27-03-12

The day was fine, I don’t know. I lost the bus pass; I slept in the bus while returning alone around 1230. The bus pass was in my hand, and I must have dropped it in the bus while sleeping. The bus had taken the longer route, and I over slept past the Mother dairy stop, then just jumped from the seat to get down the bus on the next. I just in a minute realize that I had lost the pass. I was thinking about it a lot, I was even ready to catch the same bus back by going after it by taking several buses. It was not very much possible. I took like two buses to travel down two bus stops. ON the second bus that I take, the conductor was a girl and she had such a nice face, reminded me of Sakshi Sharma the whole time. IT was like a few questions I was asking her about YAMU. I got down on the next stop and chose to walk back home. I did.

I was still thinking about the loss that it must have amounted to me, not just that, I was also thinking of the paper that I will have to re-do to get a new pass, not to mention getting the form attested by the old slut-Yamini (Principle).

I have approximated the profit dip that would occur. I had spent R600 on the pass, I used it for about 2-and-a-half months, earning close to R1700. I should have earned 2800R if it was a full time, but it was for half-month less, so I should have got R2500. This means I received 32 percent less on this last round. If the R600 investment is separated out, the profit dip goes down to 43 percent.

I talked to Love and he said that we get the attested form within a day and probably it doesn’t even take to meet the old-faggot-principle.

I am not sure, what I will do, how I will right now but I am not at all, take it on my mind.

There happened DWDM lab, first in the morning. It was MP and DSP lecture later. In the DSP lecture, ma’am stood the whole class and told us to raise our hands. It was funny, but I just then realize that my fatigued out hands felt better after the pain.

After the break, we left college to miss MT and DWDM.

I notice certain creepy things these days. It happened on the bus stop again. In the morning, a man, poor rustic man, came and sat next to me on that cooler on the road side on Laxmi Nagar stand. He was fingering his nose, he dug his finger so hard, that was so creepy, and then he had taken something out of his mouth using one of his hands, I don’t remember which one. Right next, I see a woman at a distance use lip-guard. I noticed the two people because I seem to do those two things sometimes. In the afternoon, I noticed a mad man, a poor mad man on the bus stop at a distance of about three meters from me. It was probably the same mental problem that most poor road side beggars would show. He was nearly out of life because of tired body and brain.

I wonder about DSP teacher, if she had stood us with hands up to see, if I stink, because I seriously feel that these college-freaks must be still continuing with their stupid act. In the morning as per new rule the watchmen had asked us for only ID cards, had

I went to play in the evening. I played only for about 50 minutes, it was crowd there, and I didn’t want to waste time in between kids.

-OK