21-August-2012

The day was crazy, I was walking under the dark cloudy sky, it about to rain, and I was wet when I reached the class. It rained heavily throughout. Sir was going to be late and Hemanshu and Gaurav were there. Hemanshu left around 0900 and he told us that he won’t be coming tomorrow and after. I told him of his stupidity but didn’t tell him of any other way to deal the situation out. Sir came after 0930 and Gaurav, he and I sat to run a program. I told him of Hemanshu and he seemed enthusiastic to hold the classes properly right from tomorrow. The news actually moved him. I tried to ask him as to how long this course was going to stretch, he said one more month. He is being crazy, but he didn’t really change his word. The girl Sneha stopped coming after two classes, Hemanshu says he would stop coming after August, and he says sir will continue to teach the course in October, what the fuck was that supposed to mean.

I was back at home; I travel by paying these days. Amma and Sadhna were again a disturbance in the house in the morning but now it was quiet. I slept for two hours. Around 1400 I had lunch and then I started working. I need to start with current semester subjects, program for the website, study for back-exams and manage shit that is always there in my head.

I was programming and though I made very slight progress from last night but it came in about three hours, so I am thinking it is not really the time that I do it. I was unable to catch sleep quickly last night; I opened the programming-book to read around 0030 and went back to bed after over half an hour.

I reckoned that if I think of the three short meetings, when I simply ignored Tanuja ma’am five months back in March, about 20 times a day, then it would 20 times of 30 times 5, which is 3000, so I have already recapped those moments in head some over 3000 times, holyshit.

There has been thing, the police-car siren that has recently increased one or the other time each single or second day. Does that mean extra security for this area, or what?

If the faggot-ass man who runs the tuition center doesn’t call me for class on Saturday, I will just forget about his shit. The tutor was anyway a sub-standard, an old man using English with touch of funny south-Indian accent. I didn’t really like him, anyway.

I really sometimes think of Mahima, I actually miss her, no matter how illogical it is, no matter how illogically she lives her life, and nothing seems to matter when it comes to feelings. I miss her so much sometimes.

I will go to bed early so that I don’t make it late at HCL tomorrow. The world is so damn crazy.

I found a passport-size photo of Babbu in amma’s room. I think Sadhna had it; it was on the table in the window-column. The picture looked recent, given the graying hair and receding hair-line, also were two marks of clotted scratches on his forehead visible. I scanned the photo and kept it in my drawer. The photo had a scratch leaving white-mark on it; it took me two hours to make it look right.

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