10-Oct-12

* The alarm went off at 0600; I had been early to bed by some 1230.
* Amma woke me up at 0800 asking if I was going to anywhere today, funny. ‘College’ came out of my mouth. Missed deep-breathing, I needed to shave and bath, time was less. I shaved but then babaji asked for bathroom. I had to miss bathing now, used deodorant.
* I wasn’t really feeling good about going to college after this close to six months of gap. I needed to feel the passage of time really hard in my head; this feeling was not so intense. I was in the balcony and looked away in the sky above the trees outside the society gate, and it was seemed like little foggy to me. I felt the little chill in the air, yes, winters are approaching it will be good soon.
* I had 2 bread pieces before leaving; it is a good thing to have something as breakfast. Babaji was out and now I just run.
* Driver had parked the car on the society rounds. Babaji stood on the gate watching the driver dusting the car. The driver now gave hand to babaji for him to come over to the car. It was guards standing here, Chacha-Chaudhary and the other one. Babaji told me to go over and tell that ‘sister-fucker’ to get the car here and ask what the hell he thinks he’s doing. While driving the car out of the society gate, he drove it past the guard-chair kept there, literally moving it and bruising the car, WTF.
* I was at college by 0920, I took the three-wheeler for R5 thinking that I might be very late for 0900 class. There was not happening any class.
* On the main gate, the guards weren’t letting students in without the ID cards, it had been quite messy with that ugly, buck-toothed, blob-lipped, dark woman, and she had a rustic and rough tongue too. I had to show the FIR to the man in security-room to let me in as for now also that I can get the ID card at least.
* The class was empty, I went to the canteen and I sent the message ‘are you at college’ to seven people. Soon some replied a ‘no’. I just sent one ore message to at least start a talk and know if they knew anything, ‘can we make website for minor-project’, not so useful replies, none of them knew actually. Kohli started asking questions, and then he reminded me of going over to HOD and asking him the doubt. That was an angering act.
* I had in mind to get the ID card today and not get involved with the security-guards on the regular. I went to the admission-block and paid the R100 fine and got the application and got the card to fill, that I will have to get attested tomorrow with photograph.
* With the limited numbers I had in phone, I was feeling helpless. Preety Dhaka had called Abhilash, Arushi, Parul, and Sonam to the first block to give them attendance for Mobile-Computing. They were back and I saw them coming here to the class and I just got along. Sonam went to class while the other three went to the ACA lab. After questioning Sonam for a while, I felt that she telling me right about the students in the ACA lab and I went there and attended the lab. It was just for a while and I was back in the classroom again by 1000 as Arushi, Parul and Abhilash went to canteen.
* Shukla and Sonam were watching this movie on Shukla’s laptop while sitting on one single bench on single pair of ear-phones. The bench was first in the first row, turned 180 degrees to face the class, and the laptop screen remains visible to only two of them. I just didn’t want to bother them much so I just sat there on the next bench to relax and pass some time. This stupid girl Sonam had refused to give me her number, even as I might have needed it, what the fuck. I was casual about it, I didn’t even want it.
* I learnt from this girl that only student who failed in MC was me; I got 7 out of 30 in first terminals, the lowest and only failure. Preety-Dhaka is a fucking whore, huh.
* I was tired and I lay there on the bench, it was the first bench. I woke up in about 40 minutes I guess. It was a great nap. There were some students at eh back and they were just outsiders. I felt hungry now and I just flip open my lunch box to eat one if the two Roti, with lightly fried potato. I felt better now, I just asked Shukla to come over to HOD with me so that I can ask him for website as minor-project. Sir wasn’t there.
* Later at the time, 1215, when Sonam wished to leave, Shukla accompanied me again and I asked the question, sir said okay for website.
* Shukla was tense about few students getting placement. It was DELL-BPO recruiting for technical support. Some six students had made it to technical-round happening today.
* Before we leave the class, I just told Shukla if he anything of website-designing and also about the project I was doing on online-education. Later before when we reached the entrance parking, he offered me to eat with him in canteen and I had a bread-pakode, and the cold drink that he himself bought for me. He had chowmein and the drink and we talked about the ongoing things, like tension he had on seeing the placement of selected ones.
* One of the reasons for tight security on the main-gate was the protest in mass that had happened from all third year and fourth year students on Monday. They had all collected in the entire entrance parking filling the space between CS, ECE and the Administrative block. They tore pamphlets, shouted slogans, and got the CEO, Director and their respective branch staff to calm down the crowd. Ten students were allowed for a talk to the biggies in a proper way and they got verbal commitment for placement of the eligible ones. This college is total bullshit, I so bad want to get out of here. The management might create fuss for students over the short attendance issue. It always happens, ’poke and get poked back’.
* I travelled with him in YAMU; it’s been a time to that. At the bus-stop near college, there were these three people who seemed to be put-ups of college-DISCO-COMM. I want it to be my psyched view but right now, I am going to write about it. There was this smoker, tall, with two of his fingers bleeding and tied with band aid. I sided away and Shukla came along. Then this tall, fair, poor man, psycho-types looked here at us. I gave no such expression or response. Then when he went over to roam around, we tow came back there and then a whore type woman, big, healthy and with painted foot, looked like her foot were damaged or something at first but they were only colored. She was ugly, cheap looking, and so disgusting to the eyes, damn it. She smelled of soap. I didn’t really show as much adherence this time and just took a casual step back. Then there came a man who sat just in that little space between the whore and me. It was like as if he was gay or something, fucking shit.
* I was at all times casual about the three asshole-fakers but later when I thought about them it occurred to me that maybe the situation was a set-up. Why just these three, the act of driver in the morning could be one hell of a poke-back, why not.
* I was back at home by some 1400 and Anu was on internet, amma was irritated on seeing her sticking to the laptop. I had changed, eaten, and later int eh room I was just trying to think of to-do’s for the day. Anu had left eh laptop already and I was on internet now. I had taken some 3.2GB of movies from Shukla and one was getting downloaded, sex comedy, yes.
* At some 1630, I saw this post on FB from 4-sem-Discrete-Math teacher. It was a picture that said something philosophical. ‘Forget what hurt you, not the lesson it gave.’ Tanuja-backstabber had liked it and had commented ‘nice’, it was some sixth seventh comment. Megha-the-shape-changer had also commented. It was some other rustic-animal-face-male-faculty who talked of knowing the name of the person who bit the Discrete-Math-sir’s dick and hurt him. It was stupid bullshit, got me off and out of my mind for some time that I let out a better philosophy for my own understanding and relaxation of my own fucked up mind. ‘Forgive who hurts, remember what, why, and how that hurt.’ I never knew if the assholes wanted to sound ‘for’ or ‘against’, I just reported the bullshit as spam.
* I was on internet all the time. Then I had been to see off newspaper a little and it put tons of wait on my mind, I just learnt of Quantum Computing, the physics Nobel 2012 had been honored for some related to it, hoof. Then there were also news on 14 rapes that happened in less a month in Haryana, and then on more in the evening as was the news-flash on the TV, wow, fuck those bitches, ten times more. Why just one suicide by burning herself, all 15 of them should have done that.
* Anubhav told me he won’t be coming to college this week, well, I guess I will have to do the most work, these people only know how lick their own dick.
* I registered on job-search portal, just to be there early, though I don’t really need it at the moment.
* On his time at 1730, Babaji had put on TV for 1970-music Hindi channel or Jain channel on loud volume, I was sitting there and it was head-aching.
* Sneha-HCL sent message to tell me of the happenings in the last class, she sounded in good mood and tried to be funny a little bit. I only told her to take on life with smile even if it’s brutal, and that she should please ask sir for exam-dumps for me. No reply for this one, talk got over in an exchange of nine messages in total, funny.
* Fat-whore and slick-bitch came back by 2100.
* I had sat at some 2050 and it got over by some 2315, damn, that is awful. I will now always right in points to make it quick and more objectified.
* I have yet to eat dinner.
* I ate dinner and sat to download this Smack-that video, took an hour, finished at 0020. The print was awful so I downloaded another one that finished downloading at 0050. I did deep-breathing erstwhile.

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