17-June-12

The day had been crazy. I was up around 1100, had breakfast, and though I felt sweat all round, I didn’t want to bath, nor I did.

In the morning, the aqua-guard started to leak water, and I felt so helpless. The service-man doesn’t listen to calls on Sunday. After cable-TV, now water, what could be next, my head spun for a minute, I thought of fat-whore for the first time. (It was extremely lucky that aqua-guard stopped leaking later and had begun working properly.)

I was on Notebook, and just trying to work on my history. I was listening to music, but all the music seemed old and none was soothing me. I watched this movie based on totally hypothetical story about a magical person with ultimate smelling power, the name of the movie is ‘Perfume’. I lived the story, I loved everything about the movie, but still I couldn’t find peace as it was far from reality, I need something that I can use in my day-to-day life.

I was bored in a while. I was working on my history the whole time. Around 1800, I went out for soccer. It was a fine, I tired myself. Prabhav is a disciplined person, not logical; I have always wondered why I couldn’t make friends with him. I have learned that today, I am logical but not disciplined, which makes me exactly opposite of him. During a foul call, I kicked the ball away in the opposite direction to all us, this irritated him, and he would be trying to get over me for kicking the ball away, and not for repressing his team’s wrong call for foul, WTF.

The ball touched my specs about three times in the game, and every single time, I felt so insecure. I feel so crazy, it was because of specs that I had let go this game early in high school, and I wouldn’t want to give it a break ever again.

I was back at home, and amma and babaji were sitting before the TV wondering if it would work ever or not. They were pushing me to check the cable connection on the terrace, why would they ask me to do that. I went, I couldn’t have said anything, we were just three people here and I could have made it bad for myself by saying anything rude. I went to the terrace but there wasn’t anything; I couldn’t exactly locate our wire’s end on the terrace.

I came down, I tried to make the radio work, but it didn’t. The changing-plug of laptop was with Anu, who was not at home. I couldn’t have put news from internet now. Babaji was sitting here until 2100. I felt sorry for myself, how come I was not able to find an answer to this little problem.

I was working on reading about the brain, memories, psychology, and all on the internet, it really interests me these days. I have collected an awful number of web pages on the topics.

Cuckoo answered to my messages, I had thought she wouldn’t. She had called me crazy in comment under my wall-post on her wall; it was a joke that was more like confusion and nothing like fun. I was thinking of how ungrateful this girl is; I had made her the web-page by sitting for over five hours yesterday, wow. It was fine now, after having had talked to her for a while, she was cool this time.

-OK [0132]