5-Dec-2012

0100 to 0730 – up (deep breathing at night)

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| The person in the auto gave me three different one rupee coins when I had asked him for R5 change.  I had two R100 note, he gave me the change for one. *(show of mine, they had been in the want to see money I carry)*   * In the morning at college, lady teachers stepping out cars when I was in the entrance-alley. It was like two three cars getting empty here. *(Like I get out of SX4 on the red-light of Shastri Park.)* |

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| Just before Nitish, sir had called Prashnat-CSE2 for viva. I stood there waiting for him to make a move but he just kept quiet. I came back to my seat.  *After viva, he left. Saurabh sir, Ankit sir came in – joked about taking viva. (planned)*  Minutes later the ECE-block person came back again – to take viva of Nitish and me. | |
| * IEEE s/w definition * History- Barry Boehm – his college * Structural, procedural programming * Validate, verify, which one is dynamic | The person had idea of my knowledge and the way of my responding. He simply shot down the first funny question of ‘IEEE s/e definition’. That was pathetic.  The second question asked about history and some old facts, which I knew about.  *I said out the opposite in the questions in which he had asked us to explain two similar things.*  *Yes, verifying is dynamic; validating is done by the system in proper cycle.*  I couldn’t say much about the programming types, though I knew both in my head. I just said about ‘spaghetti code’ to show my knowledge.  The thing is: he was prepared to face me. He was a fucking make-up. |

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| * Dishan's mother outside lift or on the ground floor * Ponky's mother on rounds sees over sometimes * Uni's mother comes over to call him from the TT room * Kritika’s mother with the woman from B3 block (with some face-contour and body similarity with Garima-the-slut) * (On 7-Nov-2012) HDK’s mother with the woman from A4, her son (about touching-30s) has been known for drugging. * Woman with DSP-6-SEM teacher like face on the first floor – one morning – she was with her kid (play school) and husband – they were looking at me – earlier she had told Amogh, HDK and me to not abuse here * *These women are for show – they are mothers, of children, kids big enough.* |

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| Two maid on the table – table in the front of the three-seat-bench in the common square space – the table is on the left of the entrance to the staff-room space | * *It was to keep watch on me.* * *Yesterday, I felt I had been holding the security-guard in my perception, without intentionally doing it, (and the accidentally blinking-eye-matches)* |
| Kid from Ahlcon in the square space – he is has fine looks, face in length, fair complexion, thin physique, 5-feet-8 or 9 in., he can surely do girls | * *A reminder for Ahlcon School* * *He had been there in the square space with his friends for quiet a duration while waiting for the viva to happen* * *He is friend of Slick-bitch, used to be her classmate until IX grade* |
| One look of chinky-teacher-with-the-kid (the kid hadn’t come today) | * Her matching of eyes while passing was more of an intentional act than coincidence * Her face was expressionless, eyes were little wider than normal * As if she had done some check in that moment |
| The fatso Tanvi ma’am – COMP-NET teacher from sixth semester | * It was early in the morning before 0930 * She too had given one look as she passed * She could have simply gone straight * It was only to show off herself to me, as she belongs to my past |
| TBS – lookalike – with little more visible jaw and monstrous teeth shape | * It was just around 0930, with her friend * She had stood in the lab talking to the ECE-block-examiner-sir here * I stood outside next to the door – watching her back from the glass pane – she had looked the same but of course it wasn’t her * I too wanted to see her face just as Nitin – I wanted to compare * I saw her face after she turned ,and I had been waiting for it * Nitin said fine her ‘cute’ but little below expectation, he said ‘AYE-HAYE’ |
| Priti-Dhaka - here at college – surprise | * It was before 0930 * I see her going as she entered from the stairs * The three-seat-bench is set to the lab-wall and the entry to the floor is on the left * She appeared thin, in black sweater * She looked homely (like Manju buaji) and seems friendly from the looks |
| Aditya - Apurva with coffee cups in their hands | * *To remind me that I can go around and drink ‘tea’, yeah, tea* * *I don’t have to sit in canteen (I find it smelly)* |
| Java-5-SEM-faculty-Nitesh sir-he is teaching in MAIT (IPU). | * *He was sent only because he has been a person from my past.* * I was standing with Shruti-Arushi-Parul (after exam). He came over to have a word. * super-seniors – about placement |

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| * There were two questions to do in the sheet. No one knew the basic COCOMO, so only arranged the formula for the numerical and pasted. * The second question was to draw DFD; it was not in my mind. I had to think a lot and talk from around. The stupid-looking-dumb-specs-lab-demonstrator took my sheet and seated me on the chair in the corner few minutes later.   After the viva, I was not feeling like going home. I wanted to stay and talk to anyone outside of LN-guys-group.   * Anupam sir too had come down to laugh off and smile with ECE-block-examiner. The external invigilator came late, it was the person who had come for taking the DWDM viva in 6-SEM. * I was talking to Arushi and Parul; the two were sitting on the three-seat-bench I would usually sit on. Shruti-B also came around, it was good. * Shruti-B had come early even today. * As I stood and the three girls sat, the cold-face-guard had been behind me. *It was to check on Arushi, Parul and Shruti if I was managing my back through them.* * Shruti too confused in the fastest transmission wire – said ‘twisted pair’ – that is the slowest – the fastest is the optic fiber – a confusing question * I had in mind to talk to Astha or Karishma, either one about the project on my mind. I was not able to get that urge to just do it. * I had been able to match eyes when she was talking to her friends or others in the class from her group or so. * It was near the end that I did spoke to Astha just a few words. * She was with Apurva on the stairs earlier. I was going crazy and standing with Keshav and Shukla; I just said out ‘fuck’ about three four times before sending these guys off. * It was Java sir standing on the railing – I just smiled over to ask know the currency in his life – it was good because as he left, it was Astha on the stairs and I was able to talk to her now as she looked at me when sir left after about 5 minutes of talking * On the stairs – Astha, Deepanshu and some other person – I came over to Astha and just to ask about Karishma (I had decided in my head) – I had raised hand to ask if she had Karishma’s number – she thought as if I was about to shake hand (that was a miss) – I could have got Karishma’s number – but I told her to tell her that I was looking for her and that she should just leave me a message – she told me she was just about to come * Erstwhile – Chirag came over to Astha- but he didn’t respond to my ‘hi’ facial gesture – I turned my face to the stairs going down – cursing to myself, lip-syncing: fuck, fucking fuck, etc – * It was this girl with the face somewhat of Anshu ma’am and in the body hugging ladies’ suit – she looked just hot. The suit was white with violet design patterns on it – she was just a quick diversion from the Chirag’s stupid act – *she was supposed to remind me of the afternoon, on Kashmere Gate, when Anshu was fighting with the auto-puller back in the third semester.* * Garima-the-slut had been in better clothes today – changing from her middle class version from the previous day – *I had only seen her back (it was still a set-up). She was walking with the chinky-fatso-mother-of-the-chinky-kid. Earlier – while I was talking to Arushi, Parul – I was involved with them – this slut had come out of ladies toilet- good that I missed it* |

* *After having talked to Karishma, Astha, Shruti-B, Arushi (and Parul) I learnt and understood that these people had posted things on FB without knowing what exactly the deal or the scene was. These people don’t know shit. Except for the fact that these people too must have agreed with DISCO-college that they find me psyched.*
* *Astha had been tagged in two photos of a guy from HMR in the near farm-like area. In one, he was in check shirt (studios, home-boy) and in other, he was in the red hood-fleece (doing ‘YO’ like rap artist). Showing that he can handle his two personas well.*

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| * I was happy after having talked to Karishma and having got her number. * She was a reason why I was somewhat lighted inside while coming back home.   At 1300, I thought of the two (Astha and Karishma) again. I thought of the OMICRON project and the help I can get from Karishma, who said wants to go for bank-job-side. She told me that Astha wants to go in purely technical field ahead. It raised my eagerness to talk to them at least once more. Karishma could have helped financially or on business end, etc.  I sent two messages “can we meet you Astha and me… do you have a vehicle right now” at 1310  She didn’t reply and at 1340 “tell Astha to call me ☺” |

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| Varun-sir-HCLCDC-Java-EE-trainer-summers | * His lookalikes – two times – totally unconditional and accidental – near Shastri Park red-light * a high school student * Later a person on the scooter * *Reminder of past* | |
| **IN THE MINI-BUS**  *The bus had picked me up from the outside of the station premises. As it came speeding here (set up).* | | |
| * All ugly men (working) middle class and lower-middle class (mainly middle) * There was some space left on the back-bench * A dirty-brown man on the window (sleepy, tired and ugly), brown cloth-jacket. He had ugly button eyes, button-seriously. * Then, a man in blue blazer and suit, but his face-lines were like bull-dog, hung, tired and used and ugly. Dirty-brown again. * I didn’t sit between them * I chose to sit on the bench I don’t ever choose among choices. The one at the front of the exit-side. It was a woman, black, yet cleaner than the rest of the people who were all men. She was maintained.   I chose to sit next to this black woman – I was looking down on the floor – eventually the shoes of the people – then I raised my neck – this man on the front row, to my right, near the exit – he was eyeing me – he took them off and then had looked at me again as I just looked at him back | | |
| Later when she went, a domestic woman in lemon colored saree had come over to sit here on my right in the place of the black-woman. This woman was ugly and of lower-middle class. | | |
| * Anurag-Saxena-lookalike-outside the window on the opposite side * This person was in shirt and from LM-class. It was only for seconds that I saw his face from the moving bus on one stop. | | *It was a fake to remind me of school.* |
| * Two more girls had got on the bus. One was poor (middle class), thin, stupid looking, bony-square-face, she was short and I don’t know, unattractive, dumb. She was in brown simple-cloth-jacket over a white-t-shirt. Brown rectangular frame, old and used. * The second girl was chubby, cute, inside-angled cute teeth, fair complexion, and just taller than the other girl. She was in hood-fleece. This one was of upper-middle class. White rectangular frame with blue front filled-line; didn’t look as used as her sister’s. * The second girl was to remind me of Megha-fatso-again. This girl had twisted her lips on the right-end, while smiling once, it was forced, unreal. *(Yesterday, Megha had passed from square space. I had seen her going. It was planned.)* * She was doing simple checks of blinking glances at me and my things. *I was doing a proper look at her, still not ogling or gazing.* * She was being ignorant otherwise, except the glances in which she had seen the jacket in my lap and once my face earlier. * She had this 4.5-in slim Touchscreen phone. She had put the finger around the back-camera like showing it off. | | |
| Later – a young woman – poor middle class – white and pink cloth-zipper-jacket – straight hair – brown complexion – small face – 5-feet-3 or something – she had button-eyes (set up) | | |
| The woman on my deep right – just behind driver – she was married – nose bone protruding - Punjabi in pink suit– she didn’t bring any such call – but then it did – she was supposed to remind me of the Bhawna-English-teacher (first SEM) | | |

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| Cobbler mother-fucker – took my bag for correction – it had four cuts – left one, didn’t do it – went again – did the cut and put another, it almost seemed – he said about fixing it tomorrow but took the money right now – he uttered that he had done a lot of fixing already while leaving – WTF – next he didn’t come – I was just stupid while thinking that way about him  1615: I opened my bag and it was RET file in it. What the fuck!  I got tense but then everyone passes the practical exams. |

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| 0645: HDK – no call – I didn’t msg – Amogh had phoned him, he said he was out to drink with his friends   * Dishan jogs on the society’s peripheral rounds * Kritika walks * Esha and Ishita (chinky) on swings. * On 7-Nov: Ishita coming with her mother in the parking. * Kunal sometimes comes for two three games. * I was feeling cold in my hand, lost the game of 10 by game-love to Appu. * Dhruv (kid) was abusing Mahima. He had called her bitch. I just shot him by threatening him with racket. Mahima keeps fighting with everyone. * Amogh came later and he was extremely abusive while playing doubles against me – just after the game was over – Isha got her racket and left with Mahima – that was sad   I was back at home by 1915. It was a boring day.  1945: Appu called me for TT.  It was also Anisha and Isha coming over to play. The two left in a while with Mahima and Naina.  Appu had the poor quality racket that I had brought with me. *(It wasn’t that he wanted to see what rackets I owned. He wasn’t sent by Sarthak’s father or anything, I hope.)*  I never really played hard on him due to the poor racket that he was using. I just let it be.   * It was about four five games (21 points) we played by switching sides – game-all, Appu wins in after three four clashes – game-15 or 16 – then I won the last game. *It felt awesome; it was worth being happy and feeling great.* |

1700 – 2000: TV runs on loud, babaji hears to the religious channel, WTF

2130 – 2330: food, fruits