14-October-2012

I had put off the fan in the morning. Mornings have started to be colder these days.

0930: I woke up, did deep-breathing and I figured out that I smelled of a rat in the clothes. I realized I needed to bath.

1000: Anu went to the bathroom as she needed to go to office. I let her go first. I was eating sandwiches in the drawing room.

1100: I needed to be on the bus-stop already to take the bus to reach Laxmi-Nagar for tuition. I only had shower and I just saw this pimple coming up on the nose, shit that’s ugly. It is red and it pains.

The tuition ran from 1130 until some 1240. Sir had come some fifteen minutes late. I was not sleeping in his class luckily.

1330: I was back in bed. I needed to wash the underwear from ten days. It was yellow in color but brown near where the ball-bush falls, creepy. I was too tired to wash that so I just soaked it wet and hung it for the time.

I ate while watching TV. Fat-dick went with a big bag of clothes and things, wow, his phone’s front speaker stopped working and there was also some other problem, which was a cool thing to hear. This marks the beginning of the week days.

1515: I was in bed. I needed to rest and I put on this movie from yesterday. It just showed a sexy interviewer fuck with a bong-face and get pregnant. Then she decides to carry the baby, to allow him in her life. She had been throwing hormonal-fits in the movie, but the ending was good. She was real logical, I think, that is what happens in US. The man was fat, bong-face, but cute. Holyshit, one can’t expect even the closest in India, the people are shit-crazy. I guess I have been deep in and out from their shit, fucking pussy-faculty at college.

1650: The movie ended.

1715: I sat to write, I wrote until 1830.

1900: I logged on the internet to do the downloading.

Babaji would watch this Jain-channel on which Jain-Muni would be giving public-speech. Later he’d switch to news. It would be showing special on cricket, like it means something personal to them and the viewers, and I seriously hate to hear that, exhausting.

2150: I hear amma talking to R-buaji and amma was teaching her things about religion and stuff. I don’t know what to say. On putting the phone down a quick while after now, she came here to tell me about r-buaji and that she was telling me that she only keeps worrying about me. I thought ‘what the fuck, did she see my FB page again on which I had just last night shared a Playboy photo, WTF’.

Erstwhile Anubhav Kohli sent me message that he won’t be able to come this week as father-of-his-mother passed. I just left him a blank message; I didn’t want to make shit up with this asshole. He had told me he won’t be able to come tomorrow first, I told him it was on Tuesday, not Monday.

2230: I got up as the Notebook-power went off.

2300: I had dinner and I just sat to copy the project into P-drive to give to the sir, Gaurav and Sneha at HCL tomorrow. Social service, yeah that is right.

0100: I was done writing and could go to sleep later drinking milk which I purposefully kept until now so that I don’t stay awake or feel hungry after going to bed.

-OK