24-3-12

I had to go to buaji’s house in the morning, as Anushka had wished, but I was confused in the morning as how to manage TT, bath, and going to buaji’s house in succession in the morning. I went to play; Cuckoo wasn’t there in the TT room so I went to play cricket, two matches. Appu wasn’t there. I would abuse when I would get angry, at the end of second match, Sidhant and Mithoo were complaining of bowling too fast. I go up to them, and tell them that it is team who is to decide, one bowl will be counted for first appeal. Sidhant said ‘not for ones which are very fast’, I jerked him back, ‘Mother’s Ass, it will be counted.’ Right next, their mother calls out his name from the balcony of their house on the third floor, C block, good that it was only batting wicket was visible to the balcony. (I thought of Rachna auntie, she is hot anyway.)

I was bathing and Cuckoo’s text came. I told her I’d come for a game or two. I finished bathing and went to the TT room; she had gone after playing two games. I was about to go to buaji’s house but fat-whore told me that she wasn’t at home, and had gone to GAZIABAD, Anushka and Prachi were at crutch. I called buaji, and she said ‘yes, she was out.’

I last night crossed ten thousand words of document ‘Flashback’, about my history before my 16th birthday.

I was studying in the evening but it was difficult to concentrate, so I went out around 1730 to refresh but then I just went over to play TT. It was MANU VS SUPREME going on in the park, MANU won both matches, I was kind of jealous. The other three girls (Esha, Mahima, and Anisha) were here but Cuckoo was watching the match. I was playing really bad today; it was because of the historic racket I was using. It was my first racket I guess, that was in my hand right now.

It was going fine; I was not dominating or fighting. Then these guys, my friends (Hardik was with them) came there. I didn’t really like it but I couldn’t have done much. I need to socialize well. I got into verbal fit with Mithoo, it was my fault, he felt disrespected when I had tried to pull him down the staircase from his leg, and tried to get over me.

Hardik says he will do BBA-LLB as graduation.

Appu didn’t play, Hardik was playing but he was just enjoying the game and having fun with Cuckoo. It was pathetic; I would have never let anyone else do that. It was a very bad day at TT; seriously, I lost like all games, it was so fucking sad, it was my oldie-goldy racket’s fault. I have been thinking negative that my good old memorable racket (STIGA FIGHT-MAGIC) would break if I would take it out, I am so fucking pissed and negative sometimes. I was talking to Hardik and Appu a little bit after coming out of the TT room. I have been seriously in bad mood.

I was scanning my first diary, of year 2008. *[25-3-12, 0300: it takes three buckets of water, two flushes, and more than handful of shit to flush down pages worth one-year of memories.]*

*Bharat just won’t stop texting sentimental messages, mental.*

-OK