30-apr-12

I had OOSE internal practical exam today. The exam went, just went. I hadn’t studied a word and it was only a little bit of revision that I did in the crowd. My turn came and I was wearing a smile on my face even when I hadn’t prepared anything, damn it, I didn’t bother too much to bring it down seeing the attitude of ma’am with the others. She was cool, motivating, and easy-to-talk. It was last five of us, Dhanraj had also come, and ma’am had held Shukla until late into our batch. She asked us to write answer to a question we could think of, I drew UML buildings blocks, it was pathetic for me to having forgotten a thing in even that for the moment. It was fine though, just until she remind that I had to give off third session-test (I was fail in the first session-test), WTF, it was totally out of my mind, damn it. I didn’t know how to react to that. I brought my pen and I was made to sit, she had let go the others by now. I was there and without any idea of how it was going to happen. She asked me what I had studied; I told her that I hadn’t touched anything after the 'Analysis', that was where the syllabus of second-session had ended. She asked me a question from first chapter and I didn’t know that, she was being pushy in making me answer a question from fourth unit chapter ‘Testing’. I couldn’t. She said she will make 13 of 10 from the first-session and the 17 from second-session will remain the same. I was saying that I would come tomorrow if she would be there, but she had already told me that she was going to pass, but she hadn’t got it, and asked what I was saying. At the time of leaving, she said ‘move’, I think it was more because of her short vocabulary and week-communication skills than disappointment or anything.

I had helped Love escape the wrath of this bitch, Dhaka. He hadn’t got the written manuals for the last lab-session, that meant his file not going to be checked and he will give attendance tomorrow when he would show her the complete file. He took my file as his roll-number comes long before mine. It wasn’t too much a problem to change the folder and that I use my file again for my turn. I had just saved him.

Fat-whore, Ghost, Amma, babaji, and Sadhna reached here around 0730. I had taken five and a half hours of sleep; memories from last evening were still stuck in my head. I was ready to leave with babaji around 0830 but the driver comes over late by about 50 minutes at 0920. Then Manju buaji got Prachi and Anushka with her, we dropped them in the crutch and then headed out for main road. I reached college before time.

Akash took me for making a request to the teacher for increasing internal marks in the re-appear exams of second semester. I waited for another hour to collect DSP file at college, ma’am was taking viva of some class, she told Akash and me to wait, but Akash left early.

The bus-pass was over so I had to walk a mile extra to the Metro Station of Shastri-Park to take the feeder-bus back for home.

At home, Ghost left for Ahmadabad, Gujarat around 1500.

I was sleeping for an hour and when I woke up around 1800, I went out to play soccer with the Ojas, Mithoo, and other kids of lower age group. I came back home around 1915. I didn’t go over to Mahima today, it was tough then, but now it seems like it wasn’t a big deal. The purpose that I need to fulfill is that I should get to play in the evening, and I got it in the form of soccer, if not badminton. AS a matter of fact, Mahima doesn’t even play badminton these days.

I was home early and I wish I could fuck up DWDM now.

-OK