11-may-12

The ‘Multimedia’ practical went fine, the viva was a disaster. The old-whack-pussy that had come gave off questions in three sets, three questions in one set to one person. I got the ‘bouncing ball’; it was easy to write about it, no performing. I had been sitting there filling my sheet until late, and I think that was the reason that teacher must have got the idea that I maybe knowing most of the questions and she asked me ‘ISDN and DSL’, I still don’t what these terms mean. Vibha could expand them but not explain. I was asked ‘static and dynamic HTML’ I had answered but the bitchy-pussy would interrupt to tell that I was unclear to her. She had already lifted me out of mood. I was told to relax, but in the end, she had circled ‘expand ASCII’ to everybody, I said ‘Nitish is right’ when she asked me if Nitish was right. Nitish was wrong, damn it, no one had answered it. What do I care, everyone passes in practical.

Saurabh sir hadn’t even come, and even the external examiner didn’t show up once the practical started.

I rode with Kohli to the Laxmi Nagar on his bike. He needed to Photostat the English book. I gave off 10R to a boy who came over ask for urgent help of 10R, just as I was walking on the road. I reached home around 0130. I was napping for two hours from 1400 to 1600; I need to fuck DSP, shit. I woke up and it was blowing-windy outside.

I was thinking about Tanuja ma’am, she had been like a friend, what so ever things turned out to be. I remember how she used to wear lipstick when she taught us in first semester. She used put a light color and then outline lips using a darker shade as we used do in drawings in primary school, funny.

I have been thinking about Mahima from time to time. The fact is that I had written that message yesterday to call off a ‘good-bye’, who knew that it was going to get me another evening with her as gift.

Puneet’s grandparents were here to show moan over Babbu’s death. They had talked to amma and babaji.

It is 1745 right now, going to start with DSP, huh…

I was called outside by Harshit, all out of nowhere. The reason was again a girl. He took me for a walk around in the market; we had few pieces of momos each and in the society, we get along with Pranav and Amogh. Amogh hadn’t shook hands with me since days, but today was different; the asshole opens up, yeah right, and I was welcomed just as good as Harshit by this fatso. These guys open up the news of the day, ‘Mahima has cousin, and one of them is a hot chic, who wore shorts today’. So it was just little show of skin to get these guys rolling on the floor.

I was thinking about Mahima, and after a forward message by me, I learnt that she indeed has a cousin visiting her, just that it. After two words, I had to tell her good-night because I needed to study just as I told her. She was using Hindi and using ‘TU’ (the casual form of ‘you’ not used for elders, it is ‘AAP’ for elders. This is the thing I don’t like about Hindi, which I why I like English, just ‘you’ for everyone) to refer to me in this little chat of funny exchanges, I didn’t mind.

-OK