21-3-12

The day was fine. I woke up a little late this morning, it was 1000. I was studying DSP and I also finished the assignment by the time it was night, 2330. I was sleeping in the afternoon for about an hour, it was around 1600.

I was studding around 1800 and fat-whore came there to ask for soldering wire to me. I had moved it from drawer to the junk-drawers years ago, and also the pencil box she was talking about, I had thrown years ago as well. She complained about my lack of response to babaji and amma takes it to new heights by using the rustic tongue, and getting down as lower as fat-whore’s. Amma said that I am here only for eating, and fat-whore retorted at it. Next minute she was here, and crying to me, that was creep, tears of a crocodile. I had been thinking about Cuckoo, I was wondering if I would get a message from her as she would come down for TT. She did, and that too on the right time.

I was confused about going for TT, or football. Hardik had called and told me that Prabhav was coming up for soccer at 1800. There was going to be a clash in time for soccer and TT, I didn’t want to give Cuckoo a miss. I went to TT room to just show that I was alive today, I had replied to her message that I was going to come, I just show my face and then walk out saying to Ojus that I wanted to change to shoes. I was playing soccer right next. After the game, I was missing TT and Cuckoo; it was just simple humane attraction. She is only in seventh class. I like her confidence. I went out with TT rackets hoping to ask her for a game, but then she was happy with her own little group of little girls.

She asked me in text, if I would come next morning for TT. I said ‘sure’. I really appreciated her message to myself. I even asked her where she was, and that I was in the park. She replied, ‘upstairs’.

There has been huge policing here. I was with Appu to the market and we both noticed that. They were picking up guys near Café-coffee-day complex.

Mithoo gave me one of his extra rackets. It is Chinese. I didn’t want to play with the historic racket of mine.

I finished DSP assignment.

Bharat hasn’t stopped texting. He texted thrice times, today. I even got a call from Puneet in the evening. He was at the FNORD to see the car by the Mechanical branch students. He was not able to find someone he knew, so he asked me out numbers of Anurag, and Shreya.

The old woman (who always came out in blue night gown to stop us from playing because she thought we might break her window panes) living on the ground floor in A2 next to the park, was back again in the evening to spoil our game when it was its end. It was after six months that we came to play.

-OK