3-Dec-12

* 0200: bed, 0810: up
* I had nightfall, it was good wet inside - it had just happened around then – I didn’t feel it in sleep
* hurried to get ready to get along with babaji, didn’t shave
* Driver had been listening to radio, good Punjabi hip-hop track played

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| On mother dairy while waiting for buaji - driver got out - shook hands with the man (worker) with crippled legs sitting on the stairs– legs folded from under the hips – he had to use to hands to move around |

* We took buaji and I reached Shastri Park turn on time, I was at college and it was fine
* I had revise and study for some experiments, I hadn’t opened the file yet
* Shruti-B had come early and it was just fine to see her
* Gareema-the-slut in the square space – Gaurav sati was doing stupid act with Shruti-B – when she had appeared and just matched the eyes with me – she had been passing from here once or twice later too
* 40-naughty-pussy – friend of Garima-the-slut - saw for the blink of an eye
* 0930: the practical started – I got to write about connecting two computers using LAN cable – I had forgotten the steps but I got help from Nitish and Faizan – I later helped Arun (Schedule cast)
* I was out by 1015 after finishing the 45 minutes of writing – while I had been in the lab – Sakshi Sharma had been outside and I just looked at her like ‘who is this good girl’ from my chair – it was her
* Later - Sakshi Sharma and Kanika Sahni – had been standing in the common-square-area like the two were available but I didn’t think of approaching *(it was late in the evening at home I thought of sending Sakshi friend request on FB but never did, good)*
* I learnt from Nishant that he was selected for software solutions at YAMAHA – five out seven had made it – including Astha – R10000 stipend during 6-months training – later R2.5 package – I was really feeling jealous then – it was reasonable
* 2.5 means 21K per month, I felt a little less uncomfortable on calculating this at home later in the evening
* I felt like talking to Astha once – but only drew eyes or sided or didn’t get enough or push to hit into her – it was wish that remained in my head and just was one of the reason why I was feeling something missing after the viva *(yesterday morning I had been thinking of contacting Astha once, or Karishma but didn’t, I didn’t have their phone-number nor I didn’t want to ask them to give either)*
* I felt several that I should at least say one word to either Astha or Karishma – I was balling back forth in me – it was crazy – I was crazy – it had been the same in me like twice thrice after the viva
* Shukla had been standing with EENA-MEENA-DEEKA – like showing off those girls – pussies, all the four
* *Naveen - junior CSE – sitting at the front in the other lab – ugly face in length with specs and pimples – short height like 5-feet-4-in*
* Vibha – studying – Faizan sitting with her and studying – she in the middle – I had been around to gain some knowledge- she was not open to me, she was rather closed
* Mahima-lookalike – today again – once – as she was on the floor
* Viva went okay – he had asked a question about the fastest wire in terms of transmitting – Vibha and Irfan took it in the wrong direction saying that it was roll-over or cross-over, those were distinguished on the basis of pin-alignment – as I pointed them wrong Nitish said ‘twisted pair cable’ – it was wrong too, to which I had then said ‘yes’ – it is actually optic-fiber
* The man told me to listen to question and then answer – the viva went okay – didn’t make me feel bad – he was asking about the network-connections in the lab, about switches and cables, etc
* After the viva – after 1130 – I was thinking of going but no one from the LAXMI NAGAR guys were leaving right now – I just thought to wait for while and try to find out someone who could accompany me until the bus stop – no I couldn’t find one
* *It was the third last day at college in this seventh semester, though it was not on my mind*
* Tanvi Gautam had red-eye on the left - wounded – even her pupil had visible clot – left hand in the arm too had marks – she said she fell off the bike while trying to ride it – I saw her and Abhilash in the green on the side of the entrance alley – sat with them – Tanvi’s tongue is insulting – so all that I thought about her from her posts on FB was not all right – she is still a stupid bitch – nothing that I would deal with – after 15 or so minutes, she and Abhilash got up to go to the classroom – she told me not to come along – handshake with Abhilash in proper way
* I then thought of getting the mark-sheets from examination cell – there was this man sitting there and working his own on his table a meter away from the window – he was just a worker on that computer – he was acting like he was unavailable – he didn’t give proper answer though he didn’t reject or deject either – he was pathetic – it was TBS here, yeah, she has actually been shifted here now I can tell myself – she was roaming around – thin in golden saree and half-arm length sweater – she looked thinner, weak, pussies be pussies – as I was talking she now turned from the lady she was talking to and saw me, then she turned again to sit on her chair – her turning away was like she had rejected from showing concern to what was going on here, she acted an ignorant person - blocked in view from here by the room-dividers – I just left as this man was not answering shit – then I had just come back from like 5 6 meters away to ask of the admit card but this man was fucking ignorant, fuck him
* I was not feeling okay – I should have got the mark-sheets – I was doing my zipper up and down – I had visited the canteen twice to see if I could have seated there for a while but no – it was filled and environment was congested – I had been up on the first floor (CSE block) to find someone and get him to accompany me – these guys Aditya, Apurva, Varun, Astha were coming down – shook hands with Aditya – went on to just meet Shukla who looked free – as I came down in the alley I was still confused – I had walked past Apurva, Aditya and others with Vibha – then I turned and I see Garima-the-slut coming towards here in the alley – I just got up to the these guys in the way – normal and natural as Garima-the-slut passed
* I left the college after 1230 – I had been walking subliminally slow when I got out of the college gate – it was like I had enough free time to waste, I didn’t want to go home – I was loving the weather, bright winter windy morning
* I was running hand threw my hair like I had messed up something – I was confused of course – something was not feeling right about leaving the college early
* On the turn to the main-road – the DISCONET shit felt started – a man in royal blue unisex-hood-pullover – it had “Allen Cooper” written in white on it in the middle of the chest – just the same way as it was in black on my white-t-shirt
* As I walked back past the red light to the metro-station, I was throwing hands and giving the surrounding buildings a raised look
* Near the turn to the road to Metro-station – a man with gait similar to that of Babbu – pathetic
* A man stopped to ask me of KHAJOURI – it was on the back side – he had ridden his scooter in opposite direction to come here and ask me that – he then asked me if I wanted to buy a pen-drive from him for R300 – he was asking me the amount of money that I carried – I told him I only carry so that I can pay in the bus - *(this man was maybe real, but sent to make a fake deal) – he had shown me 16GB PD*

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| * As I had got on the bus – a woman had got on with a kid – she asked me to let her kid sit on the window seat – she had to go to phase-2 so she was on the wrong bus – she immediately got down * I had tilted my neck out of the window to feel the cold breeze through my face – just then a truck had been honking behind the bus – it wanted to get past and it honked to be precautious in with my head – I let the truck pass * Soft Hindi romantic music had been playing in the bus * An old man standing high and tall *(I mostly sit like tired and back-broken)* – like he was fine and fit – like he was feeling strong even in that old age (early 70s maybe) – it was more unusual as there was still space here on the right near the end – WTF * A man with specs – in front of the exit – had eyed me once – when I had brought my neck in from the window * There had been women with kids with them – twice – one had a boy – the other woman had like three with two girls – the kids were little like ‘5 years old’ |
| On the bus stands:   * A woman sitting – married – bangles and tattooed hands with Indian-tattoo – newly married look – yellow earphones in her ears – *I got the feeling that she was fake – so I eyed her face if she was actually listening to music – my stare had once raised her eye to me, which she had immediately taken away -*  the bus moved and I just let it go, I could not come to a conclusion * As I turned my face right – the woman in pink saree on my right was looking here, seeing what I had been doing – her son too – he had specs, fresh new moustaches, face like I had when I was young in high-school * This mother-son duo was a set-up – *I was supposed to give attention to them to leave a good impression on DISCONET but I didn’t realize it when I was in the bus* * The woman walking behind a man – she had the face as that of a prostitute – her condition looked was like that of a prostitute – she was young like aged around 20s * Girl in stripped sweaters yellow and black – later another, in sweater with white and black stripes * A girl with rear like Sakshi Sharma in blue jeans and black top like how Sakshi was wearing today – I had turned my neck to see it actually was her – it wasn’t and the man sitting in front saw her too * The woman with her 5-year-old-or-something on the wheel chair – she had to be care-taker, housewife – her kid was paralyzed or something from under waist – I don’t know |
| As it was near Noida-crossing – I told driver to slow down to let me get off – the SARDAR in the bus had got up then to get down here as well – it was like how I would go along with someone who would stop the bus from himself at times |

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| 1400: came back from college  Internet - 1500  1630: food   * B-buaji was here, she left before 1900 * Into Downloading Music, new video-madness, WTF (didn’t let it get on) * 1730: up   1800: sleep, 1900: up, went out   * Ojas, Mahima and Naina under the A6 block in my way to the TT room * TT room was empty * I thought no one was going to come today – called HDK – he was coming back from college - 1920: Anisha and Isha were coming here for TT, just got along with them * HDK came but I took him to TT room * Anisha was good in placing the ball and she was just fine in picking up the shots so I lost two games to her – Isha is a novice – HDK too isn’t as good and technical as her * Mahima and Naina had come over here to woo Anisha out – like the two were jealous, yes they were jealous * HDK had to go back home early * Later Appu came – we played doubles * Anisha didn’t go up she stayed here even as Mahima and Naina had done rounds here * Later Ojas also came to play – some guy with pug here, named Abhishek also came, just a beginner – it was good to play knocks * Mahima and Naina had now taken Anisha up – then also Ojas had left the game and he would be talking to Anisha on the stairs – fuckers * Isha had went as it was time * Anisha had gone too, we left when she came back to take her racket * 2020: back   *(I believe, there was someone noticing the activity that happened in and around the TT room. The DISCONET guys must wanted to check the reaction of Mahima as I was in the TT room with Anisha and Isha. Also, they were into checking my choice, whether I would go for talking to Mahima, or I would for TT with Anisha and Isha.)*  *Isha (9th grade) is cute as a kid (first time, otherwise she was nerdy I thought), Appu and I had to keep our skills hidden while playing against her.*   * Kritika (as old as me) on rounds *(I used to ask Mahima to come for walking back in summers)*, Raja (as old as me) coming out of his car, deaf-dumb-woman expressed out ‘hello’ to Appu |
| * Boggled mind - 1400 to 1800 – 2030 to 2130, 2145, 2200 – twice thrice, watering eye from thinking of TBS, Anshu, Garima-the-slut * 2230 - Food – movie SOCIAL NETWORK using video cable into TV from laptop * 2300 – slick-bitch came out to tell me of volume – told me of babaji sleeping * 2340 – I shut the laptop and go to sleep to get up early and study in the morning |