11-June-12

I had gone to bed at around 0200 last night, I was trying this new software that converts speech-to-text, I needed it so that I could dictate my history to it and it could save that in the form of text, alas, the software was a disaster, making mistake in every word.

I woke up around 0720 and quickly got ready to leave for HCL CDC. I couldn’t have been late on the first day. I reached there in hurry by 0805 closely. Sir took his time to come, he was calm and relaxed, and from Bihar. This was a small room, and there could sit about 24 students there. We were about 12 or 13 of us today. There was this girl, a new comer, who sat at the last bench in the right column. I sat on the same seat in the left column. We were at a distance of a chair. In the class, I asked a doubt and then asked her for her name, college name, and told her mine. She is from GTB-Institute of Technology, and her name is Supreet Kaur. She called me closer to copy the work from the first class which both of us had missed. Now I moved to the next chair to take the seat next to her, so that I could copy what she wanted to copy, and had also asked me for the same. I got her number from the attendance list while signing it after her, which was risky and smart. Risky because she could have noted that, and also I put down the number in between a sentence in the page I was writing on. The class got over around 1000, and I got say ‘hello’ to another girl who is from the same college NIEC as mine. At the bus stand, I spoke to the third girl of the day, her name is ‘Swati’, and I had asked her for the name twice☺.

It was only the ‘Drivers for JAVA applications’ that sir taught today, and it seemed like revision to me.

At home, I was just on the internet, and Love told me a movie to download. I put that movie on download, and hence got myself busy for the day.

I was just on the internet, I had today wrote, “hello sir. Sir, I have a question,” to Saurabh sir (multimedia teacher, sixth semester) who would be online sometimes. He simply went offline, which was pathetic. He acted like a pussy-soaked-wet. I had also sent message on FB and on phone to come online as I needed to talk to her for a while. I needed to talk to her about what does she remember from the past. I just wanted to discuss some past with her, which was all. She didn’t reply and I didn’t act too obsessed for her. I didn’t want to look like giving too much to that little girl, who is trying to be a bitch now.

Manju buaji and Prachi and Anushka were here in the afternoon. Saurabh sir was now again visible to me. There was this T2 guy Abhinav Chaudhary, who was online just as long and consistently as I was until in the evening, I had to shut down computer to go out. No one came for soccer as the gardener had watered and left the ground to become muddy from several spots spread across the ground.

Mahima was showing Ishi the messages on her phone. It had something to do with me as they were looking here and laughing, as I was sitting here on the signature-bench, they were on the opposite side of the park, near B3, hung on the railing of the park. She seemed playful, so I didn’t feel bad for myself, or else she could have easily melted me, had she been hurt after having been blocked by me.

Hardik came late after half-an-hour around 1830, we played kicks. I was back at home when Amogh and Vaibhav came and took Hardik to the C-block terrace. The two guys drink, Hardik doesn’t. I told Hardik ‘sorry’ and walked in the opposite direction to these guys.

I came home around 1930, Manju buaji had told me that she would like to have me at her place today, as her computer has been heavily infected by virus, and it would be great if I can be of any help. It was late and I was tired, so she told me that she would take me with her tomorrow, if everything else goes fine.

I waited for the movie to be downloaded, and holyshit, it wasn’t in English, it was some other European language, damn it.

Cuckoo showed up online when I just un-hide her, it got me excited as I was seeing her online after a long time. It is crazy how I have been getting crazy from these middle school girls Cuckoo and Mahima. I had in mind that if Cuckoo doesn’t show up today, I might even un-friend her. In the afternoon, I had downloaded a number of photos of her from FB so that I could save them as ‘PEOPLE FROM MY PAST’ in my recollection data.

We spoke, she had learnt of Mahima, and I told her a poem written by me in which a guy says ‘goodbye’ to his girlfriend. She assured herself that it was for Mahima by asking me a number of times the same question. Just in the same quarter-hour, Mahima’s text came, it was a forward message, but it just showed me what I had done. I was never expecting a text from her after last night.

I was just talking to Love, he wanted me to see him tomorrow and give him the movie and the new version of Windows, the Windows 8. Microsoft is giving a free preview-release of it for customer evaluation. Alongside, Cuckoo was talking to me today. It wasn’t me, as I have known that she would have went offline in a minute had I opened my mouth as per my thoughts. She feels insecure of being looked down when online, I think, because she would frequently switch between online-offline-online-offline, and it was just as Love was doing. I corrected Love, and near the end of the day with Cuckoo around 0000 hours, I told her that she didn’t have to be going online-offline again and again, as I don’t trouble people who show up online. It was nice talking to her, for over 2 hours. I was able to make her recollect a little bit of past for me and it was worth re-knowing.

Rashmi was also online and it was for about 5 minutes, it was very casual talk, nothing serious.

Later in the evening when I logged back on the internet again, Saurabh sir wasn’t there but Ankit Agarwal (sir) was, and he was there until late 0000 hours, I guess, so it was a full day of FB-policing by them☺.

-OK (0326)