27-Sep-12

I was dreaming in the morning, I was watching down from a roof like some five-storey-building. It was a closed area similar to our society-blocks and the center. I saw Tanuja-the-back-stabber (TBS) standing there, she looked up, and I sided. Then I just let her see me, and on seeing me, she just drew her eyes but then she looked up again and smiled. I called her up thinking of her as a friend. She came up with security-guards with the same name, ‘GAURAV’. I thought it was no big deal and then TBS stood on the right and the two looked at me while telling me to go down. I look at TBS and she smiles her plastic smile then raising her hand to give direction towards the exit. I touch her finger-tips with my index-finger to lower her hand down, and looking into her eyes to tell her that she just broke my trust in her.

Her smile was just coming down and my eyes were watery and just then I broke out of sleep. I just pushed my eyes-lids up to let the light from the window fall into them. I checked the time and holy-shit it was 0911. I needed to be at HCL by now. There was a message on the phone of slick-bitch-Srishti asking if my computer is a Net-book or Note-book, I call it Note-book but to be exact and more specific according as the marketing-terms it is a Net-book. I wrote ‘Net-book’ and that was just it.

I just ran to the bus-stand without even brushing and just changing the clothes. I noticed that there had been two ticket-checkers with a man in their hold. They were for the Orange-bus-fleet, but they took him up in a Green-public-bus. I was late already. I just climbed the 347 and went on to the first seat in the reserved seats to sit with a girl. She was dark, and was a low cost, a student probably. She had this small phone, on which she talked. It was before Laxmi-Nagar stop that she got a call and I recognized her phone was small and unusual. I was just looking at it as she put it on her ear. I was just looking at it and then I drew my eyes off. I was still sleepy and my eyes were still feeling crusty though I had washed them well. I look up and there was this brooded thin face, thin physique man standing there and looking at me, it was just after I had drawn my eyes off of the girl. He wore wide frame rectangular specs; I just ignored his eye-balls on seeing him once. I had to get down on Laxmi-Nagar and I just did. It was later in the HCL-center that the thoughts of this man would come up again in my head and I would think of my JSP, SERVLETS faculty here, Varun. I thought that the two looked similar, but in the bus, it had never occurred. I was able to recognize the width in this person’s face and I remember the face of sir fairly well. He wasn’t he, for sure. He was just a put-up from the Witch-hunt-team (DISCO) that I never seem to be losing.

I had reached the class by 0950 and Gaurav had called me at 0930. I saw that there were checker for Green-public-bus as well; it was on one busy bus-stop. When I was in the class, sir just called me to him and he like rubbed my head all over. I thought it was just casual way of showing that he disliked my late-coming. Gaurav joked that I got free massage. Later in the class, sir was telling some story that he had become emotional with the mother and little sister of his student. He knew the father of the boy-student also. *He tells of how his mother had tried to emotionally black-mail him for charging less money and he threw off the cup-of-tea she had offered to him. He told her that he only came there because he was emotionally attached. Then also, he was emotionally-attached to her little daughter and that just recently he wanted to talk to her. He called the girl who was earlier in the first-class and now owned her own phone. She refused to recognize him and then he called her mother and she too just ignored him. He learnt of her cough and cold from her voice and then just let her go, not trying to make her remember who he was. He says that he didn’t push it on her then otherwise she well knows that type of person that he is, and that he could simply go and bang on her door to leave her breathless. Not just that he could dial on her husband’s number to call her and that he would even allow him that when if he were at home.*

From the stories the sir told in the morning, I was totally clueless about what he meant but now I am starting to think of how well I could relate his stories to my own personal experiences and that it seems a very good possibility that he has been doped. He rubbed my head to check my scars in the head or to check if I had been recently hurt. The people at HCL center have been doped, fuck it.

I was still in the class to copy the programs we did today. Sir finished with Spring-framework, this is cool. I came down on copying and it was about 1125 that I reached the road. I was standing on the middle-passage between two opposite lanes and I just thought to give the bus-stand a look. Ah, there it was the woman and the kid with neural-disease. I looked there at about 50 meters away from them and the woman resembled the fourth-semester-teacher again, but I didn’t give that thing a fuck. The reason was that she was looking here and it was like we struck our eye-balls for a moment until she jerks it off and I just cleanly swipe mine. She was deep-sighting; she was fucking expecting something from there, *she did that because she is, I still would hope not, a fake*. I looked away on my left now from where the traffic was coming. I quickly decided to take the first bus that stops here. A bus that was to go straight until Laxmi Nagar was coming. I just hopped on the road taking chance from the distant traffic and directing it at one point. I got on the bus and I was off, damn it.

I was back at home by 1200, I ate and there was message from Nitin to ask me about me daily-do’s and ask me to help him and Nishant with Aptitude-questions, like I knew any. He wanted me to be there by 0930; I told him that I get up 1000 and would come by 1200. He didn’t message further. I didn’t tell him about HCL.

I was just blank and resting and thinking what to do by 1230. I was brushing my teeth at 1345. I saw this news with in Hindi-paper about sex and females doing it early these days. It boggled my mind but then they are just doing what earns them livelihood, fuckers, not their fault, the mother-earth is one big prostitute. I was sleeping from 1400 till 1530, I had purposefully gone down. I had been really in tired mental health yesterday when I didn’t sleep in the day.

I sat to write by 1645. Fat-whore again told about getting back R1000 from school, R500 of Anu and same amount for my name. I told her that I will give her the application but then she told me to leave it. The faggot-ass-fat-whore had kept me involved for a while in trying to take out the tap from the traveler’s jug in the afternoon, huh, it wasn’t possible without tools.

There is this bad-news that says that fat-dick-Prxnt will be here on every weekend and back to hostel on weekdays.

I learned from slick-bitch that she paid fees for even the current exams. University has started to charge students for their current exams as well. I think I was the first person to see the hole in the system when in fifth semester I had missed the current-exams to give away the previous semester papers and clear them, wow.

I have been writing ever since 1745 and it was 1130 that I got here. The day has been pathetic; I better go and catch books, fuck. My head keeps spinning until I am not done writing about the day, seriously, the temptations are extremely high on some times but once you are done writing, the mind is freed to a whole fucking lot.

I sat to study at 2330 and it just went. I dropped the books by 0200 and was lying in the bed by 0220. I have been looking outside the window a lot more often than how I used to do. The curtain on the left window is shorter so that it leaves an area of closely 41.25cm\*33.75cm open. I would be checking if I am being watched, and at night unlike old times, the guard-room light is turned off at night, so that they can see the lighted room and others can’t see in the guard-room, well it is good because they won’t be seen by a person who’s far away. Later when I was not working on the Notebook, so that I don’t have to care about anybody making a guess at what I do. Well, by flipping the curtains all aside I was able to view more than just the dark guard-room, which was more comfortable than thinking of being seen by someone somebody.

I was unable to catch sleep until 0320. I had done breathing in sitting posture, I had deep-breathing while lying but no, and it was only after 0400 that I was asleep.

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