Topic: my experiences as the leader of the group

Timeless…

12 shades of brown.

Honestly, pretty good wordplay if you ask me. 12 Indian guys, each with their own story to share, voice to be heard. Each of us, if categorized as a crayon, makes perfect sense as our own *shade*, but would make for a **hilariously ugly set of crayons.** The only aspect of that name I don’t see connecting to our group would be the movie itself. 12 heterosexual males (11 excluding the shroud of uncertainty around Lokesh’s sexual preference) don’t have a strong connection to the movie itself.

**No, I’m not hinting at changing from a blog to Bonafide Hustler coloring book, so don’t get your hopes up;** Something that would have changed, though, is the name of the blog. Bonafide Grade hustlers could have been 12 shades of brown, if I had been able to persuade the majority (In a small voting session, I got hilariously outvoted 5 to 1). TBH, Bonafide Grade Hustlers makes for a mysterious group name which helped make the first blog post that much more interesting, and it avoids ties to a pretty terrible movie.

Since most of my ideas don’t involve 50 shades of grey, they’re usually well liked. I’m a pretty smart guy, I get good grades and I get on everyone’s good side. So, when it comes to intellectual **topics**, I’m pretty solid. But when it comes to **social ideas or activities,** my voice means little to nothing to them. Don’t get me wrong, these guys see me as a great role model, but also as the guy who’s probably not going to get laid till he’s 40. **Don’t get me wrong,** it’s not that I haven’t tried, my luck parallels [Roy Sullivan](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roy_Sullivan)’s. He has been struck with lightning a couple times, i’ve struck out a few times. Same difference.

This problem that i’ve been having hasn’t always been the case. I remember the good old days. Back in our neighborhood playing cricket in my kick the can in my cul-de-sac or football in front of Tejas’s house. Things were simpler back then. I was the oldest, so I basically decided everything. Tejas wanted soccer, Ganesh wanted basketball? I’d be the tie breaker. Rahul wanted to play cod on his shitty wii and lokesh wanted to play on his trampoline? We’d would probably end up playing football anyway. It wasn’t all enjoyable decisions though. Almost every other type of conflict came to me as well. Tejas making fun of Vetri? I broke it up. Tejas making fun of Rishav? I stepped in. Tejas making fun of some other little kid (who probably deserved it) I would also have to break it up.

This was the life. Leading a small group of kids through life. Bliss in the form of 5 brown children lasted through my freshman year I believe. This is when it got a little more complicated. When tennis season rolled in, I made some new best friends: Sai^2, that’s how Sai Nethi and sai komaragiri were known to the team, Vamshi, who I met through Nethi, and Ishaan. At that point, Ishaan was pinned in my head as the kid who didn’t make jv tennis. Before this transition, all my best friends lived in eagles landing, our neighborhood. Now we I had a couple here, a couple there and Ishaan a couple miles away being the outlier he always is. Now I had more problems, should I go play tennis with the new kids or play football back home.

Being the wonderful leader I am, I decided it was time that I brought the two groups together.

I’ve been set as the golden standard. Georgia Tech undergrad, computer science

Vote 5 – 3 . so I still would have lost.

So you could say im pretty timeless. – or whatever the title turns out to be