25-Aug-12

The day was fine. I was up on time, and I was thinking of recent past at college. I meditate for 20 deep breaths on regular, twice times a day, once on waking up and second time before going to bed. I wouldn’t know how I would be without that. I read newspaper for a little while and found something interesting that I then scanned. It was quiet the rainy weather outside; it was dark and cloudy sky whole day long, with rain going on and off at times.

I sat to check the result one more time. The internet connection wasn’t there, and due to bad weather, I wasn’t expecting it soon, but it did come back. The results had been uploaded, some 4-5 minutes, and I was then reading it. It was all clear, holyshit! The second semester result was yet to be uploaded.

Shukla did an all clear, Akash, Kohli; Gaurav Gupta had got one-back each. I did not really believe my result at first, but then it was too hard to ignore.

I was noting it down, and then I told babaji about it. He got me write it down whole thing, again. I had written him the mark sheet complete even last time, and it wasn’t seen anywhere. He writes things on yellowing paper, hand cut piece of paper, in his sliding handwriting. I tell him of how much it looks like bullshit, and he would comment on mine then, amma would be sitting there telling me not to comment on his. I told him that I would write the mark-sheet again, and I took pages from his workspace and tore and threw them before writing down a new one. I was just working up my self-made mark-sheet for personal use on the Notebook and I then handed it to babaji. He and amma would tell me to go to temple for this, now. I told them I have already thanked god, so no point going there.

I had this passport-size photo of Babbu, it was the one I had scanned the other day and uploaded to my online storage accounts. I tore it into tiny bits, and flushed. I didn’t mind giving it to amma or leave it back there from where I had picked it up (during the time when Sadhna was here, I had found it in the window-slab in amma’s room, under which Sadhna used to keep her things). I had feelings while throwing it, but what is the point feeling so much for the photo of a person whom you couldn’t pay the least he deserved as a human being when he was alive.

The time was just passing, I was on Notebook, moving, managing and deleting files. There was not one single song that I thought fit to hear at this moment, not a single one. I was just going through a very fluid state of mind, thinking about the past, how it had been, seriously. I wasn’t expecting to pass in DSP but I got 22 in internal, which was totally unexpected. I got my maximum in DSP, 67, among the six theory papers. I got a very low, 40, from external in the OOSE practical, probably because I had talked him into explaining the concept to me for the questions he was putting up to the five of us in the last batch, I don’t know.

I was confused about what to do, I was thinking a lot about my long gone past, but I didn’t want to write anything without mood, and time. I had to finish up the work on web-project that I had started personally, but I was not very much in the state of mind to do that. I had to start off with seventh semester subjects but that was not really the first thing to start working with. I just let the time pass.

Around 1700, I was still listening to the not-so-old collection of songs of mine, and Srishti had made noodles in bulk for each of us two. Fat-dick had college and Anu had office, today. Around 1730, I got this call from that person from the whole-sale book-market in New-Street. I hadn’t saved his number, so the conversation went like this.

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| --- |
| Him: hello |
| Me: hello… hello |
| Him: hello |
| Me: hello! Shukla? |
| Him: hello, it is me, Rohit. Remember, we met the other day. |
| Me: Rohit SUD? *(I pretended to be not knowing)* |
| Him: No, the person who met you on the way to book-market. It was just on the day before, we exchanged numbers, remember. |
| Me: Ah, yes, I got you, I remember. |
| Him: You must not have saved my number that day? |
| Me: oh no, there are just a number of people with your name here, Rohit SUD, Rohit, Shukla, that is why… |
| *(After a slight pause)* Him: Okay, so how are you doing…? |
| Me: Umm… I am doing fine *(slight pause)* |
| Him: *(slight pause)* Okay… |
| *(slight pause)* Me: Umm…hey, I will call you back; I have to take this second call that’s coming… |
| Him: okay… |

That was it; I put down the phone, thinking about it. I was wondering to ask him about his job, professional life and all when he calls again. I had already deleted his number, who would want a mind-fuck. I was tired, I lay in bed and I was asleep for two hours.

I was up around 1900 and I checked for my re-appear second semester, there it was. I got it, 76 in C, and 58 in English. I was happy; I seemed to be overcoming the surprise from morning.

Babaji would tell me to tell ghost about it, and that too personally on phone. What, is that a joke. I said okay, but I am not going to do that, no, not that easily.

Srishti is such a bitch; I sometimes tend to be moved by her. Then I tell myself to hold control, in the afternoon, I was on the door of fat-whore’s room, and this slick-bitch was in no-clothes, underwear and towel in hand, came out of the bathroom. Light was off, so it didn’t really matter.

At around 2100, the tuition teacher called for class tomorrow. I was happy, yesterday at 2000, I had sent SMS to ask him for class timings and he had told to wait until morning, he told me of the IPU results being uploaded. I thought he was just excusing, and I put him out of my mind.

The day just came in and now it is time that it should end. I hope to have a start, again, tomorrow.

-OK [0025]