28-Aug-12

The day wasn’t as cool, it was class at HCL in the morning, and though it was supposed to be last, it didn’t come to be one. Sir said that he want us to come tomorrow again, for last class on Struts, funny. Hemanshu will stop coming thereafter; I will also have to stop going soon as the exam dates will come closer. I had to go to college but I felt little something in me, it was the feeling of the going-fever. I came back home.

In the morning, when I was just hoping to cross the mud and water collected on the road, I tore my MC t-shirt near the armpit, oh my fucking goodness, it sent me so much in off-mood, damn. I was feeling like broken. Also, I gave a miss to the ticket-checker who didn’t get on the bus I was on, as it had empty seats and only a few people. The conductor never called out big for me for ticket. During the return trip they were again there, and had climbed the bus just after me, actually, I had seen them and I just didn’t want to give this direct bus a miss, and I could pay off R5 anyway, I am not as much into money. In the bus, they caught a girl who was overriding on an expired under-paid ticket. They asked her to pay for the royalties she was enjoying, and then they asked for something like R20 and the cost of a bus pass, but a young old man got in between and started shouting on the five-six ticket checkers. I didn’t look back to know if the girl paid anything to them, or the people walked off empty handed. Whatever, it was just so good, either way.

I came back home to see the big cut in my t-shirt, I sat with a pin and thread to correct it, I made slight mistake even before starting and amma was here. She saw it and showed disappointment, it needed a professional hand to work on it, or else anyone who touches it will only do it improperly, reflecting the damage. I went to the market and gave it for correction.

I was back at home and it was just normal day, I was on internet, I had food on time, and I got off of the computer only in the evening around 1630.

It was raining; it had been that way since 1100 or 1200 something. I was just thinking about the good old childhood days, and then I was just writing to my autobiographical document, Flashback.

It was around 1940 that I got a call from this number I knew, holyshit, it was Mahima. I picked up the call and she called me out for a while. The weather looked pretty awesome through the window-pane. I told her two minutes and then because I had to quickly shave off the week-long growth of facial hair, I had run, I sent SMS to tell her to wait for 5 minutes as I needed to change. I got it done, and I was out in jeans and t-shirt and of course, the quick shave. I also took money with me so that I can buy her ice-cream or something, but she always said ‘no’ to ice-cream or chips, snacks, or even cold drinks, it was just a no for everything.

Earlier I was unable to get to her, she was with Esha, who was going to her tuition, I sent her messages to ask where she was, and though I had seen her already I had moved in the opposite direction and was about to get back home. She told me on messages that she had went back home on the call of her mother but now she said she was back on the swings. My reaction was, ‘oh no, fuck me, are you serious’.

She was just telling me stories after stories, and I was paying attention, and it would be sometimes that I would start speaking and she will have to stop me and start speaking again. She wouldn’t make too much eye contact, which is more because of her age; she’d be 14 on 20-September. I loved for having meeting her. Her friends were roaming around; it was Naina, Deeksha, and Anisha. These girls made some four-five passes across the alley on the side of the swing-park. Mahima told me not to comment but I didn’t really listen. These girls would sing stupid songs in their loud voice and that too in group. It was one more time that there voice approached before they did as they were about to come across that corner of the wall, I shouted, ‘fuck you!’ It was rude, these two just passed and then came back, that girl, cute little girl, asked me if I said anything to her, but I said ‘no, never, never to you’, she was smart, I just tend to be smarter, ‘do you want to hear from me’. Her answer was ‘no’. I think I was being too much of an asshole at that moment, shit.

The stories of Mahima continued and then there was this moment when I had to go, she called, ‘go get lost, my father is coming’. I went over to the rounds and was on the road to see her from a distance across the alley on her left-side. I sent message to her to ask how I would know when to get back, after it was a little too while.

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| Me: How would I know when to get back, I am on your left… |
| I saw from my position that Ojas had come there; it set me back a little bit. I was about to just leave but then I left her a message. |
| Me: Hey, I saw your father; I am going to move... :) |
| She wasn’t replying, so after a quick while I sent another one, which was supposed to be last. |
| Me: Forget my number :)... I’m dying tonight. :)  Goodbye, one last time... |
| *Her reply didn’t come early, and I had already put my message alert for a loud ringtone, or I was going to die out of anticipation.* |

I was in the toilet thinking about what I had done just then. Ojas, Naina, Mahima and Deeksha had come in the parking of the B-1 and I was able to hear them, I heard something like ‘get over it Mahima’ once, but I was not really paying attention, nor did I want to, so I just walked out.

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| *It was 2021 when I sent her the last message. She replied at 2206…* |
| Her: Sorry bolo what last time?? Y will u die |
| *My long calculated reply at 2217…* |
| Me: Pls free urslf nd me of off dis,u kno i lyk u jst as a grl,cum on, i cn b ur frnd bt i cnt giv u d tym u xpct frm me...v r nt d sm typ,ive luvd u mor thn ny1 els, nd i'll nvr wnt 2 hurt u...i'm sry, forget me, forgive me...pls |

There went another break-up, wow, just wow.

-OK [0140]