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A thesis submitted in fulfilment of the
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OCTOBER 2018

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I declare that this thesis entitled “*Hello Hi Hello*” is the result of my own research except as cited in the references. The thesis has not been accepted for any degree and is not concurrently submitted in candidature of any other degree.

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DEDICATION

This thesis is dedicated to my father, who taught me that the best kind of knowledge to have is that which is learned for its own sake. It is also dedicated to my mother, who taught me that even the largest task can be accomplished if it is done one step at a time.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Acknowledgement

ABSTRACT

A 1-page abstract is a *movie (thesis) trailer*. Avoid summarizing your Introduction chapter. Focus on the problem statement, hypothesis/objective, research approach, quantitative validation summary, and implication of your findings. For Ph.D., emphasize on original contributions.

ABSTRAK

The Malay abstract is written as the sentence structure of the English abstract. All specific terms must be checked with Dewan Bahasa and Pustaka (<http://prpm.dbp.gov.my/>).

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	TITLE	PAGE
	DECLARATION	ii
	DEDICATION	iii
	ACKNOWLEDGEMENT	iv
	ABSTRACT	v
	ABSTRAK	vi
	TABLE OF CONTENTS	vii
	LIST OF TABLES	ix
	LIST OF FIGURES	x
	LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS	xi
	LIST OF SYMBOLS	xii
	LIST OF APPENDICES	xiii
CHAPTER 1	INTRODUCTION	1
	1.1 Background	1
	1.2 Problem Statement	1
	1.3 Research Objectives	2
	1.4 Research Scope	2
	1.5 Significance of Study	2
CHAPTER 2	LITERATURE REVIEW	4
CHAPTER 3	METHODOLOGY	5
	3.1 Introduction	5
	3.2 Problem Formulation	5
CHAPTER 4	RESULTS AND DISCUSSION	6
CHAPTER 5	CONCLUSION	7
	5.1 Research Outcomes	7
	5.2 Contributions to Knowledge	7

5.3	Future Works	7
	LIST OF PUBLICATIONS	9

LIST OF TABLES

TABLE NO.	TITLE	PAGE
-----------	-------	------

LIST OF FIGURES

FIGURE NO.	TITLE	PAGE
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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

DRL	-	Deep Reinforcement Learning
PC	-	Personal Computer
SVM	-	Support Vector Machine
UTM	-	Universiti Teknologi Malaysia
XML	-	Extensible Markup Language

LIST OF SYMBOLS

γ	-	Whatever
σ	-	Whatever
ε	-	Whatever

LIST OF APPENDICES

APPENDIX	TITLE	PAGE
Appendix A	Time-series Data	8

CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

1.1 Background

I used to think that rain was romantic. That it held possibility. It smells fresh and delicious and intoxicating and it whispers of new beginnings as it pounds against the ground. When it rained, you could imagine your car breaking down. You could imagine some hot guy stopping his car to help you out, the rain plastering his hair to his face and soaking you both. You could imagine leaning in closer to him with the roaring of the storm in your ears and smelling damp earth on him and kissing, with rain pattering relentlessly on top of the two of you, while the wind blew and you both froze. But it would be alright. Being cold doesn't matter half so much if you're cold with someone else. I always thought rain was like that, so wonderful and fresh and exciting and romantic. At least, up until I found my boyfriend dead on the pavement in the middle of a thunderstorm three days before my birthday.

1.2 Problem Statement

I used to think that rain was romantic. That it held possibility. It smells fresh and delicious and intoxicating and it whispers of new beginnings as it pounds against the ground. When it rained, you could imagine your car breaking down. You could imagine some hot guy stopping his car to help you out, the rain plastering his hair to his face and soaking you both. You could imagine leaning in closer to him with the roaring of the storm in your ears and smelling damp earth on him and kissing, with rain pattering relentlessly on top of the two of you, while the wind blew and you both froze. But it would be alright. Being cold doesn't matter half so much if you're cold with someone else. I always thought rain was like that, so wonderful and fresh and exciting and romantic. At least, up until I found my boyfriend dead on the pavement in the middle of a thunderstorm three days before my birthday.

1.3 Research Objectives

I used to think that rain was romantic. That it held possibility. It smells fresh and delicious and intoxicating and it whispers of new beginnings as it pounds against the ground. When it rained, you could imagine your car breaking down. You could imagine some hot guy stopping his car to help you out, the rain plastering his hair to his face and soaking you both. You could imagine leaning in closer to him with the roaring of the storm in your ears and smelling damp earth on him and kissing, with rain pattering relentlessly on top of the two of you, while the wind blew and you both froze. But it would be alright. Being cold doesn't matter half so much if you're cold with someone else. I always thought rain was like that, so wonderful and fresh and exciting and romantic. At least, up until I found my boyfriend dead on the pavement in the middle of a thunderstorm three days before my birthday.

1.4 Research Scope

I used to think that rain was romantic. That it held possibility. It smells fresh and delicious and intoxicating and it whispers of new beginnings as it pounds against the ground. When it rained, you could imagine your car breaking down. You could imagine some hot guy stopping his car to help you out, the rain plastering his hair to his face and soaking you both. You could imagine leaning in closer to him with the roaring of the storm in your ears and smelling damp earth on him and kissing, with rain pattering relentlessly on top of the two of you, while the wind blew and you both froze. But it would be alright. Being cold doesn't matter half so much if you're cold with someone else. I always thought rain was like that, so wonderful and fresh and exciting and romantic. At least, up until I found my boyfriend dead on the pavement in the middle of a thunderstorm three days before my birthday.

1.5 Significance of Study

I used to think that rain was romantic. That it held possibility. It smells fresh and delicious and intoxicating and it whispers of new beginnings as it pounds against the ground. When it rained, you could imagine your car breaking down. You could imagine some hot guy stopping his car to help you out, the rain plastering his hair to his face and soaking you both. You could imagine leaning in closer to him with the roaring of the storm in your ears and smelling damp earth on him and kissing, with

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CHAPTER 2

LITERATURE REVIEW

CHAPTER 3

METHODOLOGY

3.1 Introduction

I used to think that rain was romantic. That it held possibility. It smells fresh and delicious and intoxicating and it whispers of new beginnings as it pounds against the ground. When it rained, you could imagine your car breaking down. You could imagine some hot guy stopping his car to help you out, the rain plastering his hair to his face and soaking you both. You could imagine leaning in closer to him with the roaring of the storm in your ears and smelling damp earth on him and kissing, with rain pattering relentlessly on top of the two of you, while the wind blew and you both froze. But it would be alright. Being cold doesn't matter half so much if you're cold with someone else. I always thought rain was like that, so wonderful and fresh and exciting and romantic. At least, up until I found my boyfriend dead on the pavement in the middle of a thunderstorm three days before my birthday.

3.2 Problem Formulation

I used to think that rain was romantic. That it held possibility. It smells fresh and delicious and intoxicating and it whispers of new beginnings as it pounds against the ground. When it rained, you could imagine your car breaking down. You could imagine some hot guy stopping his car to help you out, the rain plastering his hair to his face and soaking you both. You could imagine leaning in closer to him with the roaring of the storm in your ears and smelling damp earth on him and kissing, with rain pattering relentlessly on top of the two of you, while the wind blew and you both froze. But it would be alright. Being cold doesn't matter half so much if you're cold with someone else. I always thought rain was like that, so wonderful and fresh and exciting and romantic. At least, up until I found my boyfriend dead on the pavement in the middle of a thunderstorm three days before my birthday.

CHAPTER 4

RESULTS AND DISCUSSION

CHAPTER 5

CONCLUSION

- 5.1 Research Outcomes**
- 5.2 Contributions to Knowledge**
- 5.3 Future Works**

Appendix A Time-series Data

Some data

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

Journal with Impact Factor

1. Paper 1
2. Paper 2

Indexed Journal (SCOPUS)

1. Paper 3

Non-Indexed Journal

1. Paper 4

Indexed conference proceedings

1. Paper 5

Non-Indexed conference proceedings

1. Paper 6