21-May-12

It was MP exam today, went fine, just as always I do. I was up around 0730 and meditated. I asked for milk so I can eat the breakfast of four potato-parantha(s), but amma pushed on giving me three so that I don’t sleep by the time I sit for writing the exam. Sadhna was spilling her fucking acts of trying to be involved around with the things and people, she was dusting the sofa then she came over to the dining table. Amma had spread the parantha on the table so that they can cool down little, and Sadhna asked if she should dust off the dining table set. Her question was unnecessary in the first place, given the fact that the table was being on use, and so answer to her question was not worth giving, amma shooed her off. She was now roaming around, I told her to get off the scene and go outside in the balcony. She refused, smiled her pathetic smile, her stupid double-meaning face-expressions that are worth a ‘thousand words of garbage’. I show her slipper and she warns me off of replying to that, I throw the slipper on her, she smiling angered. I throw the second now, she ruffled up, I throw the first one now, she threw it back onto me, I pick up on slipper and take a harder shot on her, and she goes over to babaji and starts spilling. Babaji, obviously, looked at it as a wrong act of mine, so did amma. Even Anu came out from her room with half-shut eyes and her voice on top but still she no sense in any way to me with whatever bullshit she was uttering in order to try look down on me, and insult me and try to lift up Sadhna in a way. I was in the bathroom and then Sadhna had moved outside on amma’s word, she also seemed to be taking her side in a way at this moment, far as morally. Later, she was reluctant to keep her bed-mattress in store, and fat-whore was telling her to do that. Sadhna was illogically reluctant; she was refusing to the way we always have been keeping the mattresses. I had to intervene to tell Sadhna to keep the mattresses in the store; it anyway doesn’t make any sense to keep folded mattresses out on the floor in open.

I travelled to KG (Kashmere Gate) with babaji and buaji in car. I was at the spot around 1000. I was accompanied by two funny guys of the same batch from MAE (mechanical); they walked me to the college from the bus stop, and saved me R15 of taking the cab. I was revising there until 1400. Second semester Math-2 paper was from 1000 to 1300 so it had started to crowd by 1230.

The exam was easy but was extremely lengthy. I was unable to touch one unit and that was after having not been able to do two questions of total worth of 12 marks. I attempted of about over 50 marks and with 18 in internals, will again do sort of 50’s, or maybe touch 60’s in this subject, simple meaning, no improvement in performance. The ‘no improvement’ thing was a little bit into my head, and I was unable to feel good for having at least done in this subject which I had feared the most out of the six subjects earlier.

Mahima had forwarded a message around 1330 and it spun my head actually to a level above for the time before the exam. I was happy, and after the exam, I was excited to get back home fast and go out in the evening to see her. I was home around 1900, and I went over to B-3 block where she was playing with her friends. I told her that she had sent a message to which I had been unable to reply because of running out of free-messages. She said she didn’t remember, maybe she sent one, so what. I got her; I left the place at the moment. I didn’t go to home, I was on swings with Vishwas, and I also had met Amogh for about a minute. We shook hands and the guy let me hug him, it is his exam tomorrow, and the other news that is days old now, is that somebody stole his 33KR Samsung Note tablet from his bag at college when he had left his bag outside the library. I later went over B-3 block again, but I lost down the urge to say anything to Mahima as she often acts like it doesn’t really matter what I am there to say, long as she is having fun with her friends while playing leg-cricket. I was with basketball and Anisha Dhar showed interest in taking a shot or two. That was it, we started playing, and Ojas came over to spill his shit before this girl. She just quietly smiling takes it whatever the fuck that fatso would give over to her verbally. I called Anisha ‘ANI’ that was enough to flare up Mahima into screaming, “‘CUCKCS’, ‘ISHI’, and now ‘ANI’.” I was now being linked to this girl now for the moment. I was asking Ojas and Anisha to come over to B-1 to play the game 21-love. I left the place saying to Mahima, “you me on the rounds at eight,” it was just to say something in formality. I was playing and when these two left around 2000, Vidhu came. I was playing basketball with him, and then Appu came over to just pass time. Hardik had also come over for a minute or two; he goes out of the society these days to see a chinky girl MARINA. The news of Mahima and me has been on the news for many people of the society, whoever it be, well if we would go out walking on the peripheral rounds, just the way we did, it was all bound to happen. I hear it from Mithoo around the time with Appu; he tells me that every kid knows about Mahima and me cooking something together, wow.

I was home around 2040 and had sat to eat dinner.

-OK (2315)