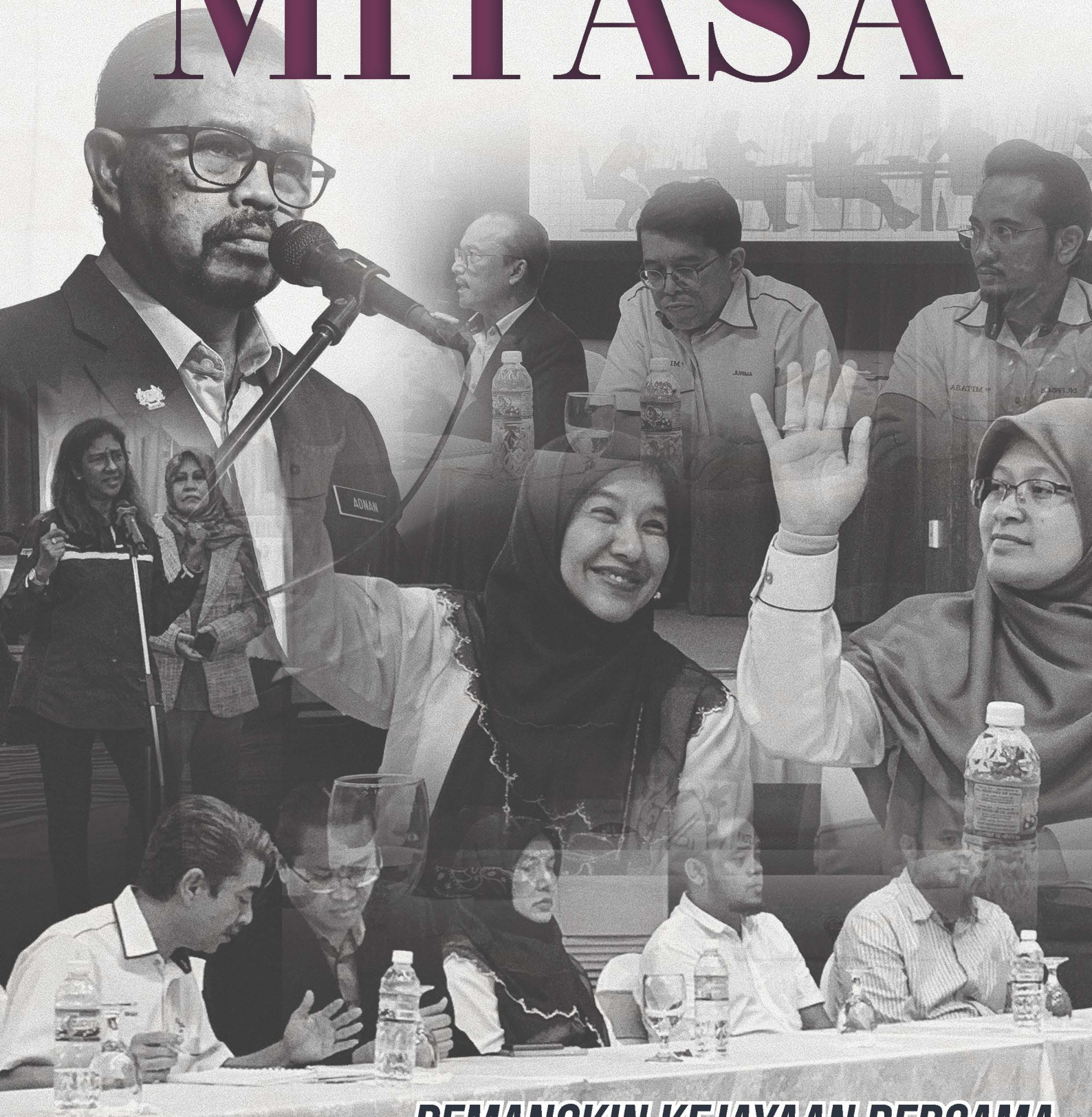


Suara

MITASA



PEMANGKIN KEJAYAAN BERSAMA



OMBUDSMAN
DAN UNIVERSITI

MESYUARAT AGUNG
TRI TAHUNAN MITASA
2025-2028

MAJLIS SAMBUTAN HARI
DAN BULAN AKADEMIKA
UITM 2025

PEMBENTANGAN LIMA KERTAS KERJA
KESETERAAN PENYELIAAN MELIBATKAN
KENAIKAN PANGKAT

WACANA TOKOH: BAHASA DAN JATI DIRI
BANGSA DI KONVENSYEN 152 PERINGKAT
KEBANGSAAN 2025

I choose to draw because it saves me. When words fail and my emotions become too tangled to explain, I turn to the page. The moment my pencil touches paper, my thoughts begin to quiet. Drawing is how I translate chaos into color, confusion into line, and silence into meaning. I don't draw to impress anyone. I draw because it helps me breathe. Each sketch is a small act of survival, a conversation between my feelings and my hands. Some people write in journals or run to release their emotions—I draw. Through every stroke, I remind myself that feelings are not something to escape from but something to understand.

When I'm sad, I draw to let it go. When I'm anxious, I draw to calm myself down. The paper never judges me; it accepts every messy line and uncertain shape. It becomes a mirror that reflects what I truly feel, even when I don't have the words for it. That's why I choose to draw to boost feelings—because it is both an anchor and a release, a way to hold and let go at the same time. I never planned to become someone who draws. It started as small doodles in the corners of notebooks, a quiet distraction from heavy thoughts. But those simple sketches slowly became a kind of language. I realized that I wasn't just drawing things—I was drawing feelings. Each image captured a part of me that words could never hold: the quiet ache of worry, the burst of excitement, or the calm that comes after a storm.

Tracing My Emotions: The Healing Power of Drawing

Nur Fatiyah Bt Roslan

Pensyarah Fakulti Seni Lukis Dan Reka

When I draw, the world slows down. The sound of pencil on paper and the steady motion of shading bring me into the present moment. Drawing has become my form of mindfulness, a private, meditative space where I can simply be. It helps me listen to myself more deeply and recognize what's happening inside. For a long time, I thought being strong meant keeping my emotions hidden. I learnt to smile even when I was broken inside. But avoiding emotions only made them heavier. Drawing changed that. It taught me that emotions don't need to be feared, they need to be expressed. When I draw, I let my feelings breathe. The sadness becomes softer, the confusion becomes clearer, and I can finally understand myself again.

Occasionally I start drawing without knowing what I feel. My hand moves first, and only later do I recognize the emotion behind the shapes and colors. A curve might show tension I didn't notice; a burst of color might reveal joy I'd forgotten. Through art, I uncover hidden emotions and transform them into something visible, something I can learn from. Not every drawing turns out beautiful, but that's not the point. The ones that look imperfect often feel the most honest. They capture real emotions raw, unfiltered, and true. Those imperfect drawings remind me that healing isn't neat or symmetrical; it's messy, but still meaningful.

Sharing my drawings has also taught me something powerful. When someone looks at my art and says, "I feel that," I realize that emotions are universal. My drawings are deeply personal, yet they connect with others in ways I never expected. That connection—the unspoken understanding between hearts makes art feel sacred. Drawing has also helped me accept that emotions change. Each sketch captures one small moment, a single mood, a fleeting thought. When I look back, I see how I've grown. The emotions that once felt heavy now look lighter. Through drawing, I've learnt that no feeling lasts forever. Everything moves, and evolves, and that gives me hope.

Choosing to draw is my way of taking care of myself. It's how I release what I can't say out loud. The page becomes my safe space, a gentle companion that listens. Through art, I've learnt patience and acceptance; not everything needs to make sense right away. Some lines start uncertain but find their way in time, just like emotions do. There's something spiritual about the act of drawing too. In the quiet, I feel connected to myself, to others, and to something larger than all of us. Each stroke feels like a small prayer for peace and understanding. It's not about control, but about trust – trusting that what I feel matters, and that creating something from it is enough.

In a world that moves too fast, drawing slows me down. It reminds me that sensitivity is not weakness; it's awareness. Every time I draw, I'm choosing honesty over hiding. I'm saying to myself, 'I feel this, and that's okay.' So yes, I choose to draw to boost feelings. I choose it because it reminds me that I'm human, imperfect, emotional, and alive. My drawings don't shout; they whisper truths about who I am. They remind me that even in silence, there's meaning. Even in pain, there's beauty. And in the act of creating, there's always healing.



PERFECTION IS NOT ATTAINABLE.

**BUT IF WE CHASE PERFECTION,
WE CAN CHASE**

EXCELLENCE.