19-2-12

Another day sweetly wasted. I woke up on around time and find newspapers to find some news on technology. I found more than I was expecting and also estimated that it was going to take over an hour of time to scan. I get the food made for breakfast, but I never have it until 1930 in the evening. The day simply went with me trying to pay attention to Babbu and how he dealt by Sadhna. Sadhna is without even the slightest brain, it is not her fault what she got into, it is just not, but it is irritating to see how she has been living miserably, instead of making it any better. Babbu’s body is almost captured by the contractions of muscles, he cannot move his hands, and the flesh has dried off from his legs. Bare bones of his legs, from below hips to the toes, are visible like that of a corpse. In the morning, I was in the room and Sadhna told me to make him sit so that the fluid breakfast that she had fed him just before could go down. I tried to help her move him and sit, but I saw that it wasn’t really easy to do that. To take care of his body parts like his hands and legs, which could bend and pain him, all that he does now is make howls and rests under cover in bed. *(I can still hear his howls, Sadhna must be troubling him.)*

Fat-whore and fat-dick were not at home since when I woke up and I just took the chance off in the afternoon to give away bag-full of old and heavy XI-XII standard books to the rag picker outside MCD recycle-bin room.

I was scanning some pages from my 2008 diary, I just had to, and I was feeling the greatest urge to do it now on this day. I saw this day pass looking at what Babbu is going through, shitting, pissing and ending his life in bed.

It is 2000 and I haven’t yet started to study for OOSE exam tomorrow. I will be fucked, like how Babbu is howling now.

-OK