10-Apr-12

I don’t know what’s happening today.

I went to college on regular time. I met Nitin, Kohli there in our examination room and we were rote learning the faggot book up, Nitin and Kohli are such a fucking rote-learners. The good point was that they hold the idea of what could probably be going to be asked in test. They got me prepared, seriously, I was very lucky to have them today. They got me learn the whole shit up. The question paper looked familiar, and I was thankful for having prepared rightly in the morning.

Mahima had texted. I had texted her ‘hey’ last night when I found that I was almost finished with giving the syllabus a one time reading. I felt to ask her ‘what she was doing’. I had texted in haste and I was feeling that I should have thought about it at least once. I had waited for a while for her reply but she hadn’t sent any last night. She told me that she had slept. I told her, ‘I am going for the test right now; I will talk to you later ☺’. She wished me luck. She got me high for a while.

I hear that Gareema-the-slut is now our TPO in-charge. Though I would not have too much to do with TPO, but still I thought ‘why in the fuck would that happen’, how many licks did she give to whom?

I come back home and eat and sleep. The fat-whore was in the room to take newspapers; I was coming to the room only to find that the fat-whore was checking on my fucking phone, WTF. I finished napping at 1630 and learn that I had misplaced my previous year question papers. I was tense. I open my notebook PC and put down question from PDF but it fucking starts blowing dusty winds outside, banging every window everywhere. The dust was pouring in from the window and there were dust particles on everything here. I was terrified to put the PC inside. I felt like fucking myself for all the shit that was happening. God, nothing should ever happen to my notebook PC, never.

I had texted Nitin to ask about my question papers and he called back. What-the-fuck, the phone speaker had stopped working, the dust had covered it all up when I was on table next to window during the windy blows outside the window. Holy-shit, what else, damn it!

I texted Mahima to come down for a while as the weather was awesome, but she had already left for somewhere. I was given company by Amogh and Vaibhav for some snacks on C-block terrace. It was nice. From them I learn that kids of the society had gone out for IPL match with Rajiv uncle, the black guy who’s treated much like a friend by Amogh and now Vaibhav as well, so I was now chill about what Mahima had told me.

I have feel good and not let anything get on my mind again, talking about Gareema-the-slut taking position in TPO, or front speaker of my phone stopping to work. I have nothing to do in TPO and I can always take calls in hands-free mode on loud speaker, ha-ha.

Rashmi had sent mail telling her subjects as I had asked, I didn’t reply to end this spell of conversation in the name of on-going tests that she already know about.

-OK