22-March-2012

The day was fine; I think it was good, instead, because of one person, Cuckoo.

I went to play in the morning. It 1030, I had been waiting for Cuckoo to come, I really wanted her to come, but she wasn’t there. I just came back and played cricket, so. It was good, too. I went to play TT and I really hate when it is just Ojas and me there, along with the girls, the asshole stays there just as long as the girls do. That would be really very creep. Cuckoo left around 1215; it was twenty minutes after I had come, after leaving cricket abruptly only after seeing that Cuckoo was playing TT there. I played more until 1245, when security guard came to close the room.

It was tiring in the morning. I was at home and thinking about how the starting of the day had been. I was working on the 2010-diary ‘Viva la Ashish’.

I then studied Microprocessors, until evening when Harshit called. I went to play little bit of cricket, and primarily for TT. In the morning, Ojas took away the TT racket of Mithoo from me, because that actually belonged to him and not Mithoo.

I went to play TT, I find myself doing politics there. I told people not to select Ojas. Cuckoo was called by her mother early, and I found the game boring. I came back from home to play again; it was just Appu, Harsh, and Mudit there. It was fun to practice TT, it always is.

I went to do some jogging, and also hit pull-ups back in the common colony park. I got text message from Cuckoo, she was asking why I said ‘no for selecting Ojas in team’ to everyone back in the TT room. The conversation started that, to be true, stretched until 2300, starting from 2100. She had asked me to Facebook her. I ran back to home, and I did. It was around 2130, that she had acknowledged the request. We chatted until 2300; I felt that it was someone behind her, someone more mature, and who was helping her have that conversation. It seemed to me that she was talking intelligent, and that too was in order to make sure that it was the right ‘Ashish Jain’. She asked me to say something about the names that she would take. She took the names in the following order: Mahima, Appu, Hardik, and Isha. She told me say something as if in criticism. I was not able to believe for a second that I was going to bitch my own friends with a seventh grade girl on FB chat. She had also asked me about my girlfriend. She left chat saying that ‘she wanted me to be back again at 2330’. Earlier, she had been sending me messages offline but didn’t come on chat until late in time. *(I just realize that it was how Sonal had been trying to communicate, last in the summers of 2010. We had our last words on FB messages. Now, I realize what the Korea- bitch-Sonal was doing.)*

I had eaten lunch at around 1700 and I ate dinner now at 2330.

In the evening, Bharat had texted twice. I text him back to ask if we get enough time in 8th semester to prepare for back papers. It was because I will be over my messages tomorrow and I won’t be able to reply the asshole for even once. I was thinking of shit that college people had been trying to pull off, police, private detectives, whores (NIEC teachers), and now what next, psychiatrists, I bet. They probably got psychiatrists on board to understand me, wow.

Amma was complaining whole day of fat-whore acting crazy, as she started acting crazy and horrified right to her blood streams on seeing amma next to her; it was on some time when I was out. It must have been in the morning when I was playing outside. Fat-whore tried to spoil amma’s mind.

-OK