16-May-12

The morning was different today. Bharat had forwarded a message from his new number; it is first time that he messaged since he used to send me double meaning texts during the bad time I was had at college with the DISCO (discipline committee). I was up late around 0830, I had to bath as it is Wednesday (I bath twice in a week). I needed to go for work-out, takes about 30 minutes. Because I anyway don’t sit before 11, I went out with the plan of working-out, bathing, and breakfast all before 11. I was in the local MCD Park resting after the spell of 250m-sprint and 5-pull-ups. Mahima’s text came, she wanted me to give her the horror and comedy genre movies, I told her to come in about 20 minutes, I run back home after the routine. I deodorize, change and tell Mahima to see on the ground floor of B-3 block. At first, she was telling me to give her the movies when we come down in the evening, but then we meet up right away. I get to the B-3 block, these Mithoo-Ojas-and-others were playing cricket in the park. She was in bed-pajamas and t-shirt, expected. She was open-mouthed when she learnt what I had brought Notebook PC for, 80GB of movies. “I bring the PD,” she told me a lie, she got out on third floor; I was going up to the top floor. As I reach there, came running up from the stairs, it was surprising, I was not expecting her that fast. The two V-VI standard kids show interest in what I was going up for, they came back to see Mahima and me with the Notebook. I jokingly shoo them off, ‘why don’t you guys join CID’. We sit there in the last steps of stairs before the terrace and I give her the movies, and some songs to fill the pen-drives. The songs were the hip-hop car-music, and she had also particularly showed interest in the Hindi-abusive rated-R songs, some seven-eight songs were there, but enough to set a person’s mind running in the wrong direction, funny. She had a 4GB and I gave her the 2GB PD of mine. Six movies should be enough for two days at least. I was worried a little about my Notebook out in open. There is free-flowing air in the open, and for the particle-bits, one needs to be careful. Everything went fine, it was a good meeting.

It is 1245 right now, I better hop-off.

I was studying from 1330 until 1530, then I had food and I was back in about 30 minutes, I was with the books but I wasn’t able to sit, I was lying, getting drowsy, and still not letting the MP notes go. Badi buaji and Shruti were here. I was up and I had to have macaroni as snack, I didn’t want to but the fat-whore had made it (like she had made potato-sticks yesterday). I went to terrace, but I was fucking pissing on myself. I saw these people on the B-3 terrace flying kite, a girl in yellow top almost as tall as Mahima, maybe short, a boy who was just as tall, and a young woman, maybe like 25, whatever. I thought it was Mahima and her cousins; otherwise, she doesn’t have a brother other than Mahul (first standard). I was looking at them, it was like about 500 meters away, I don’t know, nothing was clearly visible other than there macroscopic actions, like flying the kite, just in case. That girl seemed energetic, she was jumping, she was throwing her hands and her gait seemed just a bit like Mahima, I was into wasting time in figuring out if Mahima could actually fly a kite, like how this little girl was doing. Damn it, I texted Mahima to ask if she ‘flies a kite’, WTF. I had wasted forty minutes only in making sure that this girl about seven seas away wasn’t Mahima, just as I see Mahima on the swings, wow, fuck me. I went down to get the basketball filled with air so that I can pass my time. I message Hardik to come, but the fuck-guy was a whack waste of time. I was down with him, first thing we had was meeting Amogh, he was spoke-out rude to me, and he told me he would smash my head with his helmet and that he had learned what I had told Mahima about him, Pranav and Harshit (that these guys are perverts). Pranav learned it from Mahima on Facebook, wow, so the shit has been cooked. I couldn’t have said too much after Amogh told me that he’d be physical now if I manipulate them. Amogh left, and Hardik wanted me to stay. I had told Mahima right next on face, to just tell ‘no’ for anything that Amogh will say to her if or when he is here; she returned my PD and Hardik and I were off to ourselves. He didn’t want to get along to the market; he wanted to stay in the society and hold me around. I was playing cricket. Right when the match was over, Hardik was saying ‘no’ for market, and there these guys come, Amogh, Pranav, and Vishwas. No handshakes, I was not feeling right, nor did any of these give any sort of indication, other than smelling bad when I had just walked a few foot-steps away. I left from that distance of ‘few foot-steps’ without looking in their direction; they were behind me now. I was in the market to get medicine for amma, which fat-whore had denied bringing and later amma was throwing fits about it. Amogh, Hardik and Vaibhav were heading for their spot in the market outside Café-coffee-day at the fast-food stall just there. I had the basketball in the hand, I was unable to find the pin for it to pump it up, but it was fine for Hardik to see that I didn’t need, anyway, he thought the ball was filled. I was at home but was not in the mood to study. I was out and then Mahima and Ishi caught me on the other side of the park near B-3 block. First thing Mahima talked of was the ‘Condom’ song I had given to her in the mass-data exchange, then next thing was that her mother wanted to meet me, and it happened when she read my name on the PD title on her computer, though she knew my name already, it was just an untimely refreshing. For the first round when Ishi was with us, I was just telling Ishi was what she looked like to me, attractive, super-model types in the future, but that she should develop whatever she has as she has just entered middle school (VIII), otherwise things might turn out to be unexpected next. She was interested in what I was saying, as it was pretty in her appraisal, Mahima was more into linking us now, and finding fun in the situation. In that one round, Puneet’s mother saw us, and Ishi called her ‘madam’ while wishing her, what’s going on, well I know Puneet’s mother takes tuition for kids in Math and languages like Hindi and Sanskrit, but are the two connected, whatever. In the next round with Mahima, I notice that even Poonam auntie, Hardik’s mother was there standing along a car on the rounds, I must have missed her the last time, huh. We went over to swings as my knees were paining out of tiredness. It was literally a waste of time, sitting with her right now, the only reason I was here was because I was not feeling like studying at home. We stayed until, like, 2015, and then she asked me what should she study, math or science. I used f-word even in this answer, actually for her mother in a way this, ‘your mother is not a fucking science student’. She had earlier, during the conversation, told me that I should use f-word a little less often than how I do now. Now this was going to hurt. She was quick to think getting late now. We now head for our ways.

At home, amma was shitting her mind out. In the evening, amma asked fat-whore if she would bring the medicine as she was going to the market. Fat-whore denied saying that she was not going to the common market. Badi buaji took the R100 note from amma’s hand offered to bring the medicine. So, that was that I heard, amma was flipping out with fat-whore somewhere outside with her restless ass.

Fat-whore is just an apt title for this creep-animal SEEMA around her. The other day, she took a sip from the glass of milk she was bringing for me, and it was on my face and then acted innocent right away as she put down the glass on the table, holy-whore. In the evening, she was pestering Sadhna to check if she had shut down the fan of Anu’s room at the time of leaving, what the hell was that supposed to mean. There is rotting insect in her skull. Also, fat-dick has changed the password of the Dell laptop, now WTF is that.

Mahima has got her left ear pierced one second time. She was showing it off. That’s not the point, actually, my PD is just isn’t working, the Notebook is just not detecting if I have even put anything in the USB port, WTF.

Cuckoo sent a message saying she mistakenly switched to the new time-line view of FB profile. She finds it confusing, and the change is undoable. I needed to study and I wrote just that to her, but adding some sweetness to it, ‘I have exams going on so I can’t talk today, but I am going to forward you a message to congratulate☺ for the change, and also invite you to the get-together on 7-Jun after my exams’. Now that’s me!

I have been wasting my time since 1700, wow; it is 2227 right now, listening to ‘Rockstar’ by NICKELBACK.

-OK