17-Oct-2012

0700: I had thought of not going to college today, as yesterday was messy and I had decided on going to college on Friday when Dinesh and Kohli had said they were coming. I needed still more, it gets cold in the morning so I have get once and put off the fan.

0930: I was up properly and I picked up newspapers to pass time. I was kind of drowsy; I did 20-deep-breaths and got out of bed.

1015: I logged on to the internet straight away to download lectures on PHP of Harvard College. I hadn’t even brushed yet and fat-whore was doing some moving of things in the store.

1040: Amma told me that milk-man hadn’t come so I was to go and get the milk. As milk was supposed to come to the shop now, that is what they said, they were pushing me to go and see it once, what the fuck. I went after letting the downloading happen, as a matter of chance, the internet connection was coming right now. I went for this 20 minutes walk and learnt from the two shops, which they had told to get to, that milk was to come after an hour on one, and at 1600 on Mother-dairy, WTF.

I put of the Notebook as the cleaning-maid wanted to mop here around the sofa-set in the living room.

1130: Prachi was back from school after exam. Anushka was already here since morning and had been roaming around. I tried to connect to the internet again but the connection never set up. I had been told slick-bitch and fat-whore to make a call to the MTNL last night but they would tell me to do that.

I needed the internet connection; I wanted to do the downloading so I did the calling. It was automated-system for assistance and it wanted me to press keys as per the connection we had. I didn’t know shit, and I will have to go to fat-whore by putting phone down on progressing question by question each time. That was so crazy; I didn’t make the fourth call to fuck with that machine.

1230: I called by plugging phone with the dial-up-wire in the living-room, and handed over the phone to fat-whore to talk. They said about fixing the problem in 24 hours.

1315: I had lunch. I was just roaming around and I was thinking about the reflexive-jerk in the neck that I gave yesterday on seeing gay-pimp and the-slut at the college yesterday. I got this idea that maybe process of formation of memory is like writing spaghetti-code with simple tests and jumps like go-to. I was thinking about it, and typed it down as draft on the phone. It was in between eating that I did that, felt like being cool.

1400: I was on the internet, as fat-whore told me that three lights of the router were on, and the one for internet was blinking, cool.

Anushka wanted to play on internet and she came to me. Fat-whore had told her a ‘no’ for the laptop so I got her to me and I let her use the computer through wireless mouse. She was playing this simple desktop game while downloading was happening.

1500: Manju buaji was here and Anushka was sitting here with me. Soon she was bored as she wasn’t playing dress-up games and she didn’t take care of the mouse. She tilted the board and mouse fell. I also had to tell Anushka to not shake the table too much as it would shake the table.

Later buaji herself kept her foot on the table and as I tell her to not shake the table, she would be saying ‘let’s go let’s go, call Prachi’. Prachi was sleeping in other room.

1600: Prachi came here with her PD which buaji had in her purse. Prachi wanted to copy some songs from PD into the phone. She kept out some songs out of the songs folder. I was hovering mouse of the folder, she said not the folder, the ones which are out and then in hurry, I selected them and did shift-delete, permanent deletion. That got her curling, and whining.

Buaji would be telling me to study, sometimes, and I just ask her why, and not care as much. She had brought some allopathic iron-pills with her and she offered me take some from her. She said the pills were free that she got from the court. I just took them and thought of what Prachi had told me yesterday that hands shake when one has deficiency of iron or calcium.

I finished downloading one more file and now I put aside the Notebook. Prachi had gone to the dining table to amma and buaji and she had her eyes wet. Buaji would be asking her what had happened. I went there laughing at what had happened. Prachi was being stupid while telling me to put in the songs in my phone so that she can take those songs later into her phone. I had just mistakenly deleted them, now she was complaining buaji and also telling her for not brining her own phone. Now she can’t take home the songs she had wanted to. It was funny.

1645: Buaji went, and I was in bed, thoughts were hovering in my mind again but nothing was so serious. I was thinking of my theories of memories. I wanted to study but never got enough urge or mood.

1730: I had tea that fat-whore had put on the corner of the stable near the door. I noticed that it had more milk than required and I thought of the morning. She had got milk from market in the evening. I could now start with something.

1820: I still hadn’t started off anything.

I had this question in mind, why did I react in a reflexive way on seeing the-slut and deaf-dumb-gay-pimp yesterday. I wanted to know the reason; I wanted to explain myself that what had happened.

I was thinking of grouping and starting off work on project and do some study of the course, but the question of why that reflexive-jump had happened stuck in my head. Anubhav is so much in deep-shit about getting a girl, he wants AKSHITA in the group, and he is trying to dough her. He has asked her to come on Friday and he told me not to ask others for grouping in right now. I had asked Dinesh yesterday, and told me wait until Friday so that he can get the air clear with his fantasy-girl.

2100: I ate food.

2130: I was thinking to find out the answer to the question now deeply rooted in my head.

2300: I put off the notebook after writing down theories that I felt could explain the process of formation of memory.

2330: I wanted to go online but slick-bitch was sitting with her legs on the table and she would be shaking the Notebook screen, a habit that worries me a lot.

0030: Slick-bitch went to sleep and I came out on internet.

0100: Akash was online and I asked him of the project and group. He told me that he had grouped with Dinesh, Nitin and Nitish. It was somewhat a surprise because in the evening Nitin had called to tell me that he was doing project with me. I thought it was going to be all fine, but now the shit seemed lose again.

My Playboy photos sharing increased to even models now, I got friend-count decreased by one, okay, which is for better I guess. Who would want fake friends anyway? I have been thinking of going off of FB for some time now, so I just removed the cover-photo from the profile. It was like 16-by-9 banner in full black with a sans-serif small-I of half the height written in the center perfectly.

0130: I was studying psychology, especially for the reflexive-jumps that I would get on seeing something that I can relate to any of my old stressful period of time. I was reading about Acute-stress-reaction arising from memories of stressful times.

0400: I got off the internet, I had downloaded some like one more lecture, and it takes two hours to download one video-lecture.

I seem to sneeze when I wash my face several times with soap.

0530: I went to bed.

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| Acute-Stress-Reaction  This is also known as Acute-stress-disorder but I am not going to use the word disorder as it is about me right now and also because this psychological phenomenon is not as persistent as any typical disorder does. It happens in only a very short time when recollection of stressful past happens on seeing something; the effect lasts from a minimum of two days to a maximum of four weeks, which is one month.  These are some things I noticed about my problem:   * These reflexive-Jumps weren’t related to memories but to confrontation. I always thought that I had the reflexive-action was because I wanted to avoid confrontation, nothing else. Internet says that it is fight-or-flight response. * A personal trait of me that adds to the reflexes is that I am a shy person, I can’t really stand. * My jerks of neck would be reflexive, if I would know of the situation or presence of the thing or person already I would be totally normal in entering that situation. This means it is has some connection with past-memories, which is specifically with the memories of stressful-past with that person or thing. * I jump because I put myself under constraints, presumptions that I wouldn’t confront the people or things from the past and sometimes unexpected happen, putting the reflexes into action. I wouldn’t want to reconnect with the past. * Yesterday I had jumped off on the deaf-dumb-gay-pimp, not the-slut. The slut disgusts me but somewhat I let her go in my head, and when I saw deaf-dumb-gay-pimp with her, I felt connected and so jumped. This shows that I haven’t really got away, which is a bad thing.   Some such situations in which I had the ASR:   1. Third semester: I was coming down the stairs of the library and principal’s car stopped there and I was pacing already so I just paced past her car that had just came to stop there. I had unfortunately got to eye-match with the old-woman through her black window glass. That was crazy; I paced off without any reaction. That was crazy, crazing actually. 2. Third semester: I was sitting on a stair-step and the three of sassy-classy communication-skills teachers were passing. I was looking away from the book on the front wall, and then as the ladies appeared from the entry diagonally opposite to the corner I was sitting on, I turned my eyes to Anshu madam’s smiling face. 3. Fourth semester: Garima-the-slut (I always used the wrong spelling for the name ‘Gareema’). I had to speak to her about my reappear second semester C-language paper. One afternoon, around 1430, I saw her on the alley going to the parking and I was on the other end coming from the open-auditorium. I just did turns like, ‘okay I will go and talk, no I cannot as she is with this other teacher’, then again I will turn ‘I am going to talk to her, no she is already talking to someone’. This happened like three four times and then I just went back to the auditorium. The other teacher had seen by now, which is why it went into news and to the DISCI-COMM-college. 4. Sixth semester: She stood on the welcoming-stair-steps of the CSE and ECE block, with her back to the alley where I was going to appear. Garima-the-slut stood two steps higher than her. At some 0830, first, as I was to take steps in broad-alley, I saw Tanuja-backstabber from behind in the saree of the color, maybe, something of dark-blue-family and also had red-color somewhere. Her were shoulder-length, straight, feathered hair, looked cute on her even from behind. At first I jerked, and turned back to take the other way into the block. Then I had come back to just walk off ignoring her after having got the understanding of the scene and situation. 5. Seventh semester: I jerked off on seeing deaf-dumb-gay-Saurabh sir talking to Garima-the-slut. I had got the sight of the-slut from side and then as I swayed my sight from her to the deaf-dumb-gay, he was looking and I felt like developing a connection and so I just jerked my sight off.   Sometimes I happen to jerk on seeing Ghost at home, that should be because of the differences between us and don’t exactly pull back memories. The jerk is an attempt to avoid confrontation as had happened in the past some time, so it can be considered a form of Acute-Stress-Reaction. |

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