26-Oct-12

0040: I was trying to do some study about MYSQL and PHP after being distracted on blocking Tanuja-backstabber. She had made this change in her profile-cover-photo to tell her of change in the state of her mind. She changed from cute-cartoon-pussy to some fire-ass-Indian-bride-or-some-Hindu-Deity-SHERA-WALI-MATA. I was listening to ‘Hall of Fame’ by ‘The Script’ band for motivation.

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| Her Cover-Photo was this girl, I couldn’t find the exact picture on the net, but the girl is the same Disney-princess. Guess what, the bitch has got quite the same smile. |
| * C:\Users\Samsung\Desktop\27-oct image\New folder\1276ac22e20b11e1890222000a1cfddf_7.jpg C:\Users\Samsung\Desktop\27-oct image\New folder\cartoon-girls-real-life-counterparts-16-e1328225066670.jpg (Disney-princess) |
| * C:\Users\Samsung\Desktop\27-oct image\New folder\Helen's_Wedding.jpg (Pixar-superwoman-ELASTIGIRL from the 2004 movie ‘INCREDIBLES ’.) |

She was trying to copy my style of silent-visual talk but barely knew of when and how to use, she was just trumped so bad that she is going to remember for long now. This silent-visual-talk is not used for in-house people, because it could be destructive, we don’t do destruction where we are trying build up things. So, silent and quick talk should be used when one wants destruction, when one wants construction, one has to speak up, one has to go in proper controlled pace and not explode.

I had been on my old-FB-school-profile and I noticed that most teachers, mostly lady, had now joined FB; it was a gross thing to see. I sent SUNITA-RAMRAKHIANI (high school chemistry teacher and EKLAVYA house coordinator) friend-request, she and I three mutual friends. I didn’t check any profile but the two that I saw had some 40-50 friends. What the hell is happening here!

0140: I had several sneezes and then suddenly the Notebook blacked-out due to power-down.

I came to the room and was moving things from the bed to the table.

0215: I had several sneezes, damn.

0230: I was in bed but without deep-breathing, it was not really possible.

I lay in bed against my chest as the liquid that gets generated from the damaged walls of the nasal-system gets collected in there itself instead of flowing out from nostrils as how it happens when I am awake. It was highly uncomfortable soon to sleep just in this position. I thought of my Omicron-web-education-project to keep the thoughts of TBS out of my head.

Sometimes I feel skeptic about building it all up by myself, I feel helpless and alone, there is an awful lot of work. I was thinking of someone, somebody whom I could ever in life look up on for taking help in this project in any way possible but no, I could not really think of one such trustable person, it is all so gross around me. Somewhat Varun-CHATURVEDI, the summer training Java trainer, young man’s name was coming to my head, but he had left the batch in between, what the hell was that.

0345: I had several sneezes while I was still awake and trying to catch sleep. I was lying with my head half on the edge so that I don’t sleep and all the fluid that gets generated get collected inside of my throat, nasal system whatever. The 7-8 sneezes that shook my entire system and brain up, everything was new after the sneezes, except for the illness.

I sat down to write about the recent hours, and then I was programming.

0515: I had sneeze-streak again and I got up to have warm water, one and a half cups.

It felt a lot better. I watched this movie that I thought to watch for a little while only to distract my mind, and not watch it whole. The movie is 1997 release, ‘Good Will Hunting’ starring ‘MATT DAMON’, awesome movie, even little portion that I have watched.

0600: Uh, several sneeze again. I think I got this bad sneeze-disease again because of washing face or splashing eyes too often.

0630: I had warm water and I lay down in bed with my back against the pillow and back-rest. I was asleep until 1000.

0930: I woke up with nose jammed and leaky, I went to the toilet, and when I was back to rest, fat-whore came on the door calling out for fat-dick to wake up. She was being noisy like he was the only one sleeping here.

I was up by 1000.

1030: Message for DCS2 tuition at 1500.

1120: I thought of installing Windows-8 on COMPAQ laptop and slick-bitch looked like in good mood and she didn’t throw fits now and said okay. It was a good thing to have on mind as I would not want to think of Tanuja-backstabber after I had blocked her last night on seeing her newly changed pathetic cover photo of a gory married Indian woman from the last of a cute-cartoon-pussy. I thought of Nishant who was staggering in voice when he had called in the afternoon yesterday, I don’t want him to be doped by DISCI-COMM-College. I am also thinking of blocking or un-friend more people on FB like ABHINAV-CHAUDHARY who are doped. His posts are like fucking abusive Hindi like he is on to breaking someone else’s record. He reminds me on my abusive posts from last to last year, but they were in English and this guy uses Hindi. The other day he had posted four-five rhyming lines in English, to which I wanted to give a competition but no, I don’t really do anything on FB that might look like my personal act.

1130: I brushed and was back to installing Windows-8 but it never happened. There was awful amount of content in the laptop and there was no other storage device to take the back-up. Slick-bitch was watching TV and was not at all interested in what I was doing with the laptop. For making the pen-drive bootable, the requirement was of 4GB and mine was of quarter to four, so there went all the plans. Slick-bitch was ignorant, I too lost interest now.

I was thinking about how to get the work on Omicron-online-education should be taken forward. Typing books was not really a nice idea. I calculated that there are some 400000 pages in the house and it takes some 30 minutes to type one without indenting it. I had to think of new plan, so now I think of scanning the books and then just editing and re-presenting that content in different lay-out and orientation. I then thought of hand-written answer-pages and scanning them and making available online. This will make the work for those who would write answers extremely simple. Also, Steve-Jobs always wanted to make technology and art meet, he always wanted to make things easier for everyone to use without the support of anything intermediate like stylus for touch screens. He preferred the use of fingers. Fuck laws and copyrights, which is what SEAN PARKER (founder of peer-to-peer music exchange site - NAPSTER) thought when he held the music-industry by its throat when he was 19. I am a programmer I have to care about managing the data and about how to produce it. I will scan the content that I will need now. I was telling slick-bitch to at least think of helping in writing answers to math-problems but she is totally absurd.

1230: I had Idli, it was good.

1320: I came to amma’s room and see her cleaning the cupboard where babaji keeps his things. She was cleaning and putting out the papers that were of no use but were still occupying space. She was keeping the six CDs of Anu which were completely useless. I took them and went out to throw them. I broke, bent and crushed them and threw in the bin. It was not understandable why amma wanted to keep them, she keeping me away from the other three CDs.

I was somehow able to get the other 3 CDs when amma was not looking at them and I put them under my shorts-elastic and then went out to break and dispose them.

1350: Amma was looking at birth-astrology-file of both buaji and Babbu. She said, “What can I do of this birth-astrology-file since Babbu himself has expired”. I just looked at them and kept them along for a while, but Hindu-astrology seems to be more or less meaningless to me. I just had to tear it and then throw it away as amma told me to.

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| I just noted down a few facts from it:  Birth date: 27-Nov-1958  Time: Morning, 0400 |

I also found my certificates from school kept there and the Physics-answer-sheet of the first terminal of class XII in which I had got 16 out of 70.

1400: I was back in the room. I sat in the chair, thinking, felt tired. I was tired. I was thinking of what to do with my answer-sheet and certificates. I had to scan them and it felt like hell lot of work.

1530: I was on the Notebook; I was listening to this Bollywood-ARTI, good background music. I was feeling like I was somewhat sick and that I should not take it lightly.

1557: I recalled of tuition, shit, it was totally out of my mind. I felt bad for my mistake.

1600: I scanned the Qatar-1-riyal note and took the feeling of tearing it up.

1630: I ate last two Idli and rice. Amma came over to tell me that the Idli were for Anu, well she came too late.

1700: I was doing scanning of certificates and the passport-size photos of Babbu, Prachi when she was in early-primary, Smita when she was in playschool, and me when I was in early-primary and also when I was sin XI.

1810: I tore the certificates after scanning as they were not really as important. One was of participation in Science Olympiad (VI, Jan-2003), one was of intra-school quiz (VII, 2003), and one was oath-certificate (XI, 2005) for not doing drugs entire life.

I was writing about the day.

1900: I was starting feel better until now and then there came sneezes to split my system lose again; it really isn’t lose though I should be happy.

I was feeling cold in my legs; I changed to the light-aqua-green-cotton-pajamas from sport-shorts, better.

2100: I got up. I noticed that it isn’t really the cold that dries my lips but they tear up after I sneezes my lungs out. I ate the rice-chapatti. I was eating in the living room; I had taken sauce in the plate. During some movement, the spoon fell on my pajama leaving a long mark in red sauce there. I put my plate on the dining table and the fat-whore took one of my chapatti, what the hell was that, she murmuring to herself that she keeps feeling hungry.

2116: I got the message for DCS2 class tomorrow; it was a surprise because usually it does not happen on Saturday.

2120: I went to wash the pajama and then changed to the shorted, blue one.

2140: I was lying in bed and there was a call from an unknown number. I just started listening and the guy was Arun, a reservation-seat-for-backward-section-freak from the class. He wanted to come in the group as he was unable to form a group yet and Dinesh had told me that he was with him, just see how it happens. I told him that Ravi had done the most work and I did the documentation. The group could be of four people and we were three, including Neha. I told him to ask Ravi. He asked me the number and I told Ravi on messages that I don’t want Arun in the group and that it is you who owns the project.

I gave him the number and then since Ravi hadn’t called back yet, I had to call him. I was thinking of doing something about it, I was thinking of helping but it would have obviously lowered the value of our work. I thought of charging him money for allowing him in and I wanted to talk to Ravi about it. Ravi was cool hearing it and was telling me to be plain and simple like ‘no the work is done so no more adding’. I told him to do what he is telling me to do. He didn’t really come along the idea of charging money but he was never against it. I just told him to tell him that we purchased the project and that Arun has to pay, and he could charge him as much as he wishes to. 200R is reasonable and the market-price.

2210: I was studying.

2225: Now Arun asks me Neha’s number, I gave him Ravi’s number. I had to now call Neha; I was calling her form fat-whore’s number, she would not pick up, I had also sent message from my number to pick up the phone but missed calls were the only result. I called her from my number and she picked up. I told her that she should say that Ravi purchased the project and that if Arun calls her she should give him Ravi’s number.

2230: I was studying, and Anubhav asked me Neha’s number. First time, I wrote ‘Neha’ and then my number. He recognized and asked me for Neha’s number again, I gave him Ravi’s number and he was pushing for Neha, I re-sent Ravi’s number.

2300: I had warm water.

2310: I was studying AD-COMP-NET, and my scalp itched badly because of dandruff that would rain when I would itch.

0120: I stopped studying the single one page topic that I had kept opened for over two hours now, it felt pathetic.

0205: 20-deep-breathng

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