4-Jun-12

After sitting with the book for about five or six minutes, I learned that the syllabus was too much and time was extremely less. I needed to do Multimedia also. I, around 2140, for the first time, in three days, came with the thought of not giving the Electrical Science. I studied two chapters, and now I realize that, that just wasn’t enough. I sat with book close for about 20 minutes and by 2000, I had completely decided to not give the Electrical Science paper. I now had to start with Multimedia, but I was barely able to focus. I sat and ate fruits, by the time it was 2300; I had made even more plans. I was pissed. I thought of how I had spent last three months with old colony friends, and also making new ones like Cuckoo and Mahima, then the recent fight with Mithoo in the days of DSP exam. I was pissed on these people of the society now, I was pissed on myself. I told myself to say no to social life anymore and solely spend evenings at home and not make shit of life outside. I decided to take a break from social life, but not obsessing with it, I will keep the communication with college people. I wanted to sleep now and had planned to sit up at four in the morning. I sat at close to 2300 and started off Multimedia, in about 30 minutes, I had reached the end of the fourth chapter, and now I go to bed. I slept without cooler; I can definitely do without it, I thought of all the poverty that is there in this country, I fell asleep.

I was up around 0730 in the morning. I went to KG Metro station with babaji and buaji. I got lift today; it was a man on bike and just told me to sit. He had something to offer, he told me, “I have a room unoccupied for students, in the village. It can accommodate as many as 4, and even six if you guys wish to settle in, just as much as you wish to. I have some children who would come over for about an hour-and-half, you don’t have to pay anything other than the electricity bills, which you will pay by yourself, you can cook whatever you want, and if you can’t cook on some day, aunty would do that. No boys, though, I am looking for girls, my children could spend some time with them daily to study, and I also own a car, which I can use to drop you on the days when there is any hurry.” He dropped me on the college gate, he gave me his number, and I told me that it would have been great had he been not so specific after girls. He said his children are girls of growing so that was why. The offer stuck in my head for some time, it was worth paying attention, given the fact that I have been thinking of earning from tuitions and also until last year, I was thinking moving out immediately to a paid-room. I have pretty much been comfortable in this last semester, which is in comparison to the past times, so I think it won’t really be right to make a switch at this moment, or any time soon. There has happened a lot here at home, shit needs to settle before more pours in, and I don’t want to be the source of any.

I was just comfortable in that room I found opened today next to the park. It was dark, cemented, had heavy tables of wood as if work-place slab with fans running over each, and two bikes stood there. I was comfortable on sitting on one. I just didn’t go for electrical science as it was planned. Later Rizwan came here, and it was fine to have him around. He is a well humored person. It was fine to study Multimedia around him. He took some 5 more minutes before the exam to study a topic, I got him through that, taught him to memories it, and that question was asked, literally, was asked twice. He was thanking me whole heartedly after the exam.

Arun is kind of a freak. During one exam, I had asked him for his water bottle, he had said wearing his usual extended smile, "it is impure". What the hell would I care, it was exam going on, and I needed water, what should I do if not drink his. I drank, and just as I returned the bottle, he puts the bottleneck in his mouth to sip water, WTF. Today, as I was getting up to go out and refill my water bottle, he wished to pass me his bottle, but I told me, ‘are you mad, not in the middle of exam’. It was not because of any other reason than the one that I told. As my bottle circulated, he didn’t bother to take it, stupidity unlimited.

The exam was lengthy; I was feeling throwing off the pen around the half time, when I had just finished the first question. I had taken half-an-hour extra for it already. I was feeling tired, uninterested, and bored, couldn’t get the energy to push myself to write properly. The first unit took also took too much time, I was able to hurriedly scratch the pen on paper for the next two units; the fourth unit remained untouched as always. I did for about 50 marks, and I would pass for about 32 marks, so it’s deal done.

Shukla and Akash had given Electrical Science and they said that they are failing, so I was not feeling against my decision to give the exam a miss.

Apurv, Nishant, Gaurav, Nitin, Faizan had taken Rizwan for getting out in the city for drinking and enjoying the evening. I had to walk to the bus stop. I had to walk almost for ten longest minutes more because I wasn’t at the stop, nor was it visible any close, I had to give hand to a lot of bikes, none of which stopped, a DTC ignored my call to stop, but the second one stopped, maybe because I was now at the petrol pump, whatever.

I was totally tired when I was in Metro after the bus. It was feeling pathetic; I was thinking of Mahima, of Tanuja ma’am, I wanted to reach out to someone somebody. I didn’t do anything. My body and mind needed rest. Hardik had texted to ask for soccer, but I had decided to not go out in the evenings, and avoid these people. I didn’t reply him, either. I got home around 1930, I was tired but I sat on internet browsing the web. It was just stuff, whatever interested me. I was little worried about internship, and I had called HCL, but the woman who had given me her number back in March, now told me to come over again and talk on face, WTF.

I was online on FB, downloading stuff, and doing searches on Google and Wikipedia.

Cuckoo and I had just a few words, like saying ‘hello’. Mahima had come online, but she went off after about twenty minutes, no, I didn’t count. We just didn’t speak. I had missed dinner, it was eleven when amma told me of food, and I tell her to not bother me.

Around 0100, Nishant was online, and he tells me to eat when I ask him of dinner and tell him my story. I had not eaten the lunch, and I ate the two chapatti(s) from lunch box, the potato-mix had rotten, I threw them. The fruits were in the fridge.

I sent the love-song written by me in 2010, as a message to Mahima. I had also forwarded her a simple non-veg message, it was funny.

I went to bed around 0330; it is my Communication Skills exam on 7th, and I have to start over with that.

-OK