20-3-12

The day was fine, I guess. Nobody came to play in the morning that was helpful, though I wanted people playing. I was studying DSP in the morning, and I finished reading the topic which I have been dragging for so long ever since this week-long break began.

I was kind of thinking about the conversation I had deleted yesterday on FB. That Korean bitch had really been very rough on me. I was thinking of who won, or lost the conversation, it was taking over my mind. I had to go mad again, or I told myself to be logical. It was all resolved before the next minute. Nothing was supposed to be there logically in the very first place, so logically, there-is-nothing-logical-in-it, the bitch was what it was supposed to be, just a bitch, let go.

It was afternoon, 1600 and I was taking a little nap when siren of the police jeep passing from outside woke me up. That was really crazy, police patrolling has seriously been too much since yesterday, just as Amogh was also sharing with us in the evening.

I went to play TT in the evening and broke my TT racket, while trying to hit a smash while playing doubles with Hardik in my team. I hit racket on Hardik’s rear instead of the ball and break it. That was really very crazy for a little while; I was moved because the racket had meant more to me than any other ordinary racket because of its historical importance with me. I had texted Cuckoo to text when she would come down to play, it was 1300 then, she didn’t text, nor did she come in the evening. I was thinking that maybe it was just the usual way of girls to show off by giving things a miss. I didn’t want to think about it. It was only 1900 and Hardik went. I was feeling a bit out of place on coming back home this early. There wasn’t too much crowd today. It was Mithoo, Appu, Vishwas, Hardik, and me. There was Harsh also, and we enjoy that cute little thing, he is so fair, fat, and red cheeks, and the theatrics that does, makes him the cutest thing on planet.

I went to buy BROZODEX for babaji to spend some time out. He gets four bottles together as drinks them daily long before I was big enough to know the names of medic he takes.

Cuckoo texted around 2130, it was relieving to hear from her. She told me that she was out today, and she would call me when she’d come to play tomorrow.

I was watching ’21’, 2008 movie about MIT student who counts cards along with a team formed by his math teacher. It was very good. I liked it, and had got it from Shukla. I forgot to tell yesterday, fat-whore had made ‘CHHOLE-KULCHE’ in the breakfast and lunch.

I got messages from Bharat even today. The guy had gone crazy.

-OK