29-March-2012 Thursday

It was okay, only because I guess it was more good than bad. MP lecture was fine. MT lecture was fine, and then was CN, which also went ok. I loved it in MP. I had got it messed with Nishant, after the first two periods because I was almost in half sleep, and I was thinking of starting fight-club with Nishant. I tell him that now I would punch, and I punch, he gets angry, abuses me seriously, leaves the class, comes back, and takes his bag to the front seat to sit there, funny.

After CN was a seminar, Gareema-the-black-whore had come in CN lecture to make the announcement. When we went there, I jerked off from the door of the auditorium on seeing Tanuja ma’am there. I take these guys (Nitin, Nitish, and Keshav) to the canteen to spend some time off. I had to spend R50; rest R30 contribution came from them. We had burger. We were told that we would be given the pen-drives there, so we went, so everybody went. I had left for the library when these guys headed for the seminar again in the name of free PD. I got call of Nitish and I then join them. None of the two (Gareema and Tanuja) were there. They joined back later in the middle of the seminar sitting in the front row. We were sitting in the fourth. It was near the end of the seminar that the black-slut-Gareema sells off, she was looking above me, I was looking at the speaker, she takes to turn, and there we go; we catch eyes, the slut shows off true colors. She sits right next. The time when we were filling the form at the end of the seminar, Tanuja was looking right in my face, I was lucky for having been in some funny fuss with Keshav that I was able to not get rolled with her for even a minute.

*This seminar of today have to be a set-up so that Tanuja-backstabber can see me off in angered wide eyes in public or else after the last two misses that she had, it is a fair chance that it might look like a case of sexual harassment by a person on higher level of a person on lower level. That is how it is usually looked upon, it doesn’t matter whether the higher-level person was a male or female. So, she was only saving her ass off.*

The seminar was about GMAT exam, and it just revised my knowledge about the exam and didn’t increase it. The auditorium is still incomplete, there is little work left, like carpets, more interior decoration.

Later, I take Akash, Love, and Shukla to block-1 to submit the bus-pass-form to the principal for attesting. I see the English staff there, all three. Nothing so serious, I don’t even think there is anything to tell about it.

I am happy to have a new PD; I can now save the diaries in that.

I went to play for an hour in the evening. It was TT, I was right for having said ‘no’ to Hardik for soccer. He later called for TT. TT was really fun today. I loved to play; I was getting to play, and also had fun with Cuckoo and Mahima.

Amogh had shown immaturity when he came up in the early evening. It was because the audience was only girls (Cuckoo and Mahima were playing from the opposite team). He was using abusive words for me, it was nothing serious. Later, he would hit the table (bang it) from his racket like a mad man. Cuckoo and Mahima would laugh, and next he tore his racket apart when we had missed too many points and also we had lost to the two girls. He left his broken racket there, and went to buy a new one. This guy is totally freaked in the presence of girls, I can bet. Today that little prick Riya repeated the abuse ‘Mother-fucker’ after me; that was funny.

It was tough to come back on time after an hour; it was so fun to play today.

Oh, this cop-siren is sounding too much right now. The car had just passed.

I spent whole night in scanning the MP book from library.

-OK