24-Aug-12

I was alone at HCL today; I had got there on time, 0820. Sir told me to copy the program from the notebook; he sat on the chair at the back and studied his book. I kept typing. It was around 0900 that he had gone out, and then some other students, the hardware-batch, came here. I was over with the program soon and sir came to rectify it, there was a file missing, I wrote that one too, but sir had left, I went over to him and he told me come on Monday. He told me to inform Hemanshu and Gaurav that it will be our last class on Struts on Monday, so everyone should be there. I left, I was happy to hear that. I was at the college and there was no one there, not a single person. There has been serious increase in the security at the main gate, a girl requested me to help her friend by my fee-receipt and I did, but the guards had it when the guy couldn’t rightly retell my personal information to them. I came over and they gave it back, but the guy still couldn’t find his way in. The two said this tight-checking had never been done before in their three years at college. ‘Well, I silently appreciated my work at this moment.’

The fatso from IT-branch who was in Advance Java training with me, met me here, he asked for my job-portal project. Well, I mailed him the ‘givable-version’ of the project; I have heard so many people asking me for projects I made at any time, pity on them.

I was back at home by 1200, I had some Idli and then I was just trying to sit my ass in the bed, I was tired. I want to do work on my personal project on online-education but it is really time-consuming. It was raining heavily outside and I was thinking of childhood days again, it is like very mild flashbacks when it rains.

I had called Gaurav and Hemanshu to tell them of one last class on Struts to attend, Gaurav was nice and easy, Hemanshu sounded irritated, I didn’t get involved with him and only delivered him the message, which was it. Well, now on conversation on phone with the two, sir had pushed the class to Tuesday and Monday was now off for us, cool.

I sat on internet and then amma and babaji told me to escort fat-whore to the airport. It was around 1630, I quickly filled my PD with some songs to play in the car. We left around 1700. It was near about twenty minutes away from the airport that fat-whore asks for some music and I put the songs that I had. It was funny to hear them with family, because it was club-music, but I let it play.

We see off fat-whore around 1815 and we were back at home by 1940. The driver had turned AC on in the middle for a while but Srishti, who was sitting alone at the back, then requested to turn them off. I usually don’t speak to the driver, or tell him or interrupt him in what he does, how he does.

While listening to the music, with which I usually think of my recent life with Tanuja ma’am and Mahima, I told myself that once getting back home, I will be thinking about the two almost never.

-OK