20-feb-12

How long will Babbu cry? It is 2345 already. He cries five to eight times a day, be it breakfast, lunch, tea, or dinner, to these you can simply add times when the bed sheet has to be changed, when he has passed urine, or when he did stools. He cries and sleeps, that’s it. From morning to midnight, a person has to stay in bed, and cry. He cries when he is moved in the bed by amma or Sadhna like a bag, or like a skeleton without life, that too using only the legs. It is difficult to understand, but not difficult to imagine. I estimate that as he still has his voice ability intact, he should live until 5 years to lose his voice, and after that his health will rapidly evaporate. But after hearing him crying through the day today, it makes me want to check again if my estimate was exaggeratedly high.

I woke up around 0800 because I thought I had exam today but it is 21, not 20 that I have an exam. When amma had gone to the temple with Anu, Babbu passed stool in his cloth and I had to get along with Sadhna to direct her clean it. I was pushed to vomiting shocks because of smell when she had asked me to hold him as she would use spare-cloth clean off from him. Amma came late and she took control after that to find something to dress him. I had spent close to two hours for him. I came to my room and fat-whore forced me to eat heavy lunch, tea, snacks, all consecutively.

Even in the afternoon long after I had left, Babbu was still howling, as I was hearing from my place. It was pathetic to see fat-dick pleased with himself as always and his self-focused gait. I took my phone to write a rap, it was not supposed be on girls but ultimately it is full of sex, only, around 15 lines in length.

I sat around 1800 and got up to have dinner around 2230. I studied CN and I still have to do some OOSE, need more time than available.

Babbu never stopped crying. He cried until 0130. I had thought that he’d stop early but around 0100, I went to see what the problem was, and in the room, amma was singing one of the singing-prayer of Jains to him. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor, and Babbu was crying being unable to sleep, and amma was caressing his head with her hand. It wasn’t difficult to realize what was happening, but difficult to say anything right next. The scene was more than emotional, it had meaning. I just left without saying too much, after a minute. She was able to shut him for little breaks by feeding him LADDU (the ball made with a mixture of sugar, sweetness, and some other thing to give shape and taste). It seemed funny in a way, and at the same time, overflew my flooded eyes. It was irritating to sit with fat-dick in the same room, but that was for only a short time.

The guess about Babbu’s left age was on the basis of how Stephen Hawking completed his 70 years of age after losing voice around 40. But the problem of Stephen Hawking and Babbu are not the same. Stephen Hawking’s was much more severe right from the beginning. He was paralyzed from both legs, and by the time he lost his voice, he was already paralyzed from below neck, and had some hand muscles functioning. Babbu has some life in his body above the waist, though it seems totally unrealizable due to no motion in the folded hands. Then it is Stephen Hawking with the whole world’s eye on him and the citizenship of the UK, he was sure to get treatment best and far ahead of the time. In case of Babbu, it won’t really be possible to pull another 5 years after that, his voice is the only thing that will keep him alive as of now. Seeing the way Sadhna, and whoever sees him, treats him, he is sure to get awful lot of clutter clogged in his mind, developing into negativities and stress. Nobody knows what’s next, and for how long.

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