December 2012, the craziest month of the craziest year of my life.

What happened in the last fortnight of 2012 was a build up of what I was going through the rest of the year.

I mean I had no problem with the surveillance even if it was just my imagination. I did not see any harm. Surveillance was on and I was reminded of it in the following sequence roughly with passage of time:

1. At first, it was people on public buses that I used to take for college

2. Fabrication of people, events around me like the times when I would catch a glimpse of any teacher anywhere on campus.

3. Molding and folding of situations when I was in internship after completing my seventh semester. Like when my summer internship at HCL Infotech was extended to run into my semester days and I had paid for Rs 10K for it. And then getting the certificate from them happened in December something that was to happen last by August.

4. Involvement of society friends like Hardik, Drishesh (Appu) into evening meet ups. Thinking of Hardik’s involvement still hurts.

5. Involvement of Mahima (with Ojas) and Naina Dargan (with Hardik) in the situation.

I could make the above points a subject in their own right.

Well, what happened in December is what a psychologist might call “mania” – a period of extreme highs.

Hellish lows were to come by the January of 2013.

In the last fortnight of 2012, I was singing songs. No, actually just one song repeatedly every evening. “The Rape Song”. Written by me.

I wonder what it might have sounded like, what it might have appeared like to the people who were an observer to all that nonsense :D I mean, it was a crazy time.

*Cuz rapists rape*

*They love it when you hate*

*You show them hate, they show you disgrace*

*Cuz rapist rape, cuz rapists rape….*

Kind of like a 50 Cent and Eminem song with 50 at the chorus and Em’ on the rap.

**I strongly feel that had I known meditation back at that time then things would have been totally different.**

Part of my behavior could be clearly explained by inspirations from American artists, American culture and American media (Rap and Hip-Hop culture).

Today, I observe that “actually” no one complained of my behavior explicitly or implicitly. It was just conclusions that I was supposed to build in my head like my other thoughts. And use my behavior from December as the reason for intense hammering that happened in February 2013 by Mudita Gupta, B-27, Manu Apartments (Mayur Vihar, Ph 1, Delhi).