24-June-2012

I woke up after ten hours of sleep; my legs were still with the trace of muscle tension from last evening. I heard from amma who has been acting crazy over fruits and milk since last night. I told her that I drank the milk last night even as I take the glass of milk out from fridge right before her, she started to abuse.

I had breakfast around 11 and I was just spending this day off with ease, no study. I was working on my history on Notebook to reduce some personally taken tension in the head for some time now.

Around 1600, Hardik had texted for soccer; I gave him a missed call to reply, and I cut his call when he called back instantly. Half an hour later, Mahima’s text came, though it was forward message, it got me crazy. I had to reply to this one unemotionally to let her know that the communication channel hadn’t yet snapped. I had to reply to this one to let her know of my research on how to ‘unemotionally link-up and break-up’. I ran to get a message card in the sunny late afternoon. Now, considering this forward message as a second check-message, I sent a response, ‘do know what is time-boxing and the difference between philosophy and logic’.

The conversation began. High points of the talk were –

* When she asked me if I had deactivated my FB account
* When she asked me why she felt that I was sad, and I told her to meet me in response
* And I wrote my last message after she agreed on meeting, ‘we can meet on the B1 terrace, seems fine to me, ☺TTYL (talk to you later)

In the evening around the time of the soccer, 1800 hours, buaji, fufaji, Prachi and Anushka were here. It was because fat-whore had prepared gol-gappe and she wanted both buaji(s) to come here and eat them. I had work to do but I thought it would be right if I would just go out for playing instead of staying at home. I had to return Prachi’s PD but I totally forgot.

There was no soccer today, the plans had cancelled. It was Hardik in the ground and I took him on the terrace when started to show me the messages which pervert slut Naina sends him every day and it has been since years now. We talked on Naina as I checked his phone, then Amogh called him. I had put down the phone on silent but Hardik is pretty smart in getting his way out of situations, he took the phone and called Amogh, and before anything, without anything, Hardik farted out these words, ‘coming in 5 minutes’. I could have done nothing now, wow. I didn’t want to meet Amogh today, because of yesterday. Hardik went to C-block terrace to see Amogh and Vaibhav drink.

Later in the parking, Amogh came there and he was just cool, we shook hands and it was just cool with him. These guys must have worked up on him. Harshit was here for a while and left in about just fifteen minutes with him.

I have seen the number ways people use to insult the other person, not once thrice times today. It is seriously so pathetic to live around here. When Kunal’s mother didn’t respond to the ‘hello’ of Hardik on terrace, Hardik started talking of Kunal and the sick health of his father. It was Hardik who was sick when he took Kunal’s name at a still louder voice. Later when I was Appu and Ojas, it felt too bad when Ojas was using insulting terms for me, it had nearly boiled my head at the moment though I didn’t respond to him at that moment; it wasn’t worth it, but somehow it stuck in my head. Appu’s way of spitting in the other direction when I would talk of something from the world of technology/ computers, is old, it doesn’t really bothers as much as it did the first time, but it just taught me how down people can get to insult the person at the front.

Then there is Vishwas who just taught me something good unintentionally. He was passing from the parking and when I called him to come over using the word ‘bald-head’ he didn’t respond and simply kept walking in his direction after a looks out of curiosity of knowing the idiot who had called him, that was cool, and I don’t know what’s cooler, he is the man!

It is 0025 right now. I need to go and eat dinner, and also prepare to wake up early at 0700 next morning.

-OK