



THE
REIGN OF FIRE
AND
STORMY SEA

NUR AIFIAH BINTI IBRAHIM

Sanksi Pelanggaran Pasal 113
Undang-Undang No. 28 Tahun 2014 Tentang Hak Cipta

1. Setiap Orang yang dengan tanpa hak melakukan pelanggaran hak ekonomi sebagaimana dimaksud dalam Pasal 9 ayat (1) huruf i untuk Penggunaan Secara Komersial dipidana dengan pidana penjara paling lama 1 (satu) tahun dan/atau pidana denda paling banyak Rp 100.000.000 (seratus juta rupiah).
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The Reign of Fire and Stormy Sea

Nur Aifiah Binti Ibrahim

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Author:

Nur Aifiah Binti Ibrahim

Cover Design:

Nur Muhammad Syafi'i

Layout:

Ida Farida

Komarudin

Editor:

Ida Farida

Komarudin

ISBN:

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PUBLISHER:

Greenbook Publishing Indonesia

Jl. Sultan Ageng Tirtayasa No.12, Kedungjaya, Kedawung
District, Cirebon Regency, West Java 45611

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First edition

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FOREWORD

Life often unfolds as a collection of stories, woven together by moments of joy, resilience, and discovery. *The Reign of Fire and a Stormy Sea* is more than just a book—it is an intimate journey through the tides of emotion, reflection, and growth. In these pages, Nur Aifiah Binti Ibrahim invites us to step into her world, one filled with raw honesty and heartfelt introspection.

Through a blend of personal narrative and vivid imagery, the author offers glimpses into the challenges and triumphs that have shaped her perspective. She writes not only as a storyteller but as a companion—someone who has walked through fire and sailed across stormy seas, yet continues to find meaning in every wave and every flicker of light.

This book speaks to those who have ever questioned their path, faced the weight of doubt, or longed to rediscover themselves amidst the chaos of modern life. It is a testament to the power of persistence, the beauty of self-expression, and the strength found in embracing one's truth.

As you turn each page, allow yourself to be carried by the rhythm of her words. You may find reflections of your own experiences, or perhaps new insights into the resilience of the human spirit. Let this book be a gentle reminder that, even in the stormiest seas, there is always a horizon waiting to be reached.

Author

CONTENTS

FOREWORD	i
CONTENTS.....	ii
1 Enchanted Moment of My Life.....	1
2 Call Myself As The One.	6
3 My Point Of View.....	9
4 A Jealousy That Eats The Heart.....	12
5 Jurisdiction Of Respecting Other Customs.	16
6 Ritualistic Behaviour During Therapy.....	20
7 My Mind Is Like The Engine.	24
8 Resolving Issues.....	30
9 The Raging Sea.....	37
10 A Change Of Heart	41
11 Epilogue.....	49
AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY	52

1

Enchanted Moment of My Life.



I am resting against the wall and remember my companion and the love that I embraced throughout the years. I observed myself as it was but I regained myself to the beating of my heart. I was always pumped out for work and trusting issues had been circling around the office. I try to remain calm what is remaining? I always kept myself in pace as my dreariness went out the window. Is it the same mentality that had been shared during my school years or does the school itself exist for me to know a thing or two about the field and scenic view I could ever imagine during the drive away? Another drop-by or just any other driveway that keeps on playing in my mind. I am writing this just to keep it to myself and my family and friends who I entrusted not in time but like forever. People come and go. How do I bring myself up and let other people make me feel down? I don't think so. There is room for me to grow but full of made-up stories waiting to be told for others to come and sneak in. Always remember that my favourite artists Swae Lee and Dawin keep me up all day. I respect their privacy and let their vision and creativity inspire me to give back and stay cool during the recording.

No one is running around the recording studio looking as fly as always. My remedy is my song. Every time I went by and looked up in close I saw something but I kept it to myself. I don't have personal advisors to come and make me feel good. I have my thought of

viewing things more academically. I had once stumbled across a beaming laptop full of pop-ups and personal videos. I didn't mean it but I tried my best to avoid it there was a strong force and an intruder to have followed and urged me to watch it. But I can't because underneath those eyes is my veil in protecting and understanding people even more. I interpret the approach as being a lady who is also of love but there is this boundary created in opposing from what is dangerous.

I even remember and memorise those who I can begin a conversation with but my mother is my truthful and honest best friend that no one could ever get near to. I remember those times I did patchwork and knitting as my favourite hobby but my thinking has been taken elsewhere. I get myself held up and cheer myself on to keep on doing what I am supposed to do. It is not my fault but that is the reality of it when facing up a man. It is not always right and foremost the best is to become a lady bodyguard you could ever imagine. I wore a vest and slack trousers to match my office attire. I like to finish my work on time. So, not enough I went to the school for a bit of moral advice on behalf of my story. There is a nobleman who advised me to stay calm and forgive myself because it is beyond my control. No one expected something like that to happen it is like a plot that always ended with what if.

I even tried to confess to one of the film directors but I let those who knew me support and encourage me to do what is right. By apologising directly to them, they had something else on their mind that was to harm me. The right thing to do is to run and come back home before things get even more eerie and creepy at the moment.

Therefore, I am.



THE REIGN OF FIRE AND STORMY SEA.

2

Call Myself As The One.

I grab myself some grubs and I feel like the whole Universe is turning around. I don't want to make a sound and stand my ground for a more holistic view of my life. Keep on tagging and following messages and personal home videos as the tutorial of my life. I like to have a personal vibe in my bedroom and a trip around the exotic garden. On top of that, I wanted quality time for myself because of their hissing sound and smirking faces telling me that I was not enough to join in their pact. I still do know their eye status of glaring and staring. I mean it came to me so suddenly that I could not remember how I reacted. Since they are my acquaintances from afar. I wish I could have grabbed myself a pair of binoculars and take a glimpse of what they are doing. One of the suspicious things I noticed is the evil smile and attention seeker which already kept them in check for more. As if more is not enough to let a person feel secure about themselves.

As if they are trying to steal your soul and come back in the room looking innocent as if nothing happened. As you let your guard down, they will attack you in such a way that annoys you and keep on holding and pulling your hair out. They even tried to push me down the stairs as if they already planned and prayed for the worst. I love myself and would not allow them to get

to me. Every other day, they felt as if they were at fault at first.

The moments that we share are good times. But once I started to sound the alarm, they started to shout and amplify their voice against me and my loved ones. What are trying to imply? I know their blaming game and I didn't want to make it fuss. I didn't want this to last like forever. It is beyond what I had already imagined as a child. By flipping through a stylish magazine I started to hear their evil comments again. Is it coming from my Idol? or someone who already publicised my life. I take the first one as my ride in going on for a trail of adventure in seeking the matters of life, including Physics.

No one can hear me speak, and I even give my speech to remember what matters in life. It is not a catchy tune but the whole time I am not falsely accused of anyone but I look up and that was one of my craziest mistakes because they are not there for you but for covering stories on deranged values of a human being. Some even manipulated it to gain trust and be easily recognised by others. I go against them and there is another entrapment for an evil case that causes a tenacious intensity and tiredness by just thinking about it.



CALL MYSELF AS THE ONE

My Point Of View.

I am navigating to an island and into an abyss. From there, I imagine that there is a deep ocean blue on the horizon. My swimming ability needs room for further improvement and an enhanced skill of diving may do more than just help but an ocean discovery instead. I love my second nature of training and yup it's them again. They were so insecure and would not even let me join the herd of swimming across over and keep my body floating on the surface. My lungs are breathing more profusely to gasp in for more air and the muscle on the flesh starts to form in place.

Off the hook. I joined in a boat ride which worries me the most. As the anchor is hoisted there is shivering and trembling body movement approaching the vehicle. Their pretentiousness makes me sick to the fact that I wish they weren't there. I mean what are you doing even a model knows how to walk and their gossip is nothing against me.

The nosy neighbour is even more cowardly and about to get slapped by her loved one. They rejected her proposal as being another chapter of her fantasy. Some of them even used a casted spells to put me to sleep and the

parliament got ready to bestow their evil powers and believe in me by putting them on a microphone without them standing in front of the crowd.

There is this annoying elderly man who suddenly comes into the room preaching of the otherworldly being and they are even more left astray. To begin with, you cross the line and I am ready to sail off with my trusted best friend on a cruise. They stopped me so many times, and what is in line is their anonymity, and they will always be abandoned by the community. The show must go on. Their armies of soldiers had away with things. They cannot contain themselves and they even use their information one day they will be afraid to face this kind of thing.

Their partners I will make sure to be off and get off this plane. The stormy weather will perish them into dust. Of that, they are not in voice cooperating with those who are even clueless and could not even strategise for their beauty kit. So, their words are nothing against me. Even the guys did not want to marry. They looked me in the face and told me that I could be better. Showing off their mingling skills and what is more tingling is that still don't know how to talk to men. I already warned them still but they already chose to show off their sexual counterparts. What is sexual is that you always monitor others to keep their protective form in a health check. I even have an expert come to talk about it. Even my Idol acknowledged me and other beautiful angels.

MY POINT OF VIEW.



MagicStudio

A Jealousy That Eats The Heart.

It all started with bam and ended up with a duh. I always assume that the situation is very well taken care of. Many life exemplifies have taught me to be submissive and thankful for what they are made of and how to express their gratitude and preluded with a new friend. I guess I am too guppy and comfortable with what we had. However, little do I know much about their true identity. They used it against me.

I felt glad and happy to know their intentions in order for me to avoid and learn more from what they had and give away to others, knowledge. From what I learned, they refused to join the community rather than faking it and becoming pretentious in what they have until now. It is not easy to break down their character and attack from all angles, including their frustrations which had already involved other people as well. They are very intellectual yet the circles are in their social media. Every day I go through their videos and quotes yet their instincts are too underestimated and they are about to show their true colours when being intimidated.

It is important to have your style and taste in preference, especially your creative work, which does not

need to be copied in a culture that is so dumb yet slows down other people's progress of finding out something. Make up your mind and stop interfering with my life, as I have loads of infuriating and speculative arguments that have already been addressed but still have no answers, and I didn't know how to act and respond to that. I should have waited for a hero to act and be more realistic in the story.

Could you be more specific? I told the story to others and, ironically, still didn't get it. Oh, when will this be stopped? I guess it is life, and amusingly. I make it more comical by being the insider and playing my role as the defender. Instead, I am treated as the follower and supporting role in going against my rationality and self-defense. Get ready; you don't need to be so truthful, but be more firm and certain of what are you going to do. Still, I am halted. Ok, I take my time. I know I am going to make it work, and I am going to save my best friend the whole time.

I love my best friend, and I am his fan forever. Yet, still, here comes a group of spiteful words who came in to get to know me through this kind of medium. What can be more intriguing than having a Reader's Digest magazine by your side while enjoying my writing in the journal? In my dictionary, I am still learning how to talk to a lad, and I was so puzzled that I didn't understand the words that they were saying. I couldn't even be more fond of their straight pose and off-tune dances.

If I have to pick a dance move, I will go with the guy's moves because they didn't move that much, and the

ladies usually go into circles and move in formation. I respect everyone's interests, but when they talk and compliment me about my moves, I dodge it. You are what you are. Pick yourself up and enjoy the rhythm of your moves, but be accompanied by a dance trainer to know what exactly you have been missing. Do not stop following, as I am comfortable with myself. Dance is more like a marching band. I am going solo, and I am trying to understand the different cultural moves and musical beats. The tribal music is what keeps me wondering if this is another exotic adventure or a new way of exploring things.

A JEALOUSY THAT EATS THE HEART.



Jurisdiction Of Respecting Other Customs.

A Malaysian lady can be an Iron Lady one day. They have to put out every day. In my story, I have to give my deep voice a chance to be echoing the hall again for people to know me. I like to be by myself. I respected each other, but my favourite custom is Japanese. In Japanese culture, manga can be very expressive, and the English level is profoundly good but still a game changer in other film industries in Korea. As in English television series, they communicate in a friendly and not a harsh way to be more serious and professional.

For safety concerns, I have to put that away because there are many theories and jargon involved in the story. What is more thrilling and happening is that my memory is banked in with memories of my childhood and eventful experiences at least expected. My brain is still in good condition, in my language barrier has already been engaged with my network capabilities and programming for a more meaningful relationship. I even can reformulate the laws that stand in my way. As protected as I can be, the house is already crumbled and renovated

with more good generative ideas for enhancing my computer language skills.

The line of jurors is still in further clarification of these state of denials in allegations for more proper reasoning. Forgetting about the old days in which education enlightens people's lives. Knowledge nowadays is more readable and notifiable by a range of people who executed it in a different way to possess the true meaning of hardships. By owing to knowledge, we must not sacrifice it by manipulating others to accept our stupidity in the hands of unrightfulness.

Played by demeanor who think this is eligible to earn a green card when migrating to another people country. The time killer is in place of their justice to work on their vision of stabilising the world of status and the economy. Envision yourself with a survival instinct in taking out the secret weapon to combat with a true commander. As bait, they remain in hearing and waiting for someone else to lead the next generation. With the rightful owner of this country, I elect them to replace the ongoing teachers who did not know where they were placed, and no student can be replaced. I am more than just that but also a friend who is seeking the right answers and theorised myself with a new one.

Is that such a new communication that I could convey in a message to be delivered as a video letter to my admirers and cheerleaders throughout my guessing game and game of charades?

“Voice phishing” is another telephonic and

interactive way to get information, making it more constructive and formal language in education. Foolishly, there is also an alternative way of communicating with others to know what is going on and how to improve their communication through phone calls. The teleportation can get you anywhere, and even at the slightest hour, you may have to be in a circumference of intellectuality and adjacent to the intangibility of the asset, which accounts for the funding of the companies.

There is no need to be paranoid, but be more productive and empathetic in addressing what caused the commotion in making them be like this. There is a door to every opportunity, and practice this as a new potential gap for creating the ad impromptu and spontaneously in such a way as to lower the hurdle and avoid the complaints from flooding in.



Ritualistic Behaviour During Therapy.

My exercise and dietary practices are restricted to make me become petite but not in fit shape. I am without spiritual support that much ado, but I am strengthening my clothing to become a good, practical, and wise lady. I put on a veil, and my hair is covered, and the moisturising effect is still a factor. I let the air breathe on my scalp, and no matter how hot it is, I feel contained. As if I am on a runaway or a fashion show, looking fierce but not staring and glaring at others by respecting each other. I have a black pupil, and I firmly believe that my health and skin condition are still in need of more blemishing effect and reddened cheeks to make sure the circulation of the blood is ongoing.

My books of life are never-ending and look at the time I have gone through. At this moment, I would like to take a rest and stop becoming a love puppet. I am a loving person, and the best friendship I had was when I was laughing at his billboard and looking at his resemblance. Although we didn't communicate that much, I appreciate the vibe and happenings at my workplace. I am not a class clown, but my wittiness will prove them wrong. I wanted to keep myself in a good and healthy vibe. In a working environment, hours

after hours of thinking and coming up with another terminology will make me an originated medical text for a more dignified scholarship. I don't know that crowdsourcing my personal life from one concrete to another can not cancel out the vibration of sound. What I do is grab my earphones and listen to music. I enjoyed every word of it. I mean, until now, I didn't have that much of the stand-up point to fight those who ever knew because, in the end, they would betray me. I even learned a different language and culture to run away from a Malay tradition, which is the kampung. For all the drama watching, I have the intention of becoming a courteous and courageous girl when talking to an English man and woman. The English woman understands me. Oh boy, I have a tough time when trying to break the silence and directly speak to him. Maybe it's because of my shocked look and respecting too much of his presence. I mean, I'm just a girl who loves to talk to people and share my experiences to ensure that they are safe as I am a stranger. I feel like I am protected by guidance like a Guardian Angel; if he stops me from doing so, the conversation will not

Last that long. I am not taking an autograph from a celebrity who is already famous and going to book launches to get up close. The younger generation of men i try to avoid the best that I can as if they are already responsible for having a family. I welcome their new family member, but some of them already intervene in my talking and portray me in such an opposite way to the point that i am trying not to be someone else. That is how you live stylishly like a 50-year-old male model, not to be too famous and unlikable at the same time. I even drop

the beat without depending on a dance partner which about to leave them.

THE REIGN OF FIRE AND STORMY SEA.



My Mind Is Like The Engine.

I even look up to my two celebrity chefs as my soon-to-be sons, rather than brothers. As people said, I emphasised on depending how you treat me. It does not change the way I am, but my care is a must. A strong lady does not give away her chair to that person who is unequal to you. Why are you coming around and trying to lower my self-esteem? It's not the guy. I respect the guy's decision, even if he had to go his separate ways. I saluted him because the person goes on and on without stopping, and the authorities are on their way to capture those who are biased and go against unequally.

I'm not being immature, but I'm trying to relive my teenage years by dating a guy who likes me and being friends with him. My parents are the coolest people in the world, but what the heck the two little ones are there to come and get me. However, the hate can be felt, but it is not what they want, but it is what I want. I hope that I can learn from someone who does not steal my story just to feel good and they are the stalkers of my life.

To look at it even more explainable, the parents already started to take control of the situation and made

unnecessary changes to mock me and play the whole drama like an old tape recorder just to remind me of my presence. My father mentioned the first word to me, silhouette, and he already started to trace and record my trail. Behind these walls, I just keep on listening to my next-door advice, and there is a secret investigation team called the Full Throttle to be on the double.

I think for myself, and yet people still do not understand my situation. All I figured out was the distance places, local hotels, and mansions just to add to the list for a great escape. I think when I was 8 years old, I even followed my father to go to a golf course that I could not even remember. He started to pull down the driving gear, thrust his back, and give me that glance just to see me in trouble. It is me in the end that keeps me awake in the nightmares they gave me. I walked upon them and encountered many mystical beings along the way. Then, suddenly, I heard a whispering voice that said to me to fill in the form. I said back, Which one, and what does it have to do with me? Do you have any ideas how it can be so immature just to be with me at this stage to confirm his gone and not taking back what has already been done?

I cried myself to tears as I saw a reflection of a man coming back and wandering across the street. They say he is the one who makes my life even more terrific but ended up knowing nothing but to forge myself all the way through. I had this vision to stay put, but the whisperings were getting louder as I couldn't make out what they were saying. There is no one, but there is a voice telling me to do what is right and be careful. I do not need a

concluding remark for my story, and it was the shadow in my head. Life gives you wings to fly. However, I am scared of the takeoff. No matter how many times I fall, I will lower my volume and continue at my own pace.

It is a silly town to be in. They did not know me, and what went through my head eventually. There is no one to look after but me. Being as independent as I can be, the door suddenly shuts in tight. I have nowhere else to go but the back door. There is no one there, I have to make my way to the exit. Suddenly, my husband, my best friend, grabs pull of me from the side of the window. Carefully, I witnessed a gloomy atmosphere suddenly turned into excitement for the celebration of my coronation in ruling my alumni thesis in three years 2007. My friends got off their backs and managed to sing me a good song to clear the air. They are wonderful people, and as I could not see all the way through as the chorus began to sing another verse, I gladly joined in to have another encore for myself.

All these years, we celebrated for over eight months to have my diary in check. The personal journal I went through the personal journal with my mother, but it is not complete yet. I still could smell the crayons hiding beneath the curtains, my mother's shadow always whimpering around and blaming me for what I had before and now. However, she is my mother, and the strongest expression to have for her loving gesture. Things are not the way before,e but I intend to make it simpler by doing something for my hobby, writing. Not to take someone else's side in the blaming game that they did. My mother had her standpoints, but the

dissatisfaction that these farmers gave so not on point.

I still could not decide which part I missed. I was being forced to keep quiet, and I couldn't fight the shadows that had been attacking dramatically, but no voices to agree on. Sometimes very childish, I almost wanted to laugh it out. Out of the blue, I continue doing research for my memorable colleague who has been there for me. Ironically, he would always ask me to do more than he did. I let go of the setbacks and frontiers he gave me. As I went across the tables and chairs, I remembered that he always signifies what a Science fair is and how you make yourself a scientist. To cut a long story short, it is her again who still believes in me but never takes her eyes off what I have prepared during the manuscript submission.

Living forcefully in that living room have come across another chapter of my life to become a good "engineer". I always think of more creative solutions when handling topics, and I am more meticulous in what I am focusing on. For instance, I have a reader who said that my writing is good, but the delivery is a bit off-pitch. It is I again in front of a microphone. The stage fright has now become a roaring voice for me to be more high-spirited. Think again, the gibberish and murmuring of sounds that I could make rise upon the crowd. If it is for their understanding, so be it. It is my mind to choose between good and bad. I have to take turns and let others shine in their limelight. I don't think so, they're just following the traditional way of not saying thank you, but beat it, mister. Your turn is not forever. This is because my words empower all of her truth. As

pretentious as she can be, there is someone who blew it up for me. Comically, that special someone is my husband. He would go for it.

He is very honest in his words and actions. He did not even mind sharing his chair with me. He often sits down beside me. I could feel his acknowledgment of having me around. I have time to talk to him, but he always reminds me it is time for us to be in a cozy place to sit by the wooden fire. The flaring fire keeps me warm during the night as the fire moves towards the airflow and bends like a dancing inflatable balloon. I asked him if he wanted some more marshmallows he said yes. He said things are going out so nicely, but we have to let the people know what is coming out through my mother's mouth. All these years, my mother has wanted to speak out about the injustice. My father is always by her side. They are not pinning down on anyone else but show me love and respect. Somebody was watching, but I knew he was. He was a charitable worker who kept on typing and making other voices to get my attention.

I tried to reach my phone, but I heard another calling across the room. The person was now declared dead. He was a man who was trying to make an entrance near my workplace. Every time I saw him, he would disappear into thin air. I am just trying to avoid him, but he is still there to welcome my presence. In our tradition, there is a cleansing ceremony, but the problem persists as some ladies are trying to interfere in my life. I bravely ignored their presence and headed down the back stairs to get my books and stationery in place. What motivates me to go to work is my colleague herself. The previous one also

passed away as he was playing a character as a good man, but the hideous side of him makes me wonder how such an impersonal person like him would walk on stage looking as if his role was already settled by others. My life is like throwing dice, following the ancient cities onto another lifeboat to go to an isolated island as a family vacation. I wonder how this is going to end.



Resolving Issues

What is the issue with the curtain falling? I have this kind of gut feeling to face another frantic viewer who seems to be unable to get enough of who I am. I haven't been replaced as the government automated the status, and I'm trying to put myself out there in an inadvisable and blind way. Their database is outdated, and I aim to bring life to another set of stages, offering a colourful array of lives and different flavours to share. It is hard for me to understand the ambiguity of a situation. Sometimes I could not make it out of the difficult and hideous statements that came in for attention seekers. I hoped for the best as I never would be contaminated by them. They are profusely making their ones and trying to put people down. The heaviness of the foggy and hazy statements that circulate the office keeps them under the weather.

I don't know who can become my referential guide as I am trying to get myself organized, and someone else is in the picture. People wanted to hear all the good stuff, and it is unfair for the judgment to be biased and blinded by their immodesty and tragic, dull faces. They are soon to reach another destination called release. They have a book

to share and upload, as the best kit in life is to have a new set of tools. My feet won't fail me now as I am swimming across the island filled with miniature trees and diving equipment. As I am about to make an epic dive, I am stopped by another force to observe my movement further in disarray. My mind suddenly went into panic mode as my body trembled from a strong force across the current, as I was being held by a strong pull towards the center.

The congested feeling I have with the TV personality's cooking style is in Nyonya kebaya. It is our traditional home cooking, as the cuisine and delightful cakes are on display for the school's national tasting competition. I resolved this issue by being the best school performer, and I intend to have a solo presentation on an agricultural product at a distance. The distance in learning has taught me to be more confident and to deliver a good speech. The moment I am in front of the microphone, no one seems to care or respect my piece of artwork. There is more than meets the eye. I have a new pair of clothes to go with the formal training in speaking. The fight and chill at the same time do not give you the green light in life. Just do it. Whichever would you choose? However, I like and love to be the best at communicating and interacting in a group project.

The misconduct, I felt as if I desired more contact in knowing their businesses in town. I also learned to be a leader in the family through a persistent calling upon my aunt. She would always save the best seat for last. I have been at all ages for this rollercoaster ride. No talking, just go with the flow. The extreme sport that I would love to

attend is swimming from one end to the other. I can feel it on my stomach as the siren begins to alarm other swimmers and local people for undercover beneath a shack. The thorny field of flowers has them in disguise for more action attempts to get to know the best. I did not know how to be in a stressful event, as my breathing until now faces a different phase of inhaling a breath of fresh air.

Getting all the motors ready for the chilling part of a movie. As a food taster, there is a reason for every sector of life to happen. The foie gras of my excellent dish never hits the target as my family is biased and has never tried on even just, except for my mother and father.

They are the best food critic. For such a last-minute change, I went to the kitchen counter and I found the sauce to save my dish. However, the lack of salt and other seasonings makes me ask for more guidance and practical training as a sous chef. My mother gave me time, and I used it very well in the communication role over a paper towel. I came across another walk of life to remember.

Among them, I will rise above and determine my own choice despite the feeling of anger and disappointment with one's loss. They are changing for themselves, but the whole decision is taken by the storm. I am heading to South for another adventure across the continent for another worldly phenomena called Mars Attack. As the planet Mars began to set off and have a reflective of a big mirror on planet Earth, it feels like another neighbouring country. Thank God, there is no collision or other solar flares to have destroyed the whole planet. The whole phenomenon keeps me spinning in my room. I am

staring at these four walls again as I am about to burst into tears, as if someone has just lost their loved ones. However, in our custom, we cannot let the living feel sorry and sad for their losses as they could make up for them. It is superstitious, but I feel like you don't know how much you are going to miss someone and how much love is pouring down the chimney sweep when they are around.

The love drama continues as the dilemma settles in. I capture the midnight moment as I am becoming more of a someone who takes care of people, and being humbled as I can be. I am not quitting, but I must keep them safe. They are always asleep, the girls. No matter how harsh the words that had been said, people always said the awful things in front of you, but never confessed to confess over their defeat. This non-stop talking has to end, even on the gibberish side. On the other side of the Moon, there is another brighter side, as it looks like a cheese with uneven holes to poke. It was said that the Moon is always evaluated for its beauty. I held up high when I found the good man, and inspiring to be a father.

I am with him. He is always with me. I never could get enough of his embrace, besides giving me a lift for my success. However, I did not want to measure up to him like that. I The silly for having him as a friend, but the best of them all. He beat the system as I am leaning forward towards the sunlight for enough vitamin supplements for my skin. He makes my world turn upside down. I have a time of my life. Time is there as always. My father always tells me to be productive and preoccupied rather than letting my mind idle. The basic words and sentences are

in a line with the father protector of the whole family. Although he is in a relaxed position, he has never felt the urge or need for someone else. As he said, no one will ever know what you have been through and even care about the world. The misconception his that the family has gone for years. This tradition only works for those who appreciate work and wisdom.

Love never ends, as the bridge is rebuilt over and over again. The future King has a word to say in keeping the community out front to be brave and responsive, as they ought to forge their names into the walls. However, it was not their contributions that worried us, but the names that had a whispering wind saying they were right here the whole time. The troops are everywhere, near or far. Anonymous as we can be, the involvement in the harshest conditions should be avoided for those who have better things to do. In the bigger picture, nowadays, the walls are broken down and the people have celebrated their triumph of success. To weigh success, you need to feel it first, then understand the true value of others who knew better and deserve the best.

The bottle of hope is often placed inside a note for those who have the heart to share with that person. In a different world in a different time zone, they have another pen pal to be with. They are the embrace of their weaknesses, but that weakness can turn into gold. People continuously mourn over someone who is already gone, for the enraging spirit of moving into a new place. However, I found it difficult to accept it. All I care about is the moment to embrace and accept as it is. We are one in the assembly, but the moment of saying goodbye makes me wonder how many could go on? The

moment and time interval tell the probability of coming back and improve counting for a new population and generation to grow. How can I see a state like this? Please be careful and always call me back when you get there. My shaking hands are about to have a warm heart and a moment in my life. I cried to let out the sadness on my face. How can a friend like you suddenly walk out like that?

All of the memories remind me of who my friend was. He has always brought us family dinner and forgotten about the overcooked vegetables in a frying pan. I have always welcomed him by the side of our porch. He would always stand there for the coronation and other social parties in the face of the new era. I am moving on from being a fan of a beat and need a mouthful of wash for talking and murmuring the words instead of being immersed in a wonderful harmony in classy style. The storage room is filled with old gifts and antiques that have people with round eyes and colour pastels beneath the attic. I bring it over to the collector's store to hear the value. I heard all over the news about the uncertainties of the weather falling from the sky. The pitch-dark mist always blocked the sunlight, and the lighting effect is covered in a black figure. I did not notice the terror of the incident until I remembered the Picadilly that brought back all those memories into another breathtaking one as well.



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The Raging Sea

In an ecosystem, I have the heart to open for the sea. I have always observed how the sea turtle walks across the shore with eggs laid beneath the holes. They dug open the nest and made sure that their nest stayed warm throughout the night. They already felt that their mother was looking from across the sea to show that the habitat was wide enough to keep us holding each other. The broad picture of someone who takes care of their free spirit to cruise down the valley. They have always been talking about the new world or living habitat that they could cultivate and breathe in the sea breeze on the surface. As they flapped their way into the sea, they could observe the crystal clear and shining gem on the surface after a focal point had been reflected in the spectrum near the atmosphere, to be reflected on the surface of the waters. Nothing compares to the beauty of Science to the richness of the depths of the sea in salinity and dissolution of other chemical substances, even though it is odorless and colorless.

Other species of sea turtles have very different solutions to protect themselves from the harsh conditions

of predators. One by one are gone by the whimpering tail that swooshes to the left and the right. Swiftly, capturing the dress underneath the table. Someone is hiding beneath the cupboards. They went into the caves because they were afraid of what was coming out of there. They have always been in an alert state. The rhythmic movement scattered across the ocean floor welcomes another species for their entrances and exits to another portal of ancient discovery. They headed down as they saw a golden triton across the tiles and the ocean floor. They swoop in and out of an arc and orbs to have a free-willing moment. It does not matter where you are from but joining in is a part of their activities.

Different atmospheric pressures have caused different life forms to be found beneath the ocean floor. Such an ocean discovery for the fish to swim across it, the light buoy floating on the surface of the sea warns the other pirates not to be dethroned by the bad weather conditions. However, their shipwreck was found in fine condition, with several tourists flown to the hotspot.

No matter how deep your knowledge is. The hotspot for recreational activity gives the tide an open space to splash away all of the debris. In search of a new Science to explain the most mystical creatures, as their survival depends on themselves to adapt and remain forever by staying in the same state. However, human toxic wastes overtook the partially whimpering sound of the whale to make them feel uncomfortable in the state that they are in. Mouthful of projects under their full protection, how about the sea?. The flipping pages of a picture book over to the other one gives me the satisfying result of referring

to the seaweeds and sea cucumbers. The fish are all playing around near a school bus with an elongated trail to have them study a new skill of dodging away from the cameras placed by the ocean explorers.

I have found that they are sailing away as they saw many of them coming. In terms of capture, they have arranged the plots of land into different sections of the sea plates. The hotspot can be determined from water temperature to the least and rarest places for catching. The line of rods and poles has an instinct to capture what is being caught off the hook. Small shrimps are found in abundance as they crawl up to each other. Most algae are having a hard time finding the right one as there are to ones of the eels swarming out of nowhere.

The jellyfish are forming an aura to more into a beat as the lightning goes into a flash flight mode. The jelly blocks are liquefied to make the memorabilia for the conqueror, ever since Christopher Columbus, to have an amazing field trip over to Madison Square. By singing like an accordion, they have a fish like up for their moment of capturing their fish tales upon other species as well. They have always wanted to be free, and the speakers are on their way to the bayou. How to swim back against the tide, moving towards the widest extent in the unfrozen time.

THE RAGING SEA



A Change Of Heart

A new environment is what I am looking for on another side of the world. There is no end to the world that I am in. My parents are not changing theirs, so I am not changing mine. I went to the kitchen cupboard for our family dinner together. My man helped me a lot with the utensils. They handed me over the plates for the Oppa moment across the table. They are smiling as they see a bucket full of fresh lobsters and lemons for zest. The oil cuts through the citrusy of the lemon juice to have an enzyme break down the food molecules for freshness off the boat.

Now, it is our chance for a mouthful of feast as they are headed back upstairs for more entertainment. How about a bowl of salad to go with the other nachos for a crunchy texture? I have other decisions to make before I grab myself a snack of teddy bear cookies. Then, I headed to a flower store to appreciate their unintentional and unconditional love that showers from the rooftop. The movie *Trap* caught my heart to play the sonnet near a practice room for my embouchure, as the room was full of an eerie vibe.

I have a moment in life as I am stopped by the video

store for another touching story of a dog that brings me a lot of good memories of my greatest companion, my cat. I headed to the store to buy a cat lift bag for wandering across the streets by the pond where we were watching the ducks topple over each other. There is no wrong or right, but I have spent my time with a lady professor who is also famous for her medical expertise, as she did not have hard feelings for feeling bad when doing something wrong. English lecturers are the best friends that I could ever have. They gave me the consultation hours to comfort me with their knowledge and skills in the practical manual guide.

I have decided to further my studies and continue arguing on their perspectives to gain knowledge and experience. As professional as I can be, the gardener within me lifted my spirit high as I observed the different kinds starting to grow towards an inverted light to have the experience of another artificial encounter with the non-human sight. There is nothing to argue about as the different kind started to take his hood off. It turned out that the prunes and figs were forming another tree-like structure. They supported each other, for the roots grew above the ground.

Conservation of energy is already in another plan for using less corrosive and contaminated land. They can be easily affected by the radioactivity around that area. The soil contaminants rise above the ground for full-life fertilisers. The life functioning transformed into other forms and is very cooperative, even in a corrosive political landscape.

The nature is yelping for more consideration in a friendly manner. The food produced is sufficient in a populated field filled with green grass and other aquatic plants. Plants and other organic farming are used for synthetic fibers. In time, the amount of oxygen is at an abundance level for the amount of sulfate in the process of scavenging. Thus, oxygen is the best supply for a more breathable environment. Philosophically, air is the form of element in which existence is far beyond the methodologically known for the proof of its presence. There is not enough oxygen supplied to the motherland to breathe in a new one. Can oxygen survive the atmospheric pressure?

There is no other state that they can change into. As they are entering into a ballistic moment in upthrusting their compartment towards the raging Sun, and make way to their pit stop near the observatory tower. Throughout the process, the never-ending supply is even at the upper level, but stored in tanks for more oxygen to breathe in the lungs. There is no one to be seen in a less visible form of a human earthling. The air channels through the lungs and hits off as more of them make an important discovery over the gigantic robot mist between the two mountain tops.

There is so much to give as the supplier feels the atmosphere has already enough space and colorful and vibrant gas in sight. The chemical reactivity of photon chemicals enlightens with the burning fuels of the Sun. The gravity captures the fallen object from the belt circulating a planet, but soon be nationwide broadcasting in daylight. Every day I keep reminding myself to stay

calm and be realistic about the chances of meteorites to hit off the zone. Many people witnessed and were caught on camera. Speculations are circulating in the middle of testing points in a near-deserted land. I am not giving away mine as I am highly spirited in the Malaysian way.

I am living comfortably in Malaysia as I am a full-time supporter of their charismatic ways of impersonating others. To bring out the dinner table. To be those who are with you. Really takes time for people to adjust and stand tall among the spiritual living. They are open, and they need to hide sometimes from the impostors who hid in the middle of the night. On TV shows, there are different ethnicities to appreciate their interest and expertise among those who know Malaysia. They welcomed guests as the family members inside the house would give away their seats to them in remembrance of an antique television.

The story unfolds for others to share and support each other. As they are inexperienced when dealing with an individual who casts you on about their endless intention to scare you off. They had been new ways in overcoming the herd and being yourself again. Practicing a business strategist way of being friends with partners who share their wildest dreams to be the next on board. They have to carry out what is theirs, and no one can replace them.

The next Bond in the film is going to be the best among the best. However, movie predictions are playing out like in another one's life, and according to unpopular advertisements, they have poor quality in self-proclaiming

and emerging among their unnoticeable act of lying and throwing fists. To see a live-action movie, they honoured the best fighter in themselves for the horrible act and dishonesty to portray it in a different frame.

Thus, the practicality of learning is to be yourself and stop portraying others. The values are fairly consumed in the nectar of the beautiful floral cultivation of the true national identity. The different level of acceptance gives them the opportunity to speak for themselves near the podium to show the value of time. The time to celebrate the spiritual living and trustworthy among the leaders who guide us from the Heavens. Word by word is sung to us for the credibility in honouring the statue of liberty for their outspoken words in injured memories to proclaim what is theirs.

Live telecast from the house that has allowed me to relax and enjoy watching a movie with a scenic view, for the eye to see what it wanted to believe in. The overjoyed reenact the world of prudence in the surge of another cucumber salad over to the noisy neighbour who had no food to offer. They eat your heart out as they scream for more injustice and not your suitability to fit with them.

Science has no page of doing what so whatever. However, the honour I gave to my teachers is on another level of disimiguity to the level of knowing yourself. What are you preaching? What are you trying to learn? To the question, who are you trying to teach? Therefore, don't take it seriously as the life I pondered began to be a world wonder. More books to fly on their way to the pilgrimage of Mecca beyond their imaginative forgiving

and forsaking in God's tearful forgetfulness.



Epilogue

The continuation page is to have diverse stories come together. Felix, the cat, has been around the kitchen counter. Beneath the cupboards, they come across a black tail of a cat and they jump to the side of the table. It is like Salem, Sabrina's cat. They are going for another adventure to assist Gromit, who is looking for cheese near Miss PoPoppinsouse. There is a local market store that sells cheese. Upon the whispering of their friendship, they were willing to cross the long road and head back home. They have gathered all in their picnic baskets. They take out kitchen utensils to spread the crackers with tuna. That is how close they are to one another. They picture with their guardians in a fine after tune.

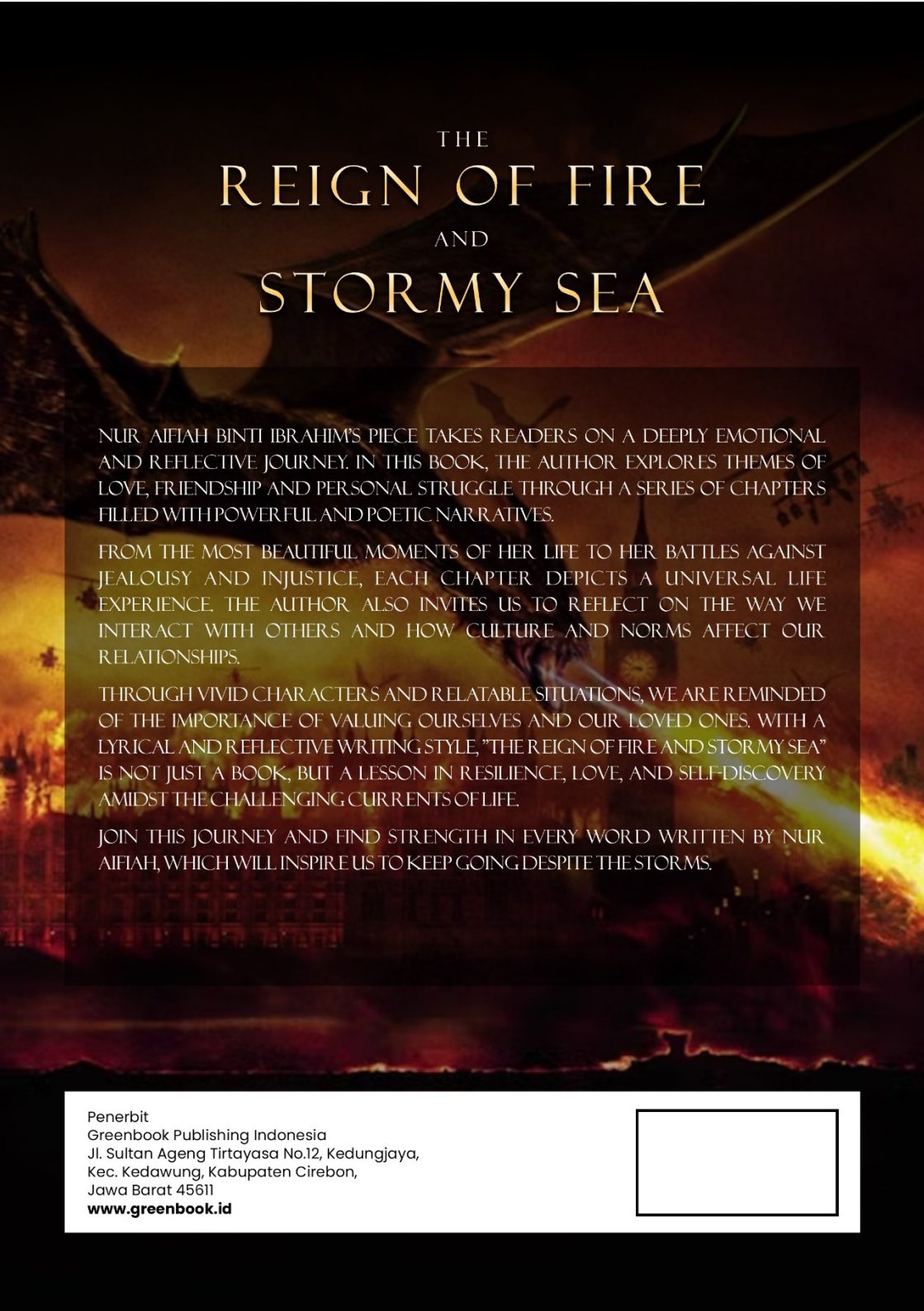
I feel for their love and friendship. The moral of the story is to appreciate each other's company. They have been together for ages as they are spotted near the pond for a glimpse of the koi fish swims from one end to another. They are easily caught by nature's beauty. They are very fond of their guardians coming a new invention every time. They have the best time of their lives. They wandered from one street to another continent as they

celebrated the Cheese Day fest. Mr. Wallace will bring out a treat for the cats. He is calling their names to share their treat. As the day began to sink, they headed to the local pastry shop for another batch of creamy puffs.

So much has been going on as the value of life and society is still on top of their heads. They should rest assured that their homes are in a safe commute to go anywhere else. No need to go everywhere just by the click of the button mode, they already ordered for the next cycle of Ponsies to please Miss Poppins as their backdoor neighbour. They watched the TV show as the mayor of the town renamed their system the Ponsies of a British parliament.



AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY



THE REIGN OF FIRE AND STORMY SEA

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Jawa Barat 45611
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