26-Jun-12

I had gone to bed around 0230 and babaji came to wake me after only three hours around 0530. I didn’t want to get up, I slept for half-an-hour more and babaji came over again. I went to freshen up; my eyes were not going to open up like this. Anu had to go to her office for article-ship so she wasn’t coming. Fat-whore, fat-dick, Srishti, amma, babaji and I got in the car, babaji at the front, fat-whore on driver’s seat, fat-dick and Srishti on windows and I was between amma and Srishti. I set back and rested to sleep, Srishti was not very comfortable henceforth. What could have I done, I needed sleep. I slept until we were close to the destination, Gohana, Haryana.

It was fine until we were on the main road but as we entered into the city, the street width decreased to less than 2 meters just after seconds of driving.

Fat-whore got scared of driving there on, she reminded of Ghost’s worry for the car and her driving. She drove inside, amma-babaji were motivating or pushy, and even the temple was very close to the main-street. We went to the temple; babaji was recollecting his old times here. He remembered his father and grandfather spending time here. After the temple, we went to the cousin brother of babaji and the cashier of the temple, Ashok Jain. Babaji donated R11000 in the name of Babbu, R1100 from Rekha buaji in her name and R100 from b-buaji in her name. Babaji was quiet in the mood of finishing the business primarily; it was reflected from a sour scene that happened in parallel to when babaji was looking for his cousin’s house. A man from the near-by door saw him and called us for tea and gave calls to babaji, and tried to persuade amma, fat-whore to come in, but babaji had already knocked on the door of “Ashok Jain”, we had to simply follow. After we were over at Ashok Jain’s place, this man from the other house was coming out and locking the door, amma tried to call babaji to at least once see him for the sake of decency, I had to go forth and hold the excited and leading babaji from arm to bring him back to this man. The man complained, ‘you might have forgotten me, but I can never forget you’, the two met and hugged, and shared a few words about their current-day-living, and as they walked a few steps, the path got separated and so did they.

Then we went to see the old house of babaji and babaji’s fore-fathers. Here babaji met his cousin brother (ten years younger than babaji, son of babaji’s chachaji). It is only him who lives here now, the entire house was divided among brothers and the area that belonged to Hem Chand Jain and babaji was left untouched, the rest was well maintained for regular living of the old man and his wife living here. Babaji was not ready to get into his doorstep and meet him. Babaji was walking outside in the narrow alley to walk out, when we learned that amma, fat-whore and Srishti were still in, babaji sent fat-dick and me in to call them and he in turn came in. As his cousin held him to come in, babaji complained of the extended construction in the alley. That was the issue, babaji said before him that his act was against the religion, and was both morally and lawfully wrong. Babaji sat on the chair he offered, he sat on the bed, and I sat on the chair near the door. Babaji refused to acknowledge his uncle in the old photograph on the wall. As the old man pleaded for forgiveness and letting go the grudge against him, babaji was fine in his place listening to him. Babaji didn’t accept even once that what his brother did was forgivable. The old man, 10 years younger to babaji, even referred to babaji as ‘my lord’ and saying ‘you are like father to me’, and at these moments when babaji was getting these superfluous adjectives, he nodded at me as if to point to drama as fake. Old man was very keen to make things right between them but babaji was adamant. When old man said, ‘everything his belongs to babaji in turn, and that he is ready to offer whatever babaji would ask for’, babaji though denied to believe him, but then said in a contesting tone, ‘then I will definitely come the next month to resolve the issue if you are ready to offer what I would wish for’. The old man had tears in his eyes and a voice and expression that brought his heart out, but babaji was not going to listen, babaji only smiled and called for amma, fat-whore and Srishti.

The last spot was the DHAM, where old people believe the angels reside. It is a place somewhere in the large planted-forest for fruits and vegetables, along the main road running outside of the town. In the shape of a solid cube with a pyramid over it, there are two structures of about 3 feet in height. We put lighters before them, flow milk on and around them, and say prayers. One structure is for SATAM-VALE-BABAJI, and the other is for CHAUTH-VALE-BABAJI. After the prayer, we have our home-made food there, as if we came for picnic. It was difficult to find this place earlier, as the border of the forest land was raised to a height of several feet by the heaps of sand and soil. It is a recent development here, the government ran a water canal behind it, as noted when fat-dick and fat-whore went over to find the structures in the beginning. Babaji then called one of the contacts he had collected throughout the day, to know the exact location of the structures now.

ON the return trip, fat-whore drove the car onto an elevated sewage-closure, the bottom of the car scratched on it to make noise and put us into shock and awe. We got down seeing what had happened. Fat-whore drove the car from over it to take it out, and we discover that the car engine was now making noise when first accelerated on changing the gear.

We were back at home around 1630. I had slept while listening to radio in the car. Srishti was uncomfortable while sitting in the same position as we did in the morning. It would be either she or I laying the back down, it was me most of the time, and she sat erect holding the driver’s head-rest. Later, we were both down and asleep when we entered Delhi.

I went to play soccer today, and it was much calmer day at the game than the last few games, and also we won today, so it was even more fun. It was Hardik, Appu and I in the parking, Ojas came and walked from the space between the railing and the car, we were seated on to face each other. Ojas was on his phone and he was about to settle next to Hardik and Appu (I was on the car); I looked down and let out a heavy drop of spit to fall vertically on the ground. Hardik and Appu laughed as Hardik said he understood what this was for, Ojas didn’t take time to walk away. That felt awesome. Amogh and Vaibhav also came, and we chatted for laughter.

I was back at home around 2100 and writing about the day and adding to the historical note the data I had collected today while on this trip. I sometimes have question amma and babaji for reinforcing and getting out more information.

Mahima sent message and she wanted to confirm if I actually liked her. She didn’t talk too much; I didn’t try to hurt her in anyway, or said anything to be impolite. She probably won’t be hurt as she would make up the mind to finally lose contact with me someday later. Though, I told her I will always stand next to her whenever she will need me.

I will now have dinner.

-OK (0017)