17-May-12

Fuck man, what the fuck, this PD won’t work now. Oh no, it fucking hurts, could be a loss of around R300, oh no, fuck me.

Yesterday was just wow, I totally blowed it up in air, after shutting down Notebook last night, I was having dinner and fruits it took about an hour, and then I just planned to sleep and get up early today, and I pretty much did.

I was up around 0600 did meditation of 20 deep breaths-cross-legged in bed. I brushed and then I was on terrace studying DSP. I was down in about an hour. A scene between Anu and me, I had been telling her to throw off some 6-7 CDs kept in babaji’s cupboard. She would throw fits even before I would finish with half-the sentence. The scene rose, I threw CDs out on bed, she growled further, I went over to pick up a CD and just broke it into half, finish. She ran over to me, wanted to beat me, and spit curses for my scanner, and that she wish the same for my things now, like I give a fuck. It was chill right in the next minute, she left for office.

I was studying DSP from 1100 to 1400 and then I was just roaming around in the house. Fat-whore was not here, amma had just left. Sadhna-sick-pussy tells me turn on the fan for her as she sat on the floor-mat in amma’s room. I threw off the basketball on her that I was keeping in the store, she warned of complaining to babaji and to this, I throw my slipper on her, and said, ‘I am not afraid of babaji; you will get two before him’.

I was free for a while so just tried unlock Dell laptop using the pathetic face-recognition software on it. It worked, and I was just getting out some interesting content, that fat-dick had, but I was unable to connect to the internet, the connection wasn’t visible. I missed my PD again as I needed it at the moment, oh-no. Fat-whore came around 1515 when I was just putting the laptop in its bag in her room.

I sat for studying DSP for three hours around 1700, I finished the topic I was doing by 1930, and I went out to just see over Mahima for, maybe about half-an-hour, but then Appu, Hardik and Vishwas caught me in the park on the signature bench, right at the front of B-1 block. I had cut down Hardik’s call, and had replied to his text asking for to come with a ‘no’; I had in mind that the shit that has been cooking up between Amogh and me should spread into including whole group, or even one more person. But after seeing these guys today, I am glad, because it rather looked like there was never anything shitty around here. I was with these guys they were troubling Amrit (XI standard guy, carries a 32K phone, the Samsung Note, wants to be a software engineer.) He has literally got no dried drop of attitude- proof- he hands out his phone happily to anyone who wished to hold it, wow, his phone is actually bigger than his pocket as he was taking it out for us. They were really an unnoticed pain in his ass, Hardik puts water in his bag, Vishwas puts dust, then Hardik spills dust on him from time to time, possibly seven to eight times, and when I am close so that he gets an impression that I am doing it. He was smiling at all fucking times, and the fact is that his smile looked so real. He left around 2010.

I was home around 2030 after we four left the park together. It was mind-diverting evening if not anything else, but I was thinking about Mahima, and I wanted to go for little workout so I left around 2040 and was back at home around 2110. I need to eat food now (2157). I spent a rupee on internet on phone to check if there is any message by Mahima or Cuckoo on FB, there wasn’t, technically, good for me.

The word ‘SEX HO GAYA’ (I've been sexed, I been fucked) has spread, Shukla texted me, ‘Sex been done, brother, my sex been done… ☺’ I was, kind of, taking pride on hearing it as these are one my frequent signature phrases, like ‘fuck me’.

-OK