

1 Malaysia bowl of ABC

Malaysians love ABC.

(That's *Air Batu Campur*, in case you're not Malaysian, or you've been away from home for too long).

If you like nuts, it's got nuts. Oh boy, does it have nuts.

If you've got a sweet tooth, well, it's simply the tops – it has a topping of syrup, topped with drizzles of evaporated milk, and a scoop of ice cream right on top.

And on hot Malaysian afternoons, there's nothing better than a big mound of shaved ice in a bowl.

The other bits, too, make it great. Jelly in every colour, broad beans and nutmeg, palm nuts and creamy corn kernels...Mmmm.

All tasty by themselves, but it's only when they get together that a bowl of ABC becomes truly special.

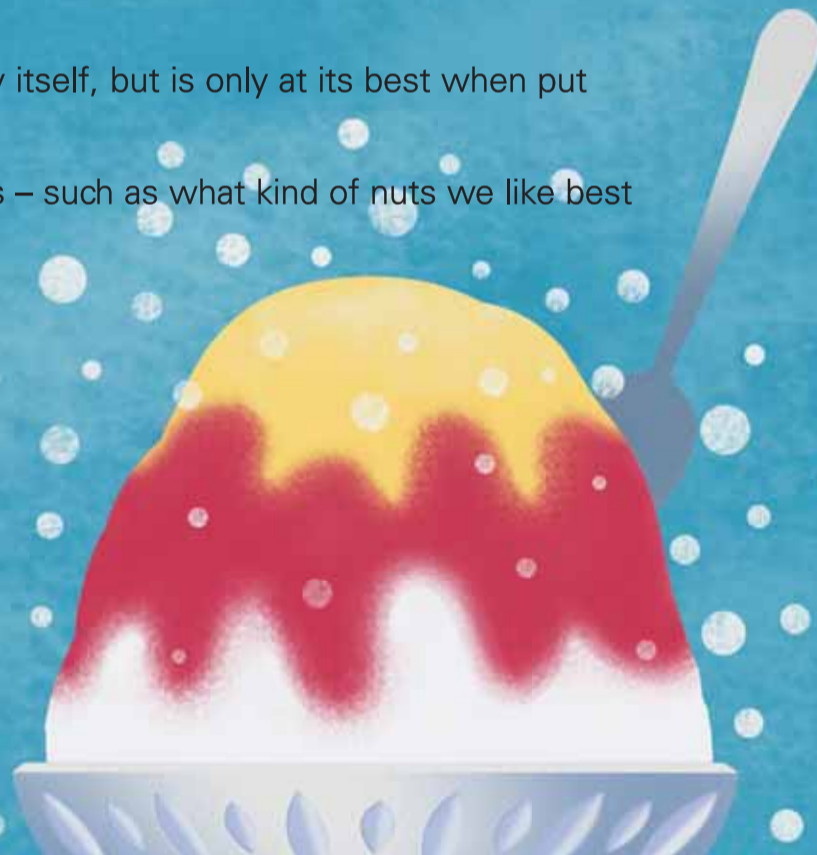
That's what we like best about ABC – it reminds us of something else that's special.

Something where different colours, tastes and textures are all mixed in to create something wonderful.

Where each part is different and good by itself, but is only at its best when put together.

Where we may disagree on some things – such as what kind of nuts we like best – but agree on so much more.

Like how much we all love ABC.



As we approach our 52nd year as 1 country, 1 people, our greatest strength is in each other.
May the unity we share continue to be the spirit of what makes Malaysia truly special.

1 Malaysia raindrop

A single drop of rain may seem like a small thing.

But you must remember – it never comes alone. It has friends.

And when they come tumbling out of the sky in their millions, they have the power to change the world.

They fill the dams that light our homes, nourish the plants that feed us, and lift the great rivers that carry our ships.

In small things, too, they make miracles.

Flowers stand straighter to greet them, a hot afternoon softens its glare, and before they leave for other tasks, they may paint a rainbow or two for our pleasure.

How can something so small achieve such great things?

It is possible.

There is power in each of us to achieve things beyond our imagining.

A power that is at its best and brightest when many become one.

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1 tree

Malaysia

In the jungle, high above the tangle of creeping plants and forest flowers, stood a giant.

Reaching up to the sky, its shade covered whole acres. There were no others bigger nor stronger than this one tree.

But it was not happy.

Deep in the ground, the roots started to talk.

"We are the source of the tree's great strength," they said. "We draw water and nutrients from the earth. Without us, how would the tree even stand?"

"I will hold it up," a booming voice answered. "I am the trunk, and I carry all the weight of the branches and leaves and fruits. Look at how big I am," it rumbled.

In the treetop, the leaves shuddered. Then, in a chorus of whispers, they said, "All you say is true, trunk. But how would you have become so big if we didn't fan out everyday to collect the sun?"

"Tell me..." cut in one of the branches. "Just how would you do that without us?" And for a long time, the tree stood silent in its anger.

Then, one day, a small bird alighted in its shade. "Such a grand and beautiful tree," she sang. "Oh, I do believe you are the most beautiful of all in the jungle."

In a rush, all the parts of the tree told the bird their stories.

"So, which one of us is the most important?" asked the roottrunkleafbranch.

"Why...all of you," she answered. "You are beautiful because you are all one tree."



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1 lamp

Malaysia



In the village of Deer Hill, there lived a boy named Adam.

All day long, all he did was play. When the other village boys were helping scare away birds from the padi fields, Adam thought to himself, "Well, they're already doing it. I can go swimming in the river."

When it was time to harvest fruits, Adam would go along. But only because he could eat as many as he wanted. "The others are not as smart as me," he thought. "The more they pick, the heavier their baskets will be."

His basket was never as full as his stomach.

In fact, whenever something had to be done, Adam always found an excuse not to. He thought, "Someone else will do it. Why should it be me?"

Then, one dark and dreary night, Adam's mother fell ill. In a weak voice, she asked him to fetch the healer from the next village.

Adam could feel his stomach curling into a ball. For all his bravado, the one thing Adam feared most was the dark. And the path to the next village wound through the deep, dark jungle.

But he didn't have a choice, did he?

So, Adam set off. Slow at first, but faster and faster as the night grew black as ink. Even the stars were hiding that night.

Before long, Adam realised he was lost. All around him, weird noises from the jungle made his hair stand on end.

Then he saw it – the flicker of a lamp pierced the night. It came from an old house that belonged to Pak Su, one of the villagers.

Adam was so relieved. But he was even more curious – you see, Pak Su was blind!

As he walked up to the old man, Adam asked, "Pak Su, why do you need a lamp when you can't see?"

The old man smiled and said, "It's what you do when you belong to one village – you help each other. I don't light this lamp so that I can see."

"I light it so that others, like you, can see."



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