7-may-12

The practical exam went fine. I went to college on time, I hadn’t really prepared for the practical, and I hadn’t read any practical even. I had studied what I thought would help me cover up syllabus for the final theory paper. I was not really tense, because my preparation was fine for the viva. The first good thing that had to happen was that I was seated next to Nitish for writing the practical into the sheet. There was one bench less in the class, so that was it. What was more interesting was that Nitish and I got the same program; just a difference of one statement was there. I simply copied the whole, as I also utter out what I had in mind about the code. When it came to performing, I needed help and I got it from Nitish and the lab assistant, though I never got away with the problem that had come. I took help of Nitish once; he was just sitting behind me at a fine distance. Earlier, I had tried to shift on the seat closer to him but sir didn’t really allow as he simply watched me over to move me back. Another problem was waiting, I needed help again, I had turned to Nitish, but the lab assistant watched, so I instead just indicated for help to him, he came and saw the problem. The problem didn’t go but it wasn’t really a big deal, as he tells me to ignore it and fill in the sheet whatever I had done. The result of ‘find the largest from 16 numbers’ could be written out of mind. I got it right for the record. Then there was waiting before our viva, and then the viva. I got the first two-three questions right, and then the external examiner switched over to Nitish, then Faizan, our subject teacher was taking Irfan’s viva. After a round, the external got back to me with questions, but with little depth, I had little clue but not the answer to his questions. Nitish got the shit right, and he was let go in the first place. He turned to our internal-teacher to allow him to ask something of our standard, he asked me the control-word of 8255 something which he had known I knew. It was fine and I felt good about the viva. This external-teacher had come with a question of his ‘what is microprocessor’ and he had asked this question to every batch that came. He would cut the files the indexes of which had single date on them for all the ten topics. There were rumors of him making it hard for the students.

I got home on time, and ate, and slept for hours like two. I was up around 1600 and was studying DSP by 1630. I studied until 1930. I had texted Mahima to ask for walk around 1900 and as I analyzed the physical effects of anticipating a message from her, I didn’t even realized that she had replied right away to say ‘no’. She said she was playing right now. I was walking with Vidhu for an hour from 2000; he told me stories of people around in the society. The story about Mahima’s family: Mahima’s mother is an M-Phil in Literature. She wasn’t allowed to work and is hence a home-maker. She thinks she got into a very obsolete thinking family. Mahima’s father doesn’t do anything; he feeds on his father’s earnings. The grandfather earns and runs the family, he is a lawyer. The grandmother is a hag, to be straightforward, nothing else about the old home-maker.

Mahima would tell me that she had learned to do most of the fun, the bad language, the adult-fun-making from her father. Mahima never exactly tells as to what her father does, she herself can’t put it into clear terms; she confuses the other person with her own confusion.

Mahima’s mother and the grandmother are friends with Vidhu’s mother and grandmother respectively. Well, walking with Vidhu was a bit fruitful somehow.

I needed to study but I never took the books in hand since the evening. I had been confused, thinking about Mahima, and just passing time around.

Ghost has returned.

I watched photos, edited some, deleted some, listened to music, no studies, and it is 0052 now, time for bed, huh!

-OK