6-1-12

The day was fine. Rekha buaji and family went. I am feeling rather good, than bad. I was watching psycho-thriller last night and had gone to bed at 0300. The movie was good but I didn’t want to think about it. I woke up at around 11 and received R buaji’s call in the same hour. She was asking me to come to her right then, I even asked if she was serious and her address too. Then I saw that amma wasn’t at home and so I would have to wait and also I wasn’t in any condition to make any purchase for anybody. I had it in mind that I will bath and even buaji told me to dress up. I wasn’t in the mood to meet Smita and Rashmi after yesterday. I had learned that the person you admire after hearing about, you may not like to talk to her personally. I just don’t think I would personally want to talk to them, they good to be talked about by second and third person.

I bathed and it took me quite an amount of time. M buaji was here when I came back from the bathroom (Anushka and Prachi were here already since morning). Amma and b buaji were also back. They had gone to buy some sweaters for fufaji, buaji. The sweaters’ designs looked masculine, M buaji said it. M buaji left for R buaji’s house soon. She had called me from my room where I was playing with Anushka. Anushka was calling the yellow-sugar-mass (GUD) chicken.

I dressed up on M buaji’s call but it was B buaji I travelled with. I used razor to simply trim out dry here, used cold cream, put cologne, and put on frameless specs. B buaji lecture me in the car that I should not give back straight answers to amma, or fat-whore, or anybody else. It should be no one to whom I give back straight replies. She talked about ‘god’ that I should not think that they go to temples to beg for blessings, and that god gives it without asking. She compared god’s good effects to that of a body spray. She said like I put on spray so that its smell could be smelled in me, just like that, she wishes that goodness of god could be reflected from her, bestowed to her.

I knew it, I am sure that the whole concept of ‘god’ is pure bullshit. Though there is a lot to happen in the run of science, there are a lot of questions to be answered but still it can be simply understood that there isn’t any need for someone like god to be present.

At buaji’s place, I remember that I had seen their grandmother later and I had touched her feet personally because I felt that my last meeting with her wasn’t really a god and I needed to overwrite that. I didn’t want to go to the kids as I really can’t think of things I could say to them when ‘unique entertainers’ and ‘things-to-be-laughed-at’ like Srishti and fat-dick are there but I went first time on Sameer’s call and then on Rashmi’s call. I appreciated that. Smita is an ignorant butt-crack for me, still, difficult to guess ‘why’, pathetic bitch; I said it that ‘she and Srishti are alike’ during one random talk between Rashmi, Srishti, Prachi, and me. At the time of leaving there was water in many eyes but no one was weeping like how I did yesterday. I was fucking normal, no sadness today; it was smile on my face. I had called out and said type of sarcastic ‘goodbye’ to Rashmi on whose face sadness was clearly reflecting.

Two things I want to add about fufaji: 1) his laptop screen was broken but was working properly in about 70% area. After only a little while, Rashmi had moved it to the side of the seat and then when Sameer was moving it, he said ‘screen’s dead’. Fufaji had seen me touching his laptop the first time when Rashmi was telling me that the screen is broken. 2) At the time of leaving, fufaji got me to photograph the people present there, all of them. I was thinking that I wouldn’t be in them now, should I mind I ask, because I anyway don’t like to be photographed too much.

I sat in the car with amma, babaji and all to come back home. I am happy and I am just realizing that.

I just hope that I could be on my own someday.

-OK