27-Nov-2012

* I had nightfall at 0945 and I woke up hurried and confused in the middle. I had slept for like two and a half hours.
* I had not taken care of the nightfall. I had leaked in the underwear and then as I was awake I didn’t bother to let it properly finish. I just saw that I had leaked enough and then I just pull the u-wear up. It remained half erected for almost entire day, and sometimes it was high enough to be problem in the pants. I had gone to piss in the evening and it was fine after that.
* I called Anubhav to ask him for the exam timing and if the exam had started. No, the exam hadn’t. Then Shukla messaged me that he was about to reach college, and after some 5 minutes he messaged that the viva had began. I called Anubhav again as he hadn’t called me as he had told he was going to do. *“How come.”*  Shukla asked me if I was home, I told him *(keeping in mind that DISCONET is hearing at all times)*, “I woke up late because I had gone to bed late”.
* I ran for college with book in hand.

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| DISCONET:   * The FRENCHIE (spy) (thin, 5-feet-8-inches or something, just taller than me) (ankle high plain pants, sweater, blue, or brown sleeveless jacket). The spy was walking here on this side of the road I was on. I just kept my sight off, and steps after passing him crossed the road. * While I was on my way to the cyclist’s path after getting up the stairs steps to the main road, I see this golden color SX4 coming. It was the same as that of babaji-or-fat-whore. I saw the driver after I saw the number plate; I thought I read ‘1457’ and then saw the driver. It was just someone. Then as the car passed me I turned and saw the number plate again, it was ‘1487’. * *As I had to cross the road, I saw a 469 on the stand and just leaving. I could have run for it but then I didn’t. I took my time in crossing the road and letting the red-469 go.* * For going to Laxmi Nagar, I just got on 534; I had to get down at Mother-dairy. I just sat at the back and left the stop. Near the turn to the right after Mother-dairy, I ran to the front to ask the driver to open the door but he refused. Along with me, there had come a girl with square face. I didn’t dig deep or scan hard; she was in dark-brown-check-design quarter length winter-coat like something. She too had requested the driver to stop but the driver just drove slowly past the traffic on the turn and stopped at the bus stop about 50 meters away. She was cute by the middle-class standards, she was fine. As we got down, a few steps after hopping with her, I just asked her where she was going. It was Laxmi Nagar. She had the ladies-handbag, and her nail-pail was blue. * I told her that she can get the bus again after walking back to the turn. Later, she walked ahead to the spot where people had crowded. I stayed here on the other side of the road after crossing the road. Then I saw the bus coming and I too had to walk up to not make it difficult or risky for me to get on the bus. The local-mini-bus came and I got on it. She got on the same. I was sitting at the back. There was good crowd in the middle; she stood near-by the exit. She was not really visible; I didn’t bother to see either. I had to study. There was man on the window seat to my left. The crowd had got off of the bus at Laxmi Nagar. I shifted to the window and saw her. She was high walking, she was fast and jumpy. She had walked past bus, and then bus moved some, she was again in my view down on my side on the road. Then as the bus stopped, she was ahead again, but then she was high walking on the road on my left. She was visual-treat, she was cute. *I now felt she was not real, and even if she were, I had no time or interest in watching her hop. Still, her follow was still long.* * A guy in formals sat just in front of me. He faced perpendicular, to my right, as he sat on the thin long bench stuck to the left side-wall of the bus. His sweater was grey, with diamond-shape drawn on it in black and maroon. He wore white shirt, formal pants and shoes. He was chinky from eyes. I was into my own book and sleep. Once he had pulled out some paper to write down something on it, he had some job it guessed. What did I care anyway, I was sleeping while reading. I had to study for viva. Later as I was sleeping, I had creviced this sight of him in sleep that he had looked here. * During the return, a black man was sitting in front of the exit. He was young, crossed mid-20s, he was formals. As I was in sleep, once from the drop of the neck I woke and saw him looking here. *Even in sleep as I looked at him, I noticed the jerk he had given to his neck to draw the sight off. It was just an awesome catch of the DISCONET’s presence.* * As I was sleeping, I was totally dizzying on the people on my left and right. On the window seat on my left was sitting an old man, he was tall and sat with back straight. *Unlike me, how I sit with back bend forth like it has been such a long day.* He wore plain blue sweater on the formals. On my right sat two men, they were like gay. As the man on my right put hand on the thigh of the person close to the window. There was enough room here as it was only four on the seat. Even the bus was empty as there were only five six other people comfortably sitting in their space. *I would like onto the old-man’s side, then at times on the gay-person’s side. I was actually in wide space to sleep, I was tilt on this person and as my neck had jerked down, I felt my specs-corner nick from his shoulder. That made me little more careful to not go like dying for sleep. It was on this time when I had dropped my neck and my specs had edged on the shoulder of the this gay-like-person and the black-formal-worm had been looking here, even I myself felt that I shouldn’t have given him a gay-impression of me.* * The TT had a face like the librarian I realized late. I had purchased the R10 ticket, but still I had only handed out the ticket. I noticed that he had asked for the place reaffirming. His voice had that rigidity that demanded a reply. *That was for a change so that I don’t trick conductor for R5 ticket when I should be taking R10 ticket by handing the R5 coin and not telling the place.* * It is an over-bridge before Noida-crossing. So when the bus has to go up the inclination and then come down, the lose-sleeping-body goes by the gravity, waking the person up somewhat. Yes, and I looked outside the window that my stop was the next. I was really asleep that at first I thought I had missed my stop. As I got up to get down, I had not being lazy and had thought of going up to the exit and stand there. It was a man sitting in the path with his packages of clothes lying there. Those were about 40-40 (cm) poly-packages. The guy was sitting on one and I had to tell him to get aside, he did, but didn’t move the packages so I had to take step from around the two.  |  | | --- | | 1651: There was this message on my phone  Dear customer as per Govt. regulation, sending commercial/ promotional SMS will lead to disconnection of your service if you are not registered as a Telemarketer.  *So now, I’m being checked for being promoting or commercially using SMS without registering. I hope they don’t still hang around those messages, which I had sent some two years ago, in which I had said out for making prostitution legal.* |  * In the open square on the floor with lab, there was this girl on the three-seat-bench. It was SHOBHITA SAXENA from CSE2; she looks like ISHAN GHAI’s GF, from short blobbed lips, cheeks, eyes and the face contour in width. I just sat on the seat next to her on which a book was kept. She asked me something and then herself told me the answer, I said ‘yes’ to it, and then she smiled and clarified that she was asking not telling. She was cute, cuter than ISHAN’s GF, who is not even cute in my view. * It was some 1145, when ma’am looked free in her seat. I had learnt from Nitish (113) that he had already been through viva. I went into the staff-room and asked ma’am for viva. She asked me if I was last. She was expecting the second group B also but they hadn’t come. She told me that it was off tomorrow. I didn’t know what that was for, she was little surprised when she answered, “GURU PURAB”. I let Nitin and Nitish tell her that group-B students hadn’t come today. * I wasn’t prepared for viva, I had to be nice and like a pussy. I asked to take my viva. She asked for file, I hadn’t put index or cover. She pointed out to that. I had said silly thing, “I heard outside that you were not really seeing the file”, she was polite spoken as always and she didn’t say anything other than anything that meant ‘still everything okay’. She told me to always keep in mind that practical files are written only on the front page and the back side is left empty. Then she asked me what I had prepared, I said I hadn’t did deep into anything but some network layer and the others too. The questions came right away, “which device works on the network layer”. “Router” “What does router do” I was messing with the words, I didn’t know what exactly to say; I said ‘to establish connection, between sender and receiver’ while stuttering and taking ‘breaks longer than pauses’. She helped me finish the answer by saying, ‘okay, what is RIP’. I didn’t know what RIP was. I looked at her with eyes that said ‘what are you asking’ and said ‘I did not do topics that deep, it was only from above and the top’. She then asked me ‘ARP’. I said out ‘Address resolution protocol’ and then got stuck again in the words. I didn’t have the right words to use. I was stuttering and pausing where I needed to say the technical term. She finished the answer for me ‘it matches the IP address with the MAC address of the system’. I was saying it is the same ‘method’ ‘procedure’ that happens when we turn on a system, gross. * I was in the class on the top floor with and then I had come back after completing my file cover and index. *I was unhappy with my performance.* I came down to give away the file. She came out of the room and told me to wait for her. I went in the staff room to wait as I couldn’t have waited outside and look crazy standing there alone. I went in and stood by the table of the teacher. There were these two teachers on the other table. It was behind me in the diagonally opposite corner, and table sides were perpendicular, both facing the door. The young man had face like pig, round nose, big nostrils, big round eyes, chubby cheeks and lips. The young lady teacher was chinky, fat and cute. The two were eating something. Then UTTAM sir (ACA) came there. He talked of the OOPS subject to the two. So chinky-cutie teaches OOPS here. She said out over a dozen topic names from the OOPS subject. *UTTAM sir has to go to take external viva in the other college. UTTAM sir doesn’t teach OOPS but still he will take OOPS viva. This was so much an interesting thing to hear. Sir had also come looking for the AD-COMP-Net teacher I was waiting for.* * HOD had been here at the door. As I stood listening to the talk of the three, UTTAM sir was standing easy, the pig-face also had seen me. Then once the chinky-fatso had also looked here. We matched eyes and then she drew them to avoid contact. * Ma’am came and as checked my file, I just asked her of the external practical would be in proper; it was only to show seriousness. Her voice has a sharp female tone and her tempo of speaking is slow, so she seems extra polite with the words and the ease that she shows to other person. * I had in mind to ask UTTAM sir of ACA viva (third term for improvement) and he told me to come tomorrow. He is soft spoken; his voice is damped baritone, friendly to the ears. He walked on, but then as I had to get down the stairs, he just came back to me to tell me to inform others of the date too. I said ‘thank you sir’ to end the conversation on a properly wordy note. If he hadn’t come back, the break would have been untimely. |

1300-1700: M-buaji had been here and she questioning amma about me sleeping. Amma told her about me doing full night yesterday. I had lunch on time before going to bed.

* 1825: *HDK had called when I was in toilet.* He then later didn’t return to the two missed calls I gave him.
* I was outside by 1830, I saw Ishita (cutie) two other little girls (Esha) standing against a car. She looked at me as I was about to turn to head to the TT room. I gave a nod like ‘what’s up’ and she smiled. *It was plastic, reminded me of how Apurva SOOD (CSE1) does, still I felt like it was the cutest thing I had this day.*

1830-1920: TT with HDK (he came by 1845) and Appu. I had played two games with Appu and I was hitting smashes and playing an aggressive game while still being fun. Then HDK played and the younger boys came over to ask for their rackets from Appu and HDK. These two pricks don’t bring rackets of their own; HDK doesn’t even have one as he is just a starter.

* Then as we were on the park-railing next to B1 parking, I see Mahima and Esha on the bench in the straight line from here to the B3 block. *She was looking here and that was a clear indication for starting of contact.*
* Appu left by some 1915, Ojas had been here too. I just don’t bother to let him hear our jokes about us and laugh. *Around this time, Mahima was on the swings, alone. It was again a chance she was offering as she had been looking here from the dark.*
* After Appu, Ojas then left HDK and me to go to Mahima, cool.
* Later HDK and I were on the benches behind C-block on the peripheral rounds. HDK asks me if there has been anything recent between Mahima and me, the answer was an obvious ‘no’.

2000-2030: Amogh was here. In the flow of the talk, I let out that Naina had told me yesterday that she was not into HDK and that I should tell him about it. This fumed HDK and Amogh; they asked 'how can she say that to me'. She cannot be talking to me like that. Amogh showed his faked anger for the cheap-street-walker and asked me for the number so that he can just tell her who she is and what she had done. I was about leave at 2000 but I waited now to see the drama. Ojas was there int eh parking and Amogh called him here by making kissing noise in the lips like he was calling his dog. HDK got high and he was like in great want to escape any scene now, so he made an abrupt walk out by shaking hands with us. *Naina didn’t pick up, great for her.*