13-Nov-12

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| Everyone had been to temple and amma was telling me to go as well. It was 1130 when I felt the same. I had shower and came out to change to some outfit which is collared-t-shirt and the earthy off-color pants.  Outside of the Supreme-Apartment (after Ahlcon School) on the other gate on the inside road, it was Vidhi-CHAUHAN from school with her mother. She had just come from the gate and they were like 2 meters from me. I thought that walking behind her will be extremely stupid if she get to turn and look back at any moment. I chose to rather go the new-way that I had somewhat brought in me just last night, I think.  I called out ‘Vidhi’ and she looked back and smiled at me while taking back my name, that made me feel good. I walked to her like ‘hey’ and shook hands to wish her for Diwali. It was good. She asked me ‘where I was these days’ and I told her that ‘it is my final year in CS’ and from ‘IP’. ‘You,’ she said out in her cute tone for another year in her five-year ‘B-Arch’. She said she also told me the name of her college but it was like long so I didn’t get it to remember, but it is in HAUZ KHAS as she said it. Then I tell her of where I was going ‘to the temple’ and I had already guessed from her homely-t-shirt and open hair that she had been from bed. Her mother was fine with specs and well-maintained, I should have said something to her mother as well, but then I didn’t that was not so cool. I could have, I should have been that cool. She said ‘okay bye’ nicely to let me off, I was expecting her to tell me where she was going, but it is okay. |

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| While I was back here on the time of returning, a car coming here stopped by to ask me of ‘MAITRI’ apartment. I said it will be in my way, ‘if you lift…’ he said ‘yeah, yeah sure’ and I sat in. The guys were dope. The driver was sitting on the left and the guy was driving showed from his driving that he was a learner.   * The driver had called out on a person in Rickshaw or what in disrespectful tone, ‘old man’. The guy tells him to not talk like that in polite tone, so the driver now says ‘TAU’, which is like more respect than father, he puts his point. * The guy was driving going literal with what I will tell him on the road-things like crossing and turns and gates. Before crossing, I told him to take left from crossing and he slowed down to look into the turn to Mother-dairy if that was that. Then later, he was driving slowly closer to the left-side on the open boulevard-street with only left-right-end and he had learnt that it was ‘right’ next. * On the way to society, I told him that next gate will be the society-gate and he was looking at the closed-gate second gate and the gate to the colony-MCD-park. |

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| Place: in the alley coming into parking from A2, leaving A1, and then B2. The space is just outside of the rectangular parking space.   * I had seen Uni’s mother in the market at a stall, but I just turned my sight away in the angle to the road and then down to myself with lips pressed like ‘I have be somewhere else, sorry’.   Later at night outside when I was out for Diwali with friends:   * Uni’s mother had brought a chinky friend of her. She was married. Her face was like Sadhna somewhat, I had later thought of the similarity. Her husband had features verbally-like Shubham-KAINTHOLA, except Shubham-K was some 6-feet-2 and this was about as tall as me. She had been standing at the back of the crowd on front-run; she stood just before us, like she was available. I had matched eyes with Uni’s mother but didn’t really felt to say a word. * Later there was this model face, skin and lean-figure, good looking girl about 5-feet-4 or 5 inches. She had come around Uni’s mother and then had left the place with YOSHITA, or just hung around with the other A2 women, whatever. * *Jatin must have disclosed that I get along through mutual contacts, asshole. What is interesting is this, Uni’s mother is doped.* * Sneha had come over to stand in between us and the open space where the crackers were being burned, in her white-lacy-top with about three laces visible. Then there was this guy who burned the box of the crackers that produced awful lot of dirty smoke coming straight into our faces here without losing concentration. I felt dirty, Sneha was standing cool. I called out, “Sneha come back. It is carbon gases”. *I should have said ‘smoke’ but it didn’t come to my mind, I don’t know how.* Thinking of saying ‘carbon gases’ I thought if she would even understand what carbon-gases are like. She said, ‘yeah, I think…’ Appu and Hardik sitting on the railing were giggling and I poke at them, ‘what are you two laughing at, it is actually carbon gases, nitrogen gases and sulfur too.’ Sneha was on my left. |

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| During prayer I was feeling excited about meeting the friends outside again. Then I had to tell myself get low down while listening to the prayers instead of getting high. I had to try to take my excitation low instead of letting go high with time. |

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| Mahima and my attempts to wish her for Diwali.  2045: I was outside and it was Mahima’s sister and brother burning crackers with Ishita and the other girls. I asked Bhawini where was Mahima. She told me that she hadn’t been home yet, in her own childish heightened way.  2130: I was sitting on the railing with Hardik, Appu, Amogh was also there, Vaibhav, and fat-dick was there. Mahima had come from the side of A2 and then she had gone into A2 side and then she had come back. She had then again come here to pass from here to go into A1 and then she come back. This time she had looked at me and I had looked at her as she hopped in her childish way.  Then she had passed from here one last time with Bhawini and Mahul to go to her block and back home.  2230: These guys had gone up to call Harshit. I was here in the B1 parking and I had asked Amrit for his phone and to call Mahima. I had told him that. I was sitting there to make the call, but then I was only fiddling with the OS of the phone and by the time I could have dialed the number, these guys were back. I didn’t make the call.  *I have been so crazy lately, fuck my life.* |

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| 2045: I came out. Anirudh PATEKAR, the father of whom was the bomber of Diwali, was coming back from market with cold-drink and stuff while he shook hands with me and Harshit.  Mithoo had been good, open and in coming-up to talk. He had opened up the hand to shake as I was coming here and I too had stretched my hand out. *(This was the most memorable moment for me as for today.)* No one was there only Appu was. I was telling Appu that I will go and that he should text me to come when others come down. For Amogh it was *still* a question. I was doing in and out, back and forth but didn’t go back home.  2130: I was back at home and Hardik phoned me to come out.  2200: Amogh had properly joined us.  2230: Amogh got Harshit down from his house by taking these guys to call him.  *(Fat-dick came here to sit with us. Yesterday, he had lingered around and then once I had seen him sitting on the railing with Appu.)*  2245: Vishwas came here.   * The new topic was ‘spitting saliva’ by these guys: Appu, Vishwas and Amogh. For Amogh these guys were snorting and then spitting, which was such a kick for Amogh. * 2330: It was only Hardik, Vishwas and I left here before we were to call 'good-bye'. Hardik was asking me what a camel-toe is. It is a North-American slang meaning: the outline of the female vulva when seen through tight clothes. He saying it by pointing to Ishi, he didn’t have to be such a fuck. He was taking Vishwas and me to Ishi to show that in her tight jeans, the camel-toe was visible on her. Her father was burning crackers there so we did come around in B1 but didn’t only go off to the side of the park. Hardik had stopped by the man to have a word while Vishwas and I took to go right as we had seen Dhar behind the scene as well. I was anyway feeling the word sick and seeing anything of Ishi, damn him, holyshit. * *In the messages to Mahima months ago (in August), I had pointed to the Ojas as Mahima’s father out of total sarcasm and today, as Anisha was with Naina and Ishi in the B1 parking, her father (Dhar) was standing in the backdrop around the wall or where. Also, Ishi’s father was burning crackers out near park’s railing that we had not seen while coming over here. Fuck TBS, fuck DISCO and fuck NIEC too.*   At some 0200 in the morning, there had been this long-red-pencil-cracker streak burned outside and it ended near the window the room. The noise was awful in sleep, loud and long enough to disturb and hold the attention even of the person in sleep. |

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| I was on FB as the Diwali hadn’t gone as expected. I was feeling and wishing to talk to Mahima a lot. I just undid every photo, link and status-update from college-profile. This was good. Karishma, classmate had put the frog-princess photo as her profile-PIC same as TBS-cover-photo. TBS had put the same old photo from some 15 days back, which showed her father-like wrapping arms around her. There had been shared photo-link in the news-feed by Saurabh-deaf-dumb-gay under which TBS had commented. I just hid it, like ‘flushing shit’. |