10-Nov-12

I was up on time and I had finished breakfast by 1030. As it was Saturday, I thought of going to the mall and getting myself some formal-clothes.

Anu was lazing around when I will go to her she’d tell me get slick-bitch up to move. SB would tell me to get Anu up, what the fuck was happening. In Anu’s room, I got the time of 1200, and I just stayed somewhat quiet until 1130. After that, the two bitches still hadn’t moved from their places, SB was reading newspaper and having breakfast. Anu was half-sleeping while being awake in her room, WTF. The attitude of two was getting intolerable, they were wasting my time and I needed to schedule for the day which now was getting difficult. I had to decide on bathing, I decided that I would bath and go for buying on my own. I got the word of babaji that he would give me R2100 for buying. So I thought that I can spend that from my own and then later he can return me that amount. Anu came here, while I was talking to m-buaji on phone about the season if there happens to be any sales, she said sales happen in ‘January’, now it is only the fresh-output for the market. The two moved with everyone asking and knowing about it now, and the general fuss when people have to go somewhere.

I had some fruity for the sake of my health as I was going to skip lunch now.

We left by some 1230. On our walk for the three-wheeler, I felt that the girl who was coming here looked somewhat like Kanika-SAHNI (CSE2 cutie), but I had in mind to just focus on myself now and these two girls I was with. The girls took three-wheeler for R50. In the mall, the first outlets we went to were extremely pricey. The shirt was starting at R1500 and close but nothing less. I was kind-of disappointing for me but then SB tells me that it is not the lowest of the general starting. She talked of the brand ‘CANTABIL’. We went to COBB, where we checked some two shirts and a trouser for me. I was fitting in 30 but the two said it was like too tight on me. The two were wrong actually, 30 was the exact size for me, I knew it but still I wasn’t really into not going for a loose one like 32. The staff-person there was a help in deciding and suggesting. We decided on 32 and then Anu told them that they would come back in five minutes to decide on buying. We went to CANTABIL; we spent about 1-point-5 times the time here. First, it was in deciding the two shirts to buy and then the trousers. The main attraction here was the offer of ‘Buy 2 and get 3’. I was going to stick on that and buy two from here. Then we find out that the stuff here was costly, the COBB was offering below R1000, there it was in the range of 450 to 800 but here it was 700 to 1000. Also, 15-percent discount was on single buy and not the scheme I was trying to hit on. Anu and SB went crazy for the price, I told them that I would pay for the rest that crosses R2500 and that they should not worry. The SB chose for a 30-waist brown pant for me and Anu threw fits about first but still as I was supporting for it, we bought it and two shirt one lemon and one light-blue. The budget went to R2000. The two had been suggesting that I buy one shirt from here, get 15-percent off and then buy one shirt and pants from the COBB. I chose for what we did. Now I thought of the color combination and I was seriously not going to be able to wear brown with blue or white as much as with lemon, I needed to get that changed and even Anu and SB realized that. We decided that we change that, but they were not now willing to go back. I pushed to go and so SB came in. The man there said he would get it changed, but the helper-person had gone for eating so I was going to have to wait for about 30-minutes. I didn’t tell this to SB and I just pulled out the 32-waist black trousers to show and see them, chose and consume some time. The SB was getting red for being so confusing and taking stupid decisions with Anu. I pulled out the pants that the plastic-man standing there was wearing, the SB said it would not look good at me; she pointed out to the physique of the plastic-model and said my height was short to wear that lighter tone of black with somewhat shiny cloth. I was not very much in mood to answer to anything of that sort or even make room for any argument. I just pulled out some black trousers and chose one simpler and plain black. The chinky-man who was going to make the purchase said the helper was coming in some time, but I just had to keep the things moving. The SB was now asking ‘what are you looking for’, ‘what are you waiting for’, this and that. SB was out after telling me that I shouldn’t be asking her now and choosing by myself, Anu came in, I told her to not call SB in now. I tried to take help from the fine-looking gate-person but he didn’t try to show much idea of help. I was lucky that I found a trouser earlier and easier than thought, even the helper-person (he was dirty-brown, buck-toothed, somewhat short and polite-spoken and helping, a nice person to talk to) was here and I just showed him the trouser and he said ‘okay’. I just took these easy and got out. Later outside on the railing, the two were telling me to go, SB was inquiring me why I needed formals now, and she talked of the exam-back-log, no on-campus job and the other bullshit in the failures-list of mine, WTF. Anu was not ready to give out the extra I was asking above R2500 for the time. She was acting like the deal was over now and there was going to be no more money for me. I felt cheated and to the tie, shoes, belt, the two said I could borrow them from around, fuck that. I felt more like out-of-choice as I was not carrying money; I decided to leave for now. I was back at home by 1630, getting the usual free ride in the bus.

I was in the room and sleeping with legs tired. I was up at 1730 to noise of TV outside; I felt hungry and ate food in still the sleep hangover that I didn’t notice. At 2030, I was properly up to a somewhat distant, chase-dream. I was a mole in CID and then a girl known to me make mess for her and me to by exposing some information. I was running, escaping gunshots, jumping from balconies, roofs and plotting and planning the further run, I woke up without getting caught but in difficult situation in an A2-block balcony in the society itself. The dream was crazy, I didn’t want to think of myself in such a situation so tried to not think of it more.

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| The things I have noticed were not real but set-ups by DISCO-college.   * While I was on the entry-stairs of the mall with SB, there had come a Garima-the-slut look-alike in red-shall with her stupid looking round out-of-shape, stupid looking husband. The two looked like from middle-class, on the green-colored age-old-style scooter-two-wheeler with engine at the bottom on the side of the pillion-seat and open space to put down foot for the first-person.   While I was on the railing with Anu and SB, I had my back to the railing, Anu was on left to the railing and SB was standing before me to the right facing me and Anu.   * There was the team of soldiers in marine-blue dress, all tall like above 5-feet-9-inch, with machine-guns and the soldier-caps. *(This was to remind me of my song from the summers of 2010 ‘Ghosts’ in which I had mentioned about me wanting to be soldier.)* * In the broad-way (not so deep) in front of me had women’s inner wear on the right to me, and it was again some lingerie-or-something on the left again. In the glass-window on the right, I looked at the plastic bust of women with maroon bra on it, it was sexy. Then I let my eyes off of it out of decency. Sometime later, I see that there was this light grey plastic bust naked. Seriously, those breasts were so tight, big and plastic of course, the mango’s didn’t hang on the beautiful muscular abdomen, it was like heaven if it were real, oh my fuck. As I look at it, I see that Anu turned her neck to it at an angle of about 120 degrees. I looked at the piece that it actually had those ‘peas’ those beautiful tits, never even imagined anything like before. The woman had come to it was now putting a bra on it, the same maroon color, oh fuck-lord, it was a totally must-see thing. |

Babaji would be shutting me up when I would be telling Anu of her unfair attitude from the evening, now I only think of letting it go and spend on my own.

I was up from Notebook by some 2320.

-OK