19-May-12

I was up around 0800. I meditated, and then started with the day. I was out for little physical activity with basketball, and then I batted for a few balls with the kids who were yet to start with the game. Back in about 30 minutes, I had breakfast, then I was sitting to study around 1000, I was very confused and out of plans as ‘what to with’ for the MP exam on day after tomorrow. I opened the book and then the previous year question papers (the two sets which we always get from the Photostat shop of the college). I knew nothing what was asked in the first 25 marks compulsory question, five 5-marks sub-questions, wow. I started with doing those questions; it was easy to sit for three hours now. I sat until 0100 and then I had lunch (chhole-kulche). Srishti got something around 140 marks in the IITJEE (IIT joint entrance exam). She didn’t make it up to the merit list, there was no news of it, but looking into the newspapers babaji casually showed interest in knowing Srishti’s marks, she wasn’t expecting anything from the IITJEE.

I had this bloody new insect in the brain after having lost the pen-drive that I should do something to let the cash flow into my system. I was able to fight it last night but now it occurred again and I thought of a typist, I was just doing some calculation as to how much work does a typist does to earn a living of 8000R working 8 hours a day, 25 days a month, typing at the speed of 30-words-per-minute. I made right calculations but my assumptions were wrong. I learned it from babaji while discussing it casually; he told me that they charge 12R-per-page so earning about 200R to 500R per day and that makes them touch about 15000R-per-month at max. He then lectured me with disregarding face-expressions to concentrate on exams, and asked how it was going. I got the message and left, anyway I was just asking for information. I bathed, and then I was out to play basketball for about 30 minutes around 1430. I was back at home to take an hour of nap then, waking up at 1600, I was just mind-fucked a little bit. I stripped open the spare USB cable wire of my phone that wasn’t working properly, it was good to learn that it is nothing but twisted-pair cable. I was using butcher knife and I put a very slight mark on my thumb.

I then switched to doing next thing, so here I was writing about day. I haven’t read newspapers since days, but I still listen to good amount of music every time I am on Notebook, and also that I write about the day about twice times a day, once around in the afternoon and once at night. Also, it would be third day if I don’t text Mahima today, which is good for me, long as it is exam time at least.

I sat to study at 1730; Appu’s call came at 1749. I went out with the basketball, to my surprise, Cuckoo and Mahima were roaming around the swings. It was enough to split open my brain which was already viral-infected by Appu’s call for play. After having fucked up in confusion whether to get back to home or stay here, with books in hand I would be thinking of this girl Cuckoo back here today. To ease myself I had given a loud call to her and she had ignored it in her childish way. I somehow came back how around 1830 with stiff decisive mind and got back into study until 1930 when Vidhu’s message came for walk. I was walking with him for half-an-hour with the issues of my life before him, active-back-log, no chance for on-campus placement, and the preparation and the cost and time that will be consumed for the preparation of GATE. He was taking it lightly as it was, in the first place, my problematic life and not his. Cuckoo was ignoring me when I would try to call her name even in open like friends, she is shy. In the later evening, it happened before Pranav and Appu, they bet me to call and get Cuckoo there to me, it was not possible, I even called out ‘red top, hey’, she just waved her hand off to say ‘no’ without even turning around. Later, she and Mahima were just roaming around when Vidhu and I were on walk, I asked them out on loud if they would join us, Mahima said a loud ‘no’, Cuckoo laughed off at it in her usual way, she always laughs off things. I was at home around 2000 and then I was out again because my mind was too confused and critical thinking about my own life after the conversation with Vidhu. I went out and asked Mahima if they would let me join, it was about the time that Cuckoo was to leave and she left when they came into my view. I was windy weather now. Mahima and I were then were just roaming around in the park and then hung on the swings; she was same old shit that comes out of her mind, about relationships, girls-and-boys thing, we use abusive words openly, but she is just in ninth, no matter what. After all the shit, I started a technical topic about the project ‘Omicron- Open and Online Education’, just introduction and her bells rang in the head that she had leave at 2030. It was 2040 fortunately, we said happy ‘good-byes’ to each other, and when she said we’d meet tomorrow, I told her an open ‘no’, ‘it is my exam on the day-after, so I won’t be able to come tomorrow’, she said sarcastically, ‘great, don’t come then’, my answer, ‘as you wish, bye’, her response, ‘bye ☺’.

It is windy outside. I have to eat food and fruits (2124).

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