19-3-12

I went to play cricket in the morning, it was fun. We were about eight or nine in number, and mostly kids (it was just Ojus, Mithoo, Vishwas, Harshit, and me as the prominent grownups). We were playing with leather ball, and I was dominating my team (I had Mithoo and Harshit). We won only the last game out of the three games played, first two of them other team won easily. After that I was playing TT around 1200 for like 20 minutes, it was with two freakish kids, none of them knew how to play.

I was back at home and was just resting. I had to start with DSP assignment but I was able to only read a little bit from the book, for not much help. I was cleaning my FB profile from school then to pass some time. I had been tagged as the other ‘Ashish Jain’ from Ahlcon School, who was one year senior to me. There were a number of photos, maybe 5 or 6, which showed the guys face very clearly. Photos appeared right on the top of my profile, so they were the last thing happened there to me on FB. I never saw the date when I was tagged wrongly. I simply removed those tags.

I also cleaned up the messages that were saved in the profile. It included the messages which I had sent to Sonal, which I had sent to people to make them accept my friend requests, which I had sometimes sent to people I got to, or wanted to talk to, whatever. It is all gone now.

I even removed tags from two of my own photographs, presence of which seemed to be inappropriate to me. Those two photographs, though my only ones, were making my profile and personality ridiculous there. I saved them because of their historic importance but removed the tags; people could still go to that person who uploaded them to see the photos, or to those who were tagged in there.

Erstwhile Ankur and badi buaji came here. I was just talking to Ankur then and also had little conversation with badi buaji. I went out to play around 1730; I was playing TT, with Cuckoo, Isha, Mithoo, Hardik, and some kids. It was fun. Harshit had also come but there were not enough people for cricket so he probably went back after we went to TT basement.

I exchanged phone number with Cuckoo, when Amogh called Hardik from the TT room to get Vaibhav and also get drinks and snacks from the market; I was able to get Cuckoo’s number from her. I told her to call me when they play TT in the evenings. I had my tool stiffened, and warmed for whole time during the next game that I had actually take care that the thing doesn’t erect to look like a bulge on the shorts. Cuckoo isn’t even cute but the shit just had to happen. I was fine very soon.

I went to C-block’s terrace along with Hardik, Vaibhav, and Amogh to have ‘Royal Stag’ (whisky) mixed with cold drink. We had mixed the whiskey with cold drinks in Amogh’s car and it was then that I had drink for the first time. I drank for the first time. Vaibhav had mixed for himself and then had passed it onto me to taste, I took three gulps and right next I was acting like I wanted to vomit and gas was fucking released out of my mouth, coming from inside of me. I felt my temperature rising, and mind warmed up right away. I was normal mentally, what had happened were immediate physical effects. Amogh prepared a bit more diluted bottle of 600ml cold drink for me. We went to the terrace, ate chowmein, chilly potato, chips, and drank. Hardik refused to drink, he had refused right in the first place, which is why I told Amogh to call Vaibhav and also get the drinks. Hardik only ate, but he neither drank with us, nor did he smoke along with Amogh and Vaibhav. I don’t think smoking right, I didn’t smoke, and just drinking the mixture was fine. Later, Vaibhav and I were playing TT and it was fun. I had a good day after such a long time.

I was back at home, and was tired so though I wanted to study, I didn’t. I was tired of playing TT, and full because of drinking and eating. I was doing research on effects of drinking and smoking around 2200. Around 2300, I noticed that none the thoughts I would occasionally get because of a mind speed racing were there, which was very good.

I read that drinking causes memory lapses, and person forgets key happenings many times. I would never any such thing for myself, so I have decided that I would drink, as much as possible to the death.

Slick-bitch (Srishti) would often tell me to get out of the room when I would be there to get anything (like laptop). I never react to that, I would always think twice, thrice about the words she’s say later.

-OK