7-April-12

The day was fine. I was studying MP through the day. The pace was slow but I checked the question papers and I had covered topics from which the questions had come.

In the afternoon at 1600, I went online. No one online, Mahima came for a minute when I tried to start a small talk with ‘hey’ she was gone. Vibha had sent message from her fake profile to ask why I had un-friend her, I sent a reply, ‘I wanted Vibha, any specific reason’. She had used exactly the same words.

I studied and in the evening I went out, they were playing soccer without me. I thought I am going to have a bad evening as even the girls weren’t playing badminton. Mahima was cycling. In the next minute everything changed, Amogh came and called me up for TT, Mahima texted me to come for badminton, and I was called to the ground for soccer as Vishwas had come. I chose soccer, texted Mahima ‘sorry’. It was a tough decision to make, I got it right.

I play a very rough game, I came into highlight when I made a foul move to take the ball from Vishwas and then abused an outsider playing for my own team to pass the ball on and continue the game, wow. My voice was at the top of the lungs and position was the center of the central park of the society.

After the game, I went over to see Mahima as I had told her that I would come late. Her friend Esha went, Ojas had been there, he was going. I had just gone over to say ‘hello’ for the day and she prodded for badminton. I ran to get my racket. Just two of played for about 25 minutes and at 1930 her mother called her while going upstairs. It was fun, but an odd evening.

It is 2140 now; it’s been three and a half hours since I left the books.

*(It is my idea that most probably the watchdogs have entered into society. I find a young man, or boy, whatever suspicious because of the way he was watching me the other day, and the awkward way like being a no-one he would be with other drivers.*

*This next thing is literally crazy. There were two benches facing each other on left and right side of the park, and both near the corners. Our goal fell in the middle; there was a moon-head man in blue shirt sitting there on the bench on the right. He was looking at me when I saw him to see him, recognize if I knew. I really didn’t, I guessed that he was one of the house-makers, who lives in some flat in B-3. A few minutes later, I was on the left side of the park and on this bench, I see this man in the same adobe as the one who was on the right. I was shocked for a second and then I turn my face to the other bench. The man was still sitting there. What now amazes me was that these two men sat like to copy each other’s posture. (The bald fuck-head is called chacha by Mahima.)*

*I was too busy in the game while playing with Prabhav’s comparatively-weak-as-always team, which was losing yet again.)*

-OK