10-3-12

I had to go to Nehru Place with Shukla, Luv, and a friend of them. It was tiring going to Nehru Place, and as I had expected it was of no help. I was expecting some information and though we got it in very little amount but it came with truck-load of negative response. We chose to get out right after visiting two outlets (HCL, and HP). They told us we had come to a wrong place; Nehru Place is for trading not training purpose of the companies. We headed out for Noida, where we were going to get to the training center of HCL. We got their around 1300 that is four hours after we started the trip. We found it and we were satisfied with what HCL had to offer. They were offering summer training at an affordable price of R5700, Shukla and Love had in mind that it would be difficult for them to pay if they ask for ransom (like how NIIT would do right next). We go to NIIT center near Laxmi Nagar, in between, we stopped on an eating joint in LN and had CHHOLA-BHATURE, and oh, those were delicious. I was seeing this shop on the other side and it had no one in contrast to the shop we were in. I felt something sharp heading into me. This we would occasionally see, a corner shop killing its cousin for its unfit location. What connected me more to the situation was that the suffering cousin eating-shop was a Jain shop, as the name was suggesting; that hurts.

NIIT was offering summer training program in collaboration with IBM and IBM totally rung my mind. It interested me right from the beginning. The price was high at R10000 but it didn’t shake my interest in status of IBM. I wanted to take it right then. I also found the chinky-face fatso chick very cute, she was our consultant. I liked her. We had gone to one more place before NIIT, but it was a local, they kept price too high and it didn’t have any standards in comparison to the other two we saw through the day.

I came home and told babaji that I would need money about R6000 for summer training after this semester. He didn’t take the conversation in the direction I was talking in, and started talking shitty, fucking A-hole. I quit talking with a quit-call to anything, any plan, any idea that was going in my mind about what I went through the day. I took on the regular work. I don’t want to know if it was about money as always, fuck them.

I had dinner and went to sleep (1800) until next morning. I was really tired. I had got up at 0300 but I was met by voice of fat-whore from drawing room (I had gone out to the fridge to put back the fruits I was supposed to eat before sleeping), I simply went back to bed, I don’t like whores in the mid-night after a tiring day.

-OK