31-July-2012

It was class today, luckily. I was there around 0830 and Hemanshu was sitting there. It was raining in the morning and he had sent me message to say ‘no’ for class today, but I was not ready to accept that. I called him and he was worried about his laptop, he was worried about bringing it to the center in the rain. It was raining and by the grey color of the sky, I guessed that I must have been raining since a while now and it would still rain for while more. We had to call sir using the landline phone at the center, which the two helpers-cum-security-persons allowed us to use. Sir came nice and easy by 0930. Hemanshu and I were reading stuff from internet so it didn’t come out to be as much a waste of time. Sir told us that he wishes to take a break now and that he would take our classes starting from next Monday, which is 6-Aug. This was all from him as of today. I had in mind that I would be collecting my certificate for project-training so as to have at least something after coming this far. Also, because now that this butt-fucking-crack trainer has been pain for so long now is going to be no easier in the days to come and I am thinking of taking some steps in ‘defense’ or so as to neutralize the shit that he has been leaking around. I talked for certificate and they said that I could probably meet the lady-staff who was absent today in the accounts-office and fill the details for the certificate. I will do that soon as possible and would try to get the one certificate which I need as per the University requirements.

I was back at home and in not so good mood, Hemanshu has been a butt-crack too, he has got nothing as per what making a project requires, but he doesn’t fucking want to know that, and takes pride in making shitty designs for front-end. Ghost had been asking about my training to fat-whore and I got to exchange looks while passing by them in the living room hence, ahem.

I was studying for a while and then I was napping for two hours. While I was asleep, there came a whack-shit message on my phone, ‘you are going to mail the chat-server program or not’. It was from a want-to-be-whore girl, Pooja, who thought I give things to girls without asking for their whack-hole from them, bitch.

I had lunch after that, and some study again, DBMS, understanding some concepts.

It was good weather in the good evening; it had rained for long during the day. I went out for soccer with the primary school kids, Ojas, Appu and Kunal were also playing. I was back at home around 2100, and I was writing about my long-gone history for a while after that.

-OK