9-may-12

The day was a busy one. I woke up fine after 8 hours of sleep around 0700. I had night-fall last night and I was dreaming of Intel’s 8253 chip of counter and timer. I woke up fine without the illness I had last night. I went to college on time, I hadn’t studied anything, I heard these people revising in the class and it was just every definition, every word written in the book. The practical started on time, there was just one question for us to do, drawing class diagram of a system with different multiplicities. It was nothing. During the viva, the external teacher, a male sufficiently old, mature, and knowledgeable person, didn’t ask bookish definitions. He asked conceptual question of telling the number of tables required for representing two classes related to each other with one-to-one relation. It went fine, I got more marks than Nitish, and I can guess that I have done well in that case.

Preety Dhaka ma’am hadn’t come during the practical, she never does, seen it since the first semester.

After the practical, these guys from Laxmi Nagar (Nitin, Keshav, Shukla, Kohli, Akash, Love, Mukesh, and some others who were interested) were going after teachers to know their internal marks. I got 18 out 25 for theory in MP, and 32 out of 40 for practical. Nitin and the others were literally crying for not having got 20 or more. They followed the teacher around and many got their names marked for increment. Nitin had got 18 and now it would probably be more than 20 as he said it. I had gone over to him with these guys but I couldn’t cry or look as miserable as the others who got their names marked, even with the current score close to 20. There was one thing that sir was pointing to again and again, it was the formula for calculating the moderation that the faculty may give to the students who got less marks. Sir wasn’t ready telling anything about the formula but he was pointing to it. I got to learn that moderation is directly proportional to the difference of what student got and the maximum marks, 25. Also, that the teachers aimed in keeping the average as high as 18 to 19, which sir said was 15-16. The students who have a record of scoring good marks, get good moderation if they don’t perform nicely this one time, that is how Shruti Barapuria, an 80 percent student, scored a 12 and then got 10 in moderation to make it to 22. Most of us who had come to cry had got a moderation of 5.

I was happy until now, and I was shouting ‘sex’ over and over again, Nitin enjoyed it and he also shouted ‘we want sex’. I didn’t know that my wish was just going to be fulfilled.

Next, we went to DSP teacher (Shilpa Jain), it was Shukla, Shruti Barapuria, and me. I was at the front. While the teacher was pulling the file, I started to talk of the formula; she asked ‘what is this formula’, and I shitted on me, “the formula for moderation”. This teacher freaked out, she was fine a second before but the volcano had erupted now, no point watching it. She went high into banging the table, her behavior was totally unnecessary. Erstwhile, the other teacher comes in, Shruti calls my name and I slid out the door to let the teacher in. This teacher joins in from the side of the screaming-brawler, but this forty-naughty-booty was more into seeing the fun in the situation, and it was good just far as it was going to keep growling Shilpa ma’am low in mind later. Shukla had tried to interrupt in trying to protect by telling that we had just learnt of the thing from the MP-sir, she shut him up “you just shut up”. She asks him his roll-number as I still stay little out of the door behind Shruti, and Shukla in the first place. Shukla then points to me; I told her my roll number in low voice as I take a little step forward (forty-naughty cuts in ‘now your voice won’t come’). She said I had got 3 in attendance and that she wouldn’t give me the moderation until I get her the formula from the Director itself. I had got 20 in first term and 0 in second, making my score 20-by-3 and a 3, which is 10, wow, I fucked myself. It had fucked my mind totally. Akash, Shukla and I went to the examination cell to know the marks in the re-appear terminal tests we had given. I got 0 and 2 in Electrical Science, 17 and 0 in English, and 20 -plus both times in C-programming.

Around 1500, I came home, and wrote about the day, just because I don’t want to give a fuck about anything (talking about DSP teacher). These ear-phones are gone; I just broke the left bud while trying to find out by opening it what the problem was.

Mahima had texted me to ask ‘what pimp means’ in the morning (0930). I was in OOSE lab, so after two hours, I asked her what was she asking. She didn’t question again, when she said she cool not knowing it, just as I was cool without telling it if she didn’t want to push. We were both cool. I was thinking about the double meaning that the question may have contained, but I just let it be. It was unnecessary; being open-minded and straight-forward with girls doesn’t mean ‘pimping’ in any sense. I wonder if that was the answer to her most common question, ‘give one word to describe that person’, the person this time was me, and I guess the answer is known now.

It is 1731 right now. I touch books now.

I studied DWDM for practical tomorrow at a slow pace. I am worried about DSP. I bathed around 2000 to feel better, and also because I was stinking, it is Wednesday anyways.

-OK