20-Sep-2012

I was reading the AJAX program thoroughly for one last time; it was from 0000 to 0240. I woke up at 1045 to the phone-call of Nishant. He was telling me of the first and third semester re-appear exams that were happening today, he was reading it from the notice board. I knew about it and even my first and third semesters were all-clear, so I needed to care less. He just felt relieved and I told him thanks for the same. As I put down the call and got out of the bed, Ghost was here at the wash-basin, or door, to see what I don’t know; he hadn’t seen me last night and must have only from slick-bitch’s expression about my bald-looks.

The fucking barber put a cut in the joint of the ear, it should very slight as it didn’t pain yesterday, what the fuck was the purpose? Maybe, to put a mark that the hair-do has been new, or something, that will be just the rare case that he thinks I am some criminal, but then he had also waited for a minute or so while cutting, that maybe to just give himself some time to realize what was happening.

I was just roaming around here and it was 1300 when I was back in the room, but then it was time for lunch. Fat-whore had been calling me for breakfast when I was up, but I had brush then, now I would eat lunch and breakfast together. It was rice and UPMA.

Fat-whore commented on bald-look just as maid came today, it was a calculated move.

I was studying from 1400 to 1530; it was AD-COMP-NET. I was resting thereafter so as to start over again later, actually my mind had been very volatile while studying so I thought to take little break and then come back to continue. I was asleep for two hours, instead of sitting back, I woke up by 1800. I had to eat early and I finished eating by 1830.

I called Gaurav at 1900, I wasn’t really in a mood today but I had to. The call ran the same 4-5 minutes and he told me that he won’t be going to the class tomorrow.

I was just sitting to study, but I didn’t, there were messages on the phone. Ankur had left a message saying, “Hey GANJI baby, do you want to earn some money by doing part time”. I told an immediate ‘yes’, and later, ‘what is up’, and then ‘hello’, but he didn’t write again, WTF.

The second message was of Sneha, she just struck a conversation with me. She said sorry twice because she hadn’t replied to my messages when I had asked her what had been going on in the classes at HCL, so she opened her mouth today.

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| *1915:*  *Hey ...Sneha here ... pardon d delay in replying u back.... as I was having finite balance ... Tuesday I went to HCL...and I have made it clear to Nishant sir about d completion of course in d scheduled time ..and also I have made it clear 2 Nishant sir not 2 keep in trouble others for my late joining of ad-java class ... exams will b conducted in scheduled time ....there would not be any delay of exams and again sorry for such late reply .....:)* |
| I am coming on Monday, are u people coming... |
| *1932:*  *ya ...except Hemanshu ...everyone is coming* |
| Hemanshu is being stupid for wishing the classes to extend into October.... ok... |
| *1936:*  *Oh...no ...I don’t want to extend classes till October...as it'll b a big problem for me too ... ok ...when you'll come on Monday we'll see to it ...* |
| Yeah... |
| *1944:*  *And currently sir is teaching us SPRINGS...* |
| *1945:*  *And currently sir is teaching us SPRINGS...* |
| Is he giving you the register to just copy from it... |
| *1947:*  *yes .yaar ...he always do the same thing ...many times i have asked him to concentrate on practical bt he is adamant in doing so ....lol* |
| :-D...i knew it, we did struts and hibernate that way... |
| *1949:*  *haaaha .so funny he is ..* |
| Yes he is funny, but that is not the only thing, and seriously we've had enough :) |

She was being flirty at the end, but I had to bring it to an end.

Just after this, I thought to make a call to Ankur to know about the hell he was talking about. It was amma on phone so I called him from fat-whore’s phone as fat-whore and Ghost weren’t at home. After some wait, he told me to come on messages and then he just wrote me about the commercial-ad-pages with today’s paper. When I told him that I would need money 8 months later to rent servers for my website on Online-education, he then just talked about it. He said he would show interest if the idea seems impressive when he’ll hear it. I told him of my exams, my 7 back-papers and he also agreed on me concentrating on them first. He is anyway not very sure of believing in with such a horrible report card, which he himself said just as it is. He didn’t want to talk anything about job or project; he had tried to be curious when he heard of me getting a bald-head, probably on hearing the conversation between amma and b-buaji, fuck it. Well, that is how the news is communicated here. The mother-fucker had called show his pussy-sympathy, damn him. It is not in Jainism, but in Hindu religion, a person has to get his bald on the death of his father, but seriously, I am just trying to be stylish and comfortable, nothing fucking at all.

It was 2040 that I sat to study again, and I actually did.

I have been recently thinking of the ‘automated text analysis’, but then it would bother me a little as none from the three teachers from the Communication Skills staff, I had handed the pages for the other two to fatso-Shweta whom I had met that day. I reckoned for a possible reason as to why it would be rejected:

1. They felt insulted – Well, the cover letter was insulting.
2. They didn’t find topic interesting – Well, in that case, I think they did a right thing by not replying.
3. They didn’t have the computer-skills required to run the attached disc, or to write email – Okay, if this was the case, they should really die before letting me know that.

One of the reasons of my worry is that I heard our fourth semester ADA sir was seen here at the college, he has been called back. I thought if it was for the project idea of which I had sewn. Then I think maybe I am being too self-centered, and it is because college doesn’t have the faculty for compiler-design. I felt excluded, a little. Then the reasons why I should not worry about it is because, the ‘Automated Text Analysis’ could be divided into three modules.

If the college has yet to start with the first one, it should take six years at the least going one by one from module to module. That will be a very late time, since the idea of Text Analysis was sewn on the internet in some 1997, and today big technology companies have already finished first two modules way too perfectly, so they would probably come with the third any time now.

1. First module – To take input from the user, that is, a speech-to-text conversion hardware and software.
2. Second module – To form correct words, software to do the error rectification, the grammatical mistakes.
3. Third module – Software that understands the meaning of the lines, can rephrase them, capable of finding dramatic-mistakes.

The double-meaning-joker-Bharat again sent a joke today, fuck him.

It was Mahima’s birthday today, no I never thought of interfering in her life, doesn’t feel as good.

-OK [0400]