18-Sep-2012

I was up hearing the loud shitty voice of the mother-fucker-fat-dick talking on phone, why the fuck man, why the fuck!

I was late already, so I just didn’t think about anything much, skipped meditation and went to the bathroom to bath, I had been stinking, last night Anu had said about it. It was somewhat because of the shirt. I was going crazy, I wanted to attend 0800 class, I had set alarm to sound at 0600 but then I was up without my own effort at 0730. I accepted having made it late already and got ready for 0900 class. I was there about on time, 10 minutes late maybe, sir was already there lecturing or talking to some 14-15 students. I just got in and sat at the back, wished sir ‘good-morning’ when he looked here. IT was just bullshit going on here, he would talk in his gay tone to the students, and the homos of the class will be reciprocating.

At 0932, sir was not in the class and Gaurav from HCL called to ask me the name of the program we had done the last time. He told me that sir didn’t come yet and it was over 0930 already. I told him that Sneha was to come today and so not to worry. The fuck had been very easy lately; he is just getting a taste of it back.

It was just a waste of time, the AD-COMP-NET lab was just nothing, and we sat there and talked bullshit, it was Akash, Faizan, Nitish, Abhilash and me.

It was long break, we had come back from lab early, and it was some 1210 when it was now AD-COMP-NET lecture. Megha-the-fatso-freak was to take but the fatso-freak had lost an awful amount of weight. Damn-fucking-it, not just weight, she had removed her nerdy glasses, she had worked on her dark circles, she had worked on her hair, damn it, horrible to an extent, it is a totally new package, still there seems to be nothing new or interesting inside. What I am worried about is that I can’t be using just the adjectives for a person now, it will confuse later if the shit becomes lose with time.

It was fine, she told us of attendance and the ‘Data-warehousing and Data-mining’ special an hour-and-half long presentation in Auditorium from someone from the industry. This would be good, it help me get a new look at the subject as it was Megha-the-shape-changer who taught it in the last semester.

She then asked us about our attendance, mine was the first day, when Apurv asked her if she even knew my name, I told him in low personal voice to not even ask. She acted and said she’d look in the register, she said ‘um, Ashish’ and I continued in same humble tone, ‘Jain’. She said she had done moderation, well, I had zero and still I was given some 16 percent attendance, I know others who still got lesser.

She had made some eye-contacts and because I was tired as always, my look was the same tired one always, and tone was loose to match the tiredness.

I was kind of thinking of myself as the reason for this holy-shape-change, it was not because of choice, but need. She needed to change her look to get rid of the memories she put into her brain by eye-balling me in the sixth semester and then it just back-fired, the proof from her is in view now. She looked like a total freak to me in the face, her twisted way of speaking was coming out way too clearly, her dark circles had reduced, not vanished, her big-fake-button-eyes were obviously a thing to miss, these were now just button-eyes. She had grown some visible arm muscles, damn, that sucked.

By 1400, I was back home and high; it was because I was sort of crediting myself for the fatso-effect on the fatso who’s reduced as for now. I was just going high, I had food being high and then I was internet by 1430. Anushka was already here as just around when as I was and it wasn’t anything good. I was watching porn and music so this sent me some urge when around 1600, Anushka wanted the internet connection. I was just up and roaming; Prachi was just not in the mood and was pulling up to do as Anushka was saying. She had got good figure and an awesome rack, I almost tempted to grope them and I sort of did like slightly for twice. Then because it makes the person feel like pervert so, I told myself that I don’t want it, no, I don’t.

I sat to study by 1830, REQ-ELICITATION. I had fruits at 2000 and then I just fell asleep for two hours. I had sent message to Sneha-HCL to ask her what happened today, it was once at 1900, and then later again around 2000, the holy-whore never replied. Right around when I sent the second message, I had called Gaurav, he said that sir only repeated from what was done in the last classes, nothing new, and just asked if anything had been missed.

Amma woke me up around 2200 for food. I was tired and needed more sleep; I was just hung on the dining table chairs like sleeping there. I started to eat by 2240, and finished the slow thoughtful eating by 2330.

I have this nasal-sticky-thing that develops in the nose due to cold. I don’t have the cold though, most times when I will have to force sneezing to let it out amma would commenting on it, once she was eating on the dining table and I was squeezing in the wash-basin, creepy.

Slick-bitch tells me her new college BVP is much stricter about studies and schedule so much that it feels no less than prison, while at NIEC it was no strictness in the studies and schedule, but on the dress-code. She said some girls were sent back home from the main-gate for wearing sleeveless, or knee-length-skinny-denim. She added that only full-body clothes are allowed, WTF.

Bharat-the-two-faced sent a message, it was pathetic, and I got the joke part in it. I thought of the motherfucker-caller who had been disturbing yesterday. I felt it could either be Nishant-sir prank, or it was DISCO-Tanuja-the-backstabber shit in an attempt to re-write my memory and also re-enact their old acts so as to show off the last ones as accidental.

Also, by noticing the time within which the other person picks up, kind of, tells the ringtone in use, whether it is loud, hip-hop type, or a soothing one that starts off late. Then, just by hearing the tone in which the person says two phrases like ‘hello’ or ‘I can’t hear you’, things could be said about the mood of the person.

-OK [0100]