1-Aug-2012

I woke up fine around 0800 and I already had a work to do on the mind. It was waiting to call at HCL and talk to that receptionist back after our short conversation on yesterday. I was worried due to the entire lousy shit that the dumpster trainer had been trying to pull lately. He has been so ignorant and doesn’t really care for the time and energy that I, I don’t want to say about Hemanshu, would have to spend to come to the class only to know that he is not in the mood to teach this day. He said the class would re-start on sixth and it would take about 20 days more to end, that will be a terrific. I can’t let him have my mind for twenty-six more days. I have been trying to stick around just because I was told that I would be taught one more topic for paying extra R4000 above the 6K here. I just thought that shitting it out for the jackass-trainer was worth what he would teach us now, but he just hasn’t, nor it seems from his attitude that he will soon, so fuck it. For some mental relief, I want project-training, I called up at HCL to know about the procedure and the woman told me to call before coming over to the center. Holyshit, she had her phone off whole time today. I had thought of waiting until 0900 before I make the call, I was not anticipating the negative results I got. Her mobile-number was off, and the call to landline-no was cut down, damn it. I called back and the other less nice counselor spoke. She told me to call in a while, I did after about half-an-hour later, this time she told me that she would just check and tell me about it later. I came back to my room and sat in the bed to work on the web-pages I was trying to make, I was not thinking of fixing a time to call her back again but I did after about an hour later. She told me about the other counselor who manages the records of certificates; she had not come yet, so more indefinite waiting this time. It wasn’t just this slut on phone that irked as of the morning, it was also the fat-whore at home right since morning. In the morning right after I was awake, the fat-whore came here with some clothes in her hand; she puts open the windows and the doors the usual, regular way and then spreads those clothes on the newly tied wire from the window-top to the hinge in the diagonally opposite corner, fuck it. She is crazy; it is even crazier at night because there would be shadows being casted of the clothes from the incandescent light. The tube-light hasn’t been working since days. I tried to keep my cool and I let the time and the day pass with that. I was studying from the video-lectures of Harvard University and it feels really good. I had called again in the late afternoon, and this time she said clearly that because Pooja ma’am hadn’t come today I will have to try again next day. It had been drizzling under the sky dark with clouds since morning until the late afternoon, that is what kept me low sometimes, or else my folks know what might have done next.

I was working on the website whole day long, I told sir and Hemanshu that it would be ready by sixth so that we can start the new topic which the bastard (the trainer) had only been talking about lately, fucker. I wouldn’t want to hear any excuse on sixth.

Something ran in my head around 1230 and I gave missed-calls to Amrit, I wanted him to download the rest of the Harvard lectures which I didn’t have. He called me around 1430, and I was to get to his house by 1450 to show him the lectures which I had and make him download the rest. I took my Notebook and left for his place in the next block. He said he would do it all the time when I would ask, and I left his place around 1600, when he himself had begun to feel my presence. Even I didn’t really love to being involved with him; he is shitty to be true, yes creepy.

I worked whole day long getting the work started and it went fine, but then I got stuck in a display-problem on the front-end, though it shouldn’t really concern the java-developers behind but it doesn’t feel okay to have a lame view of the website. I spent too much time, the rest of the night since evening on trying to get rid of the problem but no, it didn’t go. It is not even a primary problem; it is very particular to the front-end and can only be seen by someone who tries to see the website’s front-end critically in different ways.

I had dinner around 2330 while watching the Olympic Games with Srishti.

-OK [0100]