26-3-12

I was at the bus stand in Laxmi Nagar and I got call from this unknown number, the guy just puts down right as I speak ‘hello’. It was 8AM for fuck’s sake. I reach college, and I got attendance for CN lecture, though the fatso didn’t teach, she took the attendance when she came around 0840. After Multimedia lecture, it was OOSE lab, but students didn’t move (of both the batches A and B). 20 minutes later, Dhaka came to the class and called us to the lab, in the lab, she called us at her desk, and said, ‘it is a shame for you guys to show such an attitude, the lab is at a mere two steps distance and even then the teacher has to come and give special invitation.’ She gave us activity diagrams to draw. Later during the last minutes, Shukla, Nitin, and I moved to the other side of the lab on the left of teacher’s desk. We were called up there to sit in the name of ‘back-benchers’. Dhaka had ear-phones in her ears but she could easily listen to my loud voice, when I had told Nitin to make activity diagram for sex, Shukla had warned me the first time. Later, I was asking Shukla the life of a DVD, I was amazed to the answer, and he had said ’60 years’. I was open mouthed and had repeated the same, Dhaka was looking at my shocked face, she had nodded to ask ‘what’ but I nodded back and said ‘no, ma’am, nothing’ plainly.

In the break, there was discussion going on as to why there was an increment of fees. Arushi wrote a frank (and ridiculous), short application to the director, simply denying that they would pay the increment because they don’t want to.

After the break, it was DWDM and OOSE. DWDM went. In OOSE lecture, it was different, Dhaka was teaching, I mean introducing us to the new topic. Several things happened in the lecture.

My phone rang, and it was Hardik. I sent busy tone and then text him to tell the reason. He was calling me for playing.

Dhaka had randomly talked about Mac OS use at INFOSYS, and then randomly questioned, ‘how many here know when Steve Jobs had died’, I swallowed down the odd feeling I suddenly got. She was then asking more about Steve Jobs to Arushi (the 85 percent scorer, and class topper). It was like Steve Jobs constituted a part of her lecture, and that Apple founder deserved few minutes.

She had also asked us if ‘we wanted to go for further studies, or we wanted to go for direct jobs’. It was worth listening, she had told that as a fresher in CS, we should directly head for BANGLURU, where it is easy to get a job as fresher in comparison to Delhi, and then shift back here later.

She had also commented on my 13 scoring capability in session-tests, she said she wanted more from me, and that she would make 12 of 13 if I score 13 again.

She was talking from everywhere, she also said that one should not come into Computer Science today, as it is an ever growing field and we get updates for everything every day, it is as hard as a rock to match steps with this never stopping drama.

She had also made sort of an announcement about a new lecture being added to our time-table, it was on personality development. I guess that is why they are asking for 3443R now at the end of the year.

Near the end, she had asked me a question and I forgot one of the two points of it. She came back to me, with the one point I had answered, and then I had answered for functional view, but when she said that it is wrong to say ‘software’ in place of ’requirements’, I gave back explanation using the word ‘logical view’, she said I get wrong because I mix things.

At home Prachi, Anushka, and buaji were there. It was Prachi’s result today, she passed. I ate my food, and then chachi fed me cake-ice-cream. It got so terribly heavy. I went to play TT with Hardik around 1730. We left when soccer was about to start, Amogh, Hardik, and I got the three little kiddy boys out to let the three girls (Cuckoo, Mahima, and Isha) play. We were telling Harsh to play but the shy fatso cried as we were pushing him. Amogh and Hardik dealt with him. Then I was playing soccer after 20 minutes of TT. It was so fucking tiring. I went back to TT room, but didn’t play a game. Appu and Pranav lost doubles to the girls team, it was pathetic, Appu left after the game. With Vaibhav and Amogh, we were trying to shoe out Ojas away, Vaibhav tried to get him in the name Anisha.

I came back home with TT room still lively, I texted Hardik to not call tomorrow as I was so dead after the evening. Cuckoo had got her hair straightened and I texted her for the same, ‘I like your newly straightened hair’; she replied ‘thanks’.

I bathed and have been writing ever since.

The number I get calls from is a number from Pakistan. First, Shukla told me this, and then I checked the same on internet, he was right. The number had called when I was out in the evening, and he found no one to disturb, around 2000 he had given a missed call, fucking dick.

-OK