25-Jun-12

I had nightfall last night. It definitely counts, you know how bad it can get if sexual energy heaps up in you.

It was class today, not much; it was just fine like the two last classes of this new young faculty Varun. I made it a little late today, one thing I have to share is that I travel and don’t buy tickets, saves me R10 and I get R30 from home so I bank R100 for three days of training, cool.

After the class, I went to buaji’s house to return Prachi’s PD. Srishti was there to my surprise, I stayed there until 1400. I wanted to check the health of the computer, it is sad but the computer needs professional observation, needs serious assistance.

I was back at home and it was badi buaji here, I knew it already, the news had reached Manju buaji’s house already. I had to go to bath because I had been sweating badly after having travelled in scorching sun in the summer afternoon. I went to bed and drowned in sleep until calls kept coming on fat-dick’s phone, and the calls were to wake me up. Babaji, amma, badi buaji and fat-whore made plans for going to Gohana, Haryana. There was no soccer today, enough people didn’t come. Hardik didn’t come today. I was out with Amogh, Pranav and Vaibhav. Amogh bought us snacks, like chips, and he got three cigarettes for himself and Vaibhav. We went to C-block terrace. Appu later joined us, we came down to sit in the B1 parking and Amogh and Vaibhav recollected their memories from school days. I know how they feel now.

I was back at home around 2030, but I just hung around in the place. I had told babaji and b-buaji that I wouldn’t be able to come with them tomorrow, but babaji looked too serious and wishful in making me get there with him and be a part of the prayer the family would do. He was persuasive and polite and was pushy like a child; it was because it had a great lot to do with his great grandfather and his memories, his hometown, and his past and the attached memories. I said ‘okay’, only because I know what the trouble that old memories can bring to a person’s mind.

I finished writing 15000 words of history of myself; this is getting crazy now, in the positive sense. I have to stop, not like putting a definite curfew on adding to the note ‘Flashback’. It just only have to stop doing that for some time and do that less often than I just recently restarted it after the exams. The busy days are just about to be coming as project work will start in Java training.

-OK (0142)