15-Oct-12

0800: I woke up. I didn’t bath and left with babaji in the car. He had gone outside first and was now screaming my name out like hell from this window in the dining room. It was 0840.

Buaji wasn’t going to come today as Anushka had fever. So she was going to take care of her and then come later. Anushka was at Mayur Vihar later as I had expected, it was fine, no problem.

0910: I was at the HCL center; the two helping-persons who maintain the attendance register had told me that sir was not going to come today as he was on vacation for over a week. He had left on Friday and it was Monday today so he was probably not going to come today. Since the two young men always joke, I thought they were only joking.

I sat on the computer and copied the four projects but then I just deleted the fourth one on which I had recently been working. I was not feeling very good while giving away everything here.

Gaurav came about 15 minutes later; Sneha came some 15 minutes later than me. Sir never came. We were just talking, Sneha was talking to us, she wanted to involve me at times, and I was only casual with it. I was myself, funny, little adultery.

Sir never came; we three got up around 1020 talk to SANTOSH sir for exam date and certificate. He was sitting on the last bench in the corner of his class. He said exam wasn’t going to happen as the website on which he was supposed to register had changed and now new website was put in its place. He had no registration of us three on it so he wasn’t in a position to say anything about us giving the exam. That was a creepy excuse to hide the thing that this whole center is only one hell of bullshit. We told him that sir was not coming now, and then he told us that sir was out of station and that he will return on Thursday. HE showed surprise that he didn’t tell us. Somebody is lying, it should be Gaurav that he didn’t tell us of sir, or it is SANTOSH sir as was planned in his mind. He now told us that if he registers now it might take about 2 and a half month more for the exam to happen. Sir then got up and walked out of the room. He went over to the fat-ass-chinky young-woman accountant; he talked to her for a minute as we three waited near the entry to central-reception-room. He came back and told us that we could get the certificates. We went over to the accountant and she just registered us for the full-course both advanced and core. I was not in core but I just said ‘okay’ and ‘yes’ to her and got my name written. She said she would give the certificate on 25th. Earlier we were told that our percentage in the final test was going to be written on the certificate, and even now she said so but on the model-certificate it was not mentioned as such, it read ‘certificate of participation’, WTF.

This means this whole five-room center is a fucking fake.

While I was walking the short walk back to bus stop, Sneha said sorry to me for being rude on me the other day, funny. She has been thinking of boning me, but she doesn’t look assertive. She once talked on the DOT-NET teacher here, the pussy-face who was eyeing me once; her name is ‘SHEETAL’. Also, I just got to re-know the name of chinky face who was teaching DOT-NET before during summers, her name was ‘SHIKHA’, she was so fucking hot.

1110: I was back at home, Anushka was here as expected. Amma was questioning my early arrival.

1130: I was in bed, and resting, thinking was what to do, next. I left Akash a message to ask if he was to come tomorrow, no reply.

1200: I was eating while watching this movie on TV; it was Southern-East-Asian. I liked the chinky-girls. Food got over by 1300.

1330: I was back in bed to rest, yes, I lay down to sleep until some 1600.

Manju buaji, fat-whore and amma were in the living room. I didn’t go out, I just washed my face on the wash-basin and came back into bed.

1620: I sat to study MC.

1730: I was messaging Shukla and Kohli to ask them Akash-number if they had any. They just got into little conversation, Shukla about movies, Kohli about coming tomorrow and about asking why-and-the-what, who the hell he is he thinks. I was cool I was cool then, I got away in conversation. He told me he was coming tomorrow; I don’t know when he changed his mind. Akash wasn’t available and his number was unreachable to even call.

1800: I was outside int eh living0room and fat-whore told me to lower the TV volume. I just did it normal, then I was telling babaji to use the remote-control himself, he said ‘no’. I told him it is just these two buttons and put it down on table, he wasn’t even looking. As I was passing from the dining-table where amma and fat-whore were sitting, I told amma that he doesn’t even know how to operate a remote-control. I never thought that now fat-whore was going to give a reply to this one. She said out something but I was walking back to the room so I think I missed it, she was saying that I shouldn’t have come out if I didn’t want to help.

1830: Keshav sent message to ask if I knew well of making website using Java. I told him yes, and on his next, that it takes one week of dedication to learn the thing. He wants to meet on Wednesday now.

Then Gaurav called to tell me that the three projects had worked on his computer, in the morning in the class, the projects had showed server-problems due to the new environment. He solved them which were not a tough thing. Well, good, I just felt proud of myself.

I had fruits. I had these thoughts in the head about the happening at college with Tanuja-backstabber (TBS) and Anshu-the-broad-face. These thoughts were casual, not as intense as they once had been. I often think of myself as the evil and TBS as the good, the reason why we could have made such a perfect match. It is like an entire sequence of thoughts play back once. Then the last time what happened in March I remember that as, it was all against me, then they came to make an offer. That meant raise in my level, then I reject it, taking my level to another high. Then I make an offer for Anshu, setting myself high above the entire game.

1930: I was sitting to study but my brain was not in place.

2010: I got up to have food and break off from books which I anyway wasn’t reading. Some elder man-woman, relative of fat-whore were here.

2030: No studying, brain was busy in reminiscing bullshit.

2130: I was now studying RET. Kohli was sending message from time to time until 2230. The butt-crack is fucking crazy; he would be going round and round. He said no for laptop and then we agreed on meeting at college, then we agreed on meeting at my home. Then he gets Shukla ready to come to college with laptop and tells me to be there as well and refuses to make it here at my home. I only have to agree on most things, everything except for getting my Notebook to college. He is a useless asshole; actually, an asshole won’t be as useless as him.

So now, I will have to be with babaji tomorrow morning to reach college, damn it.

2300: It was windy outside, extremely sexy cold breeze. It would be hitting on my foot from the slit under the balcony-door. I just shut off all doors and windows to prevent any dust in, if any. I didn’t want to feel it windy outside, evokes good old memories, and at this point of time, I seriously can’t let anything get on my mind, specially not good old days memories.

In the afternoon, Anushka and Prachi had been trying to connect to internet but connection wasn’t there. It hasn’t been even now; first, I saw that wires were wrongly plugged; I wondered if it was so in the afternoon as well, and that it was a deed of fat-whore or something. Then the internet just never runs and doubts went cold. I had to do downloads, but now fuck it.

I got up from the living-room by 0225.

I had been on FB-school-profile and there was an application request for ‘Birthdays’ from the JD-sir (C++ class XI and XII). I had changed my profile picture from a ‘save the Indian tiger’ sadist banner to a smiling-character from MS Word. 15-October is just exactly seven months after when Tanuja-backstabber had tried to make a contact with me last in the alley while being escorted with Gareema-the-slut.

On 21-Oct there was again a ‘Birthdays’ application request, it was Praful-Sharma (the classmate from fifth-to-eighth) I just blocked the application from sending me requests. There was also this application ‘Are you interested’ from which I had three requests pending, the three came on different days since last week.

-OK