26-May-12

I was up around 0900 after having gone to bed around 0200 last night. I did nothing today. I was on internet doing and reading things of my interest and just surfing the web for interesting stuff, like psychology today. Manju buaji was here in the morning and the kids as well. She left around 1200. I got off from internet and was then putting data in my own Notebook. I had lunch around 1530, and now, I think I should sit to study DSP (1600).

Vishwas got bald cut last evening, what in the hell did he think of before going for that change, wow, he looked fucking stupid and happy.

I was studying DSP from 1630 to 1930. I went out after eating food for a while. It was Hardik, Amogh, Vaibhav, Amogh, Pranav, and Appu on the signature bench, the one closest to B-1 block. I was just having a word with them. Amogh welcomes me using the words ‘Lover Boy’, another title earned, feels good. I was just in the want to play for a little while and next to the bench near to C-block mess happened. I was using the word ‘Black’ for Mithoo, he said ‘your thing is black’, right next he asks why I wasn’t with Mahima. I told him that even his sister was along and it was going to be his sister today. He comes forward and tells me, ‘he make my mother and sister one’. That was it, I get up from the bench and the hand-on-hand starts. Right in the first moments, my specs had it. M y specs fell, I drown myself into breaking it down on the Black, Ojas held me from behind in order to stop the fight. Ojas tells Appu to stop Mithoo, Ojas himself tries to come in between and he got a punch on face. Appu holds Mithoo and in this moment, Mithoo got some, and Appu got one the shoulder. Mithoo instead of hitting out on me, he tore down the t-shirt. I didn’t stop him, thinking that maybe he wouldn’t actually do damage to the t-shirt. He tore it from neck to the shoulder. I take it out, and in the inner, I walk off with the specs. I warn him of coming any close and he would have it from me. Though I had tried and pulled his t-shirt too much but the pull did no damage to it, no damage to it all. I was more concerned for my specs. The specs had already been damaged; the left side-stick had twisted a full 90 degrees. I couldn’t imagine myself twisting the metal back without doing some damage to it. It needed patience and presence of mind, a mind calm enough to do it. I came home in the white-inner after throwing the t-shirt in the bin outside. I take out the other specs, put the broken ones in a case and go out to get to the market and get them fixed. News comes that Ojas had swelled his eye somewhat from the punch. Appu accompanies me to the shop. The shop-keeper says the frame was not fixable, and that I would need to change. I knew how much the stick had twisted right at the joint, I didn’t even think of fixing it myself right at the first sight and even at the last sight that I got of it, I was unable to understand how and what could be done to fix the metal stick back with minimum damage to it. The shop keeper said the stick would break just as it will be pulled out or touched. I couldn’t much understand how in the fuck-world he was saying it. I had to agree with the fuck-hole on getting a new frame; I was sick in my brain, I was impatient above the normal. I checked out some new frames and selected the one into which the lens would have got into without much blade-work on them. I stopped on a R650 frame and that was it, so the fit charged me R650 straight, if I go onto including the price of the t-shirt, it would shot to about R1000, WTF. The t-shirt was given to me r-buaji and it was free as a matter fact, even for her. It was some activity t-shirt. I came back to the society. Appu left. I was unable to sit my ass at home, so I took the basketball and went out. Amogh, Hardik, Pranav and Vaibhav after having had the fed on Amogh's money, what do I care. Hardik, Pranav and Vaibhav came over to me and learn of the scene that had happened. Hardik calls Appu down. WE were just talking about the scene and Harshit also comes. These guys did what they were exactly expected to do; they pushed me, just as I wanted. I was in the total mood to confront the faggot-ass-Black the next time when I was going to see him and these guys were happy to know and that and were even in the full mood to watch me get back to the Black to make it even for the damage that I had suffered. I was on a high; I personally wanted to make it even. I was in total mood to do damage to this Black-ass. There it was, Black called Pranav on phone to ask for some notebook and so Black was going to come on the swings now. I was in full mood to get the Black-hole down. I hid in the side park with a wicket to use. I was very excited, it was reasonable for me to feel it as it was worth, agitated, angry, and high, the presence of these A-holes did the catalyzing. I had already put down my specs in safe place. Mithoo was doing very late now, I felt like done waiting. Harshit called me to the swings-park and I was now walking in the alley and news comes that Mithoo had come. I was in the very wrong position to do a hidden attack, so what, I attacked from the front. He stood on the deep boundary, just on it. I came out from behind the wall where I stood for a second. I took steps forward, and Mithoo turns around and takes a few steps ahead and out. I ran on to him and jumped onto him from behind. I think I got his punch on the nose then. We were again in each other’s hands, hitting out and pulling clothes. I noticed that my nose had started to bleed. Mithoo called for help from Pranav and Harshit even as he was pretty good against me. I was trying to get him down from his legs but I was pulling it to not much effect, and just pushing-pulling. At the sight on blood, down my nose and the drips on the floor, I was struck by a consciousness and I took a step back. I go off and get the wicket now. These guys were telling me not to use the wicket on him. They wanted a fight with hands, they wanted entertainment, and these guys were on the support of the neither one. I blow off the wicket in air a few times; it was on Pranav because he was coming in my way, and so was for any of these fake-friends who thought could now stop me. I got to Mithoo and he got few mild edges on arm, and on leg, I guess. It was nothing overall to what how much I got from him. The guy has grown to become tough, I learn today, earlier he only appeared tall at about close to six feet, I don’t know. After a few edges, most were blank shots in air; he gets off to the other side of the parking, nearer to his house, and calls off his father. It was about the time that we should have walked off, and we did. His father came shouting abuses and we ran. I had to get my specs and I had stopped for a second to pick up the basketball, and it was a risky moment. I ran along with two people into the B-1 block, I don’t know who was the second person, first one was Harshit, second could be Appu or Hardik. I was at home, amma and fat-whore became curious about the nose-bleeding immediately, I had even got a fluff on the right temple, and amma was quick in noticing that. I tried to calm them down and do something to it. Right in the moment, Mithoo’s mother was on door to complain, fat-whore attended to her and pulled it up to a quick short line, ‘Mithoo broke my nose after I was trying to hit him and had missed too many times’. I went to the bathroom to shower and bath, and I also needed to remove those few drops of blood from the t-shirt I was now wearing during this brawl. The blood stains had gone just as I drown the cloth in water. I took my time in bathing. I cleaned up. I was out and the talks were still on, fat-whore had come on the door to fake act and say double-meaning bitchy-words, ‘you should come out and not left the blood flow, if it’s bleeding’. I was not bleeding; maybe the whore was talking of her pussy. I was in my room and here comes Harshit’s call. He wanted me upstairs, Black’s father had gone over to him to complaint and Harshit’s father wanted to confirm that Harshit wasn’t involved. I went after taking a few minutes of transition. Harshit called Pranav at his home too, and we three had gone up in the escalator together as Harshit escorts us. Harshit’s father seemed friendly, he heard my story and then called Black’s father to talk. Harshit tried to get me out and not make shit up, but now the call had already been made. We took round to the terrace and then came back to the room; Pranav was sitting here with fatso-father of Harshit. I needed water as my lips were drying, I had asked Harshit. Even after the Blacks had come, I was still asking for it, wow, what a thirst and restlessness for water. When Black’s father and Black came, uncle pulled it off starting from listening to Black’s story; he said I had commented about his sister. That was it, uncle questioned me if it was right, I didn’t say ‘no’ to it, and before I could say anything the fat-man rolled out whatever he thought he could say. A biscuit and a short glass of sweet-water were served. He didn’t let me say as he spoke non-stop in Mithoo’s favor and telling how he had got against Dishan's father (flat number- 29) for having spoken to his wife, Poonam auntie. This man is totally bull-shitty, no shitty doubt. Hardik had tried to speak against Mithoo, when his father was telling me that commenting on sister was wrong, Hardik spoke, ‘even Mithoo had retaliated’. Fat-man told his son that how can he say when he wasn’t there, and even I didn’t want him to speak. I told Hardik to shut up and that he wasn’t there when the scene had happened. His father told him, “You should not speak when you weren’t even there,” and Hardik now looked down to himself the whole time now. The fatso continued and let me speak a word. I shouldn’t have taken Mahima’s name, I took the name of Mahima now, and it just happened, I didn’t want to, it slipped. I point to the fact that Black had been taking the name of Mahima and me, so I had pointed to his sister who was playing along. I tell of Harshit doing the same thing often, Harshit tried to explain, his father tells that Harshit would go under same treatment if does that. I told that at our age such jokes often happen, it is no fucking big deal, there never happen shit between other friends and me about it. His father tells me that I was diverting the topic, meaning I was hurting his flow, wow, what a creep act. He continued long as I took the time in drinking and having the biscuit that I really didn’t want to eat. Pranav told me to say ‘sorry’ and let go, I said ‘sorry, Mithoo’, and the fat-man told me to say ‘sorry’ to him as well. I said ‘sorry uncle’ and as I was eating the shitty biscuit, he continues farting, ‘how is sorry said’, my response, ‘by holding ears?’ It was just to show off how much this man could stink.

Black’s father didn’t even say a word during this whole time. As I got up, Mithoo was sitting on the way, we were made to shake hands and even hug from the side. Pranav and I walk out, Harshit, Hardik and Mithoo follow. We walking on the round, I tell these that guys that whatever these people did was wrong, these guys were our mutual friends and then they got us into what was clearly wrong. These guys got us down. Pranav tries to shed off the dirt, and I start by abusing in my regular fashion, I abuse even Mithoo now that he is a butt-crack that he made so much of nothing. Harshit and Pranav were hurt by this, they tried to clear off their stand for pushing me into the fight, and that what they did was totally right. I never bent, I was right and they weren’t. They were just not ready to accept their fault, they are fucking weak. Hardik didn’t so much push, the line was now pushing now was by MK Gandhi, ‘eye for an eye will make the whole world blind.’ Harshit and Pranav just weren’t ready to believe I spitted out on their faces, Hardik wasn’t really making too much issue in the role that these guys and he had played. He is just a crumb-ass; I’d better be dead than an existence of that sort. Patti and Harshit didn’t even say ‘bye’ while leaving, butt-holes.

I was back at home around 2240 and I was in my room and wanted to eat something. Fat-whore came over to entertain herself, what could she possible do in this slutty life of hers. She was asking me if it was paining, I am dead sure about what she exactly wanted to know. She heard the story again in quick brief, I only told her that it was fit that happened because it has to happen in the game, nothing else. Today, it just got too smoky, just that it. She was irritating even this time, just as always. When I was out, Srishti thought I was going to see a girl, and told just that at home. I was out with my Notebook and then Srishti came over. We were just talking about songs and it happened until 0010, I guess, fat-hoe had given her a call now.

I wrote about this long day until 0347, I better go now.

I may have hurt myself too much but it was worth it. I had stood against for being beaten up, or beating down. Even as Mithoo was not really happy with what had happened, he was sweating while speaking at Harshit’s place. I enjoyed the day actually, however bad it had been. I felt like living, to be true, like the movie ‘Fight Club’ (the 1999 movie of Brad Pitt).

-OK