19-June-12

The day was fine, better than yesterday at least. It was class today, and I got to sit with Swati and her stupid, dumb and cute Muslim friend, Sehba. After the class, I had walked to Manju buaji’s house in the high time of sunny day in this month of summers, and she had been here in Mayur Vihar. It gave a disgusting feeling at the first moment, but it was fine day with her, Prachi and Anushka here. I slept for two hours from 1130 to 1330; erstwhile Prachi and Anushka were on the laptop, Manju buaji had brought the switching-plug. I didn’t bother them and went to sleep. I woke and did the regular jobs, I couldn’t have taken my Notebook out, but around 1500, I was on it. Around 1700, Manju buaji was up to go back to her home, and I had been thinking of going over to her place once, and fixing her computer, but it hasn’t been really possible yet.

I was outside for soccer around 1800. I hurt my right leg in three places; muscles have swelled in three places, near the knee, on the shin near the knee, and in the ankle, because of the twisting of the foot. There would be some women (three or four) and they have these infant or play school kids. I had taken a kick on the goal, the ball hit the passing mother on the leg, not a big deal, but the shit just stuck on in my head.

I was back at home around 1930, and sat on the computer on internet. Fat-whore would be returning in the morning of 21-June, that was the worst news of the week. I had been thinking about it whenever I would be living in the freedom in the house.

It was fine in the chair, I got up from it around 2300, and I learnt of the damage I had suffered in the leg. It hurts.

Mahima sent message to just know ‘what was up’, I didn’t pull up for a long conversation, and ended it with two forward jokes when she could still have pulled up the talk after several exchanges. It was quite all the same, except for this time, she told me that she was studying, and had plans to study in the last two weeks of the summer vacations.

I wanted to revise what was done in the class today, but I couldn’t. I have to go to sleep now (0145).

I touched the word-count of 11000 in the autobiographic document of mine – Flashback, for my history before I was 16.

-OK