

Assignment 6

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During the time we spend in this world, we make comparisons, think about what we did yesterday and accordingly make plans for tomorrow. We think about what happened ten years ago, assuming that time has passed and we have grown older. What gives rise to this belief is simply the comparisons we make between those previous moments and the present one. Various things happened in our daily life, but we are aware about very few of them.

Today, I woke up early in the morning. Suddenly someone reminded me of humanities assignment. I set my mind to focus upon various things happening around me. While I was eating the food, I observed various activities like eating food, washing plates, drinking water. Why are we doing it? Is it necessary? Yes, food is necessary for our life. We are doing it for our good. Mess workers are helping us in achieving the purpose, they are also getting money for it. There is a chain of people who are behind this food from farmer to chef. Now
CLASS TIMING.

While I was going to class, I saw many students running for the class while I was walking. Why were they running? They were running because they were getting late for their class while I was on time. Running is good for health but in this case the situation was odd. They were not mentally fit for that. One thing I observed is the difference in number of steps taken in one second. I can take 2 steps in one second while walking normally, in case of hurry I can take 4-5 steps in a second. Also, breathing rate increases in case of running. It is a temporal event as it is time dependent. We can plot it on time co-ordinate axis with no. of steps.

In the class, I observed the movement of body organs when I talked to others. I noticed in case of “ta” our tongue touches the upper part while in case of “pa” it doesn't. In the class a temporal span occurred, I was playing games on my phone. Suddenly sir came to me and took my phone. Now various thoughts came to my mind, Would I get F in the subject. But at the end I went to sir and apologized, He said that it is a race, All the students are contestants and we are organizer/guide. He told me that time would never return, if we won't utilise it in efficient manner right now then this span won't come again. I think this event was temporal but the words said by him are like static which will help me in the future events.

When I was walking down the road leading to the NBH mess. I could see some students practicing at the football ground, to my left on the ground. I could not tell if they were first years or fourth years or both. It had been a long time since I had played football. Images of the green fields at R.P.V.V. in Delhi raced through the back of my head. We used to have a grassy ground there. It was maintained by our school department. I remembered my first match on the football ground on the first day of PT in my first year. I set one goal in that match. The feeling was great. However I never played much after the first semester. I was walking through the cemented pavement of the Non-Veg mess, leading to the Guest Houses. I found most people eating their morning omelette, now that Non-Veg mess had started serving breakfast. I wondered if I should register for Non-Veg breakfast soon or not. The semester was almost over. Three more weeks were left. It seemed pointless to register now. I hardly got to the Ground Floor mess at the hostel during exams, except maybe to grab a banana. I would be back in Delhi after this semester. Delhi is my hometown. I saw a man sprinkling water on the lawn in front of the Guest House. Apparently it was very hot in Hyderabad these days. I could feel the sweat forming on my forehead already. For this change in weather we had to buy coolers for our rooms. I twiddled my fingers on the way to Himalaya. I could see so many students walking in groups just like every other day. I recognized people from my wing walking ahead and jogged my way to them, the transition from silence to murmurs and

chit chat sensed so clearly at that point of time. One could watch people diverging at the left turn towards Canteen close to library.

Some of them probably had classes in SH-1 or SH-2 for that instance. Suddenly I realised something. I always took the route to LTRC through Himalaya and never by taking the turn to the left away from the road leading to Himalaya. For some reason I always found it shorter and quicker. I smiled to myself. My friends were probably wondering what was wrong with me but I didn't say a thing. It had been almost two years in this college now, but I never thought of this so closely. It never seemed reasonable to think about something like this. Assignments were however a different story. You always had to think about assignments no matter what. Suddenly I saw people running towards the class room for ES. Probably the professor had turned up after all. I ran as quickly as I could, crossing the construction ground, the smell of raw debris and cement entering my nose and eyes, .Finally I climbed the stairs leading to the back door .Upon entering the murmuring atmosphere of budding Computer Engineers in Himalaya 105, at IIT Hyderabad, I realised that I had managed to enter the class on time .To everyone's surprise, that day there was no attendance.