2-3-12

The day was fine. I went to college early at 0800 and found Arushi in the class, she handed me the same form for ‘Training and Placement Cell’ database of the college. I had planned last night I was not going to fill it. We took DSP lab, and it was all free after that. I got 18 marks in DWDM, it was good; I have not been expecting too much from myself lately.

I was not very happy in the morning because of finding myself a little bit out of place when everyone was busy filling up the form. I told Nitin that I wasn’t going to fill it and when he spread the news in between the group Nishant popped a question in surprise to know ‘why’. Dinesh and some eight of them were around in circle, Dinesh has been a little bit too strange lately (almost like he has eaten up a fucking black crow lately) that he has lost control over his stupid tongue. He almost upsets me when he speaks. At this one point of time, it was like I did what I shouldn’t or I’d not have wished to do. I said, “I don’t have financial problems so I don’t have to go for job, I would go for higher education, and so would prepare for it along with some part-time job almost like internship in some IT company.” Nishant responded to that, “It needs references to get a job of that of sort.” “Yes, I know.” Dinesh didn’t smile to me, or at me after this, rather he looked in some sort of seriousness on his own when I last saw him.

I lost my diary today, it had refill in it and some blank pages. I estimated the lost amount to be R13, I was upset until three or so hours for it, it was really upsetting, I shared it with Luv and he found it funny, just as it was supposed to sound.

All of these boys (T1-a, and Apurv, and Nishant) were in the class. They were making fun of Mukesh, and they were fantasizing my rape by Mukesh, then they began to push me into their jokes. Faizan and Akash started to get physical by pulling me by saying that they want to see me raped. (The topic was that I told them that rape should be legalized along with corruption and prostitution). I was actually fear stricken for a moment and I became really rough and hard on the two to get them off of me, I felt sort of energy in me that I had to use to do everything to get rid of the situation these fellows were trying to create. It felt like I was going to be a rape-victim, actually.

During Multimedia lab, Nitin, Faizan and I were sitting on the internet and watching adult stuff with Megha ma’am sitting just next to us on the teacher’s table. He was watching Gareema Sethi’s photos on internet using my profile, and then I saw the whore passing by our class outside and I was sort of boiled up on seeing that fucking faggot ass whore. As a side-effect of sleep deprivation, I was thinking only of that faggot ass Gareema, until the evening. In the evening, I see that I am pass in second semester Chemistry internal, taking 19 marks, I really never had it in mind that I was pass in Chemistry internal and I always thought I had to give away 5 internal papers, damn, it came as a total good news.

I spent the whole evening in finding out percentage for the form which I filled after postponing it until now. I was stupid; one reason why I was not filling the form was because it was Dhaka whom I thought would collect it, no.

What is the newest thing in their conquest to know to me is calling a forty-naughty security guard, who is woman who looks like a fucking house-maid mother of five, oh god, I got a glimpse of our face and it was so fucking pitiful MILF.

-OK