28-Sep-12

I was up on time to the alarm sound by 0815. I did deep-breathing 20 times and got just before 0830. I didn’t want to be late today so I was not able to brush as Anu had been in the bathroom. I had got the brush out from Anu but driver was standing here, and waiting for babaji to indicate to ‘let us go’ thing. Anu was coming along because she had to go to the temple in Tri-Nagar and do donation for the occasion of one of the ten-holy-days that are going on. Buaji is easy in talking to Anu. Babaji dropped me on Laxmi Nagar. I was at HCL on time, maybe 10 minutes late and there was no one in the class-room. I needed sleep; I just sat on the chair and rested my head on the back-rest. I was just taking a look at the alignment of the room and the reflecting-glass panes and the camera in the first cabin that is separated by our room by glass-panes. Sir came at 0930 and I now sent messages to Sneha and Gaurav. Sneha tells me that she was not coming as she has an exam on Sunday, and she had told this to Gaurav yesterday. These fuckers didn’t bother to tell that to me. Gaurav didn’t reply.

Sir came and told me to study the interview questions on Java-collection API. Also then, he wanted his computer, actually the computer that he uses. I sat on the one on the side. Well, I was just sitting there and there was nothing to do, so I just started to read about the very old confusion of mine about the spellings of the words ‘receive’ and ‘believe’, wow.

HERE IT IS I GOT AN IDEA, JUST NOW, I WILL BE USING A FUNNY TONE JUST TO EASE UP MY MIND LITTLE BIT AND TRY TO RELAX, OF COURSE. I MEAN, I AM GONNA CONSIDER THE BRAD-PITT STYLE/ FUNNY-AMERICAN STYLE OF SPEAKING OUT AS I WOULD THINK.

Okay, so wow, I was looking at it and remising what I had in that letter to the fucking-yeah-its-funny-communication-skills staff, it’s almost like I love to abuse, damn it, I shouldn’t start talking to myself at the end of the day. All these days I have been writing like some horror-psychological fiction or something, duh-damn-it. Okay so where was I, now, I was reading the thing, yeah, it goes like, “I before E except after C”, sounds funny but that is all it, yeah, all it. I think I had become too drowned in the past and I was thinking about the time that had been and no matter how much I tried it never got any better but only got worse. Well, I don’t even have to care about it now. My eyes had turned wet when I was thinking of Anshu ma’am, how it had been, it was feeling pathetic for being like whatever, I kind of hated that I made so much of shit around her. I never wanted to hurt her in anyway.

A student came for 1100-batch and I too wanted to go. I got up and just asked sir what was all left now for us to study. After that, it was just ‘yes sir’ - ‘yes sir’ as sir told me about my phone and PD (pen drive). It opens like Swiss-knife so sir looked at it cautiously this time as if I had taken out something new and also that I take it out of polythene that is also odd.

I came down and as I reached the stop the same old shit of people, playing around me started (yeah must be from college-DISCO), fuck-all.

There I saw a number of things, a number of people and I just had my psyche focused with a point-of-view, a point of vision, that I am being followed and that I should just stay aware of my surroundings, or whatever. In order to objectify them, I am going to use a table to list them, much better way than to write them in continuous form and just not able to get away with the emotions that might arouse, the heart that gets heavy.

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| I was expecting the woman and the neural-diseased-kid, but they were not here. |
| 1. Four five old men on the bus stand, I thought what the hell, I considered it normal after a second, thinking that I should not be too much bothering into just believing that everything around here is a fake. They were gone, all out after a while. It was not just the four-five old men on the bench; it was also on the platform that I felt that even in the crowd that was standing I could see one-or-two middle-aged old men. Well, I didn’t want to fuck up my mind right up then so I just waved it off of my head, considering it as a coincidence. |
| 1. There was a mother and a girl-child sitting there on the bench. I just looked at the girl and her face somewhat matched with her mother. I just looked at her and she and her mother were dark-brown. It was just normal; I considered them just as ‘people on a bus-stand’. |
| 1. Those three young boys, they were dressed like they were hanging out or that was just the convention in the boys of their age today. I was walking on the road while waiting for the bus and a boy pointed out on me while telling his friend to get a hair-do like mine, yeah, this clean-bald-hair-do, small tiny hair seen just as the surface of the head. I just looked at the two once and the one to whom the comment was made had his back to me, so just as I walk back, I could now face him and he was checking my head out, to what his friend had just suggested. 2. I noticed the stylish way keeping their ear-phones plugged into their ears and wire coming down to enter their pockets. The two who had passed suggestion were. Why the fuck a show of phone accessories? |
| 1. a) The girl in the lemon-colored suit. It was a suit with particular design, I don’t know the name. I can try to describe it, it fits tight, but doesn’t look skin-fitted, yes maybe, it does but it looks extremely sexy if it fits to the physique of the girl on the breasts and waist. It fits closely on the shoulder to give them an edge, like men’s-tuxedos. The sleeves coming down to the fore-arm make the woman appear to have even broader shoulders. I asked slick-bitch to name such a design but she said there is not a name defined for the definitions I gave her and sleeves of suits are of arbitrary length and are not fixed already. Maybe she doesn’t know enough. I had seen this type of suits on Anshu ma’am (COMM-SKILLS). The one that this girl was wearing looked exactly like the one I think I had seen on the teacher last time or before, she looked extremely hot as always, actually her skin is also bright so it kind of glows and her suit are like this clean and well maintained, perfectly fitted, she looks sexy.   The first time I saw it was just like okay, its fine, she wearing a bright color suit. Then I just looked at her other things and started doing the comparison a minute or two later, it wasn’t instantaneous.  b) This girl was thinner, and yeah shorter by an inch or two from Anshu ma’am, who is closely as tall as me or one or two inch shorter, I can’t really tell. Well, simply speaking, this was a girl, and Anshu is a woman, must be 29 or something.  c) This girl had cheek bones that made her face-contour look similar to that of Anshu ma’am. I think this girl had a comparatively small face so that I doubt to consider it to a squared-face like that of Anshu or the film-star Anushka.  d) She was standing with her back against the pole, just the way that I do. She was on the pole that was just before mine. She stood facing the opposite side window and her back to the pole, I stood facing in the direction of the bus and watching her, at a distance lesser than 1 meter.  e) She wore these lose black slacks with the Ladies-suit and I think the color combination of lime-and-black was sexy. She wore regular sandals, the sandals seemed just regular for a young-woman, I never really saw what Anshu wore in her foot.  f) This girl had this Nokia qwerty-keypad phone and it was fine, purple handset. It was just fine in the girl’s hand. I don’t know why the fuck these people would be showing me cell-phones do they want me show up some phone that I don’t have, or either do they want me to break in one now while they are on the watch. I think this is very pathetic and an old trick to get the crime out of criminals, but this is so stupid if they are trying to hit that on me, lose-shit.  On 24th, that woman with the kid was brandishing the huge-touch screen; she had seen my phone with flap-and-keys and small-body when she had asked me time. Two days later, the hot-chick in the metro-feeder showed of the Blackberry phone with QWERY keys. Now today, even this girl had a QWERTY keypad phone. The psyche-readers had learned of my taste and then chosen phone-models in the hands of the girls.  g) I think I liked her hair but these weren’t straightened like falling down to the gravity, like how Anshu has. This girl’s hairs were fine but were natural lose curls near the end and fell to the point just below her shoulders. She had put eye-liner and I saw her face when she looked at the street-entertainer man who was singing behind me. I found her face a little too close to average, maybe just fine. I didn’t really get her face into my head; I just didn’t do it for my own mental-health’s sake. She had these irregular, little out-of-perfect-shape eyes that somewhat seemed similar to that of Anshu, but I didn’t really stress on her face features, because obviously it wasn’t her and I am not blind. Maybe I also wasn’t in the very mood to get around girls again, so I just minded my own self on checking her clothes out, that’s it.  There were two guys standing even ahead of her, and when the bus had jerked off on speed-breaking, she was pushed to that guy who must have just gotten the erection then, I thought if it were me for second but then I never find her that attractive to hold my sight like ogling at her. My vision was calm and relaxed even as I literally move my neck while checking her out, which was a sign that I was just comfortable.  h) I never bothered to peruse her face the way I did to her clothes, I didn’t try to picture her nose, eyes or lips, and it was simply because I didn't want to provoke any contact. |
| 1. This street-singer was singing in the bus, he got on just after me, I guess. Girl and I were at the front and he started to sing sometime after I had already got around the girl to watch. Okay the girl also had got on the bus later, probably, she wasn’t on the stand. She didn’t go behind and just stood there, yes. The singer had got on even later. When he had started to sing the girl had looked at him like ‘what-is-it’. I didn’t turn behind, I was just getting to see the girl’s face now and all that I mapped out was that though her clothes were, her face wasn’t similar to Anshu. I had quite an enough of checking this girl now I just turn my face to the window on the opposite side, just parallel to this girl’s facing, she had never looked up or around, she always was into her phone. This man sung this quite an awesome filmy-song on god, I think it was loveable, its tune was awesome. I was just drowned a bit into hearing it after I had turned my attention off of the girl. I noticed that this man sitting below me, had looked at me when I drew my eyes off of her, and later he himself had glimpsed her, and the man who sat one seat at his front had also checked her out in one quick view, the girl was cute, simply. 2. The man had sung one more after this but I didn’t really like it, rather it was funny. When he finished, he started to collect money, people gave him coins. I just raised my hand to say ‘it is fine’ then bringing it to my chest to denote ‘it was fine, and I am sorry, spare me’. He had moved on but just immediately thought that I was being rude somewhat. I didn't notice when the girl got down, but I was quick to notice the space that she had freed. 3. I was cursing 'what the fuck' 'why the fuck' when he got my attention but his second song had a very nice tune, and it was actually a Bollywood-made. |
| 1. I was standing in my place just I had after getting my attention off of the cute-girl. I was actually not holding onto anything, I was standing against the pole. There was this girl, of brown complexion but she was cleanly dressed in her brown Ladies-suit and nicely done hair, all tied combed and tied. It was only in one momentary glance that I got this information about her looks. It was when she was coming to the front and bus speed-broke to jerk and throw onto me. I was to the pole and was unmoved. She had come way too close but she got to me with her arms folded, which I thought wasn’t good for a moment. I didn’t take more than that momentary second to let the thoughts clear. I didn’t even watch her back. I was just on my own with my head tilted to the pole and eyes to the buildings passing by. |
| 1. The woman who sat with her husband behind me was breast-feeding and I just noticed it later. I noticed one guy watching it and other watching him to get an indirect excitation, fucking shit. I just turned my face away from that all. |
| 1. There was a man of about six-foot-four-inch height. He had stopped just over my head so that I turn my neck like ‘what-the-fuck, go-pass’. He went ahead and sat on the seats behind the driver. Later he was standing on the first pole in the way I do, with his back against the pole and looking out from the front-glass-pane, but I just noticed the distance of his head from the top of the bus and compared it with Salil-fufaji’s. He could stretch his other arm to the pole next to the driver, something that I couldn’t have done, and he was so comfortable. |
| One important thing to notice is that other than those boys on the stand there was no one who ever made eye-contacts today. They don’t, they didn’t match eyes because had they eye-balled and tried to lie, it would have allowed me a direct way catch their lie. That is how liar are doubted, if their eyes dodge, involuntary contraction, expansion of pupil. This was probably the reason why shape-changer-Megha-ma’am had not matched eyes when I had been to the college on 26th, faggot-ass. The hot-chick or anyone in the bus had made eye-contacts on that day either while returning home. The other healthy girl who wore black-shirt and over-size aviator-glasses had done that to prevent eye-contact. On yesterday, the woman-with-child-with-neural-disease on the bus-stand near HCL center had deep-sighted and we had caught the glance of each other momentarily from still an unusually large distance and she had retracted the sight off quickly, showing that she was a fake and happenings of today are a proof.  Today, the psyche-watchers must be in the background, probably sitting comfortable on one of the seats in the elevation at the end of the bus. These people have gone total nuts; I hope they feel like wasting time once they can’t catch my pride.  They are trying to use ‘Classical-conditioning’ to make me learn to control my reflexive actions, involuntary stimuli on seeing girls. They had tried to use girls, along with mobile-phones and references to God, both today and on 26th. Now when I would think about girls my thoughts would somewhat be redirected to mobile-phones even though there is no connection between the two. |

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| In the morning, when I was writing my attendance in the register just as I had got on the top floor, there came out the only lady teacher (for Dot-NET) in the reception from inner room and she looked at me through the glass-pane. That glance wasn’t a normal, casual one; it was like ‘okay, so he has come’, sounds like a very vague guess, but yes that is how I felt, like she knew something, WTF.  Why just her, even the driver had matched eyes thrice times today. Once before I had got into the car in the parking in the morning, but it was casual, not really inciting anything, it was absorptive, yes which was why I never really sensed anything. Even later, the second time, we got to match the eyes was when he looked here back at me from the rear-view mirror to ask if he should stop and let me out. I didn’t sense anything; he was naturally in absorptive (or confirming-mode) mode being the driver, like working for me, in this case. It was in the afternoon that he was putting down the keys on the table and he just looked to say ‘okay’ and I felt that his eyes were questioning, yes, his sight was questioning. He too is doped in that case, so now most information about the inside of the home should be out there known whoever is running the witch-hunt on me, fuck it.  He has seen me number times in the afternoon, and at home I wear these stupid clothes, many times this six year old yellow check shirt, which now even fits closely. The thing is if driver would go telling that I wear shirt at home, it will be a new thing for college-DISCI-COMM to know as I never wear a shirt while getting outside the house, one reason behind it is that I don’t really own too many shirt.  The driver had asked for an increment of R1000 at the starting of this month when fat-whore had left to see off Ghost in Gujarat. Fat-whore made the increment and the driver retained the job here, was that cooked too. |

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| Another strange thing that came to my mind while writing was the gay-type act of Gaurav, I don’t know how far in time, he had twice or thrice times acted like gaily groping me, WTF. If he is involved already, I was right to doubt the beep that blows whenever I would be beginning to talk to him on phone. Yesterday, he had called from an unknown number and had not mentioned his name when I asked ‘who’ and said ‘one who makes you laugh’.  I don’t why my phone would be automatically restarting sometimes. I don’t know if it is because of its battery and SIM holding part is on the verge of going down, or if there is some way to make the SIM re-install itself from outside using some hack, then my phone is under attack as I have been thinking that most probably my phone is under watch. |
| This isn’t all after all, they had checked me for homosexuality, yes and it wasn’t when the college was on. It had started in the times of summer-training back in June; the two guys who would walk in the opposite direction to me in the morning could very possibly be set-ups. The first one that goes just after I get on the track after turning, is the fat-one, shorter and literally over-weight with his fat coming out on the belly. The second one would pass me after I am in last half of the way; he would be taller, just as much as the first one would be shorter than me. He would wear a shirt, and looks healthy, dark and kind of, home-boy.  When I got a tiny-bald-hair-do, I recognized his short hair, damn it.  What’s the after-effect of all this shit, I have seen homos giving blow-jobs to each other sometimes while my thoughts would just be going in every direction. |
| More than that, it has been long time since the classmates in the class have also been infected to an extent. I cannot really name too much now, but here is a list   * Aditya in fifth semester. He had told me open up a blog in which he was to put his crime-fiction short stories and I could have put up my songs. I had always considered that his real interest. Today it so much seems that it wasn’t, he wanted me to see his talent to write down crime-stories. I was being checked for my interest in the crime. The college-DISCI-COMM was testing if I was only in about writing on crime-stories or my interest in crime was practical. They did not find much, as there wasn’t. My FB and the blog were being watched back in the first quarter of this year, when I finally closed it down and un-faced my FB profile. * Apurva in fifth semester. She used to cross-eye me from the last row; it was for a reason and not just a coincidence. The bitch was into getting to me, she was trying to bait, and she was inquiring my behavior. * Shruti in sixth. She would be taking bus with us Laxmi Nagar boys; she would be standing with us. It was for her to listen to our talk, our conversation, know our group interests and to also an attempt to curb my abusive Hindi-tongue. * Apurva in sixth. Once or twice, she would eye on doing something good, like after the results are declared or something, it was to create a feeling of jealousy. It was also Shruti, and not just her. * Saurabh Banga in sixth. The T2 guy was stalking me for my actions, behavior whatever. He had seen about a dozen times, around the canteen or in common areas when I would be straight out on the lady-lumps of girls passing around. * People from my summer-training class were surely questioned. Like my group, Rakhi was surely questioned as she was asked for how she had known me and if she still were on any terms with me, back in March after I openly split with Tanuja-backstabber-ma’am. Nidhi Garg and her Shorty friend were told to interest me. Well, I didn’t really go after them, or showed interest. * Then people from Ahlcon School were also questioned if they recognized me and my reaction on seeing them, like ALINA RIZVI (one year senior at school), Anurag SAXENA (classmate from XI, XII), Shreya SOOD (same batch). * Just fifteen days back on 13, 14 and 15, I felt that there were like each day a ‘hi’, ‘hello’ thing with Arushi, who is a nice person to talk to, and eye-matches and sort-of-opportunities with Apurva SOOD. It was of course unusual. |

I was back at home on time and amma was complaining as usual to ask me why was I back so early and hadn’t been to college. I was eating by 1200, and fat-whore cooks fine food in the morning, I mean I don’t have to force it into me. I would be enjoying eating. I was resting until 1400. I was then on internet and I never got up from Notebook. I was downloading a movie until 1900 and doing stuff whatever felt like. I had food on time, and as I was sitting in the living-room, I too got to hear the speeches of Jain-Muni on cable-TV. I didn’t really like it at first, but out of respect I was still hearing and I think, I liked it as the time passed. It was fine, relieving for my fucked up sole up to a whole lot, in the evening it was on celibacy, which I really needed to hear.

I was on FB and I read this news that Dell is coming to the college for recruiting and Gareema-the-slut had told students to meet. Well, it doesn’t concern me as I am not even eligible. I felt a lot it is fake, now it is only Dell and the TPO who knows the truth.

I never got off of Notebook, the day had been busy and I started to write about the day around 1900 and I was just casual in the approach in between to not let myself stress-out like how it happens on the usual. I have learnt that when it comes to writing about one particular event or something like a bus-ride it is far more easy and better to make a table and write down in points. No point of introducing cooked-up continuity.

At 0030, I was on internet to download some songs and then I was FB. I just typed in Tanuja-backstabber’s (TBS) name and it showed her up. Her profile was very open, public, so she is exactly 15 years older than me. Her last name is same as her husband’s who seems like a cute-pussy just like her, it’s NAUTIYAL. Anshu ma’am wasn’t found in search, good for her. I was seeing the change in hair-styles that Tanuja-TBS brought in her hair in last two years. Well, for Anshu I only remember that after she got her hair straight, there had also been change in her, attitude, face, and friends (she was now seen alone sometimes, without the fat-ass Shweta-Sharma). Her straight hair and the new avatar was a sign of her lost virginity. When she would pass from around here, she looked like as if she fantasized hard of me while losing her virginity to her husband, oh now that is emotional.

The profile picture she had used was a cartoon. The cartoon showed a girl from above her shoulders, seemed Chinese, her hair was a bob cut, head bend down, and a side view in which her hair covered her face. The cartoon was cute showing the gloomy girl, with creamy white background, big chinky eyes half closed looking down, and her brown hair falling down to her cheeks.

Sometimes these days when I would think about Anshu ma’am or about the TBS, my eyes would be watery, and it is pathetic but still like I will actually be thinking about her while listening to some stupid Bollywood sad-romantic song, fuck-man, is that a joke. Back in March, the very short meetings when we had that brake introduced between us, it was like as if she had come over to tell me ‘dude, you were good’ and I walked over yelling ‘bitch, I am the best’.

TARANG-MAHAJAN, F2 section, rich-fatso had put a status that seemed to be a work of college-DISCI-COMM. It read, “I would rather die on my legs, than live on my knees”. It had garnered like over 16-17 likes, and as many comments. I didn’t really get it on my head, as I know it is philosophy. I want to go literal into it and say something, Stephen Hawking is full-body paralyzed and he is getting blowjob from the universe. In that case, this fatso who got admission into this lame college for dot-4 million bucks of his father; he should die even if he had eight legs, yes even on being one of just fictionally-engineered fucking fat spider specie.

I had called Nishant-sir just randomly around 2100 and I asked him for exam and he said it should be over by next Saturday.

One holyshit news, fat-dick was back here until Monday around 2100, damn it; okay let’s just not talk about that, crazy, ha-ha, remember funny-American style.

There is something tied to the railing just next to the guard-room outside my window, crazy, it is something that I in my fucked mind imagine to be a camera, shitty.

I stopped writing by 0245, went down to sleep by 0315.

-OK