19-Nov-2012

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| DISCONET doesn’t seem to end.   * This spying-ragamuffin *(I have known him since like class XII. Even then, he used to roam in the streets like that to ask for time from people)* with high pants, lose shirt, French bearded, almost as tall as me. *Some days earlier when I had seen, he had clean shaved his French-beard off of his face, like how I do with facial hair, all-out after it has been since I carry all-on.* As I was to approach the cyclist’s path, this man was standing just before. He had his pants down as I looked from the distance. He was openly doing his shirt in, pulling his rope-old-style-underwear together. Hell, as I had come about 3 meters away he was done pulling up together and started over here. I looked in the other direction. *As I passed the spot he was on, he had actually did it, fuck.* * The young fine looking woman like m-buaji in her starting-20s, climbing the bus with me. She had got the seat early by a young man at the back. Then this other girl had got the seat left by other young guy as two old women had got up to leave. I got the seat with her, even though, I thought that I wasn’t really going to get it as the young-guy had the chance to sit on it. *It was all decided.* * The Hindi good romantic 90s music, relaxing, cool. * The other two or three women standing around but not as much in the scene with me. *Still, they were not true.* * The newly married woman with sharp face features and curly hair, like a reminder of Anshu-the-broad in a way. While sitting with this girl who seemed to be lost in her life, I had sided to the right that I got the glimpse of her, but I didn’t bother to watch that again. This girl sitting with me was lost in her world as if it was to remind me of the early years of mine at the college. She was lost when conductor asked her for money, I had elbow her like five six times and then she got it. Later, at the time of getting down, she was asking if Shastri Park had come. I didn’t bother to look at her face or even think of helping. WTF. * The stinky pan-eater on my left and the smoker-driver on my right in the morning. * The guy from Ahlcon, his name ‘ANSHUL’. He said he had SCJP certification in Java, well I have heard that it has been OCJP for Oracle and not from Sun since time now, WTF. * He said he was making some game and trying to make it work for Android then. * *I thought my messages and (DISCONET-dish) lie to Nishant and Dinesh about the Notepad that I said I had made and trying to run it on Windows.* * He said he was to give viva here in CS-block for Java, even though being from ECE. * He was like a surprise as he had come over to shake hand. He had ended on an unclear note after asking me about my presentation for the today. * There had been DCS2 tuition-sir here around in the block, I didn’t know what for. He had talked to the other teacher who had been inside the lab and listening to the presentations. * There had been this tall and with body pathetic and disgusting like Garima-the-slut, and also the walk like Garima-the-slut. The rear like Garima, but face was way too below in terms of looks than the face of The-Slut. Garima-the-slut had herself been around and she was like walking around in and out, through and through from the central space on the floor. It was both of these two sluts from time to time, what the fuck, man. *I never seemed to be taking a jump whether on the inside or the outside, awesome for me. What was to see, the dicks of the class still wanted to look at her back.* * Guard sitting there was talking on his phone, what the hell was that for, like the DISCONET knows that I don’t really use phone to talk. * There had been this junior girl whose face resembled to me like that of the Physics-round-face-Salwar-suit-pussy. This girl was cuter, sportier, and more modern than her, well; this girl seemed like her bettered version. * There had been Rakhi on the floor and she is like, I don’t like her intellectual self. Even though I had liked her picture on FB. * During the first hour, there had been Astha, Karishma and Shreya here. The girls looked available for talk, but I didn’t think of anything to make a move into them. *There was a moment when Astha had done somebody-jingling step while talking to the two and I had left for washroom after this. As I was coming back to sit, it was sweet-killing to match the eyes with Astha, who looks extremely cute now. Then at one moment, Shreya was looking at my socks, good, I wore the newer ones, the black ones today.* * Tanvi-the-COMP-NET-6-SEM-fat-ass-fish-lips-face is the new Placement-coordinator, earlier it was Garima-the-slut, good. * While on my walk to the Metro-station, I had seen spitting-men (for insult) and soldiers (I always thought that it was just casual that soldiers were seen to me, but actually, it is because of the song ‘Ghost’ that I had written back in the going-summers of 2010). *(I have seen old people walking along the road-sides while I would be to and from the market.)* * In the afternoon, as the bus was to cross me while on the go, there had been a girl on the right in the deep. I had break off from the girl to see the bus coming and stop it. It was fine, I got on. * On the window seat, sat a girl (one or two year junior) with Touchscreen phone with no label on it as such. *She had fruit apples in the polythene with her. It was to remind me of the Apple Inc.* * As I sat, there had come a man with his daughter and he literally pushed me into this girl. She was comfortable. * On the over-bridge near apartments, there stopped this car with family and ugly, fat, spectacled woman sat on the window. The driver looked like her son with the same face. She asked me for ‘Ph-1, Pocket-1’. I told her that she had come wrong; she was supposed to go straight and then enter into the next turn just like this one. |

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| I had got Anu’s laptop and I had copied the slide-show in the CD by some 0630. I was sleeping to get some rest by 0700. *Ghost left early.* Amma had been waking me around 0830 and I was up before 0900. I was properly in consciousness after brushing. I had shower and milk.  The presentation hadn’t started even by 0940. It was only the early ten students doing it before Saurabh-deaf-dumb-gay, UTTAM sir, the fine looking serious-yet-should-be-funny sir from ECE block and the ACA-lab-instructor of ours. I heard that Preety-Dhaka was not going to come as she was down with illness at home, okay. I heard that there were question being asked, it made me nervous and then also I was thinking hard of how my presentation would go amid the in-course and popular topics that the others had chosen. I was nervous. My roll-number was last. During the last 15-20 student calls, teachers had already started to move off and around. Saurabh-DDG had gone, ma’am had gone, the one or two lab assistants had gone. The COMP-NET puss-faculty had come; I had heard that he knows shit.  When it was my turn the two (both were new to me, it was the new puss-MR-know-not and the other one from ECE block) looked they were all for only listening up fast what I had to tell, but it turned out otherwise. I found that they were taking interest and questioning. I think it was also because the presentation was interesting, what I had put in there.   * The first page- “mobile computing is taking a computer and all necessary files and software out into the field”. The proper definition was written in small font just above the page-footer-position. * Then there was this thing ARM architecture that was worth listening. * The software and hardware description and talk consumed all the time. They didn’t listen too much about the network technology. * The cross-questioning was fine and on almost every slide that said something interesting and I loved to answer to them. * *On some moments I felt that the answers were not as satisfying that, they could show it on their faces.* * *Karishma had been on the closed glass-door behind and it made me feel a little moved when I was on the Smartphone page. It was because it was all the basic and I had to show its importance in the slide. Sir himself raised the question: what is a smartphone.* * *Faizan told me that the definition I had put for MC was wrong, well, actually it wasn’t definition. It was a teaser.* |

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| I got the marks in the two terminals. It was like 12-10, 12-8, 10-9 in ACA, RET and AD-COMP-NET.   * There was like retracted expression or lack-of-expression on the face Saurabh-DDG. He said he would take viva and consider us again in the internal-practical viva. * Megha-fatso-again was eye-balling when I had gone to know the marks with Anubhav and Keshav. It was pathetic the way she let her eyes out still. She said there will be no third chance. * UTTAM sir was easy. He said he would take viva in the days of internals. * MC is the same, I know.   I had lost my head after this. I wanted to get back home fast. In the class, I was throwing fits on these guys Shukla, Love, Kohli and Keshav to accompany me but they were not ready to move.  Then Nishant was here, and we found Dinesh to accompany me for the walk as we left college together. |

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| * I was back at home and HDK sent me message that he was not going to come today. * I was sleeping after eating and at 1755, HDK’s call came. * I was outside and sitting with him for about an hour and half. I talked to him about my less marks in the internal-exams. And that now I have to “start the study”. * Uni’s mother had come to ask us of the SUFI singer who sings sad songs, WTF. She pretended to be confused with the name. * After two rounds, I was back at home to note that Maina mausiji was back. * I had gone out again and get medicine for her, WTF. * On FB, I had removed tags from some 2010 events-one-lines-and-cartoon photos. * I was sitting in bed, eating by 2130. I was sitting on dining table to study by 2230. By 2300, I decided that I should sleep and I was in bed. I was awake until 0000 then I just lay against chest (I don’t lie this way to prevent night-fall out of time) and was asleep. |

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| I called HCL-CDC around 1630. The woman BURKHA picked up after a long ringtone went. She transfers my call to Pooja accountant. The whore tells me get the certificate on 25th; I told her that it is Sunday. She then tells me to come on 27th, okay. I was asking her to tell me more surely of the date and she used the words that I cannot never check are how true. |