14-Sep-2012

I had gone to bed at 0130 last night and I had a disturbed sleep due to bad health during the early hours like 0500, 0600. It is like my throat would start paining, due to some stickiness there just in the throat so that I can’t swallow or heavily breathe. I was awake at 0700 and just sat in the bed to let this throat problem come down and I may be better. It did, actually I wasn’t asleep in the last hour, I guess, I was more into lying in a position so that throat doesn’t add up more stickiness.

At 0755, I was sitting in the bed with books and the cup of tea, amma had offered me this. I was studying, basically trying mug up whatever I could for the 1130 exam. I was snoozing at 0900 and woke up at 0940 to thoughts of breakfast and as the maid had created a hush. It was Prachi and Anushka here. I over with breakfast while watching VH1 by 1030, and close after it I was gone. I reached the red-light near college, and then because it was getting late, I tried to ask for lift from this girl on scooty, she got shocked at the first sight as she was racing here. She went past me and had slowed down, but from her shocked face, she did what was expected, she just sped up again and was gone. I then asked for lift from a guy on bicycle, I later saw the band-aid in his foot but he rode fast. I jumped on and off near the college gate. It was relaxed at the moment, I was fifteen minutes late already, though the guards then tried to stop but I just told them to let go as they already had my card.

I reached the classroom but the man wouldn’t allow. He was being stupid, he told me that 10 minutes was the limit but I was trying to get away from him by jokingly talking. There came another man and on his say I was allowed in. I had done in and out about three times, to tell him to ‘let it go’. I was seeing the question paper and it was not much that I could have done in it, damn it. I still did, I think I will score some marks for the name sake.

I was with Shukla, Akash and the other guys after the exam for studying for the next exam (AD-COMP-NET) at 0330. Most were planning on skipping and were simply hung around here; Shukla and Kohli were showing interest in studying. These guys roamed around here and there and chose to skip the exam all together. It was some 1330 then, I still had two hours, and I was roaming around here in the college to find a place to study, it was exam going on in the classroom, I then found Arti and called her up to me to help me get something into my head. It was getting creepy; I had not slept well last night, my mind was like hung into thinking about the past, like five to six months old happenings here at college.

Arti helped me get like two topics inside my head and then she was called by her and they also planned ongoing somewhere by skipping the exam. I was surprised to see the focus she had, and I didn’t have the ‘f’ of focus ever.

It was only like some nine, ten people here. The sunlight was bright and it was so much trouble to even think. I was not fine, I had sweaty eyes. I changed the seat to move one desk ahead, it was still pathetic as I had not much int eh head to write down for the questions asked. I was just doing for saving some for the namesake, damn it. The topic which Arti had put into my head by reading to me came out to be of avail of 5 marks, good.

The fatso-freak Shweta Sharma, the communication skills teacher had been here outside my class when I was studying while standing on the railing. I was facing the closed corner while being close to the railing in the center there, and she came from behind to like about two feet from me. It drew my attention, she stood still there as I see her face and she looked past me into the classroom next to mine. What the hell was that for? I had phone in the right hand and my book opened in the left; the exam was about to start so I think my position may have looked suspicious. I tend to keep forgetting her face, and every time that I saw her, she seemed younger and in the memory, she’s older.

I can’t exactly say what had happened when I first got the glimpse of her, did I jerk my sight off a bit, or did she jerk her sight off a bit, but then she had held it for quite a duration that it is only this I remember far too clear. I was a bit drowned in my own subject, and didn’t have that presence of mind to react on seeing her. I took quite a duration to reckon it was her in my mind and then I only questioned ‘what she was here for’, and by the time I could have taken the first step to say ‘hello’ she just turned, leaving just questions there.

Though I have tried my best to understand her act on the basis of what the facts were, how I was there and how she was, still I feel her act is going to keep me confused for a long time. I would never know what her motive was, if it wasn’t as I have understood, then there could be an awful lot of possibilities that I anyhow wouldn’t want to list. That could range from ‘I was in that position because of some girl she looked for in the other class’ to ‘she was there to insult me’ or ‘to remind me of the letter I had written to communication-skills staff without mentioning the time to respond to it, while packing unsaid and indirect insults for her’.

It rained when the exam got over by 1630, I had my phone in the bag, and I put the FIR-page from yesterday in the middle of the book, and walked to the metro station at about a distance of thirty-minutes from the college gate. It worried me when it was about thirty minutes already. It was totally a surprise; I was not expecting it to rain this heavily for this long in September. I was totally wet and socks were catching dirt and mud from the uneven road full of traffic. I was back at home on time at around 1730. It was the vegetable-balls-mix being made and it appeared to me like Pakode. M-buaji and b-buaji were here, it was only them helping amma in the kitchen. I had food early by 1800, and then I was asleep of two hours. I had this pain in the left knee ever since morning, but I only felt on walking, probably because of extra walk that I had to do yesterday.

I woke to the sound of this mother-fucker fat-dick; he would talk on his loud stupid butt-fucked heavy voice. It was 1940.

I sat to write by 2000. I have these two tests tomorrow, one from 1330 to 1430 for fifth-semester OB, and the second from 1530 to 1630 for current semester AD-COMP-ARCH.

I was listening to Eminem for some motivation again, it was good. I sat to study by 2230 and studied till 0340.

-OK