28-Nov-12

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| *DISCONET: setting up of DCS2 class at 0900 in the morning, so that I would have gone to bed on time and not do an all-night last night.*   * I had called before coming there. *It was so that I don’t have to come back home if sir chooses to not come in the last hour, or so is told the students.* * I reached there on time. I didn’t have bath. Some other teacher was sitting there but he was just talking. He talked of university carelessness for students and only making rules strict and system constrained. This man was dumb by his voice and personality, he dark and like a bong, with specs, he looked nerdy, from lower middle class and he was from NIEC. * As I had to get on the stair-steps, I saw this piss there, it was gross. Even on other day, a man had with three-wheel-carrier-cycle come by the bushes to piss here, WTF. * Sir came at 1100. I got a call from Sneha-HCL that she hadn’t got the certificate and only the provisional-certificate. I hold her to stay and in touch and that, it was good that she had called. I had to get up in the middle of the class and then go and talk to her down stairs. I had left her a message to ask that yesterday. It was yesterday that I was told that I had to check again for certificate. |

I was having a fine day; I was studying ACA or was on the internet downloading stuff.

* I was in the TT room by 1830 and Mahima was there. She leaves soon after that. Esha was also there. 1830 is their leaving time.
* I was enjoying the game with kids by hitting on smashes. It was good, though I had thought that it could have been great if Mahima had been playing and had stayed.
* Later this guy MANNO who knows shit about TT came. He was boring, as I was just hitting ball with him. HDK, Ojas and ADI (the fatso from B3, ninth grade) sat. I shouldn’t have belittled this freakish novice by disgusting him for his cheap racket. It was worth R25 and the racket that ADI uses was important from Dubai for some R7000. It was like I ask ADI to break the R25 one or I was going to break his racket, fucking torture. I let it go in the joking environment.

1930: on the bench with HDK after having almost a nice day. I got a sudden recall of the RET file that was yet to be started to be written. Sudden burst of stress in a yet so healthy and happy mind, fuck.

2000: I had eaten.

2100, 2130: I spread the floor mat and opened up COMPAQ laptop and used my wireless mouse and keyboard to operate it from distance as I was going to draw. *(FW had told maid that she had to broom on the winters-mat on Monday. I noticed that it was problem in moving the table so I had just pulled it off right on the first day or something.)*

*I sat drawing and listening to music and getting on the sofa to check the download progress as if taking break-spells, until 0300.*

-OK