31-3-12

The day was fine, until it turns out to be historic as one more friend makes as exit from my life. It is Anushka Sharma, Cuckoo. The little girl has shifted to sector-44 Noida.

I am going to miss her frankness, her childish nature, her way of imitating other people’s particular actions, she was funny. I am going to miss her, seriously.

She hadn’t texted today, it was around 1815 that I felt tired of studying and thought to go outside for a while like an hour. Cuckoo was in the parking behind the park, seen from my own block. I went to the TT room to see my own friends playing there (Appu, Hardik, Mithoo, Vishwas) and some kids. The guard came along with worker to fix the door that we had broken last night, the man made too much noise to show he had indeed fixed it. The girls came a little later, Cuckoo, Mahima and Isha came without rackets. Cuckoo was in a skirt and white top, Mahima had her hair open and flowing. Isha was dressed normally. Hardik would make too much noise, along with Vishwas and Mithoo, who is a natural noise maker. I was not feeling very good; I was also tense for the tests coming closer. I think I had heard Isha asking Cuckoo if she’d leave today, and Cuckoo had said ‘yes’. It sounded like normal, but had already started to take over. I headed back for home after 30 minutes of playing; I was in the stairs at the top and was telling Appu or Hardik to keep my second racket. I see Cuckoo looking back at me with raised eyes, the expression was clear but I may not be able to put it in the form of words, well it could be ‘why, not now’ in its shortest. I told them that it is my exams so I should go, it was actually meant for Cuckoo. At home, I realized that it had been only half-an-hour so I went back. It was fine after this, almost like the normal days, except for Hardik who was acting crazy today, and had been trying to be attention seeker by making fun and insulting Mudit (the fatso). Hardik is crazy and will always be. Ojas and Amogh had also come in between. The evening was not very enjoyable, something was not feeling right. I would want to go and then I would want to stay in the next, I would want to go and talk to Cuckoo about what I had heard, and then I would shy away because of my own friends there, it was so crazy of me. I would come and go twice-thrice in-and-out of the TT basement. I had left early from the TT room, I had brought back my racket and this caused only three rackets to be there. I had taken both of my rackets so as kill the shortage of rackets that was there today. I wasn’t giving my racket to anybody, but I had shared it with the girls, the Cuckoo though, I couldn’t have cared more for my racket before her.

I came back home and texted Cuckoo to come online. I was reluctant to text because I had been wondering that it is very much possible that my phone is on surveillance. I was sitting online waiting for her for almost two hours. It was around 1940 that I had texted and she had replied ‘yes’ around after an hour, but she never came online. I had sent her two online messages and two messages on phone. It was nothing so direct on her FB profile, only Mahima had written about the time that she got to spend with Cuckoo. Around 2130 I put off the laptop, and she replied that she can’t come online around 2200. I texted her to ask if it was true that she was going to leave the society. She said yes, my first word in the next instant was ‘holyshit’, I typed it in, and then I ask ‘when’, she said, ‘she left, she is in her new house in sector-44 Noida’. I was shook; I reviled that she could have told me, or updated her FB profile about it. She said she thought 'what's the need'. I repeated, ‘what’s the need’ and ask her if she is going to be around here in the evenings. She said ‘nope’. I told her, ‘that’s really sad, hurts; I am going to miss you’. She had become slow in messaging by now. She took her time to send ‘thanks ☺’. I was feeling really heavy in my throat and my head. I replied to end the conversation on a happy note- Enjoy life: D ;)

The girl had just entered 8th class and the school will start from 2nd April. DPS Noida is a reputed name, and the school’s name is just fine enough to start with while telling about self.

I was about to eat food around 2200 in bad mood, but now I just couldn’t have eaten. It was seriously pathetic feeling I was getting. I was glad that it didn’t feel like déjà vu, I would have broken down to my knees in that case. I am so glad that at least I got to talk to her.

I had been trying to study CN, but I think I studied only for about an hour and a half throughout the day. I was sleeping through the day. I threw off the loose over-sized purple pull-over which I had got from badi buaji back in the summers after the school. It had belonged to Ankur but I would wear it at home, but I thought that there is no space for me to keep extra clothes, so the cloth made its way to the dustbin.

-OK