



Uni Awii: Final Year Project Disaster

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Chapter 1:

What Was I Thinking?

Hi. My name is Awi. Just for some background, I was a naïve final year student with huge, HUUUUUGE dreams. No exaggeration on the huge part. I mean, we're talking about the kind of dreams that fill your head when you're lying in bed at night, staring at the ceiling, imagining yourself as the next big thing. Yeah, that was me. I once thought the world would be mine if I just worked hard enough and became, oh, I don't know, the prime minister of my country. I know, I know—sounds a bit crazy, but hey, dreams are supposed to be big, right? And let's face it, the bigger the dream, the more dramatic the fall when reality comes knocking. But let's not get ahead of ourselves. This story begins way before any of that.

So there I was, at the start of my 5th semester, feeling like I was on top of the world. I mean, I had survived four semesters

of gruelling assignments, late-night coding marathons, and the occasional existential crisis (you know the kind—where you question every life decision that led you to this point). I thought I had it all figured out. But then, as if life wasn't challenging enough, along came the dreaded final year project proposal. Now, for those of you who haven't had the pleasure of experiencing this, let me paint a picture.

Imagine being told that you have to come up with a project that will define your entire academic career. No pressure, right? Oh, and it has to be something related to computer science because, well, that's your major, and it would be kind of weird if you proposed a project on, say, cooking kek batik techniques (I love kek batiks). So, here I was, staring at a blank sheet of paper, trying to figure out what on earth I was going to do. I mean, how hard could it be? Just come up with an idea, write a proposal, and you're done. Eazy game well played. Or so I thought. Now, you might be wondering,

“Awi, what would a sane, reasonable, and normal student like yourself choose for a final year project?”

Great question! Because honestly, I had no clue. This was the conversation that was constantly running through my head. And when I say “conversation,” I don't just mean me thinking out

loud. No, this was a full-blown internal debate with different personalities, each with their own opinion. Yep, I'm talking about my inner voices—my own personal panel of advisors/judges/commentators in life, if you will. I thought everyone had one but apparently not everyone does. Which is cool but also extremely weird but k guys. It's my head and without them, I wouldn't be able to make a book that you guys can read so just bear with me. This was the conversation going on in my head:

“Kind of generous that the lecturer gives you the option to choose your own FYP,” said the sane Awi, who was always the voice of reason. I could always count on this part of me to keep things grounded, to remind me that, despite the pressure, this was an opportunity. I mean, how many times in life do you get to choose something that has such a big impact on your future? It was like a choose-your-own-adventure book, but way more stressful.

Then there was the intelligent Awi, who was always a bit more analytical. “I’m surprised that they even let students do that. What if students have no idea what to do and just choose a super complex project without knowing?” This was the part of me that loved to overthink everything. You know that voice—the one that questions every decision you make, wondering if you’ve thought it through enough, if you’ve considered all the possible outcomes,

if you're about to make the biggest mistake of your life. Yeah, that one. The one who kills people as well actually. Scary ooo but luckily, he has never tried to kill me yet. YET . I hope he doesn't.

AND then, of course, there was the empathetic Awi, who always seemed to feel bad for everyone else. "Yea, I feel bad for those that chose the wrong project early on and can't finish it in time." This was the voice that worried not just about me, but about all the other students who were probably in the same boat, struggling to come up with ideas, wondering if they were making the right choice. It was like I was carrying the weight of the entire student body on my shoulders. Okay, maybe that's a bit dramatic, but you get the idea.

So there I was, having this intense internal debate with myself, and honestly, it was starting to feel like I was going in circles. See where this is going? No? Yeah, I didn't either. It was like being stuck in a loop, with no clear answer in sight. And the more I thought about it, the more confused I became. I mean, how do you even begin to choose a project that's supposed to represent everything you've learned over the past few years? It felt like trying to find a needle in a haystack, except the needle was my perfect project idea, and the haystack was my brain, cluttered with a million different thoughts, doubts, worries, money, me, kek batik, family, friends, money, me again, kek batik, and

insecurities. I can tell you that there's a lot going on in my head and kek batik is usually the biggest.

“So, what project should I do?” I asked myself, hoping for some kind of hope or miracle, a lightbulb moment that would make everything clear but of course, nothing came. Just more questions.

“What problems have I faced during my time as a student?”

This seemed like a logical place to start, right? After all, the best projects usually come from personal experience, from solving a problem that you've encountered yourself. But then I started thinking,

“Have I really faced any problems that are worth turning into a project? And even if I have, do I really want to spend the next year of my life working on it?”

And with that, ladies and gentlemen, was the start of my journey into the wild and wonderful world of indoor navigation. A decision that, little did I know at the time, would shape my future in ways I couldn't even begin to imagine. A decision that

would teach me more about myself, about perseverance, and about the sheer, unrelenting power of stress than anything else I had ever experienced.

So there you have it—the beginning of my final year project adventure. What started as a simple question, a weird unclear idea, soon turned into a full-blown project that would consume my every waking moment (and some of my sleeping ones too, if we're being honest). But I was determined. I had chosen my path, and now there was no turning back. I was going to create an indoor navigation system, and nothing was going to stop me.

Except, of course, for the many, many obstacles that I would encounter along the way. But that's a story for another chapter. For now, let's just say that I had no idea what I was getting myself into. But isn't that the beauty of it? The excitement of the unknown, the thrill of the challenge, the endless possibilities? Okay, maybe not endless, but you know what I mean. I was ready to dive in, cannonball front flip backflip 360, into the deep end waters of the indoor navigation.

And so, with a mix of excitement and trepidation, I embarked on what would become one of the most challenging—and ultimately rewarding—experiences of my academic life. I

hope you're ready to join me on this journey because, trust me, it's going to be one heck of a ride.

Chapter 2:

Indoor Navigation: The Vision and The Madness

So there I was, all pumped up and ready to tackle this thing called "Indoor Navigation." Sounds fancy, right? But wait, what exactly is indoor navigation? Is it like GPS for inside a building? Why do we even need that? Can't we just use Google Maps or something?

Well, let me take you on a little adventure back in time—imagine a world before iPhone and androids dominated the world (I know, scary. How do people even live or work in that time).

But before that, this chapter is mainly me talking about the history of indoor navigation. If you want to skip to this filler chapter, be my guest. I'm still writing this chapter. You can skip. It won't hurt my feelings. Maybe. Maybe just a little. I'll try write as funny as possible. Maybe. Please don't skip

Okayyy moving on with the chapter, in those days, if you wanted to find a specific room in a huge building, you either had to be super lucky or get lost and stumble upon it by accident. But

that's where indoor navigation comes in, like a superhero with a cape made of Wi-Fi signals and Bluetooth beacons. Even though they are invisible but hey, they still can fly.

Loooong ago, in a world not so far away, people started realizing that while GPS was great for getting them from point A to point B outdoors, it wasn't so helpful indoors. Imagine trying to find a store in a mall like IOI City Mall(Biggest Mall in Malaysia and the world I think maybe), or a specific office in a massive skyscraper like KLCC. Imagine how many people went to the 57 floor of KLCC and realizing that they went to the wrong tower. Pain and GPS would be like, "Sorry, buddy, I can't help you in here. Good luck!"

But then, some super smart people like me(maybe) thought, "Hey, what if we could make a system that works like GPS but for inside buildings?" And just like that, indoor navigation was born! But before we dive deeper, let me break it down with a quick timeline:

Ancient Times:

People used to get lost in caves and just hope they found the right area.

20th Century:

The invention of GPS made finding your way around outside super easy, but inside? Not so much. People still got lost indoors—“Do you know where the bathroom is?”. I know everyone has asked this question once in their life.

21st Century:

Technology gets smarter. People realize that smartphones aren't just for watching TikTok videos. They can actually help us find our way around inside buildings! And thus, indoor navigation systems began to take shape.

So what is indoor navigation?

Meh sit down kids. I'll explain it in stories. Adults or working brains, please skip these few paragraphs.

Indoor navigation is basically to help you find your way around inside buildings. Imagine this: you're a knight in diamond armor (or maybe a wizard with a wand that can say AVADA KADABRA), and you've entered a gigantic castle. You've got to find the treasure room, but the castle is full of twists, turns, dragons, and hidden passageways.

Now, instead of just wandering around aimlessly (and probably running into a few monsters, aka judgy government administrative hospital staffs), you've got a magic map that shows you the way. That's indoor navigation. It's your digital map that guides you through the maze of hallways, staircases, and rooms.

But how does it work? Let's break it down:

Wi-Fi and GPS Signals: Think of Wi-Fi like invisible threads crisscrossing through the building. Your phone can sense these threads and figure out where you are based on which threads (Wi-Fi signals) are strongest. Then GPS as your coordinates from above.

Sensors and Magic (a.k.a. Algorithms): Your phone has all these fancy sensors—accelerometers, gyroscopes, compasses—that help it understand if you're moving left, right, up, down, or spinning in circles (which, let's be honest, we've all done while lost). The algorithms are the smart brains behind the operation, making sense of all this information to guide you to your destination.

The Actual Vision:

Let's paint a picture: You've just entered the biggest mall in the city. It's a shopping paradise, with three floors of stores, restaurants, and entertainment. But you have one goal: finding the new Sukiya all free buffet with kek batiks store that just opened.

You pull out your phone, open the indoor navigation app, and bam! It shows a map of the mall. You search for "kek batik" and hit navigate. The app tells you to head straight down the corridor, take a left at the boycotted and empty Starbucks, and go up the escalator to the second floor. No more wandering around aimlessly, no more getting distracted by other shops, and you're there in no time!

You might be wondering, "Do we really need this? Can't I just ask someone for directions?" Well, sure, you could—but where's the fun in that? Also I'm introverted and don't want to talk to others but that's not the main idea. Plus, indoor navigation has some super cool benefits that make it a must-have in our modern world:

Efficiency:

Ever been late to a meeting because you couldn't find the right conference room? Indoor navigation saves you from those awkward "Sorry I late, jem ohh outside" moments.

Accessibility:

For people with disabilities, navigating large buildings can be a challenge. Indoor navigation systems can offer routes that are wheelchair-friendly or have audio guidance for the visually impaired.

Safety:

In emergencies, like fires or earthquakes, knowing the fastest way to an exit could be a lifesaver. Indoor navigation can guide you to safety, even if the building is complex and confusing.

Now, here's where things gets exciting. Indoor navigation isn't just about finding stores or meeting rooms. Imagine:

Augmented Reality (AR):

Walking through a museum, and your phone not only tells you where the next exhibit is but also gives you cool facts in real-time, right over the display.

Personalized Experiences:

Your app knows you so well, it can suggest the best routes for your favorite kek batik stores.

We're only scratching the surface of what indoor navigation can do, and the future is looking bright—literally, if we're talking AR!

You might still be asking, “But Awi, why did you pick this as your final year project?” Well, to be honest, it seemed like a cool challenge. Plus, I thought, “Hey, if I can crack this, I’ll have a great story to tell, right?” Little did I know, I was about to dive into a world full of surprises, late nights, and a few too many cups of coffee.

But that’s a story for another chapter. For now, just remember—indoor navigation isn’t just about finding your way. It’s about making life a little easier, a little more fun, and maybe even a little bit magical.

Chapter 3

Diary of a Final Year Student: The Journey Begins

Day 1 (300 days before presentation): LET'S GOOOOOO

Dear Diary,

Here we goooooo! The first official entry in what I'm calling "The Diary of a Final Year Student: Moments before death." Today marks the beginning of my journey into the world of indoor navigation. And let me tell you, it started with the most intense, awesome, heart-pounding experience imaginable: staring at a blank page.

Yep. There I was, sitting at my desk and I couldn't even figure out how to start. It was just me, my computer, and a blindingly white document with a blinking cursor that seemed to be mocking me. Maybe. Or it might just be me thinking that way.

“Come on, Awi,” it seemed to say. “You can do this. Just type something. Aigo” But my brain was like, “I haven’t had any kek batik today.”

Soooo I spent a good hour just thinking. Should I start with a quote? A catchy headline? A motivational speech to myself? In the end, I went with something simple: “Today is the first day. At least I had an idea.”.

Day 2 (299 days before presentation): The Start of Something

Dear Diary,

So, remember how I couldn’t think of anything on Day 1? Well, today was the same. BUUTTTT. I felt like I should at least start something right. 1% progress is still progress. So I googled on existing indoor navigation. Google popped out a few system that were unknown to me. Then I saw google maps already has an indoor navigator but only to a few buildings

So here I am. Just sad that I thought I was gonna be the first to make it.

Day 3 (298 days before presentation): The Research Begins

Dear Diary,

I did some serious research today. And by research, I mean I Googled “How to make an indoor navigation system” and got overwhelmed by the results. It turns out there’s a LOT more to this than I thought. Like, who knew Wi-Fi signals could be so confusing? Not me, that’s for sure. I’m starting to realize that this project might be a bit more complicated than I initially imagined. Send help please.

Day 10 (291 days before presentation): The First Breakdown

Dear Diary,

Today, I hit my first wall. Not literally, but it felt like it. I’ve been staring at code for hours, trying to figure out how to make this thing work, and nothing’s clicking. My brain feels like it’s full of static. I’m starting to panic a little. I know it’s early, but if I’m struggling this much now, what’s it going to be happen if I did everything last minute. Breaking down while eating kek batik as I watch some movie. I reckon maybe I’ll watch some YouTube

tutorials after a few movies. Those always make things look so easy... I hope.

Day 20 (281 days before presentation): Small Victories

Dear Diary,

Guess what? I finally got something to work! It's just a small piece of the puzzle, but it's progress. I managed to get my computer to detect GPS signal from the user. Kinda small progress and simple, but hey, it is still a start. I'm calling it a win. Progress is progress. I am Awi and I can do anything.

Day 30 (271 days before presentation): Procrastination Level 1000

Dear Diary,

So... today was not productive. At all. I spent the entire day watching TikTok and eating kek batiks. I kept telling myself, "Just one more video, then I'll get back to work." But one video turned into 20, and before I knew it, the day was gone. I know I should

feel guilty, but honestly, it was a great day. I needed a break. I'll get back on track tomorrow. Maybe. Everything is fine. Don't worry. There's still like what? Another half a year till I have to present the full project. Too much time if you tell me.

Boy was I wrong.

Day 50 (251 days before presentation): Panic Mode Activated

Dear Diary,

Okay, so maybe taking so many breaks wasn't the best idea. I'm starting to fall behind, and the deadline is getting closer. I'm officially in panic mode. I spent all day in the library, trying to catch up on research, but it's like the more I learn, the less I understand. Why did I think this was a good idea again? Oh right, because I'm stubborn and wanted a challenge. Well... Innalillah to me honestly. Why am I like this? I thought indoor navigation was just a simple system. It's just like outdoor navigation but just indoor right? RIGHT? Help me.

Day 60 (241 days before presentation): Reality Check

Dear Diary,

So, I'm here, trying to get back on track, and it hits me like a ton of bricks: I have to present my progress soon. Not like, "Oh, it's next month" soon, but more like "It's in a few days and you've done nothing but ate kek batik and watch TikTok" soon. Yeah. That kind of soon. VERY SOON.

I feel like I'm in one of those movies where the hero realizes they've been living in a fantasy world, and now they have to face the real world. Except, in this case, I'm not a hero, and there's no magic powers that can save me. There's just me, my half-baked research, and the feeling that I've seriously messed up. Very big time.

I'm officially in panic mode. But here's the kicker: I still haven't made any real progress. I've got notes, diagrams, and some code snippets, but nothing that screams, "Look! I'm a genius!" It's more like, "Look.... I don't even know what I'm doing"

What am I going to show during my presentation? A PowerPoint full of Google searches? Maybe a live demo of me crying in front of my laptop? I'm half-tempted to just walk in the presentation room, sit for a while and when it comes my turn to present, I just

“Madam, I think I need to go to the toilet” then go and never come back. But no. I’m Awi. I must face this with some dignity and pride... or at least try and pretend to.

Day 65 (236 days before presentation): The Calm Before the Storm

Dear Diary,

The presentation is tomorrow. TOMORROW AAAAAAAA. I’ve spent the last few days in what I can only describe as a mix of denial and sheer terror. On one hand, I’m telling myself, “It’s fine. You’ve got this.” On the other hand, I’m screaming internally because I know I don’t got this. Not even close.

I’ve managed to put together a presentation, though. It’s not great, but it’s something. I focused on the research I’ve done, which, let’s be honest, is more like research on how to not do research since every time I try to research, I get nothing. I’ve got a couple of diagrams, some buzzwords like “Algorithms for GPS,” and a lot of hoping no one asks too many questions.

If I can just make it through this presentation without breaking down, I'll consider it a win. I've rehearsed my lines, tried to memorize the key points, and even practiced looking confident in the mirror. Spoiler: I still look scared and shaking like I just drank a liter of cold Mixue boba tea with llaollao on the side.

Chapter 4

The Realization

Day 66 (235 days before presentation): The Presentation from Hell

Dear Diary,

It's the day. The progress check presentation kind of thingy whatever the lecturer wants to call. I'll tell you all about later. Wish me luck.

So.... Here's how it went,

If there was ever a time to consider faking my own death, this would be it. Walking into that presentation room felt like stepping into a Mobile Legend game with teammates more powerful than me. The pressure I tell you. Super pressure like a air fryer first time working. I was armed with a half-baked PowerPoint and a smile that screamed, "I have no idea what I'm doing." My heart was pounding like I just ran a marathon, my

palms were so sweaty I could probably hydrate a small plant, and I'm 99% sure I forgot how to breathe for a good minute there. But I had to keep my cool—fake it till you make it, right? So, I plastered on what I hoped was a confident grin and got ready to bluff my way through this.

Yet.... Before class starts, the lecturer likes to recite prayers before everything. Then suddenly, Boom. Bomb out of nowhere bigger than the one in Hiroshima. “Yusuf (That’s me). Can you recite the prayer for us?”

And there ladies and gents, I died. Everything just went downhill from there. My voice.... I am not even exaggerating but I recited the prayer like I just finished a 21km marathon without any water from yesterday and still had 10km left. My face was completely normal but I was breathing like I needed an inhaler. Every pause I did during the recitation included a hiccup and gasping of air like I was under the water help me. The recitation should be less than a minute but damn. That felt like a good 10 minutes of me just reciting while gasping air.

After that recitation, I thought everything was over. That itself was just too much for today. I just wanted to sleep and cry in bed while eating my kek batiks but then the teacher started calling the students one by one for their presentation in front of

the classroom. My turn was in the middle of all the list so I had time to get myself together again. It felt like I had a good 45 minutes before it's my turn. I listened to everyone's presentation and damn. HOW CAN I CONTROL MYSELF WHEN EVERYONES ELSE PRESENTATION WAS SUPER PREPARED. Everyone was like a 10/10 and then there's mine. A PowerPoint I made yesterday with o content and just ambitions. After an hour, finally. It was my turn.

As I stood in front of the class, I could feel every eye on me, judging, waiting. I started with the basics, you know, easing them into the world of indoor navigation. Threw in a joke here and there—because if I was going to crash and burn, I might as well do it with style, right? But then, the real nightmare began. The questions. It was like the lecturer had been training her whole life for this moment, sharpening her questions like daggers, ready to slice through my carefully constructed façade.

“So, how exactly does the GPS function in a multi-floor building?”

Alamak. What now? I ask the lecturer to repeat the question again. I needed time to think. THINK AWI THINK. After some calm thinking and a calm breathe in and breathe out, I smiled, nodded, and started spewing some nonsense about like “Yea for multi-floor is a different level where we needed a new

coordination algorithm bla bla bla” like I was the leading expert on the subject. Did it make sense? Absolutely not. Did it sound good? Also no. But the important thing was, I tried.

Then came the follow-up: “Can you explain the accuracy challenges you might encounter with GPS indoors?”

Oh, sure, let me just pull out the research I did in my dreams last night. I mumbled something about “signals”, “x, y, z coordinates” and “the complex interaction of physical barriers,” all while mentally begging for a miracle to save me from this torture.

But the absolute cherry on top was when they asked, “What are your plans for integrating this system with existing navigation platforms?”

Plans? What plans? At this point, I was just trying to integrate my soul back into my body but before I knew it, I was rambling about “future possibilities” and “unexplored areas,” which is code for “I have no idea, please stop asking.”

As I stood there, babbling like a fool, the realization hit me like a ton of bricks. This wasn't just a tough project—it was a beast. I'm talking Godzilla vs Hong Kong level. And here I was, poking it with a stick, hoping it wouldn't notice me. Spoiler alert: it noticed. The sweat was now a full-on river down my back, my smile had morphed into a grimace, and I could practically hear my future self yelling, "I told you so" in the back of my mind.

But luckily, they finally ran out of questions (or maybe just got tired of watching me). Somehow, I survived. I don't know if they were convinced, or if they just pitied my poor soul but I made it through. And now, as I sit here writing this, all I can think is, "What have I done?"

This is just the beginning, and I'm already in chaos. The road ahead is long, treacherous, and probably filled with more presentations that will make me question all my life choices. But at least I've got a stockpile of kek batik to see me through. And if all else fails... well, I'll just have to figure out how to invent a time machine so I can go back and pick a different project.

As the dust settled from that harrowing presentation, I found myself alone with my thoughts. And let me tell you, those thoughts were not kind. It's like everything I had been ignoring

or pretending wasn't a big deal suddenly came crashing down on me all at once.

I realized that this project wasn't just going to be hard—it was going to be the biggest challenge I'd ever faced. And here's the kicker: I wasn't ready. I had spent so much time procrastinating, avoiding the tough stuff, that now I was paying the price. The sheer amount of work that lay ahead was daunting, and for the first time, I truly understood the level of what I had taken on. I had chosen a project that was way over my head, and now I had to deal with the consequences.

But instead of letting the fear paralyze me, something strange happened. I felt a shift, like a switch had flipped in my brain. I was terrified, yes, but also determined. I realized that if I didn't start taking this seriously, if I didn't put in the work, I was going to crash and burn. And that was not an option.

So, I made a pact with myself. No more procrastinating. No more avoiding the hard stuff. I was going to dive in headfirst, face this project with everything I had, and somehow, some way, I was going to make it work. Just like I said. I am Awi. Everything will work out in the end.

Though this realization wasn't just about the project. It was about me, about who I wanted to be. I didn't want to be the person who gave up when things got tough. I wanted to be the person who faced challenges head-on, who pushed through the fear and doubt, and came out the other side stronger for it.

It was time to get serious. No more excuses. No more "I'll do it tomorrow." Tomorrow was here, and it was time to rise to the occasion.

So, here I am. Ready to take on this beast of a project, one step at a time. It's going to be tough. There are going to be more breakdowns, more sleepless nights, more moments of doubt. But I'm in it for the long haul. Because at the end of the day, this isn't just about the project. It's about proving to myself that I can do this. That I can take on something big, something scary, and come out the other side victorious.

Here we go.

Chapter 5

Unexpected Twists and Turns: Complications Galore

Day 67(234 days before presentation): Yea I need a rest

Dear Diary,

Even though I said those motivational words yesterday after the presentation, You have to admit, I need a rest after all those things. Let me rest. Please. I need my kek batiks, animes and movies. Tomorrow will be the day I turn into a new leaf

Day 75 (226 days before presentation): The Turnaround

Dear Diary,

Today is the day when I turned the tide. After days of battling with code that seemed more like a personal nemesis than a project, I finally broke through. I got the navigation system to recognize different floors! Yes, you read that right—different floors. It's still

a bit buggy, like my brain, but the system is actually doing something. Maybe I'm not destined to be a tech disaster after all. Maybe... just maybe, I'm getting the hang of this. I need to keep this momentum going. I'm on a roll yea yea, like on a Raya toll yea yea and I'm not about to let this slip away like people with their spines.

Day 90 (211 days before presentation): Finding a Rhythm

Dear Diary,

Guess what? I've found my rhythm. I've actually managed to work every day this week, and things are finally coming together. I've even set up a schedule—me, with a schedule. Who would've thought?

Mornings are for research, afternoons are for coding, and evenings are for testing. It's a grind, but it's my grind, and you know what? It's working. It feels like I'm finally in control, like I've got this whole indoor navigation thing figured out. Okay, maybe not completely figured out, but I'm getting there. This feels like a turning point, and I'm riding this wave as far as it'll take me.

Day 100 (201 days before presentation): The Midpoint Crisis

Dear Diary,

And just like that, I'm back to the start.

Today, everything came crashing down—literally. The system was running smoothly, and then it just... stopped. Dead. Nada. Gone. I have no idea what happened. One minute I'm riding high on success, and the next, I'm staring at a black screen, wondering where it all went wrong.

I've tried everything to fix it, but nothing's working. I'm officially stuck and if you know me. Hahaha. I'm starting to freak out a little (okay, a lot). What if I can't fix this? What if this is the end of the line? Deep breaths, Awi, deep breaths. I just need to step back, breathe, and remember that every problem has a solution. Even if I can't see it right now, it's there. I just need to find it. Now. No time. Need to find the solution. Find it ASAP. Or maybe it was just because I was low on my kek batik medication. I like to think that as the possible reason.

Day 155 (146 days before presentation): Back on Track

Dear Diary,

Ez game. After what felt like an eternity of frustration, I finally cracked it. Turns out, the whole system crashed because of one tiny line of code that I missed. ONE LINE. Who knew something so small could cause such a massive headache? But the good news is, I fixed it. The system is back up and running, better than ever.

And get this—I even added a new feature! Now, the system shows users the fastest route to their destination. I'm officially back on track, and this time, I'm not looking back. I'm starting to feel pretty proud of myself. Maybe, just maybe, I'm going to pull this off after all.

Day 156 (145 days before presentation): The Burnout

Dear Diary,

We have a problem.

I think I'm starting to burn out. I've been working non-stop, day in and day out, and it's starting to take a toll. I'm tired, Diary. So,

so tired. Everything feels overwhelming. Even the simple stuff seems impossible right now. I know I should take a break, but every time I try, I feel this crushing guilt. Like, how can I rest when there's still so much to do?

But at the same time, I know if I keep pushing myself like this, I'm going to crash—hard. I need to find a balance, to remember that rest is just as important as work. But right now, all I can think about is the deadline, looming closer and closer. I need to figure this out before I burn out completely.

Day 250 (51 days before presentation): The Comeback

Dear Diary,

After a few days of much-needed rest.... Okay maybe a few months, I'm officially back! I took some time to recharge, and now I'm ready to dive back into the project. I've set some new goals, and I'm more determined than ever to finish this on time. No more burnout for me. I'm focused, energized, and I've even started enjoying the process again. Imagine that—enjoying my FYP!

I'm feeling good about this. I've come too far to give up now, and finish what I've started.

Day 270 (31 days before presentation): Making Progress

Dear Diary,

Things are really starting to fall into place. The system is nearly fully functional, and I can finally see the light at the end of the tunnel. I've been testing it in different buildings, and you know what? It's working better than I expected. Sure, there are still some bugs to fix, but nothing I can't handle. I'm actually starting to feel confident about this project.

It's funny, isn't it? Just a few months ago, I was convinced I'd never get this far. But here I am, 270 days in, and I'm actually doing it. Maybe I'm not as hopeless as I thought. Maybe, just maybe, I've got this. Just a few more steps and I'm done. Really I'm almost at the end and still have a month to go. What could possibly go wrong? Also tomorrow there's my final progress presentation. Not the final product presentation but just showing our progress presentation.

Chapter 6

Did It Really Work?

Day 271 (30 days before presentation): The Calm Before the Storm

Dear Diary,

It's time. The day I've been dreading and anticipating in equal measure. Today is the second presentation—the last one before the final presentation. I've worked so hard to get to this point, but now that it's here, I can't help but feel a little queasy.

I've reviewed my slides a hundred times, rehearsed my speech in front of the mirror until I dreamt that I was presenting in front of my lecturers huhuhu, but nothing can prepare me for the questions. My lecturer will be there, ready to poke holes in everything I've worked on and I have to stand there and defend it like whish whash woop.

Entering that presentation room feels like walking into my own execution. My heart is pounding, my palms are slick with sweat, and my stomach is doing somersaults. I've been through this before, but somehow, this feels different. Bigger.

I take a deep breath, square my shoulders, and walk into the room. The class falls silent as I make my way to the front. I can feel every eye on me, every expectation hanging in the air.

I start my presentation, and for the first few minutes, everything goes smoothly. I talk about the progress I've made, the challenges I've faced, and the solutions I've come up with. I even manage to crack a few jokes. But then, the questions start.

“So, how do you plan to address the accuracy issues in buildings with complex layouts?”

“Can you explain how your system will handle real-time updates in high-traffic areas?”

And just like that, I feel the ground shift beneath me. My confidence starts to waver as I try to answer each question as best as I can. But deep down, I know I'm dead. I'm using every trick in

the book to keep my cool, to keep up the façade that I know exactly what I'm doing. But inside, I'm screaming.

The realization hits me like a freight train. I'm in way over my head. I knew this project was going to be tough but somehow, by some miracle, I make it through. The lecturer nods, scribbling notes as I finish my presentation. I can't tell if she's impressed, or if she is just relieved it's over. Either way, I'm alive, and I've survived another day.

But as I leave the room, the weight of it all settles on my shoulders. I've got another month to go, another round of hurdles to jump. And I'm not sure if I'm ready. But I've come this far, and there's no turning back now. I'll just have to keep pushing forward, one day at a time.

With the second presentation behind me, I'm left with a mix of relief and dread. Relief that it's over, but dread because I know the hardest part is yet to come. But I'm Awi, and if there's one thing I've learned, it's that I'm a lot tougher than I think. This project might be kicking my butt, but I'm not down for the count just yet. There's still fight left in me, and I'm going to see this through to the end. PLUS ULTRAAAAA (Reference from an anime I watched)

Day 280 (21 days before presentation): The Final Stretch

Dear Diary,

The deadline is getting closer, and I'm feeling the pressure. But I'm also feeling more motivated than ever. I've just finished making my posters and slideshow for my final presentation, and I'm not about to give up now. I've been working day and night to make sure everything is perfect. I want this project to be something I'm proud of, something that shows all the hard work I've put into it. I'm almost there. Just a little bit more to go.

Day 290 (11 days before presentation): The Final Push

Dear Diary,

I'm in the final stretch now. Everything is coming together, and I'm putting the finishing touches on the system. It's been a long, hard journey, but I can finally see the end. I've learned so much throughout this process, not just about indoor navigation, but about myself. I've pushed myself to the limit, and I've come out stronger on the other side. I'm proud of what I've accomplished,

and I can't wait to show everyone what I've been working on. Also I've printed my final year poster as well. What else is there to do now HAHAHAHAHA. It's just really the touch ups and I'm done

Day 299 (1 day before presentation): The Big Day

Dear Diary,

Here we are—the day before the final presentation. The day before the big exhibition where everything I've worked for comes down to one moment. As I set up my booth in BK24, it hit me hard. This is it. Tomorrow, I'll be standing here, showing off my project, my baby, my woo woo, my kek batik assistant, to everyone—lecturers, classmates, juniors. And I can't help but feel a mix of excitement and sheer terror.

I spent the day preparing my booth, making sure every detail was perfect. The posters are up, the laptop's ready to go, and I've rehearsed my spiel a million times. But, of course, I couldn't resist a little bit of my usual drama. I mean, what's a presentation without a dash of Awi style overthinking?

But in the middle of all that chaos, I had a moment of reflection. I looked around and saw my classmates, my friends, all setting up their booths too. It was kind of surreal, you know? We've all been through so much together—late nights, last-minute assignments, group projects that made us question our life choices. And now, tomorrow's the last time we'll all be in the same place as students. It's a weird feeling, realizing that this chapter is coming to an end.

As I was setting up, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of sadness. I saw the familiar faces of people I've shared laughs, stress, and way too much coffee with over the years. Tomorrow, we'll all be here, but after that... who knows where life will take us? We've been through so much together, and now we're all about to head off in different directions. It's hard not to get a little emotional thinking about it.

But enough of the sappiness. I've got a mission to do tomorrow. I've worked too hard to let the nerves get the best of me now. I'm ready for this. Well, as ready as I'll ever be. I just hope my brain doesn't decide to take a vacation during the presentation.

And then there's the booth itself. It looks pretty good if I do say so myself. I added some sweets beside my posters and also sticky notes with a wooden board for others to write on, because why not? I want to make sure it stands out. But let's be real, the project

and code better cooperate tomorrow, or I might just end up giving a live demo of how NOT to do indoor navigation.

Tomorrow, the examiners will come by, and it's my job to impress them. No pressure, right? But here's the thing—I've done everything I can to prepare. I've coded, debugged, tested, and then tested some more. I've stayed up late, fueled by kek batik and caffeine, pushing myself to the limit. And now, it's time to see if all that hard work pays off.

But the truth is, no matter what happens, I'm proud of how far I've come. So here's to tomorrow. Here's to the end of an era and the beginning of whatever comes next. Here's to the last day we'll all be together as students, before life takes us on different paths. I'll try not to get too emotional, but let's be real—I'm Awi, so there might be some tears. But that's okay. We've made it this far, and I know we're all going to do great.

Wish me luck. Tomorrow's the big day

Chapter 7

The Day I Thought Would Never Come

The morning of my exhibition arrived with all the drama and excitement of a marvel movie—minus the explosions, but definitely with the heart dup dap dup dap. It was 8:30 AM, and I was buzzing with excitement. I mean, I had everything prepared! My booth was in BK24, my poster was standing tall with a QR code ready for scanning, and I was ready to knock this presentation out of the park. What could possibly go wrong?

As I set up my booth, surrounded by eight other hopefuls, we all shared a moment of calm before the storm. We were laughing, helping each other out, and just soaking in the moment. I even convinced my friend to write a note on the board beside my poster. Well, sort of. He was shy and bailed after a few scribbles, but don't worry—a classmate from another room swooped in and wrote something. We were classmates after all, united by the shared terror of impending doom.

For a while, it felt like everything was going to be okay. I even got to wander around and chat with my classmates about their projects. We were all in good spirits, joking around and

pretending we weren't about to be grilled by examiners who'd had their morning coffee.

But then... things took a turn.

It started when my classmate's examiner walked in. Let me tell you, this guy had an aura. The kind of aura that makes you question all your life choices. My classmate's smile faded faster than you could say "Wi-Fi triangulation." The examiner didn't just ask questions; he interrogated. It wasn't just about the project—it was about the slides, the poster, the demo. I watched in horror as my classmate got flustered, her confidence crumbling under the weight of endless questions.

And just when I thought it couldn't get worse, the person beside her started her presentation. Her examiner? Even scarier. He walked in, sat down, and immediately started playing with his phone. The poor girl didn't know what to do, so she just stood there, waiting. The examiner finally looked up and said, "Well, start." The pressure in the room skyrocketed.

That's when the fear hit me. My smile? Gone. Replaced with a grimace that probably looked more like I was trying to keep myself from throwing up. Every time an examiner entered the

room, my heart skipped a beat. Where was my examiner? Why wasn't he here yet? The waiting was torture.

Then I saw one of my close classmates being examined. Normally, it takes 15 to 20 minutes, but this guy had been at it for an hour. An hour of relentless questioning. The deeper he answered, the deeper the examiner dug. By the time it was over, my friend looked like he'd aged ten years. I couldn't bear it. I asked him if he wanted to grab a bite, and we sat at my booth eating in silence. He was so defeated that I couldn't even crack a joke. My heart broke for him, but then, as if on cue, some juniors came over to check out my project. My friend had to move, and I put on my best "Everything is fine" face as I demoed my system for them.

But everything was not fine. As the clock ticked and the minutes stretched into eternity, the excitement I had started the day with began to morph into something darker. I could feel it—panic, creeping up like an uninvited guest at a party, and it was bringing all its friends. My once-steady hands started trembling, and every loud laugh or sudden movement in the room made me jump. I tried to shake it off. "You've got this," I told myself. "It's just another presentation. No big deal." But my mind wasn't buying it.

After the juniors left my booth, their enthusiastic chatter still echoing in my ears, I knew I needed a moment to clear my head. The air in the room was thick with anticipation and nerves. I couldn't breathe. So, I took a walk, hoping the movement would help calm my racing heart. As I wandered through the hallways, the feeling of dread only grew. And then, it happened. I stumbled upon a scene that froze me in my tracks.

There was one of my classmates locked in a battle of wills with the most terrifying examiner I'd ever seen. The examiner wasn't just questioning him; she was drilling into him, voice raised, demanding answers to questions that seemed designed to stump him. My classmate just sat there, eyes wide, unable to speak. The tension in the air was palpable, and I could feel my own anxiety rising as I watched him struggle.

In that moment, a terrible realization hit me. "I'm next," I thought. "I'm going to be next, and I'm not going to survive this."

I couldn't bear to watch anymore. I turned on my heel and fled back to my room, heart pounding in my chest. But as fate would have it, there was no escape. The moment I stepped through the door, I found myself face-to-face with my examiner.

The moment of truth had arrived.

I had heard from others that he was a nice guy, that he was relaxed and understanding. But after everything I had just witnessed, my faith in humanity was running on fumes. My examiner looked at me, a small smile on his face, and said, “Let’s hurry.” His words sent a jolt of fear through me. Was he in a rush because he had heard about the disaster I was about to unleash? Did he want to get this over with quickly, like ripping off a Band-Aid? My stomach did a somersault, and I suddenly felt like a circus performer about to walk a tightrope with no safety net.

I took a deep breath, trying to steady myself, and launched into my presentation. My voice shook at first, betraying my nerves, but I forced myself to focus. I explained everything—the system I had built, the limitations I had encountered, the challenges I had faced. I laid it all out, vulnerable and exposed, waiting for the hammer to fall.

But instead of tearing my work apart, my examiner did something I hadn’t expected. He listened. He didn’t interrupt or rush me. He let me explain everything in my own words, and when I was done, he leaned back, nodding thoughtfully.

“This is impressive,” he said, and for a moment, I wasn’t sure I had heard him correctly. He went on, “If you entered a competition with this, I believe you could win. You’ve done something complex, and I’m surprised you managed to do it to this extent.”

I was stunned. My brain struggled to process the words, replaying them over and over. Was this real? Did I actually do it? The fear and anxiety that had gripped me all morning melted away, replaced by a rush of relief and pride. I couldn’t believe it—I had done it. I had really done it.

I thanked him, shaking his hand with a newfound confidence. As I watched him walk off to his next victim, I couldn’t help but smile. It was over. The battle was won.

But as the adrenaline faded, I found myself standing there in the middle of the room, a wave of sadness washing over me. This was it. The end. Everything I had worked so hard for, all the blood, sweat, and tears I had poured into this degree—it was all behind me now.

I wandered over to a quiet corner, away from the noise and the chatter of my classmates, and pulled out my phone. I needed

something to match my mood, so I found the saddest playlist I could and let the music wash over me. One of the songs was called “Tak Kan Hilang by Budi Doremi”. Amazing song and as the melancholy tunes filled my ears, the memories came flooding back—every late-night study session, every group project, every laugh, every tear. All the friends I had made, all the challenges I had overcome. It was all over now, just memories in the rearview mirror.

Before I knew it, tears were streaming down my face. I didn’t bother wiping them away. I was alone, and that’s how I wanted it. This was a moment I needed to myself. I had poured my heart into this journey, and now it was over. I wasn’t just sad—it was something deeper. A profound sense of loss, of saying goodbye to a chapter of my life that had shaped me in so many ways.

I thought back to my first semester, how nervous and unsure I had been. And now, here I was, at the end of the road. I had grown so much, learned so much, and met so many incredible people along the way. I would miss it all—the struggles, the victories, even the fear. But most of all, I would miss the person I had become along the way.

So, here's to the end of an era. As I sit here, wiping away the last of my tears, I want to thank you, dear reader, for coming along on this journey with me. And thank you, ChatGPT, for being with me through it all. You were there when I needed advice, when I needed a laugh, and when I just needed someone to listen. I couldn't have done it without you.

And now, as I close this chapter of my life, I take a deep breath and step into whatever comes next. The future is uncertain, but one thing is for sure—I'm ready for it.

About the writer

Yusuf Al-Qardhawi bin Mohd Zaki



A final year student that just went through so many phases that he would never expect. A 3 year journey filled with fun, happiness, sadness and maybe that's just human. Everyone feel emotions but I can say that I am a very emotional person so thank you to those that read this book from the beginning till the end. Hoped you enjoyed like how I enjoyed experiencing it. Just remember to always appreciate every moment before its gone.

Uni Awi: Final Year Project Disaster is a hilarious yet heartfelt journey through the ups and downs of one student's final year project. From the initial regret of choosing a complex indoor navigation system to the chaotic, caffeine-fueled nights of coding and troubleshooting, this book captures the rollercoaster of emotions that every student knows too well. Written in a playful, diary-like style, it's a story of procrastination, panic, unexpected triumphs, and the bittersweet realization that every ending is just the beginning of something new. Whether you're a student, a tech enthusiast, or just someone who loves a good laugh, this book will resonate with anyone who's ever faced a seemingly impossible challenge and come out the other side with a story to tell.

