18-2-12

I went to college for exam in the morning. I woke up at nine and I just had to hurry when I realized that I won’t be able to make it to the college in an hour. I simply jumped into clean clothes and left, nothing fucking else. I was lucky to find a friend who was waiting for his friend to bring his car on the bus stop to pick him. I was lucky at this moment; seriously, I would have been fucked otherwise.

The exam went fine, I would definitely pass. I came home late after getting a book photocopied along with Keshav and Nitin. We talked about if there was anything interesting that they would want to build. It was again wild ideas. I don’t know if they would be true some day in the future, but I don’t have any clue how. They want free internet, internet out of any cost, so their ideas came directly in accordance to their needs. I also learn that today’s paper was leaked and almost whole class knew it. I felt bad, maybe ignored if not bad. I hear a new name for me these days, well there always have been like Psycho and non-veg (for messaging non-veg jokes in mass number) given by Shukla and Sati respectively, but this is a new one, and cool, and appealing. To lift up the curtains, the name is ‘cyber rapist’ given to me by Keshav. I think with whatever names they call me with, I actually earn these, and everyone knows what it takes to earn a name. I reached home at three.

Babbu would make cries, it was him yesterday. It is irritating, it irritates when you hear him, I haven’t seen him but it’d be even more agony, no doubt, to see anyone in such situation. I was sitting in my room and I could hear him whenever he goes under more pain, and becomes louder. I could hear it. It is not in hand, there is nothing in my hand, or my hands are too busy to be of any use to anyone without me slipping in my own life. I would slip, and at this moment it may seem that my situation has been under control, but it is really very critical, no shit, I saw it in December last year.

I can tell you how it feels to be in the situation in which Babbu is right now. I was in shoulder pain in XII class, and I was denied medicine by amma (I never figured out why). It is pain in your body part, slight muscular pain; you realize it and stay strong, ignore it and carry on the life. The pain stays. It is only irritating now, and then it grows, capturing your hand from that joint and vicinity. You can still very much move and reflex it, but the pain is consistent and you can’t think of anything else than taking the feel of the new friend every second. Soon you find it difficult to move it, use it, whatever, your call. The pain has taken over, it won’t go, you can’t simply chop of your hand, or put it to rest aside, the pain maintains itself, but sufferer cannot. The agony becomes intolerable, almost like slow killer. You start thinking of wrongs you’d done and what went wrong that you are in it. Nothing would help, nothing, until and unless you pop a pill to shut everything up. One has to definitely go, either the pain, or you.

I was reading ‘Steve Jobs’ and I haven’t yet eaten dinner or fruits, which are as usual, kept on the corner of the table right next to the door. I might go to sleep without doing much study as I should have been.

-OK