

HERITAGE

MAY EDITION

VOL 1



Editor's Note

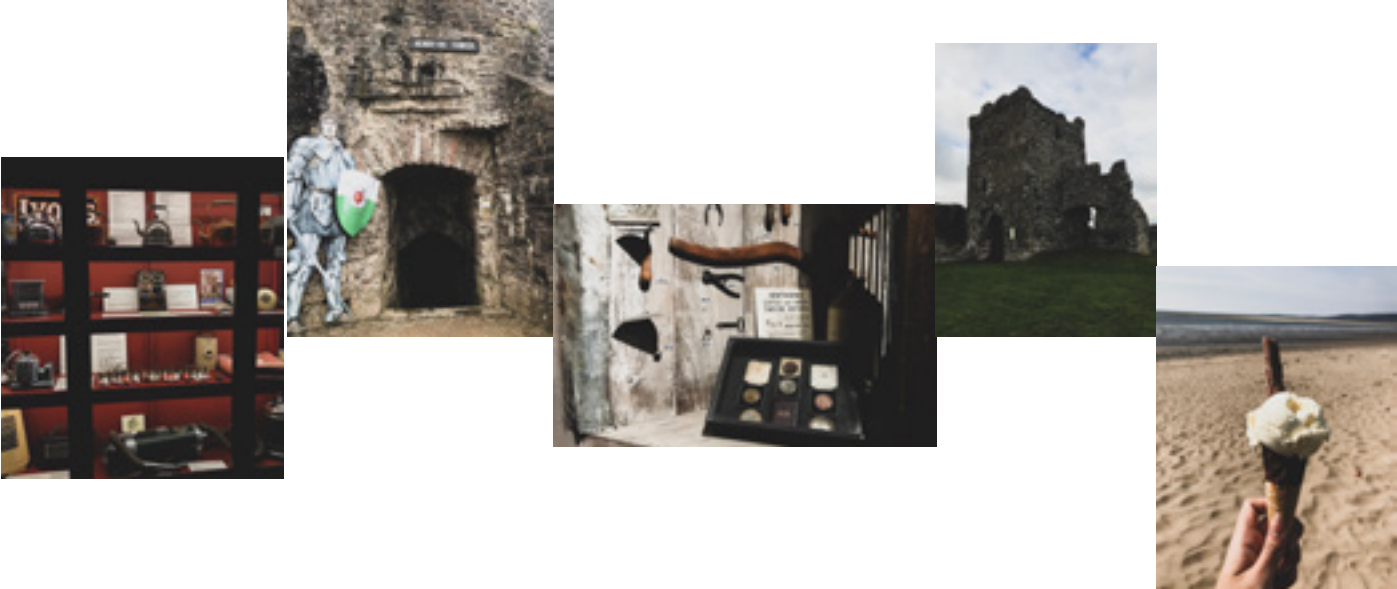
The Journey

When I first arrived in Wales, I had no idea what my project would be about. I was just certain about one thing - that I would write. Filming or video-editing was never a niche of mine. Acting or being in front of the camera was also not an option, being a camera-shy person. Writing was. I love to write. Always have and always will. I remember when we were younger, my mum would hold a small contest between me and my sisters, to see who could write the best short stories, where the winner would get a prize. Most of the time I won. I'm pretty sure the times I didn't it was because my mum felt bad for my sisters. Jokes aside I love my siblings. I love how our mother turned what most would find boring, into such a fun activity where we were both learning and at the same time strengthening the bond between us.

The first few days here I was still clueless about what I'd be doing for this project. It was after the first cultural trip to the beautiful Llansteffan Castle, when I realized what I was set to do. I'll write about the beautiful places here in Wales, the food and culture, the differences or even similarities of this country compared to Malaysia. I want to be able to tell my story to readers and allow them to experience my journey here in Wales through my writing.

Sincerely,
Nur Hidayah

Nik Nur Hidayah Nik Zaidi



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LLANSTEFFAN.

LLANSTEFFAN CASTLE



After a long, tiring 14-hour flight, we had landed in London. Thank goodness my friend was on the same flight as me as I felt quite nervous travelling thousands of miles away from home by myself. The first thing I thought as soon as I stepped out of the plane was “Wow. I’ve missed this weather!”, I exclaimed while jumping up and down. Having lived here before, this foreign country didn’t feel so foreign after all. I remember when my family and I returned to Malaysia, after a short while I had gathered a list of things that I missed most about the UK. On top of the list was the weather. I love everything about my country - except the weather.

My 13 year-old teenage self wrote in her diary, how much she wished Malaysia was colder. My mother always used to think I was immune to the cold. When everyone else wore 3 layers of garments, I wore only one. When everyone else wore gloves, I refused. Till this day I still do not quite understand why my younger self allowed my fingers to swell up like frozen sausages rather than just putting some gloves on.

Ah, those were the days... Fast forward 12 years and here I am again today. It was 6am at Heathrow airport. The cold breeze just felt so pleasant. 1°C. My whole body was shivering yet I was happy. So happy to be here again. I thought to myself, “This is it, this is where the adventure begins”. After another 6 hour journey on the bus from Heathrow airport to Carmarthen, we had reached our campus, the University of Wales Trinity Saint David. All the Malaysian students were given rooms at the Archbishop Noakes 2 hostel. Happy to be on the ground floor, we then settled in and had a good night’s rest.

I remember when we were here back then, my mum would hold a small competition between me and my sisters, to see who could write the best short stories, where the winner would get a prize. Most of the time I won. I’m pretty sure the times I didn’t it was because my mum felt bad for my sisters. Jokes aside, I love my siblings. We would always have cute little competitions to see who could read more books and who could spell and write better.

Bless her. That's the product of years of teaching high school students. Her children became her main students. I love how she turned what most would find boring, into such a fun activity where we were both learning and at the same time strengthening the bond between us.

The first few days I was still clueless about what I would be doing for my assignment. I felt anxious and pressured as all my friends already came up with such great ideas. It was during our first trip, the very next day when I realized what I wanted to do. After another 6 hour journey on the bus from Heathrow airport to Carmarthen, we had reached our campus, the University of Wales Trinity Saint David. All the Malaysian students were given rooms at the Archbishop Noakes 2 hostel. Happy to be on the ground floor, we then settled in and had a good night's rest.

The very next day we went on a bus trip to Llansteffan to visit the castle and the beach. It was absolutely beautiful. It was a long walk uphill to the castle but it was definitely worth the climb. The castle stood right at the edge of the hill and we could see it from our walk from the Whitesands Bay beach.



We were reminded to wear proper footwear as the sand was wet and that our feet would sink halfway, which it did. It was so cold and windy being up the hill. The castle or what remains of it, is such a sight to behold. Many make the trip back to Llansteffan just to witness the sight. Facing Carmarthen Bay and lying between the estuaries of the Tywi and the Taf, back then this was a place swarmed with many activities. For years, the townspeople would have seen many ships such as Viking warships, Roman galleys, ships carrying soldiers and civil servants, monks, merchants bringing everything from coal to mines, waiting for the tide to tide to take them up the river Tywi to Carmarthen, which was once the most important port and town in Wales.

People had been living here long before then, leaving traces of occupation from the Stone Age onwards in the way of burial chambers, standing stones, hill forts and hut circles. A medieval castle was built on the site of a late Bronze Age hill fort and it was an obvious target for the 12th century Norman invaders. The native Welsh princes fought long and hard to regain control of it, but they were no match for the Anglo-Normans.



Due to its strategic position became a port of some consequence and was also granted coveted borough status, with all the attendant trade privileges, though significantly the burgesses were Anglo-Norman settlers. Llansteffan was indeed a place of importance in the Middle Ages, but, as elsewhere in Wales, it was periodically afflicted by warfare, the vagaries of the weather and outbreaks of plague.

The accession of Henry VII to the throne brought an end to the Wars of the Roses and not long afterwards Llansteffan castle was abandoned as a fortress and a residence. What had been a borough reverted into a rural backwater, with agriculture and fishing, and local marine trading as the main means of subsistence. With a ruined castle, picturesque scenery, and easy access by ferry, Llansteffan was on the tour trail for antiquaries and artists.

The advent of tourism provided another source of income here in Llansteffan to many villagers that had relied heavily on cockling and fishing to supplement incomes. Back then visitors entertained themselves with picnics and games on the beach. They also held ay concerts, eisteddfodau and dances. It is known that many artists and writers find the atmosphere here inspirational. Llansteffan has seen many changes over the years, but it has never lost its charms. Once visited it draws people back again and again, and as we speak,

Llansteffan and its present day residents are still creating a unique history for the fascination of countless visitors of the future, in exactly the same way it did years ago, and today.



ST FAGANS.

ST. FAGAN'S

Our next weekend trip was to St Fagan's National Museum of History. Although the bus ride took around 3 hours, I personally couldn't wait to visit Cardiff. The last time I was here I was in my teenage years. I remember how me and my family would drive to Cardiff from Pontypridd every other week and visit the car boot sales here where I had gotten so many second-hand books and toys for such a cheap price. There are endless things to do in Cardiff, with it being the capital city of Wales. I had been looking forward to this trip for weeks, since I really wanted to visit this museum. St Fagans is an open-air museum showcasing the Welsh historical lifestyle, culture, and architecture which consists of more than forty buildings representing the architecture of many different locations in Wales, set in the grounds of St Fagans Castle, a Grade I listed Elizabethan manor house. This museum was open to the public in 1948,

under the name of the Welsh Folk Museum which shows many traditional crafts such as a weaver, a clog maker, miller, pottery, water mills. A part of the site concentrates on preserving local Welsh native breeds of livestock on a small farm. All the produce from the museum's bakery and flour mill is available for sale within the museum. When we first arrived we were so excited as the bus was arriving, we saw that the ground was covered in snow. Everyone squealed with joy as many of them had never experienced the snow before. It was disappointing how it hadn't snowed in Carmarthen yet, although people kept telling us how they were sure it would snow tomorrow according to the weather forecast. We waited...and waited. Yet all we got was rain. Although I personally don't mind the rain, I was really hoping to experience the pouring snow once again in my life. Nevertheless, seeing the snow in St Fagans made us all jump with joy. Before we got off the bus I whispered to a few friends how we would all throw a snowball at one of our unsuspecting friend. As soon as she got off, "SPLAT!", she was covered in snow. After a good laugh we headed towards the entrance of the museum which looked huge. The entrance

took us inside a building and out the other into the actual museum area. There was a walkway which split into many different paths leading to different parts of the museum. The museum now includes a few buildings that portrays the industrial working life including many cottages of the workers, showcasing decor from 1800 to 1985, including a post-war prefabricated bungalow and many other architectures such as the St Teilo's Church, Cilewent farmhouse, Tudor Trader House, Stryd Lydan barn, the Abernodwydd farmhouse, the Tannery, the Llainfadyr cottage, the Vulcan Hotel alongside many other historical displays. I remember when me and my family used to gather in the living room in the evening to watch the Doctor Who episodes. Some of the scenes from the show were shot right here in this museum. It took us a couple of hours to fully explore the grounds of St Fagans.

We entered almost every cottage as it was interesting to be able to see and experience how the people here used to live many years back. The cottages were tiny and each cottage had an earthy scent, a musty mixture of dirt and wood. The cottages each had a small dining space and a bedroom. Garments were seen hanging off a low wire from the ceiling. One of the cottages had a little baby cot right at the edge of the bed. It felt almost creepy. Before coming we were told this place was haunted. Some had their own spooky experience here where they felt a tap on the shoulder, some had witnessed apparitions and had heard and seen children playing and crying, and many more unexplained happenings.

One building in particular called the Penrhiw Chapel is also known for its ghastly past, where several biers, which are movable frames on which a coffin or a corpse is set before being buried or cremated or carried to the grave, are now used as roof timbers. When we first entered the building we had no idea that it was a chapel as it looked different.





It did however give off an eerie vibe.

Here, some of the stories are that visitors have seen a spine-chilling sight of a phantom funeral procession where they see themselves or their friends and family. Those who experience this, it is believed that death is near. Scary! For those who are looking for a haunting experience, this place is definitely a must! Due to its spooky woodland setting this place is popular for halloween activities. Following unexplained sightings and sounds, this historic spot is also famous for ghost tours in Cardiff. Many also believe that the restoration of the village, had disturbed the ghosts which are believed to be the village's former residents returning to their home. Luckily, we did not experience anything out of the ordinary. If you want to learn more about the Welsh back in the days, St Fagans Museum is the right place to learn while having a good time.

PETHAU DA

Today, after a long walk around town we decided to visit Pethau Da for some food. The cafe looked cute and cosy, despite being small. The menu had everything from breakfast, lunch, evening, afternoon tea, and a brunch menu. The menu includes soup, homemade quiche served with homemade chutney, fishcakes with pineapple salsa and home-made chilli jam, mussel, honey and mustard glazed chicken salad served with grilled chilli peppers and toasted hazelnuts The main courses include steaks, special Pethau Da burgers, wild mushroom and broad bean Tagliatelle with dressed water cress and many more. Yum. The menu itself was mouth-watering. We proceeded to order two Pethau Da burgers, one fishcake, and for myself, I had a smoked salmon salad. Everyone finished the whole thing just under 5 minutes. As for me, being the only vegetable lover, my friends had scooped out whatever vegetables and greens that they had on their plates and threw it onto mine. Therefore I took twice the time to finish off my meal. Nevertheless, vegetable or not, who can say no to free food! After the salad, I went ahead and rewarded myself with a jumbo-sized cookie. Oops. For £13, we had gotten a pretty decent meal, and would definitely be coming back.



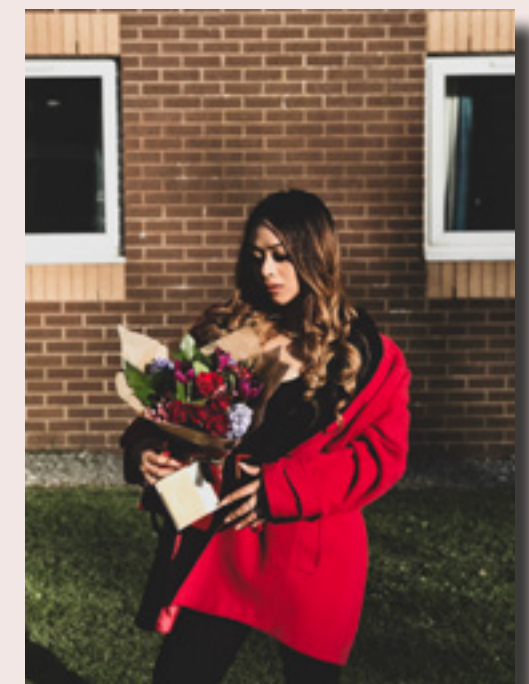
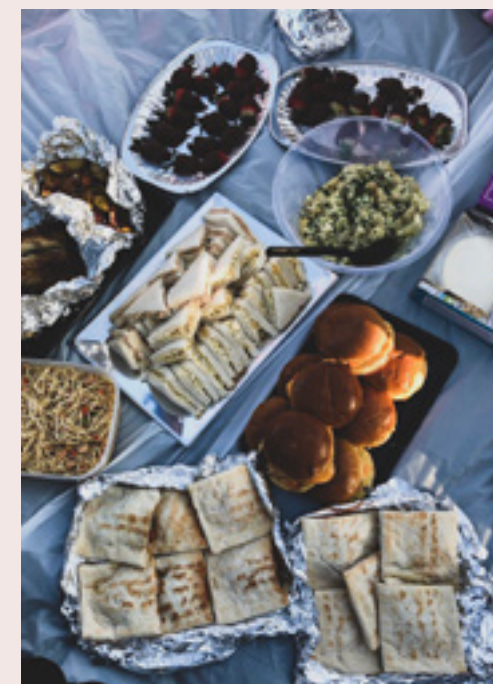


VALENTINES

Saint Valentine's Day is widely celebrated with great enthusiasm and love not only here in Britain but all over the world. Some people also celebrate Valentine's day back in Malaysia but not on such a large scale compared to how they do here. Valentine's day posters were plastered everywhere all over the walls in Carmarthen. Every shop wanted to remind people to get their loved ones a special something. Roses were on sale everywhere. It was impossible to forget Valentine's Day was approaching. Valentine's is usually celebrated by expressing love for their beloved ones by giving them presents such as flowers, cards, teddy bears, chocolates or presents in any other form. According to statistics, the Brits spent approximately 1.5 billion pounds on Valentine's Day in 2017. Whew! It also shows that men usually spend double of what the women did. Aww. See men are not all that bad after all.

Different parts of the country have their own specific traditions to celebrate Valentine's Day but one popular custom is the singing of special songs by children. These children are then rewarded with gifts of candy, money or fruits. Valentine's Day is not only to be celebrated among couples, it is also a time to share love and appreciation among friends. Being so far away from home and all our loved ones, we decided to celebrate it by having a picnic amongst us at the local Carmarthen park. A few days prior we had a meeting where we wrote everyone's names on a piece of paper and crumpled it up into a tiny ball and placed it inside a small container where each of us had to pick. We then had to get a present for whoever's names we had gotten. We were also assigned to cook something for the picnic, but me being the only one who did not know the first thing about cooking, I was in charge of making chocolate covered strawberries along with another friend. The others had made a delicious batch of tuna, egg sandwiches, potato salad, spaghetti, burgers, roasted chicken and many more. It was a great day indeed. The weather was nice although it was still freezing, there was still some sunlight. Before feasting, we went on with the gift-exchange where everyone received presents such as chocolates, cards and many more.

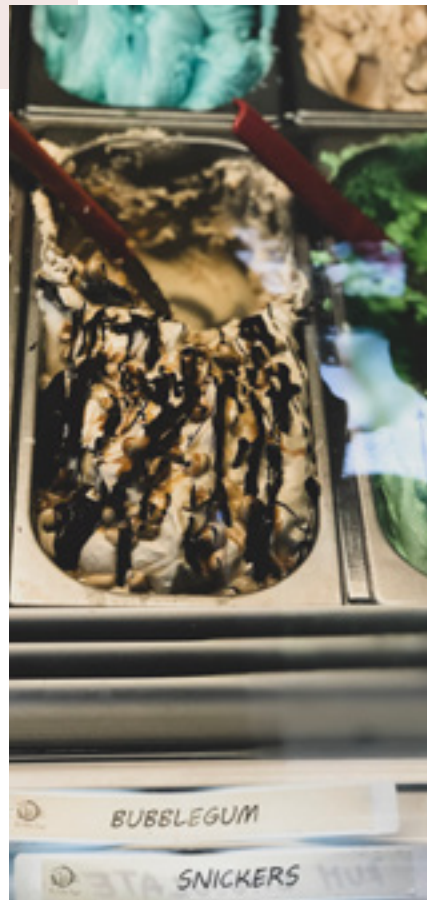
Not forgetting to mention, earlier on today I received a special surprise delivery at the reception. A bouquet of flowers all the way from Malaysia. I walked back to the flat with a huge smile on my face. With the bouquet still in my hand, I entered the kitchen where the girls were hanging out. It took them quite a while to figure out what was going on and as soon as they realized, everyone started screaming at the top of their lungs and took their phones out and started recording. As the quote goes, "Distance means nothing when someone means everything", and with that, I had the perfect Valentine's Day.



For a taste of Caribbean inspired dessert in Wales - head to Palm Caye. Situated in Jacksons Lane Carmarthen, this place offers the best ice-cream in town! The artisan gelato is made fresh on site in their lab, which is displayed on full view for customers interested to witness the creative process. Not only does this place offers a wide selection of handmade ice cream with many different flavours such as vanilla, coffee and mint, they also have many unusual flavours such as parma violet, white chocolate and lemon, sorbet, cookies and cream, bounty, salted caramel, bubblegum, snickers and the list goes on. The place is a dessert paradise for both adults and children.

With so many amazing flavours and so many options, Palm Caye also offers delicious lists of savoury crepes, sandwiches, waffles and milkshakes. With the option to make your own waffle with 2 scoops of gelato of your own choosing, for the price of £6 we decided to go with mint and snickers, topped with chocolate, toffee and strawberry whip cream. Yummy. For another £3 we ordered a medium sized cup of gelato with 2 scoops of Jaffa cake and coffee. It was delicious. To top that off, we were given 2 free lattes for spending more than £5. Although we feel the design of the place could be improved, the decoration did somewhat made us feel as if we were in the Caribbean. Overall, a great place for dessert here in Carmarthen, we highly recommend you to stop by and taste what it has to offer.

PALM CAYE,
JACKSONS LANE

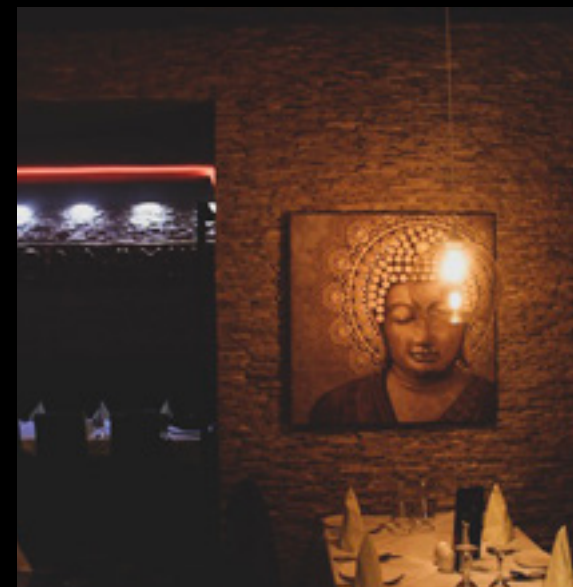


CINNAMON, INDIAN CUISINE



The menu consisted of starters such as the famous tandoori chicken, lamb tikka and samosa's, The Cinnamon specials offered many dishes such as chicken tikka or murghi massala, chicken or lamb shashlik cooked in balti sauce, Other than that there are many other choices of Balti dishes including a selection of Biryani, Tandoori, and traditional dishes. We decided to order three chicken Biryanis, and one lamb and prawn Biryani. Within 15 minutes our food came and we had finished it faster than lightning. It was amazing. The rice was as delicious and spicy as we expected, the meat was perfectly cooked, the soup complimented the dish well - we licked every inch of the plate clean. Even the Peshwari Naan bread was a delectable treat. Not only that, but European dishes are also on the menu such as omelettes, fried chicken and of course, chips. Overall, a great place with great food, which we would highly recommend if one is missing home and craving for curry.

Being thousands of miles away from home, there was one thing we missed very dearly - FOOD. Hungry for meals that would remind us of home, we decided to visit an Indian restaurant in town called Cinnamon. Located at 5 Mansel Street Carmarthen, Cinnamon serves Indian cuisine and offers a comprehensive menu of classical dishes and contemporary creations by local chefs. Albeit the place being rather small, the interior design was exquisite. We loved the dark wallpapers and the painting on the wall. Felt like we were in an Indian restaurant back home. Along with the classical cuisines, the place also offers a wide selection of dishes from the North-West region of India. The dishes are prepared by local chefs from where each dish originates from. This makes Cinnamon a truly original Indian gourmet experience and due to this, it has become a favourite in the Carmarthen area for locals and is also ranked number one on Trip Advisor.





TENBY, PEMBROKESHIRE

Who knew the beach would be just as fun during March as it would be during the summer? With the weather at 8°C, we were all geared up in our winter raincoats and comfy footwear to embark on a day's journey to probably one of the most iconic seaside town in Wales - Tenby, Pembrokeshire.

Tenby (Welsh: Dinbych-y-pysgod, meaning fortlet of the fish) is a walled seaside town in Pembrokeshire, Wales, on the western side of Carmarthen Bay, which includes 4 km of sandy beaches and the Pembrokeshire Coast Path, 13th century medieval town walls, Tenby Museum and Art Gallery, the 15th century St. Mary's Church, and the National Trust's Tudor Merchant's House.

Tenby was awarded a Silver award for the best UK coastal resort at the British Travel awards in 2016, as voted by the public. With excellent communications including a railway station with a two hourly service, the trip there from Carmarthen took us less than an hour- which meant there was no time for a train nap. Just as we were about to doze off, we had arrived. As we got off the train, the first thing we noticed was how intensely quiet it was. We then noticed the strong wind, and how cold it was. Thank god for our winter jackets.

As the railway station was situated very close to town, it only took us only a few steps to uncover the beautiful establishment that most travel thousands of miles to see. As soon as we saw the colourful Victorian houses surrounding the streets, we took our cameras out and started snapping. After spending almost ten minutes standing in the middle of the road, admiring the colourful buildings and snapping away, we then walked further into the street and walked past what is now, the remains of the Tenby castle, situated on the summit of Castle Hill.

The hill itself is almost surrounded by the seas of the Pembrokeshire coast, a truly breathtaking sight to behold. The castle walls however, still protect the vibrant seaside town of Tenby to this day. Remarkably still almost fully intact, these thick stone walls are formidable in their presence, housing the network of beautiful little shops, galleries, restaurants and cafes which is what made Tenby so fun to explore.

As we continued walking, we then reached a little roundabout, which led us to an amazing view of the harbour. Here we spent another ten minutes admiring the view.

Sitting high on the cliffs above one of Wales' most famous beaches is one of the country's most desirable and expensive addresses- the Lexden terrace. With its wealthy features, the prestigious Grade II-listed Georgian townhouses have been known to cost almost £1m each. Ouch. Built between 1843 and 1845, this gorgeous street was constructed by a man who may quite possibly be one of the biggest opium dealers of all time. As we walked downhill past more colourful terraces, we then reached Tenby's South Beach. There were not many people around, which was secretly a good thing, as we had most of the beach to ourselves.

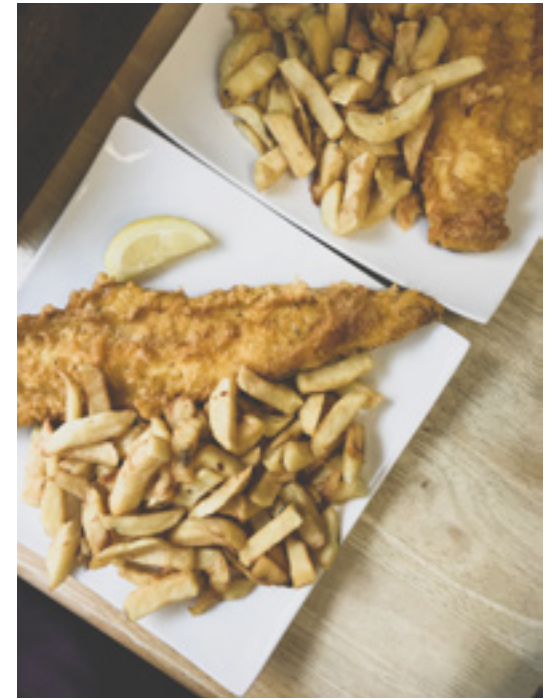
Although we were not typically dressed for the beach, we still managed to get a few instagram-worthy shots even in our winter wear. After spending almost an hour on the beach, running around, posing, taking pictures and enjoying the breeze, we then headed to the centre of town to visit St Mary's church, the largest medieval parish church in Wales, which to our luck, is now open to the public.

The majority of the remaining building dates from the 15th century with some features retained from the 13th century. It is believed this church has existed since the Norman times, and Gerald of Wales is counted as the earliest Rector of Tenby. The 13th Century chancel has a 'wagon' roof and the panelled ceiling has 75 bosses carved in a variety of designs including foliage, grotesques, fishes, a mermaid, and a green man, as well as the figure of Jesus surrounded by the four Apostles. The tower is positioned to one side of the chancel and dates from the late 13th century. The first floor served as a chapel, and still has a stone altar and piscina in place.

The church also has two fountains, one dating from the 15th century and another late Gothic example from the 19th century. It contains several memorials, including the tombs of Thomas and John White, both Mayors of Tenby in the fifteenth century. This church bears testimony to Tenby's successful trading past and enviable medieval wealth.

Sitting high on the cliffs above one of Wales' most famous beaches is one of the country's most desirable and expensive addresses- the Lexden terrace.





As we got tired and hungry, we then wandered around the streets hoping to find an Asian restaurant. Sadly most of them only opened at 5.30PM which was around the time we planned to catch the train back to Carmarthen. Nevertheless, we took this as a sign to eat out at the best fish and chips shop in town. We googled, and found D. Fecci and Sons. Here we come! After 15 minutes of walking and stomach growling, we found it.

To our surprise, the place was an award-winning fish & chips restaurant, which excited us even more. We love some good old fish & chips! Sadly enough we don't get them in Malaysia. That is why we have made it a mission to try as many fish & chips restaurant during our stay here. After looking at the menu we both decided to order the largest set of battered cod. Mmm. Yummy. After spending 5 minutes taking pictures and rearranging our food to find different angles, we finally dug in. Yummy indeed.

The food was great, the size portion was way more than one could handle but we managed to finish everything off the plate, gracefully. The service was good, overall, it was a great old-fashioned fish & chips experience in the best sense. All in all, we are definitely coming back.

CARDIFF.

CARDIFF



It was a rainy day.

The streets of Cardiff were swarming with people from all over the country anticipating the rugby match of the year between Wales and Ireland which took place at the Principality Stadium.

It was a joy seeing the vigorous support and patriotism of the Welsh and the Irish expressed through the colours red and green. People were singing, chanting, drinking and dancing. This went on for several miles as we walked from the train station all the way towards our destination.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM CARDIFF



Our first stop was the museum. This museum which is also an art gallery has a collection of archaeology, botany, art, zoology and geology. There is a large collection of Old Master paintings in Cardiff which includes, among other amazing works, The Virgin and Child between Saint Helena and St Francis by Amico Aspertini, The Poulterer's Shop by Frans Snyders, A Calm by Jan van de Cappelle and the list goes on.

We were particularly struck by Rembrandt's Portrait of Catharina Hooghsaet, who was a wealthy lady from the 16th century. In the painting, she sits in an arm-chair, on which both her arms are stretched out, staring straight towards the left. She holds a handkerchief in her right hand and wears a black gown with a plain flat white collar and a white cap, covering her hair. The dark background, the blank facial expression gave the painting an almost eerie and enigmatic feel to it. It was the kind of painting I would have all over my dark and gloomy mansion, if I had one. If you are into art, this museum is a must.

FESTIVAL OF DIVERSITY XVI, TUN FATIMAH'S LEGACY: 'A MALACCAN STORY RETOLD'

This was the most awaited part of the day. We had bought tickets 5 weeks prior for the cultural theatre performance from the students of Cardiff University, at St. David's Hall, Cardiff. The act represented the history of Malacca, which is a state in Malaysia where although it was the location of one of the earliest Malay sultanates, the local monarchy was abolished when the Portuguese conquered it in 1511.

The performance showcased the various ethnic customs and traditions which blends perfectly in Malacca. Hats off to the students for the amazing performance. The show portrayed the history between the Portuguese and the life of the different races of the people of Malacca which gave birth to the Malay, Chinese, Indian, Baba and Nyonya, Portuguese, and Eurasian community we have until today.

As we first reached St David's Hall, the lobby was full of Malaysian students dressed in formal and traditional Malaysian attire, waiting for the show to begin. It's not common to see so many of your people gathered in the same place when you're living abroad. Although I was so happy to see so many fellow Malaysians in one place, I couldn't help but wonder why none of us spoke or even greeted each other, apart from the ones we knew. Everyone minded their own business. This is another thing I've noticed, having lived in both places and coming back to Wales, I've been reminded again of how friendly and open everyone is here in Wales, compared to Malaysia.

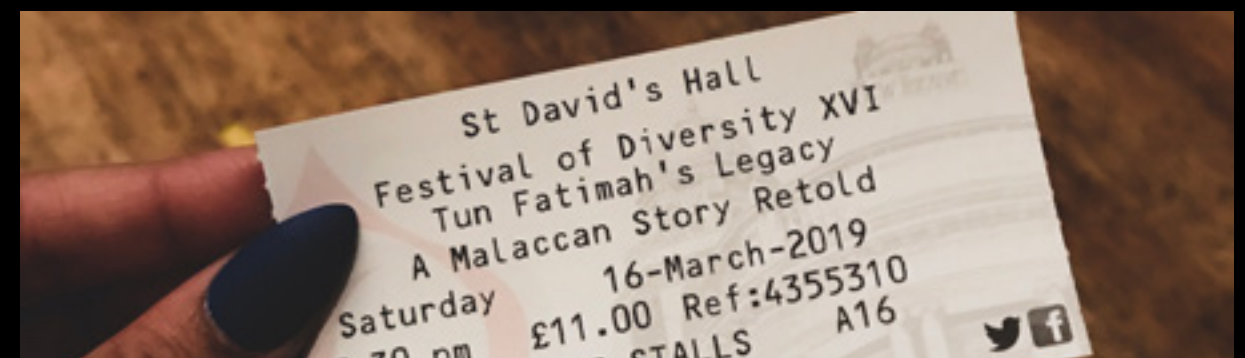
Not to say that Malaysian people are not friendly but it is not within our culture to go out of our way to greet people and ask how someone is doing if we don't know them personally. There is a huge contrast between the Welsh and Malaysians in terms of communication. Although we came from the same country, there wasn't that feeling of warmth. The kind of feeling you get here from locals on a daily basis. Nonetheless, we were extremely excited to be here. As soon as the show had started, we made our way upstairs into the hall. It was crowded and full. So many Malaysians under one roof!

We sat at the very front row towards the right side of the stage. The show first began with a group of girls singing an acapella. It was phenomenal. One was beatboxing which I found so fascinating. Everyone sang in harmony. After a few songs, the whole audience clapped and cheered in awe. That performance had set such a lively atmosphere in the crowd. Then came out the main actors and actresses introducing themselves. The main actress was Tun Fatimah, who in reality is a well-known heroine and daughter of the Malaccan bendahara, Tun Mutahir in the 16th century. She was the child of very prominent figures in the times of Sultan Muzzafar Shah, the fifth Sultan of Malacca.

Tun Kudu was first married to Sultan Muzzafar, who divorced her so that she could marry Tun Ali. Only then would Tun Ali step down from his position as Prime Minister for the more effective Tun Perak, Tun Kudu's brother, to take his place. When Sultan Mahmud wanted her to become his wife, according to the Malaysian history, she was already married to another influential young member of her clan, another Tun Ali. In the play, they had made it very clear how upset the Sultan was that Tun Mutahir kept the fact that he had a beautiful daughter hidden away from the sultan and married her off to someone else.

Moreover, many of the Sultan's courtiers felt distant from Tun Mutahir who chose members of his clan to important posts in the Malaccan government. Raja Mudaliar, the Syahbandar (Chief of Port) of Malacca who was one of the courtiers, had started a rumour that Tun Mutahir was planning to take over the throne. Tun Fatimah then refused to divorce her husband when the Sultan's courtiers forced her to. This led to the execution of all of her male relatives in her family, including Tun Mutahir and her first husband, Tun Ali.

Soon after this Tun Fatimah finally obeyed the Sultan's wishes and became his fifth wife. . In the play, the actress really portrayed how sad Tun fatimah was and how badly she had been grieving during her time as the royal consort.





The actor that played the Sultan was successful in making the audience could not help but despise him. Tun Fatimah made sure to execute those who betrayed her family where she then became the first Malay woman to lead her people. Truly like a fearless, devoted queen. Fatimah was portrayed to be so courageous and brave in this play. They managed to show how the Portuguese were more afraid of the Queen than they are of her husband the Sultan.

She was known to help the army to lead the Malays in their fight against the invading Portuguese forces in the early 16th century even though the Malays had later lost the war to the Portuguese army. Although there is so much more to the story, this was the summary of Tun Fatimah and her legacy which was portrayed exceptionally by all the actors. Not only was the acting top notch, the actors were also amazing singers and dancers, where every once in a while, they had danced and sang on the stage, showcasing the many different cultures that exists in Malaysia. For the price of £14 we left the theatre on an extremely happy note.





CARMARTHEN.

CARMARTHEN CASTLE

We love the ancient ruins.

What is not to love about an aesthetically pleasing, ancient building, that holds hundreds and thousands of years worth of secrets and history? Carmarthen is the county town of Carmarthenshire in Wales and has a strong claim to be the oldest town in Wales. Fortunately for us, we did not have to travel far to see such magnificent historic ruins. A thirty-minute walk from campus and we had reached the Carmarthen Castle, a ruined castle right here in Carmarthen, West Wales, UK.

First built by Walter, Sheriff of Gloucester in the early 1100s, the castle was captured and destroyed several times before being rebuilt in stone during the 1190s. In 1405 the castle was captured by Owain Glyndŵr. Henry VII's father died at Carmarthen Castle in 1456. During the Wars of the Roses the castle fell to William Herbert and, during the Civil War, was captured by Parliamentary forces. It was dismantled by order of Oliver Cromwell in the mid 1600s. It has been used as the site of Carmarthen's gaol until the 1920s. The castle is in the county town of Carmarthen located on a high terrace overlooking the tidal River Towy.

While it is described today as the biggest disappointment among the plethora of medieval ruins in Wales, it has in fact, dominated the layout and orientation of the town with its streets and property boundaries radiating out from the site. An eight cell gaol existed in the inner bailey at Carmarthen Castle which survived until it was demolished in 1936. In 1860 a two-storey police station and lock-up was built between the outer and inner walls of the castle, which was used as a place to hold prisoners in transit to the nearby courthouse. The remains of this castle have been a Grade I heritage listed since 1954, as “substantial remains of a major medieval castle”.

Although not much of the castle remains, it is still truly a sight to behold. As seen in pictures, it is apparent why ruins remain a popular subject for painting and creative photography till this day. Unfortunately for us, there are no such castles and buildings back in Malaysia. As these ancient ruins are often romanticized in film and literature, we only get to witness such archaic beauty through a screen. This is why such experience is, as the English used to say, not even worth “a king's ransom”.



*Castell
Caerfyrddin*





Christ Church

Christ Church is an Anglican parish church located here at Friar's Park, Carmarthen. The parish church of Christ Church, Carmarthen was initiated by R. K. Penson in 1867. It was officially opened in September 1869, during the National Eisteddfod, by the Bishop of St David's, Connop Thirlwall. It was designed to be the English-language church for this expanding parish while Eglwys Dewi Sant, Carmarthen was designed to cater for Welsh-speaking parishioners. The organ was added in 1873 and renovations took place in 1891. The church has an odd central tower with clasping buttresses and gables half way up. The church was designated as a Grade II listed building on 19 May 1981, being "a prominent mid-Victorian church with crossing tower, a landmark in distant views. Although Malaysia does have its share of churches, I will be frank - they are nothing compared to those here. Stop by if you have some time to spare to admire these buildings. Such beautiful ancient architecture, which truly does not deserve to go unnoticed.

St. Peter's Church

St Peter's Church is a parish church here in Carmarthen. Though founded much earlier, the building dates from at least the 14th century. It is the largest church in the Diocese of St David's and is a listed building, recorded as being transferred to Battle Abbey between 1107 and 1125. The current church building probably dates from later than this, with the nave and chancel dating to the 13th or 14th century. During the Tudor dissolution of the 1500s St Peter's became the property of the Crown. The Consistory Courts of the Chancellor of the Diocese of St Davids took place at the church and Bishop Robert Ferrar was tried here in 1555. In 1816 the church came under the patronage of St David's College, Lampeter until it passed into the ambit of the Bishop of St Davids in the early 1900s. One of the best-known people to be buried at St Peter's is the 18th-century satirist, Sir Richard Steele, who married a local woman, Mary Scurlock, and died in Carmarthen in 1729. There are many important tombs and memorials inside the church including the tomb of Rhys ap Thomas, who made the fatal blow to King Richard III. Until the nineteenth century, St Peter's was the only church in Carmarthen and is claimed to be the largest church in Wales. The church walls are built from rubble stone with slate roofs. The "landmark" tower at the western end has a square stair turret to its northeast corner and was lime washed in 2001. The south porch was converted into a war memorial chapel in 1969, where the door is replaced with a pointed window.



THE CORACLE FISH BAR

After a very tiring day of endless walking in the rain, we headed to The Coracle Fish Bar here in Carmarthen. The cafe is at the end of Lammas Street away from the very centre of the town, which is well worth the short walk, as you will not be disappointed. We first heard of this place from a fellow university student who gave great feedback of the place therefore we decided it would be a perfect place for today's lunch.

As we arrived and took our time to see the menu, we were surprised by the pricing, as it was relatively cheaper than the other places we had come across with. The restaurant also offers an excellent choice of food as there were many different things on the menu.

Today we decided to experiment with our food and because we loved gravy on chips so much, we thought it would be great to ask for just that. Little did we know that this was beyond normal. Although we absolutely loved eating the fries and gravy on the side, apparently gravy is not supposed to go together with fish & chips. It may be because gravy is made from the drippings of roasted meat or fowl which is cooked on the stove top at high heat with onions and other vegetables, then thickened with a thin mixture of water and either wheat flour or cornstarch

This makes it rather unusual to have with fish. Either ways, we loved the taste despite it being strange to the locals. The food was also very well cooked and well proportioned where customers can opt to take away or eat in. The staff were very friendly, the food was excellent, and the place itself had a very welcoming, homely atmosphere. If you are looking for a traditional fish and chips meal then we would highly recommend this place. We struggled to get through the entire meal as the portion of light battered cod and chips was huge. We also chugged down a cup of coffee and tea - all for the price of £6.50.

We will definitely be coming back.



BIG PIT NATIONAL COAL MUSEUM

This time we were headed to the Big Pit National Coal Museum, which is an industrial heritage museum in Blaenavon, Torfaen, South Wales. This museum is dedicated to the operational preservation of the Welsh heritage of coal mining, which took place during the Industrial revolution. Big Pit is part of a network of coal workings established in Blaenavon in the first half of the nineteenth century by the Blaenavon Iron and Coal Company as part of the development of the Blaenavon Ironworks. meaning it has some of the oldest large scale industrial coal mining developments in the South Wales Coalfield.

It was a Saturday and there was a long queue waiting to get inside. Sadly, no phones were allowed inside as we were told electronic devices could blow us all up into pieces. As soon as we entered the assembly point, we were instructed to put on a mining gear which included a helmet with a headlamp. We were then separated into a group of twenty people and were led by a guide into a big elevator which took us 300 ft under. It was such an interesting experience as none of us ever imagined we'd visit an actual coal mine. As soon as we reached the ground, we were instructed to stay in a single file. The walls and walking space was so dark and narrow. Most of the time we had to walk while ducking as the roof was very low. As we walked the guide made stops occasionally and talked about the history of the place. As we walked further down, we saw small areas of what looked like tiny open bedrooms or sleeping spaces for the workers as each area had wooden boards with names written on them. To our surprise, they were some kind of stables and the names were names of the last horses who had lived in that particular space. Such awful stories were told about the place, how children as young as 3 years old were forced into labour and where many had died here within the very same walls.

The place had an odd, wet and earthy musky smell to it. Coming down here alone would be a nightmare as the place was dark and creepy. Many have died as this was one of the most dangerous jobs to have back then. Walls could collapse anytime. Our tour guide who was an elderly man, had been a coal miner himself and has had many severe injuries throughout his time. He also had a great sense of humour and managed to liven up the atmosphere by making us laugh throughout the tour. I told my friend how lucky the grandkids were to have such an adorable grandfather. There had been more than 60 deaths recorded between 1857 and 1880, by mine inspectors. Not only that, on 11th December 1908 three men were killed in an explosion which was caused by a naked light held by one of the miners.

If you have free time on your hands, definitely visit this place to learn more about the history and to experience being in a coal mine. One thing's for sure, if you're claustrophobic this place might just scare you.



PEMBROKE



PEMBROKE CASTLE

It was a sunny day as me and a dear friend made our way to Pembroke Castle. ,We walked up the quiet streets of Pembrokeshire and within a few minutes the stunning medieval castle slowly came into view. We were so excited as we did not expect the castle to be this enormous. The entry fee was £8 which came with a tour guide. Along with 20 other visitors, we were then guided towards the towering gatehouse which is the entrance to a castle. Despite being built hundreds of years ago, this mighty defence demonstrates the skill and the sophistication of the military architecture back in the medieval times. The castle is an A Grade listed building, which was the original family seat of the Earldom of Pembroke, Arnulf Montgomery, which then had undergone major restoration in the 20th century. The castle was then rebuilt by William Marshal after it was given to him by Richard I a hundred years after Wales was invaded by the Normans. Today, it is the largest privately-owned castle in Wales.

We were very eager to visit the castle not only for of its beauty but also due to the fact that it had been the very same venue for many major feature films such as Jabberwocky, Prince Caspian, the film of Shakespeare’s Richard II, and a romance movie Me Before You, which to be frank, touched me. Despite not being such a big fan of romance movies, I would recommend this to those of you who have yet to see it, as I very much did enjoy it. Castles are a huge part of the Welsh culture, hence our objective is to learn as much as we can about these historic buildings and to also experience walking along within the same stone walls as many historic figures centuries ago.

There are many parts to a medieval castle that many may not know as it is a very complex structure. This majestic Norman stone castle had an inner ward, which was constructed first and contains a huge round keep, which is a fortified tower built within castles during the Middle Ages used as a refuge of last resort if the rest of the castle were to fall to an adversary, with a domed roof where the original first-floor entrance was through an external stairwell. Inside, a spiral stairwell connected its four stories. Our first thought when walking up the stairwell was how small and narrow the steps were, as we could only fit half of our feet on each step. We really had to watch our steps as there were other visitors coming up and down the stairs too. The stairwell was so small that you could hold yourself steady by reaching out to both sides of the wall. It was dark, just the way I liked it. While some might not have enjoyed the tight space or the darkness, I did. Dark places give me tranquility. Some people may never understand this about me, why I love dark colours, dark places and why I feel so drawn towards castles. Despite being the majestic and beautiful building it is, there is that sense of mystery behind the walls, one so chilling and blood-curdling, being a place where thousands of people have fought, and shed their blood to defend the walls and dying in the process. Many may forget that many years ago, among the very same corridors, dead bodies were once piled on top of another and blood was spilled.

The castle was huge. It took us 4 hours to explore every floor. As we walked, we couldn’t stop wondering what it must have been like to live in a castle back then. I kept telling my friend, “I want to live here!”. Sigh. I may have been born in the wrong century. With the castle being so big, we had quite a climb up. The keep’s domed roof also has several putlog holes that supported a wooden fighting-platform, which meant that in the event of an attack, the hoarding allowed defenders to go out beyond the keep’s massive walls above the heads of the attackers. As we reached the highest part of the castle, we spent almost half an hour taking pictures. It was beautiful. The whole town came into view, we could also see the Pembroke river with people rowing in little boats. With the castle being surrounded by the river, this gave Pembroke Castle a natural defense against attacking forces back in the days.

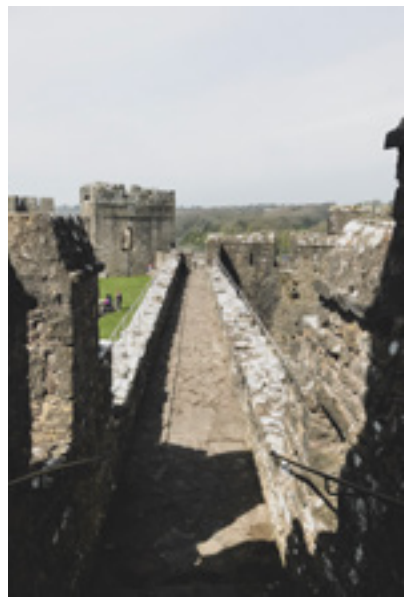


The 13th Century keep is 23 metres (75 ft) tall with walls up to 6 metres (20 ft) thick at its base. Additional buildings were added to the inner ward including a 55-step spiral stairwell that led down to a large limestone cave, known as Wogan Cavern, under the castle. The cave, which was created by natural water erosion, was fortified with a wall. The outer ward was defended by a large twin-towered gatehouse, barbican and several round towers. The outer wall is 5 metres (16 ft) thick in places and constructed from Siltstone ashlar.

After we had finished exploring the castle, we proceeded to head towards the keep to witness the Dragon Day Parade. Such nice day, the weather was perfect, kids were running around eating ice-cream, some were even flying kites, playing ball, hopscotch. As the event began, all the families had gathered around in order for their kids to take part in the dragon parade. The host, which was a lovely elderly woman, asked all the children to volunteer taking part in the parade. The kids were asked to put on a dragon suit. “Now who would like to be the dragons.....bottom?”, the host asked as all the kids screamed with laughter. Such a lively atmosphere. Kids running here and there, laughing and giggling, everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves.

We were then given flags to join in on the dragon parade around the castle grounds. While I walked alongside the rest of the paraders, a kid had poked me with his flag, where I turned around and with cute happy little puppy eyes he said “Sorry. Sorry I hit you with this”, while he smiled and waved at me. That had made my entire day. Something so simple yet so sincere. I might not have talked about this before but back in Malaysia people tend to be more reserved. I remember when I had lived here before, smiling and saying “Hiya!”, to every stranger that walked by became a normal everyday routine. I always loved how everyone, whether they knew each other or not was so friendly and always seemed so happy to see each other. This is sadly very uncommon in Malaysia. After coming back, I had to constantly remind and train myself to refrain from saying hi to everyone on the street. Even a smile is somewhat a rare occasion, people usually walk with their hands in their pockets, looking straight up, minding their own thoughts and business. To hear something so sincere from someone so young and innocent made my heart melt. Not to say that kids in Malaysia wouldn’t do so, but many would just most probably look scared and run off. Although this may not be a significant thing, it shows the cultural differences between Wales and Malaysia of how the people interact with each other, how open and communicative people are, how they are brought up, what is considered normal within the society. All displayed through such a simple act. Again, I might be the only one who thinks so but call me sappy, I appreciate the simple things in life.







If you have some time left on your hands, head over to the Paddle West Boat Hire, situated right next to the river. For £10 the two of us paddled our way around the river surrounding the castle for an hour, taking turns to row.

It was quite scary at first as we had never been on a boat before, but after a while you would get the hang of it and would soon be able to paddle your way around without the fear of the boat toppling over and you drowning. Oh, don;t worry, they aso force you to wear lifejackets. Ugh. So much for showing off my ‘Outfit-Of-The-Day’. Mind you though, you might grow some biceps during the process.

Over all, we had a great time at the Pembroke Castle, and we would highly recommend you to visit these places.



ABERYSTWYTH

ABERYSTWYTH.



Surprisingly, the weather today was 2 °C and it was scorching hot! I'm kidding. Back in Malaysia on a normal day 32 °C is considered a good day. Funny enough, our bodies have probably adapted to the weather after being here for 4 months. Therefore I had to physically carry my winter jacket around in Aberystwyth as I did not expect it to be this warm. It was a long bus ride which took us almost 3 hours, nevertheless, it was Sunday therefore the bus was free! Phew. The town was bustling with people, it seemed like everyone wanted to make the most out of today's weather as they were all dressed in shorts and sandals.

Aberystwyth is an ancient market town, administrative centre, community, and holiday resort located in Ceredigion, Wales. Historically part of Cardiganshire, since the late 19th century, Aberystwyth has also been a crucial Welsh educational centre. It is a tourist destination which forms a cultural link between North Wales and South Wales. The Constitution Hill, scaled by the Aberystwyth Cliff Railway, provides access to amazing panoramic views and to other attractions at the summit, including a camera obscura.

Although the town is relatively modern, there are a number of historic buildings. Today, it seemed everyone was headed to the beach. So off we went. The walk from the bus stop towards the beach did not take long. As we almost reached, we felt the wind blowing, which really helped minimize the heat. People were walking around in swimsuits, eating ice-cream. There was an array of chairs and tables in the middle of the area facing the beach where there were several ice-cream stands. One of them had the sign PD's Dinero & Ice Cream written and let me tell you, the queue was LONG. We didn't want to wait in line so we dropped by at Coffee #1 to get something cold to quench our thirst.

I ordered myself a carrot juice, though I admit, it was hard to choosing between that and an iced caramel latte. Nevertheless, the carrot juice there was quite good. Although they could have put more ice, as I have pagophagia! Jokes, but I really do enjoy munching on ice. Some people will never understand why. Neither do I, I just know it's an addiction of mine, and I do not know how to stop.

Help.



We then made our way back to the beach. At this point we all wished we had came prepared with our swimwear as the water looked so inviting. Many were sunbathing, kids were running and jumping around. The dogs were having a great time too.

Speaking of dogs, on the bus earlier a guy had brought his cute bulldog along where he sat him in the seat right next to him. The cutie looked more comfortable than any of us. We've definitely never seen this in Malaysia as pets are not allowed on public transport. It's adorable how there are restaurants and bars with a pet-friendly signage outside, encouraging owners to bring in their beloved pets.

This may never be allowed in Malaysia due to the fact that a majority of the Malaysian population are Muslims as we are advised not to touch dogs particularly if the dog is in a wet state due to hygienic purposes. Nevertheless, we still admire all of God's creation and find dogs incredibly cute.



Back at the beach, we decided to take our shoes off and roll our jeans up and splash around in the water...but it was rather painful making our way barefooted across the beach as we stepped on sharp stones and rocks.

What usually seemed like an enjoyable activity made us look like we were stepping on glass. Ouch. After a painful journey across the beach we couldn't wait to dip our toes inside the water. Then we did. Dear god. The water was freezing. We persevered and stuck our feet in again thinking it might feel better after a short while, but no. We gave up. It was too cold. We then made the painful journey back to where we had left our shoes to enjoy the rest of our coffees and juice - sitting down.



We made a stop at the Amgueddfa Ceredigion Museum. The museum itself is housed in an Edwardian theatre, situated near the seafront in Aberystwyth. It was quite small compared to other museums. The museum opens Monday to Saturday from 10-5pm and the entry is free. The museum is home to both permanent and temporary displays that explore Ceredigion's heritage, culture and art.

The museum is suitable for visitors of all ages, as they host many film nights, performances, workshops, a bustling cafe serving delicious local produce and a museum shop. To receive all the latest information on events and exhibitions. The exhibitions and displays life in the county from prehistoric times to today covering many aspects including home and work life, agriculture and seafaring.

The diverse collection of items on display has many items donated by local people and includes items from farm equipment, to children's toys, to an unnerving collection of dentistry equipment.



There is a reconstruction of a 19th century Welsh cottage, and the museum is also home to the mechanism of the old town clock which stood at the top of Great Darkgate Street in 1856 which is still in working order. The collection is housed in the auditorium of the old Coliseum Theatre and Cinema.

The building's history is reflected in the fascinating collection of old film and theatrical memorabilia. As well as the permanent collections, there are regular temporary exhibitions on a range of topics in the auditorium, while the gallery displays touring exhibitions and local works. The stairwell displays also features a range of local artwork, including many items by local artist Alfred Worthington.

On the top floor, there is a section where Edwardian formal wear for both male and female is hung on the wall with the sign "Try Me". Me and my friends definitely took advantage of this opportunity and took several hilarious memorable pictures and videos alongside other displays.



After lots of running around and laughing till our guts hurt, we suddenly felt extremely hungry and headed to Fusion King, one of the best Asian takeaway restaurants in Aberystwyth suggested by a local. The place had a variety of food choices at very reasonable prices.

The menu consisted of items such as fried rice, Pad Thai (Thai style sweet and sour flat rice noodles with eggs, Udon (stir-fried Japanese noodle), Ho Fun (stir-fried flat rice noodles), and an endless choice of noodle soup, and vegetarian options.. Each of us ordered different dishes just so we could try everyone else's. After we finished eating, we all concluded that the beef 'rendang' was the best. Rendang being a very common spicy meat dish in Malaysia and other neighbouring countries, we did not have high expectations on hoping it would taste anywhere as near as it would back home.

Surprisingly it did. The portion was also huge, as we were already full halfway through the meal. Overall the food was great and the restaurant was clean and pleasant. We definitely recommend you to try this place out if you're craving for some Asian delight.



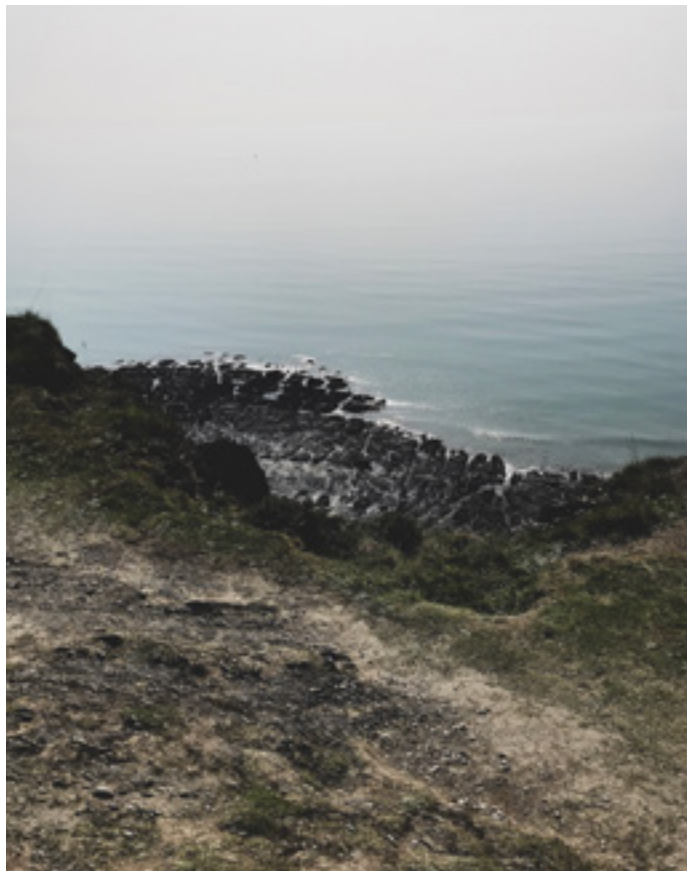


Last but not least, before we headed home I made sure not to miss going to the Rheilffordd Cliff Railway. The girls were too lazy to make the way uphill so I decided to go up alone. The price was £5, for a return ticket. My advice is if you decide to come here, choose to sit on either ends of the cable car as I made the mistake of sitting inside where it was so extremely hot and stuffy. I was sweating buckets the whole ride up and not just that, the view was mostly blocked by people sitting and standing outside.

Nevertheless, you could still sort of see the stunning view coming up the hill. The cable car probably took 5 minutes and we had finally reached the top. It was definitely a sight to behold. The view up here is absolutely fantastic as you could see the coast and the sea, the colourful houses, the cliff, although that was a bit scary as there were no gates or any sort of fencing surrounding the hill. It was an enormous hill yet you could still hear the sound of kids laughing, dogs barking, parents chatting.

There is a bouncy castle situated right next to a cafe surrounded by tables and benches where people sat enjoying their meal with an amazing view. There was also a bowling place almost at the top of the hill but it seemed to be closed.

I then made my way towards the other side of the hill where it was very quiet. I sat myself down for half an hour just admiring the view and taking pictures before exploring the other side of the hill. I see children running around carelessly with no parents in sight and all this while I keep thinking to myself "What if they run off or fall off the cliff?!", I don't know if it's just me being the overly-paranoid person I am or these kids really should have eyes on them at all times.



All in all, it was definitely worth the £5 as on the way down I made sure to stand on the outer end of the cable facing down the hill, and got amazing footage. What a breathtaking sight. The girls sure did miss out on an amazing experience. Either ways, we will definitely be back.

ABERYSTWYTH





HERITAGE

NIK NUR HIDAYAH NIK ZAIDI

UNIVERSITY OF WALES TRINITY SAINT DAVID

23. 05. 2019

