

With what Atul sir told me today, I am relooking my future life with regret, my ideas are mixed up and nothing is clear. I don't know what I want to do. I showed him the recent book I read called 'Unstoppable Us : Volume 2' but he told that books are okay but now I need to get shit done. Eleventh, Twelfth and my college, which may be out of India (not by parents' money however, by using scholarship) has to be done. I want to be that guy, he has achieved whatever one wants from life, and has left his mark on society with shashvat. Has he always been this clear on what he was going to do, he is an engineer and somehow an interior designer. I connect these instances to when I watched Sudha's Murthy's speech yesterday, and she did her Computer science before coming to the space and kept what she is doing now as a side thing. I fear that the more I gain knowledge of this world, the more it sabotages me, because thinking about it gives me pain. No one else expects from me what I expect from myself because no one else knows me better than myself, and so I know what I am capable of and it pains me to realize that I might not be able to reach my own expectations, and never change people. People. They are such pathetic creatures compared to the ones of nature. Recently, a cat made an appearance in my front garden and I fed it for 2 - 3 days before she finally decided to leave and never come back. In the time that I spent with the animal, the more I realized how much of a fucking moron the human race is. Look at a baby kitten, it does not cry or complain about taking it's fucking iPad away, all because the little thing was watching skibidi toilet on repeat. No. A kitten has to be graceful from the start, and the only thing it wants in life is today's food. No more. No less. I am irritated of my own self when I use all the luxuries of human life today, all I want to do is to go back and spend the rest of my days at Sadhana Forest. My ideas feel disconnected, and I can't seem to comfortably write them because, and this has been a thought for quite some time, the English language (in some ways) restricts our intelligence and intellectual ability to think freely. I realize that whatever goes on in your head still goes on in a language, may be it your mother tongue or some other language you're good at, but imagine the time when there was no language and ideas in our mind were not bound by the chains of words, being able to flow freely. This situation applies not only to the time before language was invented, but also in our early childhood, when we are yet to learn a language, and even if i was a pathetic little human child, imagination (at least to me) was at the highest of highs in my life. I am trying to be Atul sir without actually knowing who he is, and I fear that I never will. I don't know who I am and I don't know who I want to become, although I think that was already established. Atul is a very mysterious personality, and right when I think I know him, i get pushed back into the unknown, with him doing something I had not expected him to do. It is not the case with Amrita however, although I'm still not sure of it. This was the first day of the school and I don't think I will be able to take it much longer, which is good because there are only 5 months left. or so I have been told. The class separation, although scarring, was probably for the better, as it means we focus more on our studies, yet I think there was a balance established, within myself, of studying as well as keeping up with friends. People aren't what you see of them, and that is something that I think Amrita mam doesn't yet understand, or maybe she does... I'll never know what goes behind that rotten head of hers... Anyway, she is only just doing her job and trying to please the people who give her money.

My English homework is left and I don't think I will be able to complete it, writing this gives me way more comfort. I remember the TED talk 'inside the mind of a master procrastinator' and think that this issue (the homework) is not pressing enough for the panic monster to go off. Content takes me away from real life and I start to turn for it whenever something bad happens and I want to forget the feelings. I once did this when I gave that stupid letter to Amrita mam. She could've handled it better. If you want to make students in your school speak up for themselves and show that you actually care for speaking up, then at the least encourage speaking up, even if whatever we are saying is wrong. I still feel the shame of my act to this day and I don't yet know if I'm right or not. Of all the worries and pain that I hold, I want someone who I can share it with. Someone who I don't feel judged by or made fun of, someone who helps me and I will help them back. Solving others' life problems is much easier if they understand you and you understand them, much easier than solving your own problems, that's for sure. Recently, I have had an obsession over buying books, and with what Atul sir told me today, I am not sure if to get more of them. They're surely improving my vocabulary, as seen here, but then why the backlash? He himself told us that the first step for the Founders' crew was English. I don't like how I'm getting told just one sentence, and maybe I am overthinking and should cut it out, but I know one thing for sure, that that man is powerful with his words, and I know a little something about them. He is much more than he seems, and no one in the school understands him as much as I do, but the opposite is not true, he does not have the slightest idea of what I'm really like, and how much I look up to and respect him. He probably thinks I'm a teachers pet with those marks. Hard to tell for sure. It only contributes to his mysterious personality that he (somehow) is able to give me the best piece of advice without knowing me. How did he know I had got into books? That was only one book that I had shown him, and he somehow got what I was feeling. I think he'll be very happy if he knows what life I have understood without him, but because he isn't my guardian while understanding life, I don't get to know where I'm going wrong. The more frequently I am in contact with him, the more our ideas are alike, or so I think. Hard to say. I think I'm making too much of his words, how well does he know me anyway? Oh, if it weren't for that feedback loop from hell! (that's a IDGAF reference, figured you would've read it). Better get started on the homework if I want good first impressions, except for the fact that this probably the 100th time I'm submitting a writing to that wretched middle-aged Indian lady many call 'Vaishali mam' I've got no motivation to write anything because I'm still thinking of what I could write here. I cannot force myself to write writing because a mind cannot fake thought, it is not in control of its thought, outward conditions are. I know what I'm writing right now is absolute bullshit but I'm not in control, am I? Why does my mind work like this (I hear you ask)?, and to that I say, yes. I know. I know, cringe right?, well everything is cringe if taken too seriously, I heard that in a short of a podcast i think. I would've suicided until now with the expectations I bear, if only those expectations weren't put on by myself. So now I live in constant fear of myself, unable to comprehend even my own mind.