12-apr-12

I woke up in the morning on time for DSP paper, I seriously hadn’t studied anything at all, and it was only bullshit I was studying for self-satisfaction.

I had to cut nails but Anu had misplaced the nail cutter, I was waking up Anu to find the nail-cutter but she would not listen. What I do next is, I bring a mug of water and pour it on her, and run off without seeing the result, which is quite obvious. OMG, that was funny.

I left, and I study with my friends Nitin, Kohli, Shukla, and all. Before that, I had received two forward messages from Mahima and those were jokes about GF-BF stuff, I felt happy on reading them, she lifted my mood. Sonam Rani taught some numerical questions which could probably be asked. Many in our class had written the formulae in used in that question on the desks, even Parul (the topper) was writing on the desk today. I was literally out of any idea of what I was going to write in the paper, the first question was totally out of my knowledge, so were the next three, and the paper has only four questions. Holy shit, I had got 20 out 30 the last time, and this time it is going to be zero. I was sitting and watching the invigilator (bald head) keeping a watch on me. The numerical question, which everyone had on its desk, didn’t come. In the last 40 minutes, a teacher came and gave that numerical in place of a tough question that was there. I confused while copying and simply didn’t do. I wrote a few steps in the butterfly-numerical question which I had known but I didn’t revise yesterday so was out of my brain during the paper. I fucked up.

After the exam, I was texting Mahima and she was also replying. I told her that ‘she is so-o cute’, she started about Cuckoo being cute and comparing herself to her. I told her that she is the cutest. God, I like this girl. After I tell her that she is definitely cuter than Cuckoo heaven knows that, she didn’t reply for a while but then she had texted ‘and what else is up, dude’. I thought ‘what was that’, she would be like ‘what is going on, bhaiya/brother’ and ‘how is going on’ bhaiya/ brother, but what was this.

Our group of bad boys was sitting on the table kept in the open area in the common gallery outside Dean’s office. Anshu ma’am was coming from somewhere in total no make-up look, I think even the reddish marks from pimples were visible on her cheek, forget the glow that her skin would usually give. Nitin said in ultimate high voice, ‘mother-fuck, I love this girl’. I was on his left and give him a beautifully placed open hand thump on the face from the side. He got angry, but he has an awesome sense of humor so his anger was not to fight back. I told him sorry, it was taken like a light moment, just as it was, and I had been saying sorry along with abusive words, which was obviously funny. He is such a chill person. He should not have said what he said about Anshu ma’am.

I went for C-language re-appear with Akash after this. The exam went good even with little study. It was definitely easier than what the second-semester students had got in the paper.

I was tired on coming back and it was 1700 when I came back home. I slept until 1900, that is when I simply run outside to see off Mahima and others playing badminton. Ojas was there as well, made me feel sick. I was with Appu, and I simply didn’t bother too much to get in between where Ojas is there. I was just chilling with Appu, and right next, Vishwas and Pranav came, I told Appu that now it is a perfect time for me to leave. These guys (Vishwas and Pranav) weren’t in the mood to move, though we were not in the same court as Ojas and Mahima. I was definitely not in any mood to see or hear bullshit. I bring these guys to B-1 parking.

I have yet to open the DWDM book.

-OK