19-1-12

The day was fine. First lecture was of Multimedia and second was of CN (Computer Networks). Later, I attended OOSE and DWDM; both the subject teachers are fucking nightmare bitches. Seeing Dhaka didn’t have too much effect on me but I was wondering to whether or not give the thoughts about college any way to my brain. I want to feel better, and not think about college, never.

In the afternoon, Nishant and I were walking together to the main road after Apurv dropped us outside KG ISBT. He asked ‘how is it going at home’, I replied ‘good’. Then he asked about my nose infection, ‘I said I am talking nose-drops’. I was back at home and still thinking if I made a mistake by telling Nishant more than anyone ever was supposed to know. Did I make a mistake, made myself vulnerable when I told Nishant too much of my personal life?

I didn’t study and was only scanning the papers which had important content on them. Now I can throw them to reduce clutter in the drawer.

In the DWDM class, the pumpkin-shape-Megha ma’am had to leave after she got a call and she asked for any student who is truthful and honest to take the attendance. Nitin and Apurv were sitting with me in between them on the last bench of the center-first row. They screamed my name multiple number of times when she asked her question twice. She chose Abhilash, then Arushi, then Shruti, and Apurva next. It seemed funny to Shukla who asked me if I had done something to the teacher that, she doesn’t think that I am honest.

-OK