

FARCHATIN LADIYA

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ABOUT ME

I'm a creative person with a can-do attitude, keen attention to details, structured and well-executed planner, also a high energy and cheerful person who suits dynamic and rapid work environment.



WORK EXPERIENCE

PT BITCRIBS INDONESIA

E-COMMERCE OFFICER, JANUARY 2016-NOW

- Preparing Monthly Report based on Marketplaces and Woocommerce Data
- Maintaining Client's Marketplace Accounts and Operationals
- Generating Strategy and Sales Forecast
- Generating Product Prices based on Each Marketplaces Prices Structure
- Mediating between Client and Vendor Relation in each Marketplace
- Marketplace Handled: LAZADA, elevenia, Mataharimall, Shopee, Tokopedia, Bukalapak, Blibli.com, Blanja.com
- Account Handled: AFC Store by Abbott Indonesia, Cetaphil Indonesia Store, Desain Grafis Indonesia Store, Beergembira.com Store.

PT EDNOVATE GROUP INDONESIA (WEBPRAKTIS.COM)

FREELANCE STAFF, JUNE 2015 - AUGUST 2015

- Uploading and managing client's website content
- Making and creating logo, banner, and other media for branding and promotion as client's request
- Maintain client's website during certain period

BALAI POM JAKARTA

FOOD LABORATORY ANALYST INTERN, MARCH 2015 - APRIL 2015

- Doing Laboratory analysis based on food and hazard goods.



EDUCATION

INSTITUT TEKNOLOGI INDONESIA

South Tangerang, 2015 - Present
Bachelor Degree of Technology of Agricultural Industry
Class of Employee

POLTEKKES KEMENKES JAKARTA II

Jakarta, 2012 - 2015
Diploma Degree of Analysis of Pharmacy and Food



WORK SKILLS

Ms. Office
Creative Writing
E-Commerce
Adobe Photoshop
Photography
Hand Drawing



PERSONAL SKILLS

Project Management
Planning & Strategy
Creativity
Communication
Teamwork



LANGUAGES

Bahasa
English
Japanese



ORGANIZATION EXPERIENCE

BADAN EKSEKUTIF MAHASISWA

ANALYSIS OF PHARMACY AND FOOD, POLTEKKES KEMENKES JAKARTA II
Member of Social & Art Department, Period of 2013
Member of Social & Art Department, Period of 2014

CHIEF EDITOR OF CAMPUS WALL MAGAZINE

ANALYSIS OF PHARMACY AND FOOD, POLTEKKES KEMENKES JAKARTA II
Period of 2013

CHIEF OF ORGANIZER COMMITTEE

NATIONAL HEALTH SEMINAR BY ANALYSIS OF PHARMACY AND FOOD, POLTEKKES KEMENKES JAKARTA II
The seminar held by BEM Analysis of Pharmacy and Food titled: Senrafarma 2014: What Will We Eat in The Future?"
Period of 2014



FAVORITE THINGS



FOREIGN LANGUAGES



BOOKS



DRAWING



ANALOGUE PHOTOGRAPHY



FASHION



MUSIC

Bloomed & Withered

By: F. Ladiya

Phase 01: Germination

I wonder if everything is this dark in the beginning of the universe, which is seemingly built by an unseen super vigorous entity. It makes me wondering about the building process itself. Is the universe made of dust, which rotated and densed to form a tiny nebula? Or gases and atomic matters which vibrated and exploded by itself? Or is it simply made of rocks which adhered to one another then it spinned and established the nature by itself, like a magic?

I wonder if mother's womb is this quiet and soundless, beyond solitude that is almost senseless. How, by any chance, we could depict which is what and what is which? How to taste breath when the body seems not containing a respiratory system? To be dead is not is not a good aim, but living amidst nothingness is a genuine torture.

But no, we cannot go insane because since the very beginning, no one has sanity here. We are as bizarre as cat trying to fly, or butterfly trying to growl. We endeavor to reach the valid identity. Hands stretch as far as it can go, voice howls dying to be heard, mind wandering thousand miles—trying to smell the scent of gaiety.

Because, once more, we are merely hollow entities that were born in nothingness, striving to reach an open air of valid identity.

Phase 02: Seedlings

I wonder how do turtles feel when they emerge themselves out of the sturdiness of their carapace and conquer the outer world? If the first thing they see is light, do they feel hurt and immediately decide that the outer world is painful and torturing hence shut themselves back into the shell? Or do they feel safe and sound instead?

Same query goes to butterflies, who discharged from their cocoon and start spreading wings as they sniff the free air, then the very next minute they start to ramble the sky with the most celestial gestures.

How to describe this? Revival. The awareness to be alive. To scratch and tear down the nihilism. Regurgitate all of the nauseated feelings of darkness, loneliness, insanity, and surrealism, those typical aftertaste of nothingness. Trying to be healed by the luminous power, because purity is not get along with toxicity.

By the end of the day, paranoia is always there. We still not yet capable of swimming, what if there's only ocean outside? We don't have any ability to fly by now, what if the real world apparently is a landless and hollow air as far as we could see?

But by being born, we are left with two choices: to live or not to live. The feeling of breaking the rules often goes side by side with the suicidal tendency, they are just similarly indescribable, so waste the time no more.

Then, the separatism movement begins. The shell is no longer here, only threshold with golden-lining passage that lead towards jump or fall, walk or swim, awake or dream.

Phase 03: Maturity

When the most valuable thing reversed into something phantasmagorical and dimensional-indefinable, brokenhearted is not enough to interpret the disappointment. The new gate is open, overtures and probabilities hanging in the sky, as riped as the Apple of Knowledge, the one that exile Adam and Eve away from the sanctuary of Eden.

But presumption will forever be left as presumption afterall. Liberty and independence. Those are gestalt theories. I learnt that if you don't have wings to reach the stars, you have to build the ladders yourself (assume that this is 19th century where Charles Dickens was once alive and believe ladders, not insterspace rocket, could bring you to another star in solar system).

So here to gather all the woods and titanium plates, to concatenate objectives and circumstances. Hence bid another pathway to reach maturity, to be effloresced, by numerous bloods and tears and farewells, because every single achievement comes with sacrificial.

How does it feel to have everything that seems last forever? That's the taste of adolescence, apparently. To deal with nothingness is a torture, to hatched from egg is a great struggle, but encountered the true world in an seemingly another dimension, it's a whole different story.

Since the very beginning, we are born as a vulnerable, in the land of menaces and hazards. If to ply the skin with armors is not a first-aid action, we would be broken even before we are able to wander a single path. That, I think, is a simple concept of survival.

Apparently from that very simple way, it could bloom into something more advantageous. Caterpillar to adult butterfly, tadpole to toad, bipinnaria to sea star. Be it a circle of polygonal web, every step of the cycle worth more than diamonds and pearls. Guess what, the long journey that we were riding apparently not just to derive a name and validity.

Thereupon, to waste oneself on behalf of aim only instead of journey, is a suicidal attempt. We could get more, I assure.

Phase 04: Old Age and Death

I wonder would it be anything like this if the universe were fading away. Speaking about colors is nonsense, because although fingers try to spot on the blue and red, we are fingerless, and although we try to research in mind about the names left, we are mindless.

Realizing that eternity is only a humbug and it applies to every single thing in entire universe. Hence, if it is a glory that you want to keep, may your soul will forever be a phantom, because the main objective of our existence mainly converge upon a peak of glory, an artificial kind of glory.

Everything is gonna be over in the end. We are lost souls waiting for light to come. A convict praying the wounds to heal. An occupant wishing the landlord depart. We don't wanna know, don't wanna hear, don't wanna encounter the reality.

About who we want to be and what we want to do, it does not matter any longer. Now we don't talk about insanity anymore because we are mature enough to realize that sanity is a myth. Thus we don't try to fit in because every dissolved bodies will give any meaning no more.

It is saddening, I understand. We are crawling out of darkness just to throw ourselves to another funeral as the time grinds with no mercy. Love, talent, misery, are merely jewelry of a royal quest. Since the very begining, we have nothing, hence with nothing we will leave.

But if we have to leave, let it be a divine leave.

For the next questions spurt by another minds, try other way to crawl upon their own glory before fading away.

