5-1-12

The exam went fine. It was the same guy Rishabh who also in the DS exam with me. I showed him the whole paper, to be exact. It was totally fine by me, I have never minded showing my paper off. As usual, I couldn't get after the third unit's first half. It is something I can't help. There were some questions in the paper which had unjustified weightage of marks on them. Generations of computers had over 20 points on them covering more than 6 pages and they put it for 5 marks, wtf! The invigilator was lenient. Rishabh knew the other faculty who was ex-student of our college so it was easy for him to see in my sheet. Also in the morning, he was on my left, then after a minute, he was on my right and the faculty only came to know if something was happening here. I think I will pass, pure positive feeling.   
I came home by changing thousand right buses and tiring myself, only to find Rashmi, Sameer, fat-dick and Anushka in my room, fuck, I feel so stupid while calling that room (or anything in that kennel) mine. I wanted to return the library book but buaji had already returned from market so I had to leave in her presence. She was telling me not to go when I was leaving before her after saying ‘hello’ but people want you present in their service. I was hence told to stay at home. I skidded out of the door at the time when M buaji was preparing to leave at the door. I had kept my books in the balcony and so I was out at the bus stand waiting for the bus. It felt nice to travel in the winter evening breeze. I reached college only to find that the library had already been closed. Guards told me that right at the main gate. I walked back to the Metro station with sort of a broken heart. When I was back at home, it was fufaji and his parents still sitting. They already had the food and so they left only minutes after I was back at home. Buaji made touch their feet and also of the fufaji, I am just saying that ‘how much they like us to be clowns’. I went to sleep for a while and then Prachi fucked the door open and my nap broke. I was awake before falling deep into sleep. I was in drawing room and it was little chit-chat with buaji, or fufaji on separate occasions. Fucking stupid babaji told me to show fufaji my today’s paper, doesn’t he have any fucking brains that it was my first semester ITC second-re-appear exam today. Fuck man, what the fuck is he? I went in and brought Computer Architecture question paper. He was going through it thoroughly, almost like solving it all along. I was in my room and these kids (Smita, Rashmi, Sameer, Prachi and Srishti) crowded there. What’s next, Srishti would take a dig on me and I would take a dig on her. It is because I don’t like her humored-sense, you see she doesn’t have sense-of-humor but humor-in-sense.

I didn’t eat dinner because I ate my four parantha at home which were cooked in the morning. Then, I had other eatables from time to time. It is now [0205] that I am feeling hungry again. It was around 2200 that we were planning to sleep and they made plans like ‘buaji, Rashmi, Sameer and I’ in my room so that Prachi could be accommodated here and also Rashmi could sleep on, any, bed. Chachi came and told me to move to amma’s room. That too was in a bad way, Srishti had told me that just a moment before in a way similar to how fat-whore would ‘peek-and-say’. I was not feeling against the whole idea but in babaji’s room, babaji can’t stop spilling viral words so I got pretty upset and just walked out the door to sit in the garden. I later went for a walk to Akshardham. It wasn’t even visible in fog and I sat on the bench near the turn, before the bus stop, to the road that enters for the temple. It was 2330 when I reached there after leaving the society gate at about 2300. I sat there for about an hour; watching the night vehicles pass. It is cops stationed at turn always. I was feeling comfortable and good on the winter night in cold breeze but it was turning colder and colder with the passage of the time. There was this man, homeless street wanderer to be exact, staggering this way. He lit a cigarette, picked from the floor. I felt as if he was going to come to the bench now. I got up to dodge and saw that he wasn’t actually coming here to the bench. Before this scene could proceed, I saw two cops come to the turn from there gypsies and act to call me to them. I went over and he (the guy who had called and was bigger in size, over six feet tall) delivered a lesson. I will tell what he said in a minute because as I come home, right after the cops push me to get back home, I get the same lecture, in not so different words, from buaji. “Why are you wasting so money as college fees when you are not doing anything different from the uneducated, homeless street wanderers”. Cop had also told me to be polite like the educated, the other cop had started to speak that sometimes even they are roughly talked by their senior officers. The bigger cop interrupted, “You got what I said, or not, go home straight away and say ‘sorry’ and tell them that someone corrected you.” Cop had earlier asked me if there was a fight at home, and then he had also asked me my address. He had to repeatedly ask to get the right answer for whether, or not, there was a fight at home. I was reluctant to tell because it occurred to me that it was still a personal matter. Had the beggar and cop not come, I was planning to sleep over on the bench I was sitting on there on the sidewalk.

I reached home at around 0046 and nobody in the drawing room or buaji, or amma were asleep yet. Rather, buaji and amma were chatting in amma’s room. It was now that buaji’s turn to deliver her part of the lecture that I exactly knew already.

I went to bed before buaji left the room in a minute but then I get up to get my Smallie here and do some writing work. Buaji was still awake and she rose her head up to ask ‘what I was taking’. I said it is my computer and she said ‘if my brain’s got messed up’.

Also, when I was talking to the kids I had Smallie in my hand and Sameer puts down, actually slams down, its screen. I felt fucked and I was afraid to take out Smallie again until these people go or it is safe.

-OK