I enjoyed the most was enjoying the food at the events after a long tiring day.



SERENE, WRITER: It's been a while since I last had an outlet for writing, so I'm really grateful to have joined MONGA. It's really interesting to be surrounded by so many creative and talented individuals. Thanks for the memories, MONGA! Stay creative, stay fun.



WESLEY, PHOTOGRAPHER: I came into MONGA green as newbie, with little no experience, definitely a lot less knowledge than I would like to admit and a lot less friends in this very same hobby. A year later, dare I say, had I not joined, I wouldn't have known how much of a loss it would be. Thank you for giving me a chance to work with amazing and talented people in some of the quirkiest projects yet.



ELLA, CREATIVE DIRECTOR/VICTIM: forever grateful for the creative opportunities & friendships made & everything in between, it was fun while it lasted let's fucking thrive!!!!!!!





SAIK MING, CREATIVE DIRECTOR: ups and downs and highs and lows nobody else i would have rather done this with. unfamiliar strangers at the start of this all look how far we've come i'm not lying when i say i'm most in my own skin when i'm with you lot; lunches at the umbrellas screaming into a loudhailer dreaded walks to take a piss because the toilet is quite frankly too far away from the office sweaty photoshoots that culminated in 10pm dinners thank you for being a home to me.



DANIEL, VIDEOGRAPHER/PHOTOGRAPHER: MONGA gave me a platform to capture and share moments with my talents. I enjoyed to be part of this community for this past semester and hope to continue doing it till I leave. Thank you MONGA!



MATTHEW, WRITER: Writing for Monga was like listening to a Joji song; you don't know what's he singing about when you are listening to it the first time, but it'll grow on you, just like how writing random thoughts for Monga grew on me. Shoutout to the awesome editors for allowing me to write for Monga (because I legit do not know what the heaven am I writing 95% of the time//).



HIZAL, WRITER: It's not an understatement when I say I probably did not contribute much here but i'm honoured to have been among these people who are incredibly talented and passionate with everything they do here in MONGA. I will definitely miss the sheer absurdity and insanity of the people I have met here.



NICHOLAS, PHOTOGRAPHER: Another year, another team, still just as awesome. Thanks for the oppourtunities, the laughter and the craziness of it all.





NADIAH, PHOTOGRAPHER: It's been really fun and exciting working in Monga. Being a photographer in Monga allowed me to learn, experience and do new things but most importantly, it made me realised an ability and interest in photography that I'd never imagine to have. Thank you Monga, for the opportunities, friends and memories. Its been a great honour and I'll definitely miss working in Monga.



IVAN, PHOTOGRAPHER/VIDEOGRAPHER: Another crazy year in MONGA! I do genuinely enjoy it despite how hectic and busy it can get sometimes. This year I managed to get to try doing video and I guess I have improved from there. Aside from there, I gonna miss you all, the crazy bunch of editors inside their office!! Next year is going to be our turn and I hope that we will serve as well.



AI JIA, PHOTOGRAPHER: I had a little bit of a challenging headstart at Monga as I came in a week late due to being overseas. Being tasked to photograph almost weekly is definitely a steep learning curve as my technical skills are rusty and I have to balance monga duties with my demanding 3rd year units. However, I do not regret pushing myself out of my comfort zone as I got to experience different university-wide events and activities I would not have otherwise been able to witness. Merdeka Week, Pool game and Frisbee game are some of my favourites.



YU HANG, PHOTOGRAPHER: I'm very glad to have worked with a team of talented people, this experience made my second year in Monash more colorful!



JAY WEN, PHOTOGRAPHER: They say a picture paints a thousand words. I am glad to have been able to tell the story of life in Monash from my perspective that I fail to put into words. Being here rekindled my passion towards capturing stories not to mention the perks of being able to meet the many wonderful people along the way.





SARAH, PHOTOGRAPHER: for someone who literally shies away from human contact, joining this club was a major step out of my comfort zone,, but I told myself 2019 was gonna be my year and that I was gonna put myself out there and stop being so shy & everyth so I guess that's why I joined monga!! I wouldn't say it was a completely bad experience, I still get nervous before having to cover an event (bc omg, having to face so many people) but I definitely met new people and I also learnt how to work around a camera so yeah, it's been p cool :~)



JIA HUI, GRAPHIC DESIGNER: It's a pleasure working with Monga. As an engineering student i don't get to do any artsy stuff much, so being able to have a platform to create and share my artwork/designs is amazing. We're all just stories in the end, so let's make it a good one.



KIERAN, WRITER: Is it funny that as an aspiring creator MONGA has been my first proper writing gig in the twenty years of my life? I'm certainly not the bustling creative people conventionally think of, and I'd dreaded having to step out of my comfort zone for interviews and features, but in the end its been quite the meaningful journey, one that I'm endlessly grateful for. Thank you for entertaining my creative endeavours, and for giving me a platform to grow and to projectile vomit my feelings on, lol. I hope to serve everyone well in the year to come.



AIMAN, PHOTOGRAPHER: The biggest responsibility to handle as a photographer for MONGA is to capture the special moments that are happening in Monash campus which are worth remembering. I have given my best in capturing meaningful pictures with great quality. I sincerely believe that pictures are worth a thousand words, but the memories will forever remain priceless. So, just live your precious moments, and let your smiles forever be a memoir for the future.



ADEL, VIDEOGRAPHER: Monga gave me a chance to hone my video capturing and editing skills by assigning me to featured and event videos. This gave me a first hand experience on how to approach different subject matters and what mistakes to avoid (sorry for the merdeka vid :P). Overall I had a great time and my only regret is I didnt join sooner.





CHARLES, WRITER: Veni, Vedi, Scripsit (I came, I saw, I wrote)



DURRAH, WRITER: I didn't like 2019. I wasn't in a good place mentally and emotionally especially in the first half of the year, and it's not an exaggeration for me to say that being able to contribute for MONGA was one of the few things that made me look forward to living at one point, and I can't thank MONGA enough for that. I'm going to miss doing the Humans of Monash project (especially interviewing the cat) and the Schools FAQs video the most. I'm grateful for all the wonderful people I met through MONGA, it's a privilege to meet you all.



RAIN, PHOTOGRPAHER: Being a photographer in Monga has given me a chance to venture into more types of photography. I used to take photos only of stationary objects, but since joining Monga, the smiles and expressions I've captured on camera are priceless and often make me smile while editing the photos. Furthermore, it has allowed me to stay in touch with my visually creative side. While memories fade, photographs are a warm and clear reminder of those moments.



SANDRA, PHOTOGRPAHER: I suppose monga gave me a chance to properly learn how to work with a total stranger, plan for when and where and how to get the pictures properly with the participants. It gave me the right amount of rules and freedom and loads of crack moments. I will definitely miss some of the people and the time i have spent here so thnks fr th mmrs



JANET, WRITER: Being able to write people's stories, share vulnerable thoughts and then inspire others on a personal level, (and join events for free food hehe) thank you Monga :)





YING ZE, PHOTOGRAPHER: By joining Monga my photography skills had levelled up over time, especially when I am covering different types of events and activities. It led me a chance to get to know what photography truly is, capturing unforgettable memories with different types of styles and the best part FREE FOOD!! I really enjoy the process editing photos and being publish on MONGA's Instagram and Facebook page. A big thanks to MONGA for the unforgettable memories!!



NITIN, VIDEOGRAPHER: The best part about my time in Monga was that I played a role in capturing special moments from an event and sharing it among the student community. These memories that would have otherwise been intangible, can now be engraved in the history records of Monash Malaysia.



IMAN, PHOTOGRAPHER: It was surprising to be selected to be a part of MONGA at first. Being with MONGA for almost a year has taught me so many things and has helped me improve my skills in photography. With so many events Monash has to offer, it has allowed me to take pictures of such memorable moments and to share these pictures with the rest so they can experience it too. The MONGA editors and subcomms have somewhat become a family and we usually tend to do weird things together and come up with crazy projects as you can see in the magazines. Such projects have allowed me to come out of my shell and be accustomed to new experiences which I'm glad for. I want to thank the editors for all their hard work they constantly put into the magazine.



SHAUN, PHOTOGRAPHER: It was a life changing experience working with monga. The people here have become more like family instead of just colleagues. I'd like to thank Joseph for entertaining all the shit I do in the office, especially the time we broke Fatyn's table. Secondly, thanks to Fatyn for letting me off the hook each time I upload my pictures late. Next there's Sam. Well, he's Sam. Last but not least, my mama Celine Chua. Thank you for letting me subcom this year and spend more time with you. It was so important to me as you refuse to tell me who my dad was but atleast I got to know you more. But I think it's safe to say that my dad was at the other end of the color spectrum knowing how much you like BBC. Nevertheless, I still love you very much mama.



AZIZI, CREATIVE DIRECTOR: I'm so glad to be a part of MONGA for this semester because I have always wanted to contribute my skills of design and have it published into a magazine. As a designer, I get to play around with the creativity behind the art direction itself and produce an aesthetic product for the magazine. I personally want to thank MONGA's team for giving me the opportunity to be a part of MONGA's editor to create more content that can inspire and contribute ideas to everyone.





CELINE

I've spent the past few nights trying to perfect my words for this section. Because if anything, I want it to be clear cut and honest; maybe brutal even. If you ask me to sum up my experience in MUSA/being an Editor with one word: Hell.

But you know what's funny? I would do it all over again. Ha, look at the contradiction. Oh and what's even funnier is that- I wouldn't trade this experience for the world. HAHA, who in their right mind would say that? Sadistic.

The reality of being a MONGA Editor to me was: jeopardising my own mental health, struggling through sleepless nights to catch up on my studies, losing time that could have been spent on my own personal life and even losing relationships. I have plenty more to say, but let's not delve too much into the negatives.

But I want to remember this: As I write this very sentence, I'm only halfway through compiling the features of the magazine, on a mid-semester break with my assignments on hold. There goes my sanity and sound mind.

However, being alone in this very room, I still hear the echoes of screams and laughter from Joseph, Fatyn and Sam that I know full well will haunt me. I recalled the frustrations and setbacks we all shared throughout the whole year, learning to use InDesign (via youtube) and dealing with all kinds of people from scratch. (Imagine dealing with teenage hormones and falling in love). Mistakes were plenty. Regrets ... are abundant.

No doubt I have grown so much creatively and as a person in general, but I can't grow without the three of them fighting over <redacted>. And I owe the best parts of me to them. Though I am relieved that my term has come to an end, I know some part of me will still break a bit... if I come across Zutomayo's

playlist in the near future (an inside joke hey joseph).

Thank you for running with me, Joseph, Fatyn and Sam; in spite of our differences and circumstances. To our beloved subcomms, thank you for believing in us; for working sedulously even in ungodly hours. Special thanks to Azizi, Sandra, Ryan, Nicholas, Durrah, Kieran, Ella, Saik Ming and Ivan for being so helpful and reliable when things are hard. My predecessors: Tiffany & Andrew, for being so encouraging ever since I first joined MONGA in 2017 (I hope I made yall proud). Ling Jie and Elizabeth, for being the greatest inspiration to us. To my close friends, I've not been the best friend lately but thank you for walking with me through this journey.

Serene, for being the one who brought me into this mess by accident back in 2017. You ditched me, but here you are working for me hhehehehe :P

J, This book is for you and I wish you are reading this. I love you, buddy. See you in heaven.

Oh, and to the haters (hahaha), keep talking behind my back because that's where you belong).





SAMWISE

My biggest takeaway from my MUSA/Monash experience? People are difficult. Anxiety tough. A lot of the time we pile stress on ourselves... and for what? Is experience worth the pain?

Sure, why not. Pain is inevitable. Let's be productive while we're at it.

I think, as privileged kids in an middle-to-upper-class university, we have a tendency to be myopic, not being able to see the bigger picture. What I mean by that is that, we don't realize that the world is bigger than Monash, our lectures, friends, classes... even our families and beliefs.

Worse still, we forget to be kind. Loving. Empathetic.

We forget not to push each other into the ground and grind our heels into their skulls.

We pile expectations on ourselves and those we care about and we ignore or suppress the howl-

ing emotional void in our souls for the sake of a high or our own selfish objectives.

Joining MONGA was selfish for me. I like being busy and I want more stuff to boast about on my CV. That fact still rings true.

But I'm glad for meeting, working with and engaging with the people I did (especially some of my subcomms) and I'm glad for all the experiences I've had - I'm selfish but constructively so.

So let's live life to the fullest - and I say that in the most melancholic sense of the cliché. Appreciate those around you who care about you. Cut off toxic people. Remember that you are important and have value. Take care of yourself. Go to counselling. Get help. Date your subcomms. Ask your subcomms out on dates disguised as "dinners". Know what you want. Find out what you want...

You know, the type of shit we hear and repeat day in day out expecting something to change and turn our lives around for the better.

But they're clichés for a reason... and if I fake it and embrace the fakery I might actually make it.

I'm graduating already. I have a thousand little clues on what to do with my future, so much so I might as well have no idea.

But so as long as I keep moving, I'll learn... and I'll suffer as I learn.

That's life.





FATYN AFIQAH

Well, I guess this is the end. This is where I leave my mark – that is of course in a plethora of copies of the university’s official magazine with an entire page set aside just for me. I am not much of a writer and often struggle to phrase my words together but here I go.

I came to the office with so much passion and drive. With a pretty sizable platform and the power to create whatever I wanted, I was excited. But it didn’t take too long for that enthusiasm to slowly dwindle.

As an editor, I have come across very unpleasant situations (read: people) which I would rather not get into. But with every video that I’ve proudly led, the feedback from the students made it quite satisfying to say the least.

But my best takeaway from this entire mess? It’s the people that I’ve met through this position and the friendships that I’ve forged; making this hectic ride very much worth it.

Cringly, I know.

I will miss climbing up the stairs to the MUSA office, excitedly wondering who will be in the Editor’s room. Whether it’ll be Celine eating lunch at her desk or Joseph and Saik

Ming kicking around the football, I know FOR A FACT that I will leave the room with my stomach aching from laughter.

To Celine, Joseph and Sam, thank you for believing in me. Thank you for being the ones that I could lean on when things fall apart in the office. And I mean it quite literally... have you seen my table?

Also, to the creatives in the department: it’s been such an honour having you on the team. Here is to reaching greater heights!

Mama and Ayah, this is for you. To many more moments where I make you two proud.

To Monga, thank you for being my temporary home.





JOSEPH

lol kthnxbye.



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ATTRIBUTIONS

EDITORS 2019

Celine Chua
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Joseph Ma
Samuel Mui

CREATIVE DIRECTORS

"Tay Saik Ming"
Ella Pang (also victim)

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