14-may-12

The day has been crazy. I woke up around 0830; the cooler had been such a great relaxation, blocking all light, filling the room with moisture, filling the body with laziness. I got out and prepared for morning work-out (sprinting and hitting pull-ups in the set of three-to-five on completing a round and getting back to the pole-structure next to see-saw). I came back home tired. Mainey bhaiya, from the top floor of A-7 block, was passing from the park. He has such a good physique; I was running on the track and slowed down on seeing him just at a distance. He said, ‘bravo’, my response, ‘it’s just-’. This moment of meeting was good for mind.

I started to study only by 1100. I studied for two hours and then I was up for a second. In amma’s room, I saw outside the window and I saw Mahima with her cousins, and she was playing with them, cricket. Mithoo and three other freak-little kids were playing soccer. I go out and didn’t go over to Mahima straight away. I was in the park, and I was just there. I had thought while looking from the window as if Mahima and the guys were one single group there, no it was like that. I played soccer for a little while. I couldn’t have gone home. Mahima was on the bench near B-1 block, watching her cousins play. The chic cousin came later, and her frills on the forehead, with free flowing long hair reminded me of Smita, my cousin. It was not just the hair, the complexion was not fare, she has chubby face, and the designer-top and jeans pair was a bit like party-wear. Amogh, Patti and Harshit had been so much perverts that they were over-reacting for this girl the other day. She came over to Mahima. I had in mind that I should not be thinking or going after Mahima until the exams get over, so I refrained from saying anything or even exchanging any looks with Mahima.

The thing doesn’t end there. I had to be thinking about her, but I never lived or gave the thoughts way. I was way too tired in the body, and I had to rest, the consequence was that I was sleeping for next 90 minutes. I woke around 1500, had lunch and then sat to write about the day. It usually takes my 45 to 50 minutes to write 450 words, many-a-times it feels like I waste time.

I was sitting with DSP book and then out of nowhere I texted Mahima to ask for the evening. She had said ‘hey’ for ‘hey’ but the answer to the following question came late in the evening. I had asked for 1900 and she texted to say ‘no’ around 1830. She was going to ‘LAP’ the disco, wow, what a lie that was. Hardik didn’t come today. I was to get up after three hours of study around 2000 but then fifteen minutes, totally unexpectedly, Mahima texted me to come over for walk. What was that! The thing was that her adult cousins with her father and his married sisters’ families had gone to bar, the ‘HYPE’. I can’t imagine what this girl would be when she would be old. I, probably, am wasting time with this bird-of-the-future. I didn’t even know the two names (Hype and Lap) before today’s evening. We sat on the swings in the beginning. Pranav came over just for a minute while roaming around in his block. We were on rounds after this; we had nothing to talk about. I was tired in the legs but couldn’t have messed up time with Mahima. Without any topic on mind and no energy in legs, the situation was a bit crazy for me at one moment. I had talk about the songs she listen, a topic that almost always works when it comes to killing time with another person you just met. Harshit had called and now I ask if he had learned about Mahima and me roaming around in the colony like this. We had gone to the swings again as I was feeling my tired knees. It was about an hour now and Mahima got a call from her mom for the food she was ordering from outside. She asked for five more minutes. It was 2045 in my phone. We saw two delivery-men heading and she asked if they were going to ‘118’, that was it; she just hopped off the swing, and ran before them. I walked to my way, no good-bye, and wow.

She was telling me that she want to stop abusing, but then I use ‘fuck’ in every second sentence, and many times even on messages. She had texted me and it wasn’t going to turn into a conversation, I tell her ‘to fuck one of her hobbies, and that I fucking insist’ with a number of good smiley. But she didn’t reply to this, putting me into thinking. Now I asked if she watch movies. She said ‘yea’, thank god, I told her of my collection and that I would show her when next time we meet. That was it for the day.

It is 2230 now I need to eat food, and fucking get back to studying, damn it!

-OK