6-August-2012

It was class in the morning; I was 15 minutes late by my own standards, at 0845. Sir didn’t teach shit, he said ‘no’ for today but he said ‘sure’ for tomorrow and then he laid his stupidity out on the floor, shit yes. He expressed his wish to go to Udaipur with us three, Hemanshu, Gaurav and me. What the fucking hell! I just let them make plans, I just listen to them, try to give off nice, agreeing face expressions, and let the piss flow as they do it. It was after 1000 that I stayed to make it a little late and so I could then go to collect my certificate. Gaurav was getting late but he enjoys sir and jokes with him very much. I left to collect my certificate and though the lady Pooja was absent even today. The other stupid looking counselor asked for the permission to do the necessary and she was allowed. She was stupid, idiot, foolish, I don’t know, uneducated, damn it. She opened the computer and shows me a certificate that was last issued. It was for a girl and now editing was to be done for me. She knew shit, I had tell her for the capitalizations, the spaces, the font, the spellings, etc, so even the last person got it wrong in such a crappy way. She printed first two trials with the gender-specific pronouns like ‘her’ still there, shit. I was telling her to change the topic name for me and she made me wait for the permission from another teacher there, what the fuck. Still, by the looks of her, I didn’t irritate her further to try to make it look even better, it was fine to read, but could still be pointed at, huh. In the classroom, Hemanshu continued to get along with sir in making the plans for the whack trip these two butt-cracks were now dreaming of together. They were about to book tickets online, but it was costly so they didn’t. Hemanshu was so serious about it that he was ready to buy off the tickets from the station in hard-form and sir paid some R600 from his pocket to get it through as of now, required was R1200 for four people. Once we three were down on the street, I helped cancel the plans, or as of then postpone it for tomorrow. Gaurav was not sure, he was happy but he needed permission of his family. As I got back home, as planned in my head, I called him to tell him ‘no’ due to family reasons and money, he told me ‘no’ as well due to family reasons for weather conditions. I told Hemanshu the same and so that was it.

Fat-whore and slick-bitch were not at home, I tried to sit for while and use the time on internet but the internet was not working properly. After heavy lunch of five chapatti(s), I went to bed until after 1730, which was about three hour long nap.

I was on the internet whole evening (fat-whore of course tried to show off her character, I didn’t have to do anything but stay quiet and let the piss fall on me), and Gurarchi sent a forward negative message. I was able to reply to that and we talked a little bit and I made sure that I don’t say ‘sorry’ even if I show from long sentences or whatever I say. She would be giving entrance exam for MBA next year; she has finished her graduation in Eco-honors.

Though I now have the certificate but the way it was given to me, what is written on it makes me like spit on it, then throwing it away. I have kept it safe in the drawer as of now.

I thought to tell Hemanshu to study for tomorrow, but he didn’t reply to my two missed-calls and then sent text saying that he would talk on messages. I feel like doing shit on his face, he was ready to throw R2000 in the morning for the stupid trip and now he doesn’t have R2 for a call that was going to benefit him, fuck it.

-OK