11-apr-12

The exam was tough; there were more numerical based questions than expected. I hope that if the checking goes easy I would pass.

I was back at home and ate and slept, no wasting of time. I woke up around 1600. Manju buaji and kids are here; fat-whore was not at home when I came back.

After the exam, my partner forgot his ear –phones in the table drawer, I bring them home and listen to music, the experience of listening in two piece was good, mine are broken with only one piece left. I am going to keep these.

I have been thinking about how I ended it up with Tanuja ma’am, it sometimes feels logically right, and sometimes, emotionally, morally wrong.

I went to play badminton 15 minutes before than the usual time of 1830. I was not very sure of going up to the girls straight away, but then I went as Sidhant accompanied me. It was fun, Mahima is in tenth class I relearned and Sidhant is in eighth. Mahima is a typical Modern-School-type bad chick with awfully long list of contacts, but she is sporty who has played badminton on state-level and I find her cute. Rachna auntie came over to play a few knocks, I find her hot and she even exchange glances with me, I defer everything fine and like a slight, very slight ‘welcome’ call from her eyes. I don’t know, I don’t want to sound inclined, nor would I show her in bad picture.

I tried becoming friends with Ishita (the cutest chinky face chick, seventh class). It went fine as for starting. I have sought for the permission to call her ‘ISHI’ as well; I was already using the nick name while playing in her team in doubles. Mahima told me that she retorts on hearing ‘Ishi’, well not really.

Ojas came over late with his yellow racket and shuttle, he was abusive but I tell him not to say anything to Mahima. I went straight forward and sarcastic to give the reason that she is younger, and ‘decent’. Ojas is in 11th. While leaving after a game of doubles (Mahima and I against Ojas and Sid), I told Mahima to call Amogh if there happens to be a situation. It was nothing serious and she responded in the right childish way, ‘I don’t have the number, why would I call’.

I went to the C-block terrace with Amogh and Vaibhav for a little while to drink (whisky + cold drink), I had only two-three sips, I had to come back to study DSP.

I have yet to open the book, 2043, and also have dinner.

-OK