9-apr-12

The day was fine, maybe because exam went fine. I did enough to satisfy myself, wrote as much as I knew. It was fine at college, nothing as strange or weird as it would often be in exam days outside our class in Block-2. Tanuja ma’am had got her hair locks into springy-rolls, in the same bob-cut though. She now wants to look mature and grown-up; her last falling straights in bob-cut had taken years off of her face. It must probably be the great need of the hour and situation that she got the hair-do.

The CS block HOD’s assistant had come to invigilate, I didn’t really smell anything stinky, everything seemed to be fine.

I was at home and watching this movie on TV only to relax a little bit. It ended and ‘Ocean’s 11’ started. I wanted to watch it, but I didn’t have time for that, anyway I just sat for a while but the fat-whore is good at pissing in the lives of other people.

I have study OOSE; hope I would do it just as much is required.

I took a quick nap mistakenly around 1700 and I was studying at 1720 until I went out to play badminton around 1830. It was fun. People show jealousy for me playing with Mahima, talking about Appu and Amogh. I was playing with Mahima and lost the game of ten by two points, I had lost two games to her yesterday, and today was an improvement. Mahima is good player; the prick-boy from B-2 that has recently come to the society came over to play, I told Mahima to beat him to the ground, and she did and she is even very rude to him. I found this and I felt lucky for having been treated so nicely. Around 1930, it was about the time that I should have left but I didn’t because we were into talking right now. Cuckoo had called on Mahima’s phone and she was shouting and yelling on Mahima for all the rumors that spread about Cuckoo and me. Mahima had quickly brought me into it when the call had come. Mahima could have easily rotten Cuckoo into crying but I was trying to calm Mahima’s temper down and telling her of what she should say next by writing that on the dusty car quickly for her to read. Mahima could have gone really rude to her, she said, ‘Cuckoo, you are not even here, how the hell does that matter to you then?’ This left me open mouthed and laughing. These girls were talking and I was kind of listening and not getting bored as it would not be first time that I was listening to girls talking. Mahima is from Modern School, so whatever foul words she‘d use, I would not show much shock to it. She would easily use the abusive words that boys use. It was Mahima, Anisha, and Bhawni, Mahima’s younger sister. Soon, Vishwas and Pranav came over to the car these girls were sitting and I was leaning on. I quickly break off to say a surprised ‘hello’ to these guys, they didn’t welcome that. I take Vishwas for little badminton and that was to keep myself a little away from the shit that these two shit-bricks were going to create here in front of Mahima. I shouldn’t have mind, but I was. Appu came after few minutes and I take that opportunity to leave off. Twenty minutes later, Appu comes on my door to return my racket. I felt relieved; it wasn’t for the racket though.

I totally blank as to what I should study in this theoretical bullshit in OOSE book.

-OK