

## One day off

Soho 02.nov.05

I do look forward moving out from my uncle Tinders flat. Last night we had a row again. And once again, dear diary, it was because I refused to boil the eggs IN the teawater. Tinder thinks it's a brilliant way to save on the gas bill by boiling the eggs in the same water I'm using for tea. I eventually chose to go out for dinner, and left Tinder with his egg-tasting Darjeling tea. This was also my first day off work in nearly three weeks. It looks like it will be some time till I get to drive the taxi again. The owner of the cab-company, Mr.Hayes, doesn't seem to be very pleased with me. I'm sorry but I just can't find it in my heart to always take the longest route from A to B. It must be my hindu-upbringing that still affects me.

Thursday nigth Helen Fielding visited "Savage", The restaurant where I work as a chef. I wanted ask her about Bridget Jones, that high strung girl from Helen Fieldings books, but I didn't have the courage to approach her. But I got inspired, so now I will end my diary with some statistics, just like Bridget Jones did.

Sex : 0 units

Alcohol : 2 units ( 2 glasses of cheap red wine)

Pills : 4 units

Posted on søndag, november 6, 2005 at 15:22 by [Geir Werner](#) | [1 Comment](#)

## Christines flat

Soho 06.nov.05

Finally ! This afternoon I moved in to Christines flat. She'll let me sleep in the cupboard. It's not totally Harry Potter living under the stairs, but it's close. All my belongings fit in one big box so the actual moving went fast. Me and Christine took her car to Ikea and bought a new mattress, and some new pillows for me. Later, when we ate spaghetti in her kitchen, her boyfriend 'Large Clive', came by. He looked a bit upset and said , " *Christine, you didn't inform me that you had a flatmate ?*" Christine said, " *It's only Dev*", as though I were an eunuch. " *We're in separate beds..*" I left the room, but heard Clive say, " *Christine, what do you see in him ?*" She replied, " *I like intellectual men. Theres more to live than sex, Clive*" Large Clive said, " *Is*

there ? " He sounded genuinely surprised.

I must say, dear diary, that the last thing I'd want is a "menage á trois", Christines ankles and wrist are way to thin. Before I went to sleep I had to call my uncle Tinder and tell him to shut off the electric heater beside his bed. There has been more than one near-fire-accident when his duvet has covered the oven during the night. I hate Tinder, but he is family...

Posted on mandag, november 7, 2005 at 23:34 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

## **P.E.N.I.S.**

Soho 07.nov.05

Christine had a nightmare last night. She forced me to lie beside her on her sleepingcouch. For several weeks, my penis has gone off me. It has seemed to be living it's own life, or rather, not living it's own life lately. Last night it came to life again so I was forced to lie with my back against Christine. I couldn't sleep either, because I was dead worried 'Large Clive' would come sneaking.

At work things was as usual. Luigi was cooling his feet in the sink ( I pray he hasn't got any fungus) and Lisa was her usual delightful self. She is the only woman I have ever loved. She refuses to wear a uniform, she prefer to use her own dresses while serving. With her semi-high heels her breast are even more accentuated. Her breasts are nice and very firm, and the perfume she uses makes me both dizzy, and I dear say, kind of exited. When I look at her for too long I feel a tingle in my penis, and dear diary, I have to say, it feels good.

Tinder came by at the restaurant and wondered if I would come to dinner at some indian friends. I told a him a lie about working overtime, but I promised to stop by and have a cup of tea at his place tomorrow.

Tea with a taste of egg, I guess.

Posted on tirsdag, november 8, 2005 at 08:59 by [Geir Werner](#) | [2 Comments](#)

## **Sloooooow day at work**

Another slow day at work. It was a total og 17 customers today. That means a total of 3,54 pound in tip. Hooray! O joy ! Happy day! Enough of the sarcasm... Luigi offered to cut my hair and give me a shave today ; " *You shouldn't have to look like a bleedin' indian Princess Diana on testosteron !* " I was too shocked to say anything, so he took my silence as a yes, and tomorrow he's bringing his home-hairdresser-kit. Lisa had her day off today

so there was not a single shred of light at work today. At home Christine had some alarming news for me; " *Dev, Clive is getting a bit jealeous, to say the least. Can't you tell him that you don't look at me as a sex-object ? I think that would calm him down a bit.*" I said " *Well of course I can, I surely don't look at you as a possible sex-partner*". She went kind of sour then and turned on the tv. I must have done something wrong, though honestly dear diary, I don't know what ? There was a wall of silence between us so I took to the streets and wandered around for a good hour and a half before I snook in to my cupboard and went to sleep. Woke up at 01.20 am in panic and called Tinder to tell him to shut of the oven besides his bed. He didn't thank me. One of these days I will stop reminding him.

Posted on onsdag, november 9, 2005 at 23:39 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

## Uncle Tinder

Soho 10.nov.05

Tinder called me at work today and asked for a favour. His new wife, Pratiba, found a stable of "Big and Bouncy" in one of the closets. She then went raving mad and threatened to divorce him. At least that's what Tinder said. He asked me if I could tell Pratiba that it was my magazines, and that he already had told her that they were mine. What choice did that leave me with ? When I came round to collect "my" magazines, Pratiba interrogated me as if I were a war-criminal. I confirmed that all the "Big and Bouncy" belonged to med, while Tinder was lurking nervously about in the kitchen. Pratiba said in a high pitch ; " *Aren't you ashamed, Dev ?!* " I just looked at my shoes. She tusked my hair and said ; " *You're a good boy after all, Tinder. Now throw those magazines in the bin, ok ?*" I did so and said goodbye. As I was walking down the street, I heard Tinder open the door and saw him looking longingly at the bin. Pratiba shouted to him, and he went back in.If he were a dog he would have had his tail between his legs. I don't think he is very happy.

At work Luigi forgot his home-hairdresser-kit, so I still look like Princess Diana on testosterone, according to him. He has friday and saturday off, so he promised to give me a haircut on sunday instead. When I came home Christine was cooking dinner. Angel hair spaghetti and some salad. Unfortunately ,Large Clive was already sitting at the table. He looked at me once, nodded a silent 'hello', and then pretended that I was air. I took my plate and sat in front of the TV. I don't mind watching re-runs off

**"Eastenders"**. When Large Clive left, me and Christine spent the the rest of the evening watching one boring talk-show after another. Before I went to sleep, I called Tinder. He was very angry at me for throwing the "Big and Bouncy" magazines in the bin. I told him he could just pick them up again, but he said ; " *I don't dare. Pratiba can be very scary sometimes.*"

Posted on fredag, november 11, 2005 at 11:38 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

## Working

Soho 11.nov.05

Worked with Lisa at *Savage* tonight. She looked even more beautiful than usual. Her hair was tied in a knot, she wore a knee-length skirt, and a cardigan with only one button right over her cleavage. The perfume she wears makes me dizzy and her lips make me wanna kiss her. After tonight, dear diary, I'm wondering if I am in love with her or just in lust?!? I am about to turn 21 now, and the only reason I'm not still a virgin is my half-cousin *Neda* and her experimentation with drugs. I was practically her slave for the 3 months I lived at her in Brighton. I still have mixed feelings for her. She's pretty for her age (41) though... I walked Lisa home after work and when we split she gave me a hug. That was only half an hour ago so the smell of her is still on me. Christine is already asleep and there is no sign of Large Clive. Thank God for that !

Posted on lørdag, november 12, 2005 at 00:15 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

## New week, new sheets

Saturday was very busy at *Savage* so I didn't see much of Lisa. I even went home after her, so no good-night hug either. Sunday was off so me and Christine went out for brunch at 12 o'clock. We had a classic english meal ; eggs, bacon and sausages. It taste good but I swear I could feel my cholesterol level going up by 10 percent ! After finishing our tea we went for a stroll in Wisteria Park. Lots of happy people, familys, children feeding the ducks and me. I can't say that I'm unhappy but I'm not happy either. I guess that's what they call contempt ? We then bought some newspapers and some magazines at the BP station and went home. At around five Luigi came by to cut my hear and trim my underdeveloped beard. I now look like a very slim indian neo-nazi ! I am not pleased with my new hairdo but both Luigi and Christine says it looks very nice, yet I swear I heard them laughing as I stood in front of the bathroom mirror checking it out. Just then uncle

Tinder called. He wanted me to come over for tea. I wanted to say no but since the phone was on the speaker and Christine said I should go, I couldn't. Tinder heard Christine's voice and asked me to bring her too. I said I would if I could bring Luigi too. Uncle Tinder said : " *Of course, the more the merrier, and I can't stand to be alone with Pratiba*". On the way over I told Christine and Luigi about Tinders habit of boiling eggs in the teawater. Luigi then insisted on buyign a caffe latte at Starbucks. When we were seated around the kitchen table at Tinder, Luigi had the nerve to mention the incident with the *Big and Bouncy* magazines. Luigi thought it was a funny story, but that's because I didn't tell him how angry Pratiba can be. Tinder went pale and Pratiba went out of the kitchen, without saying a word. We knew it was time to leave then. When we stood in the hallway Tinder asked if he could come with us. I guess none of us took it for nothing but a joke. But now I am not so sure. When we walke down the stairs, I looked up at Tinder and he looked dead scared.

Posted on mandag, november 14, 2005 at 13:55 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

## Large Clive gets a career !

Soho 16.nov.2005

Large Clive has got a new job. He is going to sell training equipment ! And it's not like he's gonna sell to fitness centers or something, no, he'll be a doorseller! If Large Clive knocked at my door at 10 o'clock in the morning, and I didn't knew who he was, I swear, I would **never** open the door. An overly sized man with a barbell in each hand, looking nervously to the left and the righ. I mean he's just sooo big, and looks a bit like a "handsome" Neanderthal, if you can imagine that... Anyway, Christine is dead happy he's off social wages, cuz that's not much to live on. She and Large Clive had dinner in the apartment last night to celebrate his new career, so when I came home from work at around elleven, they were kind of ready for 'dessert', if you know what I mean. I took off to the streets again, and went to Starbucks. I had two espressos, before realizing that meant I wouldn't sleep very much tonight... Came home half an hour later, Christine sat in front of the tellly, and Clive had left. Christine's cheeks were in a pink hue, so I knew they had had 'dessert'. I long for 'dessert' myself... And dear diary, you know **what** I mean !

Posted on torsdag, november 17, 2005 at 10:20 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

## Day off - woking weekend

Thursday was my day off, so I slept till 10 o'clock. I made some breakfast, and watched *House Detectives* on BBC2 while eating. I then went out for som newspapers and coffee at Starbucks. I was very tired today, and I had no plans for the remainings of the day. I went to Wisteria Park, but it was quite cold today, so I went home. When Christine came home from work we went to Sainsbury and shopped for dinner. She decided that she wanted to make me Chicken Tandoori, and I didn't complain ! At oriund eight, while we were watching the telly, Large Clive came by. He was in a bad mood, as his first day as a salesman had resulted in zero sales ! His car was choke full of traingequipment, and apparently, so is his flat. I looked sadly and empathetic at him , but inside I was laughing ! Ha ha ! A gorilla as a salesman, what does he expect ?

Posted on fredag, november 18, 2005 at 10:15 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

## Monday

Soho 21.nov.05

Worked all weekend, and it was very busy at Savage this weekend, so I am very, very tired. Today I planned on sleeping, but Large Clive woke me up at around 9 o'clock. ( I went to bed at 04.00 in the morning ) . He said : "*Sorry Dev, but I don't wanna go to work today.*" I said : "*And why is that ?*" Large Clive said : "*People don't take me seriousy*". I was a bit baffled so I didn't reply to this. Then he said ; "*Do you take me seriously ?*" I lied and said : "*Of course I do.*" He seemed to believe this and asked if I wanted some tea. I got out of bed and had a quick shower while he made tea and toasted some bread. We sat together in complete silence, and eventually he said : "*I guess I have to try and sell some equipment...*". I just nodded, and we kept on bonding for another ten minutes. Then he got up and said : "*Don't tell Christine about this conversation, please ?*" He looked at me with eyes like a cocker spaniel. I said ; "*Of course not.*" And then he smiled. I am still shellshocked. Is Large Clive a human after all ?

Posted on mandag, november 21, 2005 at 22:46 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

## Romancing in the kitchen

Becky , the new kitchen assistant at Savage gave me "the look" to day. I think. Kitchen assistant actually means dishing, dishing and dishing. She has only worked here for a week, and today I caught her looking at me while I

was preparing veal. When she saw that I saw her looking she turned away, blushing. Could it be the ten push-ups I do every other sunday, that's finally paing off ? Maybe I should start doing som sit-ups in addition ? Luigi has also noticed her looking at me, he said : " *Don't flatter your self kid, she is just amused by your Indian-Princess-Diana-look* " . I think he's just jealous because his lazy eye isn't very attracting, and no one at Savage has ever seen him with a woman. And he has been working here for eight years ! Large Clive made his first sale yesterday so he spent the bonus ( £ 5,40 ) on flowers and a cheap champagne to Christine. I asked what he had sold and he said : " *I convinced this old lady that she needed a full set of barbells to fight off her reumatism !* " Again, dear diary, I had no reply. The poor woman was probably so scared of Large Clive that she'd buy anything he had to offer.

Posted on torsdag, november 24, 2005 at 12:37 by [Geir Werner](#) | [1 Comment](#)

### Home sweet home

I decided to buy some plants that could cheer us up during endless foggy days this coming winter. I went to *Homebase* ( a mall ) and bought a basket full of hanging pansies and a bracket from wich to hang it besides our entrance door, got home, realized I had no tools, went back to Homebase, bought electric screwdriver and screws, got home, realized had no Rawlplugs, went back to Homebase, bought Rawlplugs, came home, it was dark, realized had not got t orch, went to Homebase, it was closed, had a small tantrum closely followed by a headache. Will hang basket tomorrow.

Posted on torsdag, november 24, 2005 at 20:28 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### Christmas is here !

Most shops in my neighbourhood is already fully Christmas decorated, but the *MiniMall* next to *Savage* has just put up it's **second** Christmas decoration of the year ! They started in mid-October and now all the green stuff was brown ! Ha ha ! What's not so funny is that my hanging basket with Pansies was stolen last night. I took me like three hours just to mount the brakcet in our concrete wall, and 24 hours later the the basket is gone ! So much for Christmas spirit...

Posted on tirsdag, november 29, 2005 at 10:11 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### I still got the flu...

Spent two days in bed, or rather, I've spent them on the sofa in front of the telly. I've been watching BBC, throwing up, cooking tea and eating crackers. Today I feel quite much better so I may work saturday and sunday. I need the money !!! Large Clive wont visit Christine while I am sick. He thinks it

might be the avian flu, so he's keeping his distance, and dear diary, I really don't mind ! Christine has brought home chickensoup for three straight days. It's supposed to make me better, fast. Have severe headache, so must watch tv now.

Posted on torsdag, desember 1, 2005 at 16:12 by [Geir Werner](#) | [1 Comment](#)

### Am I an allergic ?!

Last night Christine handed me two small, blue pills she had been given by Large Clive. She said : *'Clive said you should popp these pills and you would wake up as healthy-feeling as a newborn baby'*. I didn't comment on that, but I thought to myself that this could mean, **A** ; Clive wants me out of the way, wih I know is a bit paranoid, or **B** ; Clive actually wants me to get better after our bonding last week. I chose to believe the latter, popped the pills and woke up today, after 17 hours og continous sleep with a smile on my face ! I DO feel like a newly born ! In the shower I noticed some pimples on my arms, right under the wrists. I instantly took this as a sign of after-effect from the pills Large Clive gave me. I visited a Pharmacy this afternoon, and the woman I spooke with said I probably was allergic to flour, potatoes and/or pasta. Just my luck ! I have spaghetti 5 out of 7 days of the week...Now I have to try to eat a lot of vegetables and fish. I guess that ain't bad, but I am a spaghettiaddict ! Working with *Lisa* this weekend, finally something to cheer me up !

Posted on fredag, desember 2, 2005 at 16:04 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### Beard

At work yesterday, Luigi asked me if I was on any kind of hormon pills. I said ; *" Excuse me, why are you asking me that ?!"* Luigi said ; *" Your beard, man. It grows like newly fertilized grass !"* I said ; *" It's a family syndrome. In sixth grade I had a full beard, but I could not tie my shoes properly !"*. When I got home at around midnight, Christine had left me a note saying she was sleeping at Large Clives apartment. I put on my **Dido** CD, and shaved.

Posted on søndag, desember 4, 2005 at 16:01 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### Scrabble-mania

Spent most of the weekend playing Scrabble with Christine, Large Clive and Luigi. I don't want to be "show-off" but I won every single round One highlight was when he insisted to write couboy instead of cowboy. Luigi challenged it and of course he was right. But Large Clive insisted. We all ( not Large Clive- ) laughed and he (LC) went into the kitchen. Christine had to

drag him back to the game. (Luigi said he heard her promising him sex after the game ). Eventually he came out. His ears were red, from shame I´d guess. Monday night Luigi, Lisa and me went to the movies and watched "Shopgirl" with Claire Danes. We all loved it - and the soundtrack was very nice.

Posted on tirsdag, desember 13, 2005 at 18:47 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### Turky and christmaspudding

We had a christmas-rehearsal-dinner today... Update is coming !!!

Posted on onsdag, desember 21, 2005 at 14:56 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### Presents

Lisa and me went shopping today. Last-minute-presents for our friends and colleauges. For Christine I bought a handmade necklace with fake pearls on. Lisa liked it so I guess it suits Christine. I also bought a little something for Large Clive, a book with poems of the great english poet William Blake. If he doesn´t enjoy he´ll give it to Christine, wich then probably will give it to me. It´s a win-win situation Christine and Large Clive were "intimate" tonight. I counted the minutes and at 7 Large Clive shouted "sweeeet mother!!!!". Five minutes later he left. I turned on the telly then...

Posted on torsdag, desember 22, 2005 at 21:46 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### Happy new year! ( sort of...)

Soho 01.01.06

Woke up today in Luigis bathroom with a dead corpse in my mouth. Or so it felt at least... A blacksmith was hard at work inside my forehead and there was puke all over my clothes. And the bathroom, and the sink. I took of all my clothes and cleaned the bathroom, then checked to see how Luigi felt. Luigi obviously wasn´t at home, but Lisa was hard asleep on the sofa by the telly. She was covered in an enormous plaid. I let her sleep and snook out the door and went home. At home I took another shower, made a pot of tea and sat down in front of the telly. Christine is in Birmingham with Large Clive and won´t be home until tuesday. BBC was doing re-runs of Jack Frost and I was quite pleased with that. Will write more tomorrow.

Posted on søndag, januar 1, 2006 at 19:59 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### Kitchen duty

Back to work again. It was a quiet day, just me, Luigi and Becky. I have started to take a liking to Becky. She has firm breast and her freckles are actually very cute. I am also practically a virgin yet, so I long to debut with a girl at my own age. The incidents with my half-cousin Neda doesn't count ! She is 41 ! Maybe I should ask Becky out ? Dear diary, my problem is that I have NO cash at all, and I don't dare ask Christine for a loan. Tomorrow I will look for an extra job. Who wouldn't want to hire a young, healthy indian like me ? ( please don't answer , dear diary)...

Posted on tirsdag, januar 3, 2006 at 16:25 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### Leo Savage

Soho 08.01.06 Leo Savage, the owner of Savage - my workplace, came to visit today. He is on heavy medication due to a skindecease. All the cortizon made him looke like a stuffed sausage. I know for a fact cuz she told me and Luigi one night after work, when he had invited her out All my sexual fantasies are centered around Beckie, just in case something will happen, but seeing Lisa in her light-green dress, her bussom and the perfume she wears, still make my loins hurt Even Luigi, who swears he is a homosexual, thinks she is a "marvellous lady".He has never shown any interest in me though ... My luck I guess. He's not the average, tv-show gay, looking smooth and with high cheekbones. He actually looks more like a young, sex-starved Woody Allen, without the glasses !

Posted on søndag, januar 8, 2006 at 23:18 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### Fed up...

Been working 9 to 5 ( litteraly ! ) for two and a half weeks. Me, Lisa, Luigi and Becky practically handles everything here at Savage now, with Savage, the owner, away on sick leave. A sexually loaded game has developed between me and Becky. She give me "the look" all the time and I look back at her, saying with my eyes ; "I want you ! ". But that's how far we've come. I've meant to ask her out on a date, but everytime I am about to ask her, I get cold feet because of her hairy arms. I know it shouldn't be an issue, but it is ! And I also have a problem not knowing her breasts size ! She always wear XL- sweaters so I really can't see her figure, and I do have a fix on big breasts ! I've actually spent quite some time with Lisa, but I don't have any hopes at all with her when it comes to sex. Luigi says she likes me because she thinks I'm gay !? And honestly, dear diary, I don't care as long as I get to spend time with her.

I am going to visit my uncle Tinder now.I will tell you about that later.

Posted on torsdag, januar 26, 2006 at 23:00 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### "Weekend at Tinders"

I was invited to an Indian party at Tinders house this weekend and was allowed to bring a date. I accepted the invitation and hoped this would be the right time to ask Becky on a date. Of course she had to work so instead I brought Luigi as my "partner". When we arrived, Tinder and Pratiba was very upset since I brought a male friend, eventually I convinced them that we weren't gay lovers. They seemed to relax a bit more then.

It must have been close 50 people at the party and it started out pretty well. Luigi overwhelmed all the sari-clad women with his wit and charm, and I was talking with Tinder about football (I know nothing about it ) and life in general (...don't know much about that either). Past midnight Tinder came into a bitter dispute with his brother Pinter, who is a Sikh teacher in Birmingham, over a womans place in the family. I must say that this changed my view on Tinder a bit. He sounded like a leftist and I liked that. The arguement lasted till aboy 3 o'clock at night when most of the guest said goodbye and went home. Luigi and me slept over in the guestroom next to Tinder and Pratiba, while Tinders brother Pinter, and his wife slept on the sofa in the livingroom. They had to get up at six o'clock in the morning to drive to Birmingham and open their greengrocery at 10 o'clock.

I was woken at precisely six o'clock by the sound of Pinters rusten Ford Escort refusing to start. I know I should have gone down in the street and help them to push it, but Pinters wife seemed to be doing alright on her own. It must be all of those sacks of potatoes and cabbage she has been carrying around at their grocery shop. Tinder and Pratiba wisely pretended to be asleep, but I knew they were awake cuz I could hear laughter comin from their bedroom, and when Pinters Ford Escort came to live I distinctly heard the sound of a champagne cork popping and the chink of glasses. Not to mention the loud `Cheers !`

Posted on søndag, januar 29, 2006 at 19:04 by [Geir Werner](#) | [2 Comments](#)

### Buzy / lazy...whatever

I've been busy at work this week and so I haven't had time to write any entries in my diary. Job is starting to bore me, and I have no progress with

Becky. Not that I'm trying to hard - I can barely keep my eyes off Lisa when we work together ! If I don't get to have sex anyday soon I think I am gonna explode ! Selfgratification is overvalued in my opinion. Christine and Large Clive is on holiday in Cardiff, Wales. ( Two degrees minus, fog and living at a hotel called 'Twarffentwynee' ). Luigi and me had a Clint Eastwood marathon on wednesday. Three films, two Dirty Harry, which were quite cool, and one where played against a monkey (!). Suddenly I had no respect for the man... I am saving for a cheapo DVD-player, mainly because the videostore is totally DVD based. Clint Eastwood and Sir Alec Guinness are the only one they have left on VHS, so I guess next time we'll have an Alec Guinness marathon ( ... )

Posted on fredag, februar 10, 2006 at 15:30 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### **Best mates ; Large Clive and Dev !?!**

Large Clive and me had another bonding session last night. While watching EastEnders on BBC, out of nowhere he started to talk about his relationship to Christine. " You know, Dev, I am eleven years older than her, and that shouldn't matter, but she is too demanding for me at the moment ! " I didn't know what to say, partly because I didn't know what he was jibbering about, and partly cause I thought I knew exactly what he was talking about, if you know what I mean dear diary. He continued ; " I know a lad shouldn't complain, but 4-5 times a week is just too much for me...." . Again, dear diary, I didn't know what to say, so I kept my mouth shut and nodded sympathetically, as if I understood his dilemma. He kept talking about this for quite some time and when he was done, he went to the fridge and got us both a can of cooke. Then he said; " You're a good mate, Dev..." I smiled back at him and you could practically hear the violins playing in the background.

Posted on tirsdag, februar 14, 2006 at 22:01 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

### **Once upon a time in India...**

Visited uncle Tinder on friday, and he had scanned some photos into his computer. I had to watch all of them, and did my best to act like I was interested. Actually I found this picture of me as a lad in Calcutta with my friend Bakthar. Thank God I don't need to wear glasses anymore. From looking at the picture and the size and thickness of the glasses, one might think that I was close to blind, but it was just my mothers bad taste for glasses I guess. Today my sight is excellent, though sometimes I have to squint a bit when I'm solving x-words in the Times. Anyway, dear diary, the best thing when visiting uncle Tinder and Pratiba is to eat Pratibas dinners.

She makes the best Chicken Tandoori ever ! It taste so good that I can stand listening to Tinder talking about his friends, who he thinks are all major failures.

Later me and Large Clive went to the cinema and watched a movie called Brokeback Mountain. It was about two cowboys nurturing homosexual feelings for each other. I enjoyed the movie, but Large Clive didn't get it i think. He jsut said it was boring, and never mentioned the homosexual context of the movie. He is a homophobic, not an extreme, but a bit like this ; "*It's ok just as long as they stay away from me !*" Well, dear Clive, that won't be a problem unless they ( any gay ) have a penchant for large men without a single straw of intellectual DNA in his body ! Ha ha !

Posted on lørdag, februar 18, 2006 at 18:13 by [Geir Werner](#) | [Post a Comment](#)