14-June-2012

It was supposed to be class today at HCL, but they cancelled it last evening. It was on messages. This is pathetic; I didn’t have anything to say to them though. I had confirmed for the same on the phone.

Manju buaji was here early in the morning, and she had tried to wake me up and learns I had been late to the bed so it was not worth it to make an attempt to wake me out of sleep. I woke up after 1100 and Anushka came over to me when I was meditating for 20 breaths. She wanted me to give her some work to do. I gave her math sums and she calls me ‘sir’ and pretends to be in a classroom. I give her full-out-full marks and it makes her happy, and wants for more.

I went for bath, because then Shruti would tell about me to her mother, which I wouldn’t like. I had idli-sambhar that buaji had cooked. I was on internet, just watching stuff and information about whatever came to my mind.

I was a little free and not doing anything around 1600. Buaji and everyone were watching this talk show in which Amir Khan was trying shed light on the social issues, his today’s topic was the how the disabled people were discriminated and neglected in the society. It was good, but was cooked-up for television. I was in my room to take rest. I woke up around 1730, and prepared to go out. Manju buaji, Anushka and Prachi had already left. Shruti tells me that she didn’t do well in the first semester exams, got poor results, and now she is worried about her second semester results.

It was a good day at soccer; I was showing too much energy in the game. We were winning, and then at a moment, the ball hit on the edge of my specs, the specs fell, and I was awaken from the hangover of the game. I felt insecure for my specs; I was not able to have a second thought. I didn’t try to correct the little bent of the stick, nor did I clean the lenses. I was just seeing others play while still trying to look involved. They guys started to lose, the opponents did 11-8 of 7-4. I pushed myself into the game and we lost the game at 15-13. It was a very good game.

Around 1930, right when I had got back home after the game, Love called and he wanted to give me the pen-drive so I could give him movie in that to him later. I walked to Mother Dairy, seemed crazy to me in the head. I waited for about 20 minutes on the Laxmi Nagar metro Station for him. He came and took me to Shukla’s place. We were there until 2200. Love was very rustic in his tone, he told me that I have been dominant on him, and told me to listen to him for now. What the hell was that, you dominate when you work for it, I always whenever we got along, he just shits and speaks and cracks jokes, nothing fucking else. The shit was just on my head, so wrote it.

Shruti would probably go tomorrow; I saw her packed bag and the clothes for tomorrow out.

-OK (0153)