3-August-2012

It was a normal day. Though I didn’t have on mind that it was Friday, around 1100, I thought of HCL and just called up on the phone-numbers to ask for certificate. The mobile-no was still off, but landline worked, and the nicer-looking-bitch picked up. She would use ‘dear’ too many times to sound more mature and hypocrite. I asked straight forward to let me know how exactly I will be able to get my certificate. She told me that Pooja ma’am was still absent and she might not return before a week. That would be a flat delay of one week now. Okay, I was told that I would get my certificate on Monday, 6-Aug when I would come after a week’s break; this is awesome how pestering these people can be.

I was writing to my autobiographic note and it has crossed the word count of 20000, this is so crazy. It gave a crazy feeling, I didn’t know whether to feel good for taking the work to newer heights or to feel sad for the waste of time that it does.

I was asleep in the afternoon for two hours and when I woke up around 1800, I went out for some time. Prabhav told Ojas that he’d come down for soccer around 1830, he told me to stay down for the game, and the other big guy was Mithoo, rest were the kids. Ojas and I won by game-point, I was happy, because sometimes losing a game occupies my mind until late.

I was back at home around 2000 and was programming for web. I started to have dinner around 2330, and then I went before TV with the food to watch the Olympics. Around 0000 amma came out and started to talk nonsense about me eating until this late, she is so fucking disgusting.

-OK [0115]