21-apr-12

I was tense for completing practical files in the morning. I confirmed what was to be done from Love and then I was working on it throughout the day. The work was too much. I had been listening to music, or just hanging around here and there under the pressure from work. It was mind-sucking. There were guests in the afternoon, uncle and aunt of fat-whore. There were about five people here. I had been met by the aunt right in the beginning when she came at the door. Her daughter-in-law was at the dining table along with the young woman of close to my age. I was called for food and Srishti also ate with us. That was all the time-out I had got amid work.

In the evening around 1710, I went over to Shukla’s place and handed over the work to me to get the print-outs for Love, himself and me. Love had been saying to come but he didn’t come by 1815. I had been there for about half-an-hour and I wanted to get back to the society to see Mahima off for the evening. Mahima didn’t come down today. I had come back running from a Laxmi Nagar only to see that the girl was not going to be here today. It gave me a pathetic feeling. I went to the terrace and it wasn’t her who was cycling, but her sister and brother and Esha. I came back early and then amma sends me to the market to get BROZODEX bottles for babaji. I texted Mahima to tell that if she feels like taking help from anybody while doing Math, she can always take mine. She replied after sufficient and it was a deal done, she had agreed to it on a healthy and positive note. She continued to talk and she was asking me to tell about her friends. I reminded of first conversation with Cuckoo, she too had been bitching about her own friends and then my friends with me. When it came to her, I said ‘you are CHEERFUL, CUTE, ENERGETIC, FUN, and that I like you.’ Her reaction was ‘U WHT’. It was my last free message and I had learnt that on right time. I was online as Ghost-and-the-trio had been out for shopping clothes. I opened free SMS site and continued chatting. She was excited about ‘me liking her’- she had asked me if I actually like her. I told her, ‘I like her as a person; I actually do like her as a person.’ It was enough to make her understand. Then I told her open up a secret of her and in return, I was going to tell her one of my own. She told me a false story as to how she helped a 12th class guy bone a 25-yr old teacher in their school. I told her a false story as to how I get a girl to talk dirty with a friend of mine and he loses his virginity to her friend in a week after a blind-drinking-date. I told me that she beat a school-gangster; I told her that I won R1000 in a bet from friends over getting the number of the invigilator during that difficult exam we had no clue about. That was the last, it had been awful lot of time now, and it was getting boring. We talked for about an hour-and-half, I guess.

I ran to get a message card so that if this chic texts, I won’t be able to miss an opportunity.

Anu had been on FB, she left the laptop for a second, and I was quick to take the opportunity to save a picture of ‘Munira Khan from high school times’.

Srishti has got her phone malfunctioning, or not-functioning at all because of some problem that she thinks occurred a day after she had mistakenly put some water on the phone. She thought I could help. I couldn’t.

In the morning, I saw a spider on my flat wooden bed-table. I put it on fat-dick’s bed and kill the spider against his bed sheet using a book of his. He was not here, but then he had suddenly appeared and seen it. He went over to amma and asks ‘what you do if somebody kills spider on your book, and this is why there are fights in the house’. I could have gone crazy but the dick is not worth it.

-OK