

NURAINA A SAMAD'S

3540 JALAN SUDIN



Tuesday, February 27, 2007

Tuesdays With Bapak (3)

newstraitstimes



The Other Side Of Morning - Tuesday February 27 2007

Nina was not supposed to come downstairs so early. She had just gone to bed only a few hours ago, along with everyone else.

Could she have slept well after what happened?

Nina had cried herself to sleep. At least she did not wake up screaming as little children often do after going through hell.

Did she remember what happened earlier?

Nina who was asleep with our nephew Irwan in our parents' bedroom, had been rudely awakened when the Special Branch officers began opening and rummaging drawers.

She was in shock. Her face ashen. We thought our baby sister would surely never recover.

I wanted it to be a bad dream for her. For us all. A bad dream would have been better. At least it was not real. Don't wake up until after the good part comes.

Damn! The good part never came and I woke up.

"Papa mana?" she asked, still groggy. Poor kid. Poor Baby.

She had not forgotten and wanted to be sure.

No reply from anyone. No one dared say anything. Except, of course, Mak.

She took Nina by her side, stroked her head then gently said that the police had taken Bapak.

Nina's eyes were blinking. She did not cry.

It was a school day but the kids were not up to it. Kak Eda and I were on our semester break.

Breakfast, as usual, was already on the table. We all had our particular likes. I liked toast to go with my coffee. Abang Med preferred half-boiled eggs or cereals while Kak Olin, Kak Eda and Azah would go for fried rice.

Our three youngest siblings -- Kamal, Lalin and Nina would have whatever was on the table.

Anything Mak prepared was good.

But today nothing looked good. Today, the morning papers carried the story of Bapak's arrest and detention.

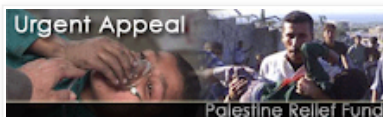
There were no details. We just wanted to know, from them, why.



Shamsul Akmar's Journey On MV
Rachel Corrie (May 12-June 5 2010)

- [1. Born Out Of A brave Spirit](#)
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Israeli Occupied Palestine

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HAVE YOU SEEN HER?



Nini, 5, missing since January 9
2008. If you have any
information about her, please
call RAKANCOP AT 03-
21159999, SURAYA (016-
2709096) OR MOHD NASHAR
(016-2583450)

Nuraina A Samad

Abang Med was conspicuously missing at breakfast.

He would usually make a point of having his eggs or cereals before going to work.

Also, Lalin was very close to him so he would spend a bit of time with her before rushing off to his office in Shah Alam.

This morning, he had left without having his breakfast.

He must have read the papers.

Did he go to work, I wondered?

He looked all tensed up when those men were in the house. His face was pale but I could see fire blazing in his eyes when Bapak left in the car with those men.

Ah, the car. We could remember many things but none of us could remember the make or the colour of the car. It was just a miserable dark-coloured car.

I wondered whether Abang Med was going to be okay?

Was he planning revenge? I shuddered thinking about it yet the thought brought a hint of pleasure.

Before I could begin to fantasize about the pain I could inflict on some people, there were noises at the front door.

"Assalamualaikum," rang a familiar voice. It was Pak Cik Tongkat (Usman Awang) and his wife, Cik Senah (Hasnah Din).

Mak had called them earlier about Bapak's arrest.

We all responded to the salam in unison.

Oh! They were heaven sent. Dear sweet Pak Cik Tongkat and Cik Senah. We could have cried at the sight of them.

A tangible air of anxiety and anguish must have been overwhelming for I had never seen Pak Cik Tongkat looking so distraught and disturbed.

His voice quivered as he asked us about Bapak. Cik Senah, with tears streaming down her cheeks said nothing as she hugged her Kak Midah.

"Sarapan dulu, ya. Kak Midah masak nasi goreng ni", Mak said.

"Budak-budak baik?" she asked, referring to their children, Lina, Is, Yamin and Maya.

As they sat down with her at the table, she began to relate to them the early morning events from A to Z. Mak was good with details.

Pak Cik Tongkat hardly sipped his coffee, much less able to eat the fried rice.

He was taking deep and long puffs of his "gudang garam" as he listened intently to Mak.

I was sitting on the steps of the staircase in front of the dining room, holding Nina and Lalin. Kak Olin, Kak Eda and Azah were huddled close together further up.

My teenaged brother, Kamal, was in the living room, staring at the newspaper, at the headlines.

Pak Cik Tongkat had been like a younger brother to my mother since the Singapore days when he would visit my father at my Ompong's (my grandpa's) home in Jalan Sudin.

Mak treated Cik Senah just like her own adik as their families were neighbours, living across each other. They were very close.

So it was not long before the pretty 16 year-old Hasnah caught the eye of the young and dashing Usman.

My father hosted their wedding held in our kampung -- Kampung Melayu -- the Malay heartland in Singapore.

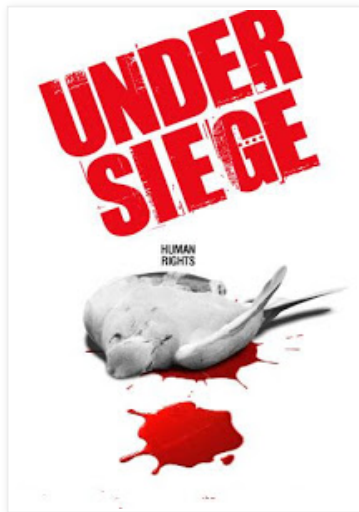


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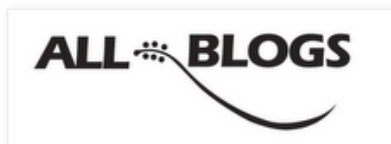
NURAINA A SAMAD

Singapore-born PJ girl. Journalist with NST for 27 years until March 2006. Became editor-in-chief of a publishing group and media strategist. After three years (2009), is back with NST as managing editor.

[View my complete profile](#)



Mob's Cyber Poster



Their wedding was indeed considered grand, attended by ambassadors and top PAP leaders. Not your regular kampung day-long affair. But a dinner reception with musicians playing stringed instruments and a piano. Kak Piah and Kak Ton , then 10 and 8, were the bridal couple's "pengapit". To my siblings and I, Pak Cik Tongkat and Cik Senah were like our second parents, so dear to us and were always there to share our joy. This time, our sorrow.

As Pak Cik Tongkat and Cik Senah were preparing to leave, I felt a wrenching tug inside. "Don't leave. Stay with us," I wanted to say. Their presence at our home had made us feel comforted. We wanted it to last a little longer. Pak Cik Tongkat's soothing words made the morning-after less unbearable. He asked a lot about our younger ones - Azah, Kamal, Lalin and Nina. Every now and again, he would turn to them. Pak Cik Tongkat assured us that he would always be there for us as he had always been. Cik Senah said they would both come and visit us as often as they could. We were not sure whether they actually would. You know people change. But they kept their word throughout the following years until Bapak's release. Bless them!

We'd soon learn how true it was that in such trying times, we'd know who our friends were. We really would. And I mean, our *real* friends.

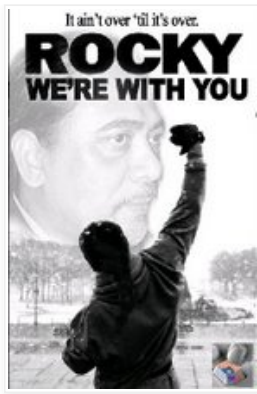
Posted by [NURAINA A SAMAD](#) at [2:03 AM](#)

36 comments:

Anonymous said...

Kesian Nina yang kecil masih itu. Saya rasa Amir Muhamad patut menoleh kearah Jalan Sudin. Lupakan "Ielaki terakhir Komunis" yang cuba diketengahkan. Ni, hah, seorang wira yang masih bersama kita, yang pernah terbuang kedalam penjara selama tiga kali - 2 kali dikurung British dan sekali dikenakan oleh King Ghaz dan kerajaan Malaysia yang dikepalai oleh Hussein ketika itu. Nah, ini dia, sesuatu yang boleh kita pelajari. Erti kebebasan, erti keberanian. Amir Muhamad ketika itu mungkin sekecil Nina? Tapi Amir tidak mengharungi apa yang dilalui Nina yang kecil, yang tidak menangis bila dibilang yang bapaknya ditangkap polis. Sebab bukan seorang kriminal Samad. Dia dituduh seorang komunis. Nah ini, Amir Muhamad, sebuah skrip Jalan Sudin buat filem kamu yang akan datang: "Samad Ismail: The Real Last Communist".

[3:43 AM](#)



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Anonymous said...

Ena

I was bursting with anger. Tak ada selera langsung, so how could I eat anything? I left early, yes - only, I didn't head straight for work.

I could have gone by my usual route: from the house to Jalan Kemajuan, Jalan Semangat, Jalan Utara, and then on to Federal Highway straight to my office in Shah Alam.

But not on that day. On that day, I left early because I wanted to take the longer, scenic route, via Jalan SS1/36 to Federal Highway.

Did I say scenic route? Hah. I didn't see anything. The traffic, the road, the houses, the people - they were all a big blur.

But I saw *her*. Just as I'd hoped, there she was, waiting in front of her house for her transport to arrive. She looked up and saw my car, and I could tell from her face that she had read the papers or heard the news on radio.

I don't know how I must have looked. Dishevelled, unkempt, unshaved. Not the best shape to be in when seeing the girl you are dating, I remember thinking as I got out of the car.

She listened as I rambled and vented my anger. I don't know if I was coherent, but she appeared supportive and sympathetic - which, I was to find out later, was the typical reaction of non-Malays whether they knew you or not. Malays would usually react with suspicion if they knew you, or would treat you like a pariah if they didn't.

I had a full five minutes with her before her transport arrived. It was a big relief emptying the bucket. But it was a short-lived respite.

I remember immediately thinking: How are Kamal and Lalin going to handle this? How will they cope in school - the taunts, the jibes? Kamal will be sitting for his SRP this year!

And I felt the anger seeping in again.

8:35 AM



Kak Teh said...

I remember those years too but i dont think I can even begin to know how you and your family felt and went through. Alhamdulillah, its over and you have been so so strong. I just dont know how you coped. My love and admiration for you. Always.

11:23 AM



June said...

This post sent a shiver down my spine. You put it in such a descriptive manner that I can totally imagine how it was like.

I'm sorry you had to go through this ordeal =(*hugs*

► [September \(31\)](#)

11:40 AM

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► [June \(25\)](#)

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Unknown said...

Salam

Hang nii la!!

Aku dah tak boleh nak miss baca bab "Tuesday with Bapak" ni.

To be honest, A Samad Ismail to me was a communist. Tak dak ugama. What they call "Tiga Abdul".

When i saw Abdullah Majid in person for the first time, i nearly scream: Ba alif ba ya!! What a contrast! ..and i really hate my "tak dak agama" impression. God knows. [Once in a blue moon, Abdullah Majid was one of the "Ahli Parlimen" at one of the stall near warung buku Allahyarham Pak Husin Yaakob (Ibnu Muslim, Harakah columnist) at Jalan Haji Hussin, Chow Kit]

i started to know your father in his talks about journalism, although i never tried to make my presence felt. i also had the opportunity to meet him once or twice, at Markaz Tarbiyyah PAS Taman Melewar. Despite his frail look, i knew i can extract a lot and a lot from that old man. But, that very look really touched my heart..

Ya Allah... why i was not jantan enough to seek their forgiveness; from Abdullah Majid and your father (i never tried to talk with Dolah Kok Lanas although i always met him at the Parliament Lobby 10 or 15 years ago).

i really hope they can forgive this ignorant kutu. Please!

Why should i shout to the world about my unfortunate impression? i dont know. Maybe because i just want the whole world to know - how effective they were in twisting our heads!

Can you imagine how many heads still twisted at this point of time?

[Maap la, cakap kasaq sikit, pakai hang aku - semua orang cakap hang aku ja dgn saya.. Datuk Ron pun dah cakap hang aku dgn saya, dan saya suka. saya ni jenis yg tak meraikan sangat budi bahasa yg extra lunak.. yg sedang-sedang ja cukup la..]

12:23 PM

Azmi Anshar's Dewan Dispatchers

- http://www.nst.com.my/Misc/Parliament/dispatch_html

NURIN ALERT

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- [Nurinjazlin](#)
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Favourites



Typhoon Sue said...

Can't imagine what it would feel like to be in your position, or Nina's for that matter. Must be traumatic.

Love your Tuesdays With Bapak series, by the way.

12:42 PM

Anonymous said...

Nuraina

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I got here blog-hopping. Wow. So very engaging. I had to back-track to Chapter 1 and Ch 2 to get the picture so far.

What a coincidence. I was in ITM semasa you di situ. Taklah kenal u, tapi I dah dengar about the Samad sisters (I thought ada 3, but you sebut 2 saja).

I pun pernah tengok your brother perform kat ITM, A&Z Restaurant (now Maybank D'sara Hts), Lake Gardens, Stadium Negara and dunno where else. Great blues guitarist, among the best at that time. Tak kenal dia, tapi ada friends yang kenal dia.

Anyway, I remember the "confession" on TV. Walaupun I blur pasal politic, I tak caya dengan confession tu. Member-member I di rumah teres pun pikir tu semua karut. At least at that time, students were able to be anti-establishment. Remember tak kes demo dulu? Kena kejar polis sampai nak mati. Sekarang...?

Salam to your family, and to your brother. I fan dia, walaupun tengok dari jauh.

1:03 PM

Anonymous said...

Nuraina,

Saya amat bersetuju dengan bintang tiga puluh tiga. Daripada amir muhamad dok buang masa buat benda-benda yang dia sendiri tau tidak akan mendatangkan hasil, lebih baik fokus kepada cerita-cerita atau kisah-kisah yang lebih "nyata" dan "keKITAan" seperti Pak Samad, ikon kewartawanan Malaysia.

Berdasarkan kepada pengalaman beliau yang lama yang berpelbagai dimensi (orang politik dan wartawan), janganlah cakap seluruh hidup beliau malahan mungkin setengah sahaja daripada kisah hidup beliau boleh diceritakan secara lebih kreatif (baca:lebih baiklah daripada a la rtm yang hanya melepaskan batu di tangga). Yang kita dok sibuk fighting a lose cause seperti kisah komunis ni buat apa" selain daripada mendatangkan untung zero, apa kita ingat boleh jadi hero ka nak cerita pasal komunis. Sekiranya amir berada di hotel Lee Gardens Haadyai pada 9 Disember 1989 (Perjanjian Damai Malaysia-Thailand-PKM) maka beliau akan faham maksud saya ini. Saya membuat liputan peristiwa itu dan sebelum ke sana editor saya telah menyiapkan saya selama 3 bulan untuk mengetahui selok-belok mengenai kisah PKM dalam usaha memberi liputan yang tepat dan seimbang. Tidaklah perlu kita nak memperjuangkan kisah-kisah komunis yang sudah lapok dan basi. Komunis adalah suatu eksperimen yang gagal yang dicetuskan oleh Revolusi Merah Bolshevik pada 17 Oktober 1917 oleh Vladimir E.Lenin. Selama lebih daripada 70 tahun baru mereka sedar bahawa komunism adalah suatu fahaman yang salah dan silap dan kita sendiri lihat ianya berkubur pada 1990 di Kesatuan Soviet dan di negara-negara satelitnya. Saya pernah berada di Moscow selama 3 tahun dan merantau ke hampir seluruh kesatuan itu yang ketika itu mempunyai 15 republik (termasuk 6 republik Islam) untuk meninjau dan melihat sendiri akan kegagalan eksperimen berkenaan. Mereka gagal kerana ianya tidak praktikal dan saya berada di sana sehinggalah perdana menteri soviet union yang terakhir mikhail gorbachev sendiri "memusnahkan" impian dan

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amalan komunisme yang tidak berpijak di bumi nyata. Saya pergi ke sana semasa ianya adalah Soviet Union yang cukup hebat dan gah dan kembali ke Kuala Lumpur ketika ianya sudah menjadi, republik-republik russia, ukraine, armenia, georgia, belarus, moldovia, latvia, lithuania, estonia, turkmenistan, uzbekistan, kazakhstan, azerbaijan, tajikistan dan kyrgistan.

Percayalah, idea mengenai komunis adalah basi dan lapok dan "people don't give a shit anymore. Even the former communists do not care about it, hence discarding the belief to embrace the rest of the world." Macamlah kita ni dah ketandusan idea untuk difilemkan atau divideokan. Ambilh kesempatan Perayaan 50 Malaysia Merdeka ini untuk menceritakan semula beberapa detik peristiwa hitam "3 Abdul" yang difitnah oleh kerajaan (sebenarnya oleh seorang menteri yang bercita-cita besar) dan menjadikan 3 orang yang tidak bersalah sebagai korban. Seandainya mereka ini benar-benar ajen komunis maka mengapakah pentadbiran-pentadbiran selepas itu memberi penghargaan kepada mereka, terutamanya Pak Samad? Justeru ini adalah komplot jahat untuk menaiki tahta politik yang akhirnya boleh disifatkan sebagai "...wamaru wamarullah, wallahi.." yang sedikit sebanyak bermaksud bahawa "...mereka membuat perancangan, ALLAH pun mempunyai rancangan, akhirnya perancangan ALLAH mengatasi segala-galanya kerana Dia adalah Maha Perancang dan Maha Pelaksana. Justeru, dengan hanya menyentuh sedikit sebanyak sebagai flashback pembabitan Pak Samad dalam politik Singapura (sebagai seorang daripada pengasas parti pemerintah PAP), kisah hitam gerakan ala gestapo, ala kgb dan ala mossad terhadap 3 insan tidak berdosa boleh diceritakan, sekiranya kita pandai bercerita. Ini akan menjadi kisah yang lebih menarik. Saya yakin kerajaan hari ini akan memberi sokongan, pihak-pihak tertentu akan memberi sumbangan pendapat dan buah fikiran dan ahli keluarga Pak Samad akan sentiasa ingin menceritakan kisah mereka untuk tatap khalayak awam. Tokoh-tokoh lama yang tidak bersetuju dengan tindakan bekas menteri berkenaan nescaya akan membantu menjelaskan dan menceritakan kisah sebenar yang berlaku dan yang lebih menarik lagi ialah mereka termasuklah mantan PM Tn Dr Mahathir Mohamad masih ada, Abdullah Kok Lanas masih ada dan beberapa lagi. Ini adalah lebih menarik. Ambilh contoh filem "Munich" yang walaupun diharamkan di Malaysia adalah mengenai episod singkat pembunuhan 11 atlit Israel di Olimpik Munich 1972. Sekiranya kerajaan, khususnya kementerian hal ehwal dalam negeri berpendapat bahawa pengharaman filem itu sudah cukup baik atas alasan tidak mahu "glorify" mossad dan kepentingan Israel, kita di Malaysia masih boleh mengikuti kisah munich itu di Discovery Channel 2 bulan lepas apabila saluran itu menyiarkan "Munich:The Real Assassin" yang sebenarnya adalah hampir 95 peratus daripada garapan filem Munich. Sewajarnya kita hendaklah membenarkan filem Munich kerana ianya menceritakan keganasan militan-militan Palestine yang tidak mengenal sesiapa untuk bertindak.

Berbalik kepada kisah Pak Samad, saya amat percaya ianya adalah satu idea besar untuk diceritakan semula, disamping kisah-kisah lain yang juga cukup menarik akan tetapi tidak tercapai dek minda para karyawan filem kita.

zukri valentino
alor setar, kedah

1:22 PM

- [Witch](#)
- [Zewt](#)

Clock

Sitemeter

The freedom of expression is essential for any society to evolve. Comments are welcomed but will be moderated. Views expressed are not those of Nuraina A. Samad.



Alliedmartster said...

You would really know, who they are.
Your friends.

. . .Now having known your experience, that three letters is indeed frightening.

3:05 PM



BaitiBadarudin said...

Pak Samad's struggle should be documented for posterity, be it film, docu-drama or 'short'. Jalan Sudin, Jalan Ambok Solok, 4PM, Jalan Damai, Kampung Melayu Kaki Bukit ... those memories just made me choke with emotions.

3:06 PM



Pak Tuo said...

salam Kak,

somehow it remind me of the film by Dusty Hoffman and Steve McQueen 'Papillon'

Wasallam

4:04 PM

Anonymous said...

kakiblues said:

"I was in ITM semasa you di situ."

Hey kakiblues, maybe I know u. U hang out dengan siapa di ITM? I pun tahu reputation Samad sisters semasa di ITM, and i kenal them by sight. I jealous betul, the Samad sisters tu jambu satu macam. I pulak...um, let's just say, I ini bergetah sikit. I know Nuraina was in mass comm, the other one I think architecture atau art & design. Ada satu lagi, tapi I lupa apa dia ambek. Law, kot. U r right, kakiblues. Kita dulu betul-betul antiestablishment. Apa yang gomen cakap, kita ambek opposite position, kekeke. Jadi bila dengar Samad Ismail kena tangkap, we all kata "Podahlah. Wayang aje!"

nuraina...hats off to u and your family.

4:42 PM



tokasid said...

Salam to NAS and all.

Memang betul.Episode seperti yg berlaku ke atas Pak Samad akan menampakkan kepada kita siapa rakan dan saudara mara kita yg sebenarnya.

Masih berlaku kpd keluarga2 tahanan ISA sehingga kini. Akan berlaku sehinggalah ISA di abolishkan, InsyaALLAH.

NAS, do continue next Tuesday and all Tuesdays for that matter. Salam.

6:10 PM

Anonymous said...

Ena

You wrote:

I wondered whether Abang Med was going to be okay? Was he planning revenge?

Answer: Yes, I was going to be OK.

And yes, I was planning revenge, though not immediately. My thoughts of revenge nearly consumed me, had I not been distracted by other more constructive pursuits.

- Abang Med

6:34 PM



shar101 said...

The book, Nurina, the book.

I realise it may be a heartbreaking endeavour but sometimes, one needs to pour it all out to bring closure.

And it will be a fitting tribute. A legacy fulfilled.

6:54 PM

Anonymous said...

kakiblues:

Sorry, bro. Where are my manners?

Wa'alaikum salam...

Thank u for the compliment. That was sooo long ago. And who might our mutual friends be?

- Hamed

7:10 PM

Anonymous said...

"We'd soon learn how true it was that in such trying times, we'd know who our friends were. We really would. And I mean, our real friends."

Totally agree. :D you have a really good memory :D Do you have pix? It'll be nice to see some pix~~~

tk's for sharing.

7:19 PM



Maverick SM said...

I am deeply touched and tears gets into my eyes. Where were you, my Lord when the people are in misery? I pray you will not forget to act on those who transgress upon natural justice and do evil deeds.

God bless the family of Nuraini hereon.

8:56 PM



zewt said...

greetings again kak nuraina,

reading this made my heart felt something. i will never know how it truly feels to be in your situation, but you have come up strong.

how did little nina take it in the end? is she a big strong girl now?

9:39 PM



Shue said...

Hi K.Nuraina,

am reading tuesday post with tears in my eyes. Argh! so heart breaking and you're telling it so vividly and really touches many hearts I'm sure. More importantly, the lessons that we can learn from ur experience. True friends are like rare gems!

9:42 PM



NURAINA A SAMAD said...

FR2020: actually, there are many things that are still a blur, not only to me. but to my siblings. There are things that i want to remember but they are just a blank. I try to fill in many missing pieces of this dark past. Whatever i can remember, i try to capture it as vividly as i possibly can. I was afraid to forget the many bits that form this part of my life, of history. that was one of the reasons i decided to "write" TWB.

photos...i am sure we have them.we'll see if we display them.

kakiblues : alamak... merah dah muka saya.

actually ada three of us. Norlin (law), noraida (interior design) and me (mass comm).

after about a year, Norlin left for england to further her law studies.

zewt : Nina is now a lawyer working in a bank. She is in her mid 30s. Married with 2 kids and another on the way (due next month).Thankfully, she had 8 older sisters and 2 older brothers to give her emotional support throughout those bleak years.

She may be the baby, but she sometimes can be the wisest of us all.

10:01 PM



tony -stand-up philosopher said...

I remember that day very vividly Nuraina. I was working the early shift that morning. When I entered the library, there was this sombre mood in the office. Everyone was silent, stunned, afraid. At least I was. I don't know why. As i entered the library, there were these heaps of books lying on the table and the chief librarian asked me to stamp all of them with the NSTP library chop. Then I knew it was Pak Samad's books taken from his office. 'They' rummaged through his office and took what they wanted. Those they didn't need they sent to the library. I never saw Pak Samad after that day until he came back to NST a couple of years ago to take up a posting which didn't last too long as well. They also took my uncle's very good friend (I forget his name) working with Berita Harian. I never saw him since. The media said they were communists. I don't know. But I know today there are people worst than communists freely walking our streets. And sad to say, they are free.

11:04 PM

Anonymous said...

dear kak ena,
saya rasa terlalu kecil untuk memberi komen dalam hal ini. pada saya, mereka yang di duga Allah Taala adalah yang terpilih, and that made him special. semoga Allah Taala sentiasa melimpahi rahmatNya. Amin.

12:56 AM

Anonymous said...

sorry kak ena,
"that makes him special".

6:52 AM



syed syahrul zarizi b syed abdullah said...

Salam tu Nuraina

Siri 'Tuesdays with bapak' HARUS, dibukukan (saya sungguh2 berharap). Saudara Rocky sebagai penyunting? Dan saya pasti Berita Publishing dan Pak Kadir Jasin akan berbesar hati untuk mencetak dan mengedar.Dan saya pasti ramai akan membeli.

Tentu Pak Samad bangga dengan anak-anak beliau.

9:04 AM



tokasid said...

Salam to NAS and her siblings.

Yes I agree few fellow bloggers wanting TWB series di bukukan. All Pak Samad's children can contribute to this. Take time to compile it. Make TWB as your 1st draft and improve it. It should be from the family's point of views and how all of you manage and cope with it. I know it will be an eye opener to many Malaysians. Also hope Kak Teh will write a book about our sailors in Liverpool.

Take your time NAS, but please do write TWB: the memoirs.

11:33 AM

Anonymous said...

Dear 3540 Jalan Sudin,

Please write a book about this. I ll snatch the first copy.

Or at least give a thought about it

12:26 PM



NURAINA A SAMAD said...

zewt ; sorry. did i say 8 older sisters?

i meant 7 older sister.

for the record: My mother Hamidah Hassan passed away in 1990 of complications resulting from chronic diabetes. i think her heart finally failed her. She was 64.

my eldest sister Sapiatun, or fondly known as Sophie by her close friends and simply as Kak Piah by us all, passed away in 1994 of secondary cancer. She was battling breast cancer for about a year. She was 48.

12:50 PM



izinni said...

isyyy nangis lagi ...

2:24 PM

Anonymous said...

Stand-up philosopher,

Your uncle's friend at BH could be the sub-editor Samani Amin (Haji). He was detained as King Gaz's trailer to Pak Samad's subsequent fate under the ISA.

Pak Samani joined Syed Kechik Foundation after his release. Resigned after his hajj and I believe is now residing somewhere in Meru, Klang.

6:47 PM



pemerhati said...

anon (6.47pm) said...

Pak Samani joined Syed Kechik Foundation after his release.

=====

I believe after his release Pak Cik Samani was with the Star as an Assistant News Editor.

10:31 PM



tony -stand-up philosopher said...

anonymous, mis tey,
Thanx for the info

11:37 PM



zewt said...

... and she turned out older than me :)...

11:41 PM

Anonymous said...

zewt said...

... and she turned out older than me :)...

zewt, if you read nuraina's earlier postings, li'l nina was 6 (in 1976).

Can easily calculate her age now, what.

8:20 AM

Anonymous said...

Dear Nuraina,

You know what makes your vivid TWB accounts even more poignant? Your siblings chipping in with their memories. Then friends and strangers, who were outside looking in at the events that were your family's reality, giving their impressions and perspectives. It's just so incredible.

If this isn't the 21st Century and we're all on the Internet, some of us thousands of miles on the other side of the globe, one would think we're all sitting around the fire in the dawn of time... listening and nodding and shaking our heads and weeping as you and family relive your story.

Your book, it has to include these rich asides...

5:09 PM



A Voice said...

Someone was saying abt being anti establishment in our youth. Those days one labelign any whose got a bit intellectual in their opinion would be socialist.

One ole socialist was tellign me. If you are not socialist below 40 and still is after 40, somethign is wrong with you.

Just to prove that ideology could be foolish. Go back to fundamental of common value and good sense.

5:26 PM

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