3-September-2012

It was class today. Gaurav is a prick, fucking useless. I had called him last evening to tell him of my problem and that he shares that with sir. He had put down the phone while I was speaking. Around 1830, he called me back after three hours. I told the same story again. He sounds as if he would take my side while speaking to me, though he would not sound very enthusiastic in the favor of making a move, but he would show support. Sir came late by 20 minutes, he then told us to copy 4 pages from his notebook in our pages. Okay, then he was just about to show us little something but the time was out. I told him to finish the thing up fast, he would say ‘yes, we would’ occasionally, but I have been really prodding him daily for it now. I was expecting Gaurav to stay quiet while I would speak but the fucking butt-crack spoke to poke fun of me, what the hell is wrong in his ass, man. Sir also acted somewhat irritated, he told me not to mix my college-exam-thing with here, and he tells me that I should take care of my exams at home after the class here in the morning. I didn’t tell him anything after this. He has been such an asshole; I talked for exam dates to the head-faculty there, he said he’d tell tomorrow.

I was back at home by 1200 or something, I had sandwich and then I was sleeping for an hour.

I had lunch on time and I was studying ACA (Advanced Computer Architecture). I was on internet for 45 minutes around 1600.

I was tired of sitting, I felt stressed and because it was a nice evening, I was on the terrace to study. I didn’t study though, I just roamed around. I came down in an hour and still I couldn’t feel right, I was out with basketball. Appu and Vidhu soon also came over. Before that, Mahima had called Ojas to come down in the park, how I would know it was Mahima who had made the call, good question, from the body language of the two as and how they meet up. Ojas entered into the park from his end with phone on his ear, Mahima came over about fifteen steps into the park on the other end to get him. I didn’t care, I was just sitting on the railing to write my time-table on phone and Ojas came over here, with Mahima following him a few steps behind. I didn’t know what that was for, I do like Mahima but I didn’t want to show up my feelings for good of both of us. Ojas just pushes himself into others; he is just high for no reason I see. He came out to take a shot on the board. Right then Appu came over here and I would just start throwing ball with him and Ojas would get back into the park and walk away with Mahima. I didn’t match sight with Mahima or Ojas; he just came by calling my name and went as Appu came in. Though, when I had seen Mahima in the dim street light, it occurred to me that we had something to tell to each other, I really do miss her sometimes. Like most times, she was in collared t-shirt again. Appu, Vidhu and I were just taking shots on the B-2 name-plate and then Amogh, Pranav and a man, Amogh’s friend (lives in A2, same as Ojas). Uncle was complaining of Ojas climbing on terraces with Mahima and other girls; this time with Mahima on C-block terrace. Amogh called Ojas and told him to come down. Ojas came down here near the parking to them. We didn’t see Mahima leaving. Appu got over there showing interest in the conversation that was to go, I also went over. Ojas would just smile for what will be said to him, but when he will speak back to either uncle or Amogh he would get a slap from Amogh as answer. The conversation went on, jokingly for us, insulting for Ojas, it was getting late for. I cut off and came back home around 2020. I only hope that Mahima stays happy, no matter how that comes.

I was now trying to fit myself in the time-table I had just made to bring down my stress-level.

I studied, had little roaming for sandwich, and then I sat to write around 2230, that is according to the time-table, would go to bed best by 0000.

“Shruti’s (cousin) Birthday”

-OK