29-May-12

I don’t think I will pass DSP exam but I am passing C-language exam because it came out to be easy. I was up around 0755; it was time that I could have got to the HMR College and give off the C-language test. I was not even ready for it five minutes before in sleep, I had gone to bed to wake up for DSP exam rather. I suddenly got the urge and I pulled myself out of the bed and it was all a run now. I quickly got ready and left for the exam with keeping the book in the bag. I was opening it, this book, for the first, I otherwise used to read the other e-book which I have. I don’t think that book is worth reading anymore. I should pass the exam.

I was studying in the Metro, I was in the bus, and I was feeling okay with the knowledge that I had of the subject for the exam. I completely gave it off for C-language and DSP was just not a part of my attention. I was accompanied by Akash on the college gate around 1000 and we went to the exam-hall together. Irfan Khan was also there, and of course, Mukul Chandra, the serial failure had to be there. During the exam, Irfan tried to cheat from me but the whack lady invigilator was looking in this direction too much. This made me unable to cheat and also put Irfan in difficulty to cheat. He tried to call me too many times. I was over with the paper fast, I was just fast in doing whatever I knew of the questions and then I was free done attempting the flat questions out of my knowledge by 1200. It was good but there was a program for 12.5 marks which I earlier thought was doable when I first read it but it could have taken awful time of mine, had I sat in writing it. The thing was the topic ‘sorting’ must have clicked something in my head, but it is not clicking of topics in mind that one needs to write programs. I came out at 1200 after calculating that I had done enough to pass, I had anyway not studied for the thing.

I needed to study DSP. I was studying DSP at the pace I could have given to myself. I had tea around 1345, and I was able to just go through that I had read for the exam. That simply points to the fact that I hadn’t read much, I don’t know, well yes, I hadn’t read much because I am pretty much failing in the DSP, I don’t know. I went for the exam the second time today around 1400 and it felt like an experience. I didn’t know shit about what was there in the first question other than the fact that certain words in the first part clicked the brain a little bit, but it was more or less of not much use. I had almost no idea of the calculations that this question required. I was able to consume time in doing what I had read and was usable in the questions in the later units. It was pathetic. I was answering around the questions and not for the questions, to be true.

I just did it whatever the fuck. The invigilator who had come was pretty sick in making the ass of the students sweat. He made Kriti Bahl his first victim, he moved Kriti to the first bench from third, and placing the topper Parul back on the third seat. I became his victim around in the last half-an-hour; I needed to know on formula, I was able to get it from Shukla. The teacher had already started paying attention to me, otherwise he was on his seat and I had my head down behind Nitish’s back. I was done asking and now the teacher jumped from his seat and came over to time-pass with us. He was on Shukla first, and when he turned left to me, I acted a kicked-wet-pussy to just let his ego out, and that he acts nice to me as per the concept of ‘reverse psychology’. He didn’t really hurt my flow up at the moment, but I later realized that I had made a mistake in the 10 mark numerical I was doing at that moment. I had used a wrong formula in one place near the end. He was pestering Shukla by taking his sheet and for writing and putting marks in the question paper, which is not allowed in the IP university exams. I was satisfied after having done more than I was anticipating when I had first started to write, but while travelling back to Metro station in Apurv’s car with Nishant, Nitin, Faizan, and Gaurav, I realized I had made a mistake that could cost me very close to 10 marks the paper-checking goes tough, WTF.

I was back in the society around 1930 and I straightaway went for playing. I was playing cricket and Amogh and the others were just not as much a trouble today, Though Amogh had been trying to be rough, he had tried hard to show off himself, like coming over to me with the bat and abusing too much. I am glad it wasn’t for Mahima as much today. Mithoo had come for a minute and while he passed by me, we just got to say verbal ‘hi’ to each other. After the game, Amogh tells me to leave and I just leave with the bag without a word to anyone. I don’t think it was worth it, all of them (Hardik, Patti, Kunal, Appu, Vishwas, Vaibhav) were there. I was just passing time with Vidhu, and later when he and I were sitting in the park, Amogh, Appu, and Patti just came over. They had been in the market before this, huh, Amogh and his money.

I was at home around 2100, and I was just learned what Gurarchi was doing these days. She had texted me a forward message in the morning. She would finish her graduation (3-year course, Economics Honors) after these exams, and now she wish to do Masters.

I was thinking at few times, but I never did or found it worth doing to contact Mahima again. She has been putting me in tough situations, as a matter of fact, the times have pretty much changed, and it is totally unlike past days. She wouldn’t walk, meaning no physical activity, and then she would want to talk shit, meaning waste of time, and also the waste of money that I have been directly or indirectly able to relate to her. Fine enough, I have cut the crap.

Ghost had come on the day before yesterday, I almost never wrote, I guess.

-OK