5-4-12

I woke up early around 0800 but I haven’t studied a word yet, it is 1314 now. I was in babaji’s room and he ate my head for tallying him my marks I had given him on the paper. It was so crazy. Rashmi (cousin) had accepted the friend request from my college FB profile; I had blocked her from yesterday from the older school profile.

I went out to play badminton with Appu but I saw kids (Ojas, Mithoo and all) playing cricket on the wall. I was batting for a few balls and Ojas threw water on me. I swing the bat to his foot and he says it was because I had done similar act to him the other day. He throws water again; I swing the bat one more time on his leg in the same style as before. I didn’t want any mess; I am already in a lot of shit. I let him go with that, I warned him that if it had been the same day to which he was pointing right now, my friends would have already made him shitless. I didn’t want any mental shit so I try my best to cool down; I went to play badminton with Appu. At the time of breakfast, I get a call from an unknown number; it was Arushi Jain (the topper). She needed to know about any means for her younger brothers, in 8th and 11th class, to come to Ahlcon School, Mayur Vihar, here from Shahdra. I thought of all the bullshit that College-Discipline-Committee (headed by Tanuja ma’am) has been pulling around me, was it just another act, I thought. She pushed me to tell about any cab service. I had no idea of that, but I told her to wait and I would ask for numbers of cab drivers of her daughters and would tell Arushi that. It seemed simple enough. In the first place, Manju buaji had said that she’d text but she didn’t. I had made a second call to know one number instead of two; she put phone on hold and then cut it. Actually, I was using landline to talk to her, and just then Appu calls on my mobile so I had to take that call and tell him that ‘I am coming’, this probably must have confused Manju buaji into thinking. I gave off that one number of cab driver to Arushi and take a breath. I went out to play, Ojas was waiting to go home, he asked if I had brought he rackets to beat him with them, Appu had come to know about the morning scene already. I played a little bit of badminton and then a little bit of soccer with kids (Appu, Jupiter were there). I was put there for about an hour and then I come back home rest enough, and drain out all the mental shit I got right straight in the morning. Listening to ‘What goes around back around’ by JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE was relaxing, until 1415.

I studied and in the evening though I had gone out with badminton racket to play with my own friend, maybe Appu, but I played soccer with Prabhav and all, there was pretty much crowd today with 11 of us in all, Diwij, Prabhav, Achin, Hardik, Prashant, Appu, four newer guys, and me. It was fun and tiring, I have hurt my leg in the same place, on the inside of the shin bone just above ankle of right leg. Before going out I sent message to Cuckoo through FB, ‘it was your sporty attitude and spirit that impressed me too much’. I ended with ‘your sporty attitude is unique to you, never ever let it go.’ It felt lighter.

I had blocked Harshit on FB from my old school profile on seeing his friend request; it wasn’t anything personal. I don’t really use that profile. He saw me from near his car but walked away as I reached closer.

After the game, I went to market with Appu to buy the cheap shorts. I have torn one of the two shorts that I have. I stitched the torn one as well because I can still wear it like the rest, except for the time while playing.

* *I feel that the shit around me by college’s Discipline Committee (DISCO) is not yet over. I had seen a man next to guard room outside the society; he shouldn’t be in the view of the front CCTV camera. When he caught my sight, he was whirling his hand in the air to his right, almost like giving some sort of signal to somebody out there. It is totally dark as we travel away from the society gate and until we reach the next apartments. He saw here in the window and his hand movement jerked and eventually stopped. I sat down and after a minute shut down the curtains. It was 1 AM for fuck’s sake.*
* *It is the best possible situation that now Gareema-the-slut holds a top position in DISCO, either along with Tanuja ma’am or single handedly. What else could be derived when the slut would be seen with Tanuja ma’am as much I would see them.*
* *On Monday, Anubhav had been asking me syllabus of OOSE, and then of DSP later. On Tuesday, Keshav was asking me syllabus of CN from the book of local author. I told him I was referring to international author and also the chapters from it. WTF is happening here.*

I went online around 2230 to see if there was anything like message from Cuckoo or Rashmi. Well, Cuckoo had been invisible to me, and she had shared photo of some stupid girl saying that she liked her even when they weren’t friends because the girl was cute. Was that a dig on me because I had written in the message that ‘I always liked her for her sportiness’? Whatever… I still remember the first evening when had seen her. It was just after Holi, her face was red with the color that must have been during the Holi. I thought she had turned dark, until I guessed a better reason for her complex complexion.

Rashmi was curious to know if I had actually got drunk. I told her that becoming unconscious (drunk in her language) is a different case; I rather got new consciousness of the time passing and just simply nothing else. I was supposed to put off the laptop in about 15-20 minutes but it took over an hour.

In the evening, babaji gave me R500 for doing better this time in exams.

-OK