16-August-2012

The day had been crazy. It was training in the morning, and after the class sir gave me a book and showed me some pages which I was going to scan for him as he thought. I said okay, it shouldn’t be a problem. I paid for every ride today; it happened that I was able to give a miss to the ticket-checker by talking to him in the bus. He climbed on Mother-dairy and I was standing next to the second seat from the back-door. The man wore a turban. I was quick to take out the R100 note from my pocket before he had got on the bus. He was surrounded by people who wanted to take tickets and it happened that even the girl behind me needed to take the ticket. We waited, feared, and just moving our necks to figure out what was going on near the conductor who sat on the first seat on the elevation in the space after the back-door. The checker would look at us when we would look at him, but it was cold and calm looks, and I had R100 note in my hand and I was somewhat willing to pay today, and I was in a better position to make an excuse, so I was much more confident. The girl tried to make a pass, from behind me, she came to my left, and then I directed myself behind her as if we were a part of the crowd which was buying tickets. The checker asked me if I had purchased the ticket, I said, ‘I just climbed, I just didn’t have change’. He asked me the stop, I said ‘Mother Dairy’ and he said ‘no, you didn’t, please don’t lie now’, with a mature smile, the smile of an adult. He was like in fifties, I guess, from his graying streaks. I was then telling him the name of ‘SAMASPUR VILLAGE’. I wasn’t able to recall the name fast, but as I was saying ‘SAM’ with break and stopped to think of it’s name, people around said for me, “NOIDA crossing”, it then occurred to me “SAMASPUR VILLAGE”. He didn’t ask me for ticket or fine, but he was saying it out that, “first people don’t buy tickets, then they act as if it is anything personal between them and us, we are just one of you people”.

I reached college at 1045; Nishant and Akash were sitting there at the end, copying something. There was just one lecture left for the day, but it didn’t happen. We were talking technology and other stuff. We were just talking, then when it was late after 1300, Nishant treated us with bread-pakode and I shared my lunch. I was back at home by 1400, fat-whore asked for food and I said ‘okay’. Now she hangs on my head for me to eat fucking now, WTF. I was thinking about doing the work which sir wanted me to do, I thought maybe shifting class timings from morning to evening will do me good. I sent message to sir, and then tried to talk to Hemanshu for it, but he said he will be tired if it would be 3-to-5. I tried to be rude and convincing and logical, I used words like, stupid, idiot, useless, no-brains, phrases like ‘good for nothing’, ‘got nothing at all’, ‘giving excuses’, ‘eat shit’ with every message. He said he wouldn’t help me now, he was telling me not to ‘eat his brain’. I then wrote, ‘fuck yourself, asshole’. He wrote to me in Hindi, ‘he would cut me in half’. He called and spitted abuses, saying he is from Bihar. He said I couldn’t even call him, as I actually never because of money. What was catchy was he was threatening to show up tomorrow and that he would cut me in half, oh yeah. I didn’t write to him, but called him from landline, he cut my call twice. I only wanted to make peace, I wrote to him to ask if he wanted to understand what the problem was, I wrote him ‘sorry’ and then I asked if he could talk. He replied to the fourth message, he said he was cleaning his room as his brother was coming and so he won’t be able to talk.

Around 1800, I started scanning the forty pages of the book that sir (HCL) had asked me to do for him. I was later digitizing them into text file; it was such a fucking waste of time. By 2330, I was over 17 pages. I will have dinner now and then go to sleep.

-OK