23-apr-12

A crazy day, it was. I had been to college to finish off the files and collect the print-outs from Shukla and my DWDM and MP file from Love. Shukla had again tried to make shit up in the giving me the print-outs, he had asked for an extra R25 other than the R30 which I had given him yesterday. Love also started to ask for the same. I gave off the R10 which I had to settle down for the moment. Shukla had not brought the DSP pages, and though he brought OOSE pages but he didn’t give me any page of blank index, and the cover pages, damn him. I couldn’t have boiled and make it only worse for myself on the inside. I lived the day off normally. I was studying DSP while he was doing his DWDM file, and then Love and I went over to Shukla’s place after college. Before that, the whack bus YAMU didn’t come for an hour and I was sleeping on the stop with Love sitting by my side. I got the DSP print-outs, and came back home with the mischief of these guys Shukla, Love and the other pity acts of these guys (pointing to Anubhav Kohli) still going through my mind. How can they shameless make up-and-downs of worth R10 and then even ask and make stupid reasons for them like the other person is an imbecile infant.

I had work to do, files to finish, but after getting into bed only for slight moment of rest, I woke out of sleep only when it 1755 something. I ran out, met Hardik and Amogh outside for a while and then left to collect my MP file from Love at Laxmi Nagar metro station. I also got print-outs of cover pages and index.

I came back home and was just putting files up for final show during practical-tests coming and the last check before that. There is work left in Multimedia, OOSE, and DSP.

I was missing Mahima, but never tried to show or let it take over. Wow, it just tried it give way and found that the feeling could actually kill.

-OK