27-June-2012

It was class today, but some students requested for revision class of SERVLETS as they complained of the new faculty not being so good. Some students left for revision class and erstwhile, here nothing happened in our class as sir didn’t feel it would be right to teach in the absence of the other students. I just revised a little bit of NETBEANS IDE. I was back at home. I was stinking and my hair was extremely dirty so I went for a bath. I ate a little and then I was down in bed for two hours. When I woke up around 1430, it was b-buaji here. I sat on my Notebook to see what I could start with so to study. The autobiographical note ‘Flashback’ has already crossed 15.7K words-limit so I think I should start concentrating on more important and current things in life. I was reading the biography of Steve Jobs, one chapter, and then it was about the time for soccer. It was kids who came for playing today; I hated it to play with them. Hardik had been enthusiastic about playing even when our regular people like Prabhav and others didn’t come. It was paining in my knees, I wasn’t very able to run, my legs needed rest, but still I played, and it was pathetic. It was pathetic day outside; I was not feeling very good. I came back home around 2015 when these guys went to the market in Vishwas’s car, so these guys drive cars now, even Pranav owns one now. I don’t really like their company anymore, I just fucking don’t.

I was passing time on Notebook and around 2230 Mahima’s message came, she wanted to talk and we talked until 0030. I just told her of my first crush Sonal back from the time of ninth standard. We just talked and I told of my interest in Psychology and my newly acquired capabilities of breaking-up. It was primarily me who was talking, I notice now, though it was her who wanted to talk. Even when in the last forward message in which I sent ‘GN’, she said she wasn’t feeling sleepy, but it’s okay if I was sleepy. I told her that I wasn’t sleepy either but we didn’t have anything to talk about. Two hours of crucial time gone like sand running out of hand.

I need to finish fruits and dinner.

-OK [0104]