10-may-12

The DWDM went fine. Not a big deal, I got the first-practical, I guess I was lucky, because I didn’t know shit about anything written in the file. I remembered few crap written for the first practical ‘Introduction to WEKA’. Last night, I had gone to bed early around 2300 after finishing the first two chapters, and that was all I had done. Little bit of revision in the morning with these people. At college, Nitin, Faizan and Love shared a beer-can (700 ml) among themselves, Nitin had brought it. We went to the lab at 0930, I knew nothing, I got practical number one, and so was able to write some shit. There was total cheating happening, students had the photos of the file in their phones, discussions were open but in low voice, people with same practical had come closer to simply copy from the other person’s sheet. I had tried to communicate with Manoj who had got the same practical as me, but because I did on the straight on the face of the lab-assistant (Sushil, the sissy little chubby computer person), he moved me to the front on the first seat. The viva went fine, it didn’t appear like viva to us. Ma’am quickly sent off the whole batch-A and it was just us left in the end and we were told that the external teacher would come and take viva of our last set of five. We waited for a while, the hulk teacher didn’t come, he had been served drinks and the snacks, and he had now gone to roam around. Ma’am called us in the lab and finished viva with one question for each of us. I got the same question she had asked me in internals, what is ‘snowflake schema’. I hadn’t known it then, but today I got it right.

I had sent a short poem, filling 3-messages, to Mahima while coming back home in the bus, around 1130. The lines were about how I viewed friendship over love. No reply for hours, it is 1610 right now, should I anticipate one, no-oh, I must chill. She may text later to ease her own high own shrewd mind and soul at peace.

*“I love to be loved but I wish, had a friend,*

*Your heart's for the lover, heartbeat for the friend,*

*Two beautiful people in a complicated blend,*

*Of relationships and feelings,*

*We don’t understand, love is kept like a diamond, friend worn like a ring,*

*Friends still make a necklace, love is just one single pearl,*

*I am lucky to have a friend like you, who has encircled my world....”*

I took an hour of nap. Anubhav Kohli had taken a book from me today, he was to return it tomorrow, and he now called to tell me that he would get it photocopied tomorrow and that I shall go with him. Wow, the fuck-world just doesn’t want to stop fucking.

I had gone out around 1800, when Hardik had called. Appu had come down, he still had re-made light weight plaster for another week. Amogh came and took Hardik for somewhere; Vaibhav was to join them as they would pick him up in the car. Appu and I stayed and spent the time on the bench closest to the B-1 block. This little fatso Aditya from B-3 block came over to have fun with us. He just knows awful lot of shit about the things from around the world. I learnt about this thing Model-United-Nations from him. He has been trying to be a part of it. Later around 1905, Mahima texted and she, in indirect terms, invited me to come around for walk in the wind. She was walking against the winds. The weather had been beautiful, sexy, and windy. Yeah, and it was dusty; my eyes take that with difficulty. We walked on the peripheral round for about 45 minutes until she had to go at 2000. We were seen by Puneet’s mother; she was coming back from market and going home now. Mahima’s mother was going to the market with Mahul (Mahima’s little brother) in the car, a white Maruti 800 (0900- car number). Nothing so special, Mahima had a little word from her, but Mahima chose to walk instead of going to the market. We were just talking, it was crap. I told her that her mother has M-PHIL, but what is the subject, she tells me that it is Science. I, no doubt, believed her all time, until after reaching home; I tell myself what she had said. You don’t get a degree of Masters in Philosophy in Science, there is M-Sc degree for that, Masters in Science. Her mother has MPHIL in Literature, as Vidhu had told me. She had bragged lies to me; it was more out of habit than any purpose. I was now laughing at it. One more thing, this chic tells that she wants to go Harvard University. Wow, what a fucking dream!

I need to study (2230), haven’t studied much through the day.

-OK