16-October-2012

I was asleep by 0245 last night.

It had rained a little around 0730 in the morning. It had brought down the temperature considerably.

0800: Babaji, amma were saying about the change in weather. Well I had felt the winters coming like a week ago so I wasn’t dramatic about it.

I was up and Anushka was outside in the living-room, she was coughing consistently that was not a very good thing to know. She had fancy dress competition today and she had dressed like the Indian-Independence-lady-warrior ‘LAXMI BAI RANI OF JHANSI’. I was deep-breathing in bed and didn’t go out to see her.

I had to bath but I was late for that, so put on deodorant and put on fresh clothes. Prachi was also here.

0840: Babaji and I leave society in car. The driver comes here at the door by 0830 and babaji just goes over to sit in the car.

Buaji was talking a lot today, about me not going to college and all; it was not so pleasant to hear her.

0920: I was in the class, and it was some listing going on for five placement-coordinators from the class. The day begin, there were only some six seven students, including Tanvi, Parul, Abhilash and Arushi. I went on the first seat to Tanvi to just see what the listing was on for. There was poor-puss-puss ACA teacher and dumb-deaf-gay-Saurabh (REQ-ELI teacher) was also there, to just give off his quiet deaf-dumb-silent-pussy-smile and looks to the people, that is all he fucking does and has done in his life. Tanvi was just being flirty with me, as she is with anyone as I was seeing the file that Arushi (fucking topper) was completing. Anubhav came to the class late and he still got his attendance.

Later when deaf-dumb-gay-sir went, it was just Anubhav, Nishant and Dinesh here. Shruti-B came and she just got along us in the last benches. The many times comments were more like satirical and jokes pointed at Shruti-B for the two placements she is holding. I was feeling very cool today, I didn’t know any reason for that but I guess it was just the mood and the environment around me. Shruti-B was the main audience, yes, like I was using ‘fuckers’, ‘mother-fuckers’, ‘kiss my ass’, etc, but in a very cool way and accent. When three other of her row came, she went to them. Over here, it was Akash, Dinesh, Shukla and Nishant. Akash had just came and it was primarily me spitting bullshit, and the others sometimes contributed to it and only listened and laughed at other times.

At some 1030, Anubhav asked me to get to net-lab so that he can see the project I had brought, but the net-lab was closed. There in the common area as I had come to the net-lab, there Gareema-the-slut in a stupid dress in which her loose-hanging-puss-balloons were protruding out as a thread ran to give the cloth an appearance that of a bra with some cloth falling to cover her black-abdomen-skin, fuck that. Her pussy face damn it, she was talking to dumb-deaf-gay and he was only reaching her balloons, the-street-slut must have been wearing heals, aged-pussy. As I was fast walking and had ran my eye straight from her to the deaf-dumb-gay he was just watching here, his face had that look that meant his pooh-pooh was popping, fuck, and he was trying to make sure that those who watched there also had a raise, fucker. I felt bad for having seen the gay-pimp and the-slut, I now forever wished that my day doesn’t go bad.

I had jumped off on the gay-pimp and not the-slut. I may have made him feel disgusting now. The-slut disgusts me and when I saw dead-dumb-gay-pimp with her, I felt connected and so jerked my sight off, it was totally reflexive. This shows that I haven’t really got away as much I have been assuming, which is such a bad thing.

I just today gave him the new name ‘deaf-dumb-gay’ as he looks like a fucking retard ever I since I have known him. At first sight, he appears not to have tongue in his mouth. His dumbness reflected on his face, as he stood before those awfully hanging balloons of the slut.

I was only thinking about the DD-gay-pimp and the slut for some time now, I was high due to that, I was shouting ‘fuck’ and ‘fuck’ around. Then on the way to TPO with Dinesh, Akash and Kohli, this first-block-physics-cute-pussy-who-was-put-as-my-first-bait crossed us with some other teacher. I thought, such casual-minute sightings should be taken at ease, not a big deal, and can never be big deal. I told myself to stay calm for the first sighting as I was for the second.

I had gone to talk about project with Kohli but he was barely interested, nor Shukla brought laptop as Kohli had said to me, he had lied to me, what else could have I expected.

1050: Akash and Kohli wanted to play some indoor-game in the play-room, Dinesh wanted to leave and I left with him. I was very high for the sighting of DD-gay-pimp and the-slut-worldwide-vagina. I had to take special care of the direction of my thoughts.

1130: I was at home, high on my mind somewhat, I read this good article in the paper and felt better for the first time.

1230: I got to put hand on Prachi’s boobs once, those are new, and then once more. I was just not feeling very well, that was all. I needed to take some rest but I never did as I never sat to study.

1300: I was on the internet to do the downloading. While I was downloading and the battery was about to go off, I was thinking of Prachi’s boobs again.

Fat-whore went out around 1445, and amma was just going around. Prachi had eaten food erstwhile. The Notebook-battery went off by 1400. Prachi was resting in the bed in the room, and I had wished that she falls asleep.

1415: Then Anushka finished eating, and she and I were back in the room, Prachi now thought to get up and free some space on the bed. She said she was feeling sleepy and she wished that she did not. I told her that I can help her and then I told her to stand erect while stretching her arms out and high and tip-toeing on the foot-thumbs. She did, and then I called her to myself and blew the knuckles of her fingers, then I told her lay on the bed with her knees folded under her highs, this blows off knuckles in the ankle. Then I told to say lay and take deep-breaths.

It was amazing man, I had my hands on her breasts, I had the feeling of her breasts most time, those boobs were real and my hands were feeling them. When I had told her to lie, I was putting my hands in her shirt that was awesome, and Anushka was sitting on the bed, laughing and having fun. She was holding the head of Prachi to tell her to now get up. I had felt her back, her abdomen, her boobs from the bra, and it was awesome, seriously damn good. I had rested my hand on her bust as I tell her to deep-breath, fucking awesome. AS she lay down deep breathing, I stood by resting my hand on her boobs, she tells me that my hands were shaking a lot, and that hands shake when one has iron or calcium deficiency. I was like ‘okay’.

I realized that I really didn’t have that uncontrollable raise of the first time. It was normal like that of in a thoughtful excitation.

1430: Prachi wanted to study and now moved to the amma’s room to sit on the floor. I was telling her to come over here and sit Anushka along with her and give her some work as well. I had to talk her out here and sit her back into her place. Anushka was also sat here to do the drawings I had told her to do.

I sit with Prachi to help her in math and also take care of my own subject REQ-ELI. Prachi knew shit of the exercise that she was doing, I had told her not to look into the register for every question and follow the steps. Then Anushka was coming on the flat-bed-table of Prachi and I had to pull her off, on the third she hit her head on the color-box kept there and she now started sobbing.

1510: Manju buaji was back and she opened the door, Anushka was lying here sobbing and I had the book of Prachi in my hand. Buaji took Anushka out and then Prachi went out and told buaji that she was having such a headache but still I was telling her to do sums she didn’t understand. She was saying something and I had missed some part.

I was studying REQ-ELI on my own now. Later before leaving Prachi was here to do some math and then after a while buaji and the two girls left.

In the RET, I was not able to this simple integration, it was seriously exhausting to do, re-do the integration by reading from the calculus-book.

1710: I was up studying, I went to market to get a message card, and I had spent R2 on sending two messages just now.

1750: I had dinner as I hadn’t have lunch today.

1810: I was thinking of getting some downloads on PHP but internet didn’t fucking start.

I called Vidhu to ask him of the math-module-pages that he had told me he was going to type for me. He returned the pages and made a lame butt-crack excuse. He said he had done it all in 14 days and then the disk of his computer was formatted because of virus, fucker. I know how often disks are formatted when they contain the work one is supposed to give to others.

From 0630 to 2000, I was messaging Dinesh, Kohli and later Keshav to talk about project. I was high-headed with the thoughts of project, so I had left Dinesh a message to ask if he wanted get along to do project on Java with us. He didn’t reply and then I tell Kohli to talk Dinesh into the group. Dinesh now started talking but he said he hadn’t thought anything of the project yet and that he had to take care of Arun, WTF. I just told him to get him as it was two Kohli and I as of now and that he could get Arun. Erstwhile I told Kohli to not worry about AKSHITA as if Dinesh says no we can tell her to get us with her and Kirti-Mohan of T2. Kohli wants a girl in his group, he wants to stay stuck on this slutty condition, shit, what the fuck is he. Then Keshav sends message to ask of the project and tells that he was already in the group and if Dinesh could also come in being the fourth. I didn’t know when Keshav became a part of the group; I didn’t say anything to hurt. He told me if I could add something of Networking as he had been in ‘networking’ in the summer-training.

Fat-whore had moved all the shitty books from high-school and the entrance-exam preparation of slick-bitch from her room to here, damn it. There is no space here now; I cannot keep anything up in the top block of the cup-board, talking about my Notebook computer. Fuck her!

I had started writing at 1930 and like never stopped.

2315: I went out to check if internet was working, shit, it was not.

0030: I kept in bag some 7cm high A4 size book and equivalent papers to throw to reduce the clutter from the shelf.

0100: I was still moving books.

0120: I went to bed.

-OK

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| Lesson that I took on being robbed on this day back in 2009:   1. Keep your mind cleaner, stable, and responsive. Don’t be absent minded. 2. When you are sure to have a loss, give your best to minimize it. If you have a choice of taking one of two bumpy-roads, slow-down and watch-out for the less bumpy one. 3. To be strong and brave. Not believe in empty threats. 4. To overcome a break-up, get involved in a new relationship. 5. No matter how good or bad an incident in your life had been, you should always remain unemotional about it. That is by objectifying it and by taking a lesson from it. |