23-August-2012

I pushed off the alarm at 0630 and then woke up in shock at 0730, I was at HCL by 0820 and only Gaurav was there. Hemanshu didn’t come today, and he didn’t even inform about it. Sir came about five minutes later, and he told us to copy the program from the computer in our notebooks. Hemanshu calls after 0835 to tell that he was not coming today and he might not be coming even tomorrow, sir was sitting just there when I was talking on the loud speaker. Sir told me to try to convince him to come as he will teach something important but Hemanshu lied about one of his friends leaving for a flight tomorrow morning, whom he will escort, fuck-head. Sir taught us a little and then gave us a program to copy on what the lecture was about.

It was fine today, but if I will be late tomorrow, I will seriously leave a bad impression on Gaurav, he complaining to me for being late.

I went to the college in order to attend one lecture of 1100 but the faculty didn’t come. It is seriously crazy; I haven’t attended one single lecture yet. Earlier I had noticed that Anupam sir had different eyes while talking to me, and today there was this DSP ma’am from last semester coming down the stairs and looking at me. Well, it was both ways, I also matched the sight which out of decency, but as I was talking to Anubhav; she just passed, great for me.

I was at home by 1230. I had noodles, made by fat-whore. There was this live telecast of public meeting coming on one local channel; it was about the recent happening that Muslims broke down a renowned Jain-idol in Lucknow. It was quite a big one, and well renowned. The Jain-community was very angry. Amma was watching it, fat-dick, slick-bitch were also there. It just boggled my mind, at first, without even having me seen it myself. I came to my room.

I was sleeping and fat-dick was moving the books around, he was pushing some papers from the top of the book-shelf to the top block in the cupboard, where I keep my Notebook. He had already waked me up by moving the bed, when he was done, I woke up. I was angry, I was fucking moved in my head. I take out the two misplaced books and put them on the table. I thought to talk to slick-bitch the XII class books which she has still kept in her place. I went up to her and she acted like crazy, you know it has always been difficult to talk to bitches, how come I fucking forget. I was only asking her about the books, and she felt the thing in her hole and retracted, “ask me before touching my things”, I was like ‘what the fuck are you,’ showed her middle-finger.

I let the thing run in my head and after a while, it was fine. In the evening, I planned to get the books. I had tried to contact Ankur, fatso, but he didn’t respond to any of the four messages or the calls from landline, damn.

I went alone; it took me forty minutes in the bus to get there. When I was trying to find my way to the market on foot, I was met by a man who said he heard me asking for the book-market and he was going in that direction, as his home is there. It was fine, he talked a little bit. The shortcut he took me on was very much unknown, and it was creepy as I had expected. One wouldn’t know if one is passing from the inside of someone’s house, if he is on the road, or inside somewhere, if the place does have an end or a beginning, it was like you there and just there, in between walls and doors and people passing by you. Wow, it reminded on some psycho-thriller movie in which I was the target and this man was the psycho getting me lost in his world and then there is a cruel killing.

On the way, there was a man lying on the path down the stairs of what seemed to be some mosque, or whatever by its doors in that short glance. He was saying things to himself while groping his hand and bent to the ground. Holyshit, there was blood, he was hurt, there was too much blood next to the last stair-step. His was just hurt; the blood was wet, and so red. Damn it. It warmed my blood so high.

Still, I could only bother just passing by and not letting a lose moment in this unknown place with this unknown man. He wore a fine white check-shirt and company-denim, a specs and tone as that of nerd. He was dark, in fine health, body broad like a baggage. He was fine in appearance, and then he asked my name, I took him but didn’t ask his. After minutes of silence, he asks me my number so that we could talk later, as I was dying to talk to him. I thought about it, but then gave him the number in the flow of the moment. He gave me missed call, and said he would call. I told him to call only on Sunday, as I don’t keep my phone up on weekdays as my friends don’t call due to preparations going on for post-graduation entrance exams. He looked fucking crazy like a real-psycho this time. He said he would call or that I should give him a missed call when I would want to talk. He had shown surprise to my answer ‘Sunday’ as the only day when he can call, I told it is only weekends that I’m free. I had saved his number at that moment, but it wasn’t very late that I also deleted his from every corner of my phone. We already had parted our ways by now.

He still seems pretty crazy to me, but when I thought of his last words that ‘if I should give him a missed call when I would want to talk’ because I told him that I will be unavailable on weekdays, it makes feel that maybe he only looked crazy but he wasn’t crazy in true or perfect sense. Simple reason, he made some sense at one point or the other, he may have shown too much extraordinary friendliness or wish to remain in contact at the last minute but even then in his one of the last words he seemed to have some sense at least. I just hope I don’t get into any kind of trouble ever, I just hope.

I got two of the four books for this semester. I was back at home by ­­­2000, I had spent R250 but I told R370 for the two books, keeping the R120, I am anyway not going to waste them. I had dinner on time and I will sleep now, no studies as for today.

-OK [0000]