15-may-12

I was down to the bed around 2330 last night so I could wake up at 0400 but it was six when I woke out of inability to sleep in the chilled air coming from the cooler. I did the routine meditation of twenty-deep-breaths in cross legged position in bed. I was on terrace around 0700 but I was barely studying, I was thinking about this lame system in which ‘poor stay poor, the rich get richer’. I did one topic and then I was down around 0830 to go for work-out in the local MCD Park. I was back in about half-an-hour, three sprints of about 250 meters and 10 pull-ups in a set of 5, that’s it.

I had sent Mahima a message around 0820 to ask when she would come to take the movies; it was about the movies I told her I had, last night on messages. Wow, I know how much wait I have to do to hear from this chic but I still put myself in the situation, and then went a forward message around 1100.

Around 1300, the message came. I offered her to come over to my house along with PD (pen-drive) so that I could give her the movies I was talking about last night. She said she had just got up in bed; she needed to brush and bath. I told her to tell me when she would be ready. It seemed like a deal done as we agreed upon meeting with my Notebook PC when she’d be ready. I had talked on the ending note in the exams-name, and she had even wrote ‘bye’ but with a message to ask what genre movies do I keep, and if I have Horror-types.

My reply- *We have the same damn taste, I have lots of horror, and I also have comedy, action-thriller, suspense, and family drama, b-bye:\* (kiss)*

I had got back to feeling fucked while doing MP as found myself unable to do even one single question of programming. I needed thorough revision. I was tense and then the conversation with Mahima just put me in contradictory thoughts of mind. I had taken books around 1100 but since I was on-off sometimes in between, I pulled off until 1600 instead of 1400.

I slept for two hours, and when I woke around 1800, I went out. I was playing cricket in slippers, and I had the MP notes with me all the time. I wasn’t really into the game but was playing in Hardik’s place from his team. He let me play, that was nice but also because he doesn’t really play cricket, he is a soccer-player. Appu was also there, he does wicket-keeping and batting, and he doesn’t bowl because he still has last cover of plaster.

Our batting wicket is near the alley between the swings and the central park. The girls were playing swing cricket.

Okay, so Mahima was looking at me and I was looking at her on many, way-too-many-more-than-normal occasions. My sight was absorptive and friendly, than sending any signal. We never held the sight, or tended to say anything, never. I was thinking about her almost all the time today. She had to tell me when we were to meet so I can give her movies, but she hadn’t replied. I was anticipation. She must be feeling good and excited because of the kiss I sent, damn-it. Maybe I over-reacted, I shouldn’t have done that, making it worse for myself in a way, and of course, for her if her feelings are toyed.

I was out there sitting in the park with Hardik and Appu, making fun of the people, watching the new faces of MILFs in the colony, and making the kids the butt of our jokes for passing time. I broke off around 1920. I came home nervous and I started studying MP. I went through previous year question papers and it was relaxing to see that it doesn’t ask in too much depth from the topics I was just touching, the last unit, fourth, as always.

Just now, I had been thinking to text her a forward message but I didn’t, okay.

-OK