3-Oct-12

Fat-dick left off for hostel for week-days again, wow.

I was up by 0800 and did deep breathing; I got ready with just face-wash and brushing. I travelled with babaji and buaji till Laxmi Nagar. I was at the center by 0900 and alone. I just talked to the helping-person for a while until Sneha came at 0940, she hadn’t replied to my two messages when I had reached the center and Gaurav had called just then to tell me that his relative had expired so he was to go to meet him. I just waited, and there was this time when the DOT-NET lady teacher, looks like a pussy, in thirties. She asked me about Nishant sir, I told her that he is never coming before 0930 if class timing is 0900. Later she had glanced here at me through the glass-pane of that other cabin where she stood with the lady-fatso-chinky-accountant. I knew that looks, I knew what those eyes were, she knows something about me. I fucking should not care though, some one week or two and it will be all in the dust.

Sir came late at 0945; Sneha and I were just standing there near the entry-register waiting to go in a while after talking to SANTOSH sir. Sneha asked sir for exam date and sir said next week probably. Sneha asked to leave fifteen minutes early at 1045, which really wasn’t a nice thing. Sir had offered her to come to the evening batch of SERVLETS and JSP, but she had refused.

I did a little walking for the next bus-stop before crossing the two lanes and getting on the other side. Due to my narrow-vision psyche because of recent follow-ups of people and incidents, I was just noticing the things that I could have related to them. I was like able notice men with specs and nice fashionable hair-do. I had got on just any bus to get past few more stops until my turn came. Here I noticed this very old woman, doing in 70s or something, with typical dress-up like a broad skirt, shirt of dull dark color, brown or green something. She carried a bag over her shoulder and a stick to help her walk. She begged and it was a very rude thing to watch how people refused to give off even coins to her. I wanted to turn my neck away but then I forced myself to see that and tell to myself that ‘I am not going to give her shit’, it was cruel, very. She never spread her hand to me as I was standing at the back, and got the bus on time.

I was back by 1130; I had rest and got the food to eat by 1230 when fat-whore was cooking. I just kept the food and thought of things to do. She asked me if I pray before eating, I told her no, if I were praying I would have been eating burger or something. I kept the plate on the table and pulled open the internet and Notebook; she saw this and sparked ‘the person is an idiot if one wishes to give you hot food’. I let the download happen on the Notebook and did eating.

I was studying Mobile-Computing by 0130. It is Preety-Dhaka-subject and I wish to score better this time, I fucking don’t want to be on her mercy, damn it. I haven’t yet collected first terminal marks; I had only heard that I passed in REQ-ELI and AD-COMP-ARCH.

I was sleeping from 1500 to 1700, did some stretches for fatigued legs for some 15 minutes, had tea and then sat to write.

I was off of Notebook by 2100, had dinner and was studying from 2145 to 2245. That was when I thought of learning a little about psychology behind forgetting. I sat on internet from 2245 until 0045. While working on the Notebook I realized that its exhaust system was making awful lot of noise, WTF. I would never want anything to happen to it, costs me one hell.

I was studying psychology; it is more of uncertain and cannot-be-parameters, one of the reasons why I would not want to take psychology as something serious. I would want something that can be mapped and applied by the help of mathematics. Mathematics is extremely important and will remain my love forever. Then I convinced myself that I have come farthest in programming and that’s what I do, that is what I am, a programmer. I studied for thirty minutes to fill my brain with something to feed upon, or else thoughts from past would be creeping up, no way. I went to bed for deep-breathing at 0210 and then slept.

Now, these days when I here Police siren, it almost seems normal. Fat-whore had pulled down curtains to make new ones and not windows remain uncovered all the time, but should I care for.

One of my single piece ear-phone stopped working, uh, just cut its cord and threw it right off.

-OK