9-3-12 Friday

I was in half sleep when I got up to the college early around 0815. At the bus stop (Laxmi Nagar), there was conversation going in my head in which I was using Brad Pitt’s funny accent while talking to myself in my mind. I had to literally tell myself to wake up and pay attention on the road. I was expecting a positive day but it got a little bit unexpectedly right in the morning when I saw Tanuja ma’am from behind standing on the welcome-stairs of the two front blocks (ECE and CSE). I just simply turned backwards and went to the front parking in nervousness. I pulled out my phone and sent ridiculous text messages to few people like asking them when they would be here; that was stupid and funny. I held up my breath and pushed myself to face it and not be a pussy as she is a teacher here and I could possibly find her a lot more times after today. I went over with phone in hand, rotating it in complete nervousness. What I see next is that the teacher who was facing here and talking to her from above the stairs was Gareema ma’am. I would have said ‘wow’ if I were with my mind in place. I just ignored it and let it be and went forth. Gareema ma’am looked here, and next Tanuja ma’am turn around to see someone coming, probably a reaction to Gareema’s action. I walk forth taking heavy and forced breaths with a ‘just do it’ attitude. As the distance was reducing, I was looking at hair of Tanuja ma’am, she turn around to see and match eyes; we really didn’t sink our sight into each other’s face though, just took notice. She turned her face away. I put first foot on the second step, and with thumping breath, thump second on the fifth stair-step, one more jump of three steps and I was standing next to the elevator now. I thought that my behavior was unreasonable, I could have stayed normal and dealt with it, ignored it in a nice and calm way. I was lucky to have them on the wrong side of the staircase, as I had to go to ECE block (for DSP lab) and not CSE then. Instead of running on the stairs for which I had to take a U-turn and from which I could have then looked down on them on the left, I instead chose to use the lift. It was on second floor and I approximated it to take some 20 seconds, it came down faster. I had looked on the right while saying words from an Eminem song, and the tow sluts were not in my visual perception, which was cool. As the lift opened, I just hopped in to stick to the right side and pressed the third-floor button.

I was alone in the lab in the beginning and I had asked the sexy-thirty-something-short-teacher if I could sit. There was lab-assistant and one other male (30s) too. I was sitting in the first row here in the line of the entrance door. There was a horrible-looking old hag-maid outside the door looking at me, it was a fucking check.

I took DSP lab, and then DSP lecture, nothing else happened through the day. I was talking to Dinesh, Nishant, Nitin, and Rizwan after the lecture. In the morning, Rizwan shook hand, and I hugged him to wish ‘Happy Holi’. It was fun talking to them. Dhaka had come to the class twice but she never looked here at me today (funny), she was here to tell that she would be on leave for about a week, and a substitute teacher would come then to take OOSE lecture. Two differences which I recognized in her were, first that she didn’t look at me, and second that her tone was calm and polite.

I reached home around 1400 but my mind was totally buzzing and I didn’t know how to sit and study, I needed to sleep but wanted to push myself into working on something. It is 1717 right now and I haven’t yet started on anything; to be true I should have written down about shitty day right when I was free instead of snoozing around here and there in the house; sometimes I would sit on the shit-pot and wait for shit to come even when it is not coming.

I went to play soccer and then it was TT. It reminded me of the days when I was of the age of these guys I just played with (Appu, Mithoo, Ojus, and others). It was fun, the newer kids play better or equal as me, that is good actually- for them. There were also girls there, it is good, they were like in middle school, all four of them one was Mithoo’s sister.

I talked to Shukla, and Love and we will be going to Nehru place in search of internship offers that might be available in the CS/IT industry these days.

-OK