6-June-12

I woke up fine after 0830 and it was just as yesterday in the beginning. It was noodles in the breakfast. I was doing transcription.

Prachi asked me for ‘Titanic’ – 1997 and gave her the unedited version that I had. It had the nude scenes showing the actress topless. She watched it in Anu’s room, don’t know if she watched it or not, who cares.

I was on internet from 1200 to 1300. My both legs were feeling like broken from the ankle, it was because of the excessive soccer from last evening. I was thinking of not going out today. I was just passing the day off with the book, no check on time or behavior. I had lunch at 1600 and then I was on internet again for a while until 1720, I guess. I sat for a little while and I was outside at 1800 for soccer.

It was a fine game, I didn’t tire myself into running, but I was kicking the ball with full energy and without checking on the direction. I was in the light for the bad game, though the three goals I mistakenly did saved me some face.

Mahima’s friends didn’t come today, she was on the swings in the little swing-park next to the central ground, and unfortunately, the direction of the swing is parallel to our goals. As she sat, she looked through the goal, and straight in the direction of whoever would look at her, unfortunately it was me.

I was crazy with her thoughts. I can’t see her like that, no way, never. She was alone, and it was the proper setting of the things, the direction of her and me that made me vulnerable, I wouldn’t even know if it was just a coincidence.

I was on internet when I was home around 1930. After a while, I wrote on her wall the poem I have known-

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| *I tell my honey, I don't have money*  *But I have got music down in my soul;*  *I love to play it, to swing and sway it,*  *Yes, I’ve got music down in my soul.*  *I play music every single night,*  *To save myself from solitude’s bite,*  *I want to kiss her, to kiss and caress her,*  *These thoughts are amusing down to my soul,*  *But-we just can't excuse it*  *So I left my music,*  *And thought to leave her*  *But I have got her down in my soul...* |

I don’t know if I am wrong. I just did it. I have to go study now, can’t fail again in Communication Skills, it is my third time. I haven’t done much preparation, but I think I will make it this time.

-OK (2027)