11-Dec-2012

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| I had very smooth nightfall I didn’t even recognize – the underwear was wet and I didn’t even realize that  0430: up, writing  Tea around 0630, amma makes it for her, babaji and me  Cleaned the laptop of Yuvraj – the fingerprint software – the word files etc.  1100: up from Notebook – paused downloading – I had to carry on the day – bath, necessary  Fat-dick playing old songs from 2009 – then Himesh Reshamiyan, Honey Singh song – break-up-party song – the 2006 songs of Himesh – WTF  I listen to ‘Stronger’ Kanye West |

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| Cyclist’s path - Man with pants down – pissed just about then – showing off his underwear WTF |
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| Prostitutes like young woman with other younger woman and the middle aged girl with the boy and the kid – on the way, near the turn to cyclists’ path going to the right – asked for money from the tempo (earlier) – later, while returning, the three were still here, asking money from the people in the truck   * ‘FUCK TRUCK’ – library – sneak-peek into my notebook – fourth SEM |
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| 534 came first – *to check if know about this bus (and 543)* – Outer MUDRIKA later – the guy from last bus-stand was in it too – giving me a squinted look as I had seen him – *fuck it* |
| I had forgotten the stand and pillar count here – I was thinking of 90s – it was 100s   * The woman had pushed me as I was trying to pass – another one standing with hand stretched   I asked the driver to stop and if ‘the two stands that come together’ had passed – man from behind, ‘Preet Vihar, has it come yet’ – it was next stop – two guys got down on the red-light – I didn’t  ON THE RETURN TRIP:  CHECKING ME - in the Orange-469 bus – some girls (cute, but grown faces, and Muslim, in the head covers round the neck drapes) discussing about 740, Outer Mudrika and its plus, minus variations – then school boys ask me ‘what bus this was’ – *if I was going to tell them that it is Orange -*  I said ‘469’ |
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| Men peeking into my phone   1. In the bus while going – I had typed in the message while looking around – typing-mistake had happened – but still I learned of being watched 2. On the bus-stand near Noida-crossing – as I sat on bench to type – two men on the side didn’t bother to invade my privacy while bending their necks to me into my phone |
| A man lookalike of Rajiv fufaji – I didn’t immediately catch the similarity – in brown jacket, zipper up, light blue denim, rectangular frameless, the bald head-same cover as fufaji – he looked like the same, not the same   * Sees me as I see him – blank glances * The thick moustache on the upper lip – it was not properly cut – small amount close look revealed the irregularities in hair-length and flow * As I looked at him, he looked at me, the glance was like ‘is everything fine’ – narrow eyes, expressionless relaxed and calm face * Face lines, wrinkles and dark circles were not at all there – fufaji had them quiet clear, he was studious – this man’s face was clear, only wore ‘objects’ that fufaji used to out of need * “Narrow eyes, fine shaped nose, and no such mole” – and - fufaji “had still wider eyes, somewhat parrot-beak shaped, and the mole (IDK)”   HOW DID THESE PEOPLE KNOW THIS MUCH – WHAT DID THEY DIG   * Bowditch on the sports-suit – address from Google - San Mateo, San Francisco * I hope not the ‘landline’ – is the landline too getting tapped   Earlier in the bus while going:  Rekha buaji lookalike sitting on the chair I stood on – SIMPLE MEANING – THE SPACE IN THE BUS WAS SO CREATED I WOULD JUST COME OVER THERE TO STAND – WHAT IS WORSE – THEY ARE DIRECTING ME INTO THEM NOW |
| * Jain tourist bus – Ambulances (once earlier, then later) * Three old poor people – rugged – with sticks, short, dirty black, thin – crooked backbone of all the three – maybe in 70s * They had to get on the bus – they were slow – the women had to get on the bus – they hopped but couldn’t have reached the bus had the crowd on the bus stand hadn’t interfered – they called out for the bus to stop – the two women got on with their sticks and the big round bag they carried * The old man was slower and his gait was even more rigid – he was not folding his legs properly and was actually hopping on the stick-like-leg-joints – in his white cloth Dhoti, he was walking slow – the bus had moved on – the two women didn’t realize it – the crowd called out for stopping for one more person – the bus kept skidding – the women too cried out for stopping the bus – the old man hopped to get to it – he had to walk a lot by how he looked and his condition * The smoker blowing the smoke with air to me – I moved to the other stand * And the people stupidly eye-balling – crazy |
| Old man – late 70s – cleaning face using hanky (I had cleaned my face before), the rain drops probably – his hand was shaking badly, both hands, with an up and down of over three centimeters – what the fuck, it was too bad to be true, too ugly to be real – plain red sweater, shivering with cold – asked me the time, it was 1400 – he was gross  I was cleaning specs just under the HCLCDC building – the girl in green sweater – face reminding me of Mahima – dirty brown, somewhat fat and chubby – the body-shape was to show how Mahima might look like when grown-up – she was looking here, checking me out – or she was wondering if I was checking out her   * The cute brown young woman – cute chubby - standing in the bus on the railing even as I was sitting in the ladies-reserved-seats * Woman and face of her daughter matched – the bucktooth cute-witch-face brown girl – thin, school-girl – her face matched her mother – it was the bucktooth of her and her mother, the jaws that made the match-complete – mother was exploded * *As I was making a note of it – the thin face guy behind them – watched me – he was a mother-fucking watch-dog pretending to be mixed and normal – in the four five glances we shared;* * Then one more – this girl’s face matched with Sheetal Kaur (batch mate from middle school Ahlcon) – her face too matched with her mother – mother was fat, girl was cute-chubby * In the society – Mahima’s face matches with her mother – quiet brilliantly   The mother sitting her little kids on the chairs – by getting men up and filled seats empty – *I tell kids to get out of the TT room and let us elders play, Appu jokes about it that I tell them to ‘leave their rackets and go up’, I had once asked Sarthak for racket* |
| * Young married woman – in body hugging quarter length sweater – pencil shape – well formed ass – the red painted finger nails – face covered in the shawl – I saw her from the side – she was cute and homely – it felt like to say something to her – she wasn’t this cute from the front as I saw her later * (1) Rajiv-fufaji-LA, then (2) old man, then this (3) married woman * I was waiting for 347 – it didn’t come – it was drizzling I could not have walked and let the certificate packet get wet * I noticed in the collected water - rain had stopped – I walked * On the way, there had been water on the road – I was on side-walk – unlucky timing of the driver didn’t let the water come onto me – mother fuckers |

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| At the center – as I was coming down, Deepshika ma’am in the stairs coming up – I wished ’hello’ – the Mohit (H/W engineer) – Santosh sir too – Pooja ma’am had corrected her face to look cute – wore white and royal blue, like Smita and Rashmi |

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| Rain, weather forecasts said it was going to be colder – they didn’t say ‘sexy’ as it was whole day |

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| I was happy already, the certificate said ’91 percent marks’ in JAVA track – okay – there had been no exam, what was this  1500: Nishant called – he said of all the people who had given viva on the same day, only I had got alpha-plus-plus  He too got good grade, the same – he asked for my story and then told me his – mine was not reasonable enough - Image editor – he answered for the questions of the others – java based project – and his knowledge of Algorithms  We talked – but the conversation was more like cooked up – he was not in natural flow, he had to be cutting off the conversation on proper note or start some other topic – *I had to keep that flow*   * Uni’s mother in her car – face out and big eyes under the big round glasses – what was that |

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| 1230: I had made the call and today she said I could come and collect the certificate  When I called, she started with 'hello good morning'. After her 'hello', I had already asked her 'Pooja ma'am HAI'  She asked me who it was; 'Ashish, for the certificate'. At the end, she had said 'thank you', I said 'thank you' back in low voice.  Before leaving, I was thinking of buying her a chocolate or something, if I was going to see her off the last time today after all the telephone conversations along the month for the certificate.   * HCLCDC call only on the days of the college * It was college today for choosing the subjects for 8-SEM, I was not in the mood to go   I was back at home by 1400.  2000: I was back at home from playing  2100: food  2200: sleep |

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| I was trying to study DCS2-unit-4  1800: Appu called me for TT  Yuvraj called me for laptop in 45 minutes at 1945   * Dishan and his father – coming in the alley – *I have seen them a number of times in the last month – in the evenings, particularly – what else, Dishan has said nice ‘hi’s and hello’s’ –* Cool ☺ * Like they owe me something   Ojas comes in TT room (so he was back, sad thing to see)– insults M – says she will not play even as Esha and Anisha were willing to play in the doubles – WTF – I said ‘she will’ – he says to let her decide – she made the face, I saw that – she left before the game was to start – WTF – I was not going to say for her if she herself couldn’t   * Was I supposed to go up or call – no – I played – later, Ojas had got the call from her and he went up – okay |

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| * I was at home when Anu had called to tell me to come to Metro; *she went silent after thirty-four seconds and then put the call on hold. What was that?* * As I was leaving for Metro Station: * Naina, Ojas and Mahima in the park – Mahima on bench, turned and called out here – ‘Loser’ as I heard, it can’t be ‘User’ * Puneet’s parents walking ahead of me in the lane * Uni’s mom coming back from temple, handed me Laddu (sweet ball), it was PRASAD * Later, as I was going to the TT room, she was there on the round and told me to send Uni up to her * AS I WAITED FOR Yuvraj TO COME (Anu was with him): * The girl staring me on the stairs of the station – later the girl in slacks and quarter-length-body-hugging-top, well on her butts – she was a great thing to watch – the girl in shirt and pants, high walking awesome * The loser-thing stayed in my mind somewhat – I was out again, not to do any damage or even bother about it but to study DCS2 in TT room * Ojas, M and Naina had gone – Ojas was TT room * On asking to Ojas – he didn’t tell me what she the word she had said – he said – ‘I have button eyes’ – *then he just abused me in the pussy sentence he said out in low voice to himself almost - ‘I had told her to not talk to this butt-crack (CHUTIYE KO)’* * He had then foot-forwarded ahead – I didn’t bother to call him back and give him a hit * The girl with specs from B3 – on the swings then coming into the park on the bench as I saw her – talking on phone * I went over to play TT with Varun (7) |

* Fat-dick had gone to his NANA-NANI – great
* Slick-bitch tells me to walk out and off – too rudely around now – crazy

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| The maid on the day when she had not come – I had received the call when amma was not here and FD and SB don’t take up calls nowadays – her voice was not coming clear and it was blocked by the pauses – I heard her say that it is ‘Rekha speaking’. *The way was very similar to the Rekha-buaji’s voice -* I started with ‘JAI JINENDRA BUAJI APKI AWAZ NHI AA RHI… EK MINUTE RUKO’   * Now after today’s scene of lookalikes – I wonder if the landline is being tapped * *Why the fuck LA –* they are not thinking of me asking help from them * *I got certificate exactly one week before my birthday - why* |