16-June-12

It was class today. Sir taught the practical implementation of type-1 and type-4 drivers. I was able to do it, thanks to the experience from last summers. Earlier, I was sitting with this guy with a laptop, but then he moved to the next row to his friend. I was alone in my row of three seats in this column, then this dark girl Swati Gupta came to the front from the last seat of the other row. So we both found company for each other. She isn’t very pretty, or cute, but I chose to be nice to her as much as I could have been. As I did the program early, there was pretty much time to talk about other things, though it nothing personal or shitty that I talked about. I got her FB user-id to add her. After the class, those two guys came over to me to ask me their doubt, I helped them unconditionally. I also offered the guy with the laptop my number, just in case if he wishes to ask any doubt in the evening.

I was back at home, and watched this movie on a most-wanted computer hacker of America around the time of 1990s. I loved the movie, it was on my mind when I went to bed for napping, and also when I woke up after two hours. My head itched, and I have been feared hair-loss lately, can’t deny with confidence either. It is pretty sick. I went to wash my hair as I hadn’t washed them since days now. Dandruff was falling like flakes.

I was asking about father of babaji and the grand-family, I need it for completing the family-tree in my auto-biographical writing. I was writing it into my Notebook. I went online on FB and list Cuckoo in chat room, she was online. My breathing nearly stops sometimes, when I used to find Mahima online, and sometimes when it is Cuckoo. For fuck’s sake, she is just a freakish girl in 8th standard. She spoke, ‘do you know how to design a website in HTML’. There we go. I accepted to help her in her homework. I had to design a webpage for promotion of a product. There was no plan for today, Hardik, Appu and Vishwas had come around 1800 to chat, but I got off of them in about 20 minutes to get back to home and start working. I had told Cuckoo to hear from me of the progress in work on webpage around 2000, that was two hours away. I had done nothing until 1930. Erstwhile, the TV had stopped working; there was some problem in the cable. Babaji wanted to watch news, but I couldn’t have helped. I needed to use the internet, so I denied of internet of any help as of now in the situation. He just sat here and had fruits, and napped a little now and then to the sleep.

Babaji fell asleep while sitting on sofa. He was sitting erect, and his back would bend in an arc as the sleep in his eyes would rise, his consciousness would snap back, and he would be up a little bit again. I had spoken out on the lat jerk that he better be careful, as I get busy again in making the webpage for Cuckoo, babaji bent down to the floor, there was sound of his bones landing on the floor. He had hurt himself just above the forehead, he could have got hurt in the face, it could have been worse. The table was obviously close. I help him get back on the sofa seat, and I held his head on the forehead and then notice that it was somewhat in the hair-scalp that he had got hurt. It was turning red and it also had a very tiny ignorable cut. I thought of how the world continues to be in a constant progress towards losing things, I feel and think of my own insecurities, it puts me into deep thoughts. Amma was unhappy from him that he didn’t take care of himself. This just wasn’t right.

I was busy with Cuckoo and making the webpage for her. I got over around 2300. I had to call her on phone to help her to run the software that she would need to compress and extract files sent through email. It was fine working with her; I gained some experience of working on cut-copy-paste-software for designing a webpage.

Out of guilt, I was now checking if there is, actually news aired on internet, that babaji sees on TV.

Anu would be around here, without taking care of not shaking the table when my Notebook is kept open on it. She was here to make a call using the internet-phone-line. I got it high with her, I told her to move as she talked to her senior and friend for birthday, and all the after-crap. I had to be rude and rough, Anu is such a slut-head, and it sickens me whenever I have to see her fucking face.

I have dinner now.

-OK [0250]