|  |
| --- |
| 20-December-2012  Change of news in the evening – Narendra Modi is Gujrat CM the third time |
| I sat in bed (0930) - infrared - Nishant called for metro station  *call for babaji - I was in amma's room, roaming (infrared) - Tata form, MV, his number (NOT FROM ME), asked my name (his grandson), he cut down after an immediate 'thank you' - I told him to call after 1600 on this number only when he asked if he cud get BBG's number*  fat-whore – R500 - for exam – that was really a shocking surprise, it was also for the birthday (maybe because I had mentioned of no money this time to B-buaji on phn causally) |
| Morning – Mind boggling Following - right along   * Sonal’s reminder through a girl trying to resemble her through objects (like specs, face contour, height approximation), on the other side of the road |

|  |
| --- |
| Just after I had got in, stood nearby after entering from a door.  Tanuja Nautiyal Randy (backstabber)’s reminder – old woman with round forehead visible like South-Indians – it was pathetic, I need to study so thought to get into other coach as I traversed past the crowd and the people to find some place little less obnoxious – it was pathetic and even people were looking at me as I was trying to pass through them   * So they were around here to, it is metro I thought. I left them behind - went on to sit in a corner in the other coach after getting past about three coaches I guess * *it was in the corner near a divider space on the common-coach* |
| It was after Barakhamba-Road station that the scene happened and literally exploded, no waiting, as Rajiv Chowk (RJC) station came right next in only a minute   * *The two-seater behind me was about at one-meter (for neck, 120 degrees to the left)*   First man who was caught:  I had raised my head from the book just for a moment to see off the surroundings. This man was sitting on the edge of the chair and he leaned to his right while putting his elbow on his knee. He was bent to read into my book. Now even as I raised my head, he simply kept sitting and not shift himself back. This was his mistake; he was caught. We held each other’s eyes, only difference was that ‘I caught with natural sight’ and ‘he got caught with his eyes wide open’. An eye contact, two button-like-eyes wide open at me as if I just found him doing something.   * I was not gonna be able to study in this position now, nor I could simply tell him to move so I thought to maybe change the metro and then find a place, stand cautiously this time only to study while not paying attention to the following that is not in my control anyhow. * I closed the book casually, very normal act, relaxed flow, nothing serious. I was not worried I only needed to get off the train and then get on again with a mind prepared this time for studying under surveillance. * On Rajiv Chowk (RJC) Metro Station, I saw the crowd coming to the door, reckoned it better to get out and take the next train; I got up in easy casual flow, very natural as I was as I am. He felt an un-easy feeling run through him, his body was now rigid, back straight, neck out; he kept sitting. Soon as I step past him, he too got up. * He put his hand on the bar, protected the seat (on his left, before the door) so that if he gets up I don’t sit down there, also he put himself in position he could simply jump up to stand and start leaving with me. * Two men from behind call on him to move with the crowd and get out (tapped on his shoulder) * We stood behind the crowd and this person behind me, on my left. It had been crowded on door that was to open. Behind him and me were his other two friends. This person was closer to the door and needed only a turn to leave. I sided a little to the right to walk out nice and easy after the entire crowd, and not just after the person who was before me. * I had shifted a step to my right to allow these pricks behind me to take step forward and I could see them. In the hush as the doors opened on the station, these guys got down and I didn’t. I saw this seat empty and sat on it. I was giggling to myself for what had just happened; unfortunately, more of them had just now entered after that person. A person in sand-brown leather jacket had stood right in front of me, his back blocked my sight, and he was standing to block my way. I hadn’t immediately realized that I was now under even surveillance. * More men around, there were eight straight inside my close cover, there were obviously more around, can’t tell how many. * At one point of time, this asshole sneezed standing here, sneezed on me. I had to turn my neck away and hold my breath, to prevent inhaling and infection. I was looking outside the windowpane behind me. Next, I see these psyche-readers sitting on the two-seater in the front, looking outside the windowpane past me. |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Eight People got on for me after this scene (I think one PYR was already sitting, the younger early-forties, lean, thin-upper-lip-moustache, in-front-of-me) | | |
| 3 - black leather jacket (BLJ) | * First person before me: sand-brown sweater, black pants, whoop-ass, wide, middle-class-quality * Second person before me: Jacket had faced me, old, specs, bald-head, 50s, detective-face * A chinky person and a another person on the pole (75 cm away, one and a half arm’s length) * Chinky (reaching 50s, bald-with-thin-moon-cover) stood just next to me – to read into my book – he was also looking at the bag of the person sleeping next to me (JSS academy written on it) * I put hand on him to rest my arm, the chinky looked away now | * Two BLJ were actually together * As I dropped the beat (marker on book), they put their hands up together to hold the bar |
| 3 – plain sand-brown sweater (SBS) | * First one: rear to me, early-in-early-out * Second: person in the corner in front of me, like an arm’s distance (50 cm) from the seat on the side * Ear-phones, gaze, calm-stare, I scanned his face, left to right, nose, ear-phones * It scared him of his identity-disclosure * Took the eyes off of me and soon left * Third: person with the newspaper in the same corner (opened up the middle-rape-page to me, kept the other pages like crushed-stick in the hand) | Girl must have been in plain-sand-brown sweater and black jeans that day |
| 2 – psyche-readers (PYR) | * I think they were in sand-brown sweaters too * Sat in front of me * the thing is that they never look into the eyes of the person (as a basic mechanism of reading the subject); they had looked past me later when I was watching them later; earlier they had pretended to be like just any serious-working-class-passengers * dumb face, expression-less but with proper serious face-creases like smokers, which they weren’t | * one early-40s * second 50s (broad face, tired-smoker-eyes) |

|  |
| --- |
| * In the morning metro: Picture: (1) on my left, near the other coach-end, the guy was watching here. Guy standing to strike a pose with earpiece in his ear. He raises his hand up to hold the support-ring. His right side facing me. (2) A guy standing next to me turns his face away to show off his ear on this side, his left. Immediate Impression: The raped-boyfriend must have worn such an earpiece. It was the first and the immediate-impression. Other possible notion: A design or fashion-accessory shown off to me that I can wear or put on. They were trying to ‘mark’ me, like “ring around dog’s neck”. * He had somewhat similar earpiece as he stood to the pole to show his left side to me. Another person behind him was looking here. So it was heavily manned around me when out to travel for exam-days. * I hear the news of the rape on TV and try to relate to it and what has been going on in my life, just as an indication I was comparing how ‘modus operandi’ was similar to how I think: (1) a couple was attacked (I am opposed to the concept of marriage, one woman made for one man), (2) the girl was maybe nosy with nose-bridge bone protruding out, I assume it as they tried to leave an impression on my mind by showing me such put-up sluts while I travel in Metro; (3) the girl was physiotherapist (Therapist who treats injury or dysfunction with exercises and other physical treatments of the disorder); (4) Fuck-truck concept from the movie ‘The Social Network’ highlighted in my diaries back in 2010; (5) first report of newspapers said ‘eve of18-Dec (that is my birth date)’ was the incident-timing; (6) plea for death-sentence, ‘one of the convicts said ‘he should be hanged’ (I see the request as an other way round request or unsaid-message for some mercy (but it was risky)) (attempt to test the hype of country’s anger, ego by trying ‘reverse-psychology’, though an extremely risky step) * Bus of ‘Route No. 73’ shown to me: to check if I take the cheap buses, and not buy ticket in them, or that I take the Metro, the faster costlier travel |
| * Three men – quite the same face (dark, face had somewhat width) – (1) Subhash Nagar metro at the exit as the machine stuck when I stood too close to it, (2) then at the entrance of the college gate (crossing from before me, in confused and broken steps), (3) then later after the exam at college exit |
| Couples shown off to me: (1) Guy, 5 feet 9/10 inch, beard, brooded, ear-bead (black bead, round in shape, star in the middle of it, and very tiny stars around it to form the border). Girl: 5 feet, 4/5 inch, nose bridge.   * (2) Guy, black jacket, biker-type. Girl – sand brown color sweater, black denim. |
| * The couple ((2) Guy, black jacket, biker-type. Girl – sand brown color sweater, black denim) came behind the chinky-person standing right in front me. I was sitting and only watching the people in the act. The couple moved to the door on Subhash Nagar station. I heard the announcement, didn’t notice of the stop, doors opened, I took my time (leaned forward to see above the closed-door at the front, past the two persons in black jacket). On seeing the blinker on the station-chart on the LED for Subhash Nagar station, I quickly got up with the book to get out. |

|  |
| --- |
| * Morning Metro: the chinky (Mongolian): this man was acting crazy. He had sneezed while standing over my head, as a reaction ‘I had to turn my face away behind to look outside the window (this is when the two psyche-readers sitting in front of me looked past me in order to make a check)’; he farted, now I had to hold my breath, which was extremely crazy. * Guy with earphones on, staring here while standing next to the corner in the front of me. I stare back at him and he didn’t seem to be moved by that; so here comes the next, I started to run my eyes left to right on his face-features, the symmetry, I scanned his face while he was stupidly eyeballs at me. He does it off and gets off on to the door. * Morning-Metro Mayur Vihar-1: lets her bag on the checker-rail to pass through the scanning system and she went back to the other side to get herself body-scanned. The bag came out along with mine and I could have picked it up. This was a set-up to check me, she wanted me to pick that bag from the checker-rail and fly. |

|  |
| --- |
| Evening Metro:   * I was actually asleep, as I had been resting with my eyes closed. On Akshardham station, the faggot sitting on my left cleared his throat right in my ear, this woke me up and I was looking outside the window from the right as if I had missed something. No, I hadn’t; I sat to wait for the right moment to get up and go, wait for the announcement to happen. * A man stood just in front of me. As I got up after the announcement for Mayur Vihar-1, I took the step out and he had taken a step in for the seat. A thread from his half-sleeve light-blue sweater was stuck in a zipper-clip of my bag, I was trying to go but I was stuck. I saw it and got the bag off the shoulder to allow him to remove it, I felt sad for that damage * Girl (sand and black, pussy face with narrow eyes) and the person with her and the person behind he; they talked of JSS College, engineering branches. I put fingers in my ears by putting hands to the sides of my face. Sand brown sweater girl had started to speak after I had seen her, earlier she was quiet, (2) the other short black girl in the corner, look into her earlier and into her boyfriend, stupid bitch. * Reminder (similar face) of husband of Tanuja Randy: he stepped in the doors at a station, went into the crowd behind me. I didn’t bother and forgot. * I didn’t want the unruly crowd to develop around me, I went and stood by a little girl Sia, she was with her grandfather. To my question, ‘where she was from’, she replied ‘Kashmir not Jammu’, she was then saying about me and laughing in her grand pa’s ears. The ole man was little not open; he didn’t offer me the seat, which he obviously could have. * When these two got up, a woman took the seat, she was middle aged, neck tied up in muffler and she wore ear-muffs, but her hair were all well made as that of a working class woman, late 40s, belonging to the upper-middle class. After her, an old man took the seat.   During the exam at 1630: Mosque prayer went up and it was loud; it was for me – to distract my mind from the bullshit these people pulled up today and allow me to think in the exam |

|  |
| --- |
| * I had in mind to maybe get to meet Mahima today and maybe go to her house again to see off her mother for tuition. I wanted to ask her if her father had talked to her. She had been away for like a week so there was some excitement in the thoughts of seeing her after this short break. After the exam, I had her thoughts on my mind. * In the TT room, sitting on the stairs and she had entered along with Ojas. While leaving I had asked if anything was wrong, Ojas had said that she would play if she would want to, even as I had asked. She had left along with him when I had come up, as there were still people around here in the TT room. Mithoo, Sidhant and I were on the benches later, these guys spoke of cricket. I actually thought that she was gone. She passed from the alley near C-block and then as I was going over she turned into the swings park. * I was approaching her from the left, she must have sensed it too and as I reached very close, she was about to turn to the left but as I was closing in I tapped on her right shoulder, this flipped her out to turn to right and with all her brains-out. She went into the alley again with her middle finger up for me, little and cute, and the look on her face, aghast. It was perfect that I should have let her go now. |

|  |
| --- |
| I had gone somewhat crazy in my head after not having been able to speak to M. I wanted to let go but it seemed difficult and then I also wanted to pay attention to studies, WTF. I thought to let it all drop all for once, I thought to go to her house and ask if something was on with her parents, whether it was on or off from them, crazy. I only wanted a definite word, which was all. I wanted the shit to either snap or be placed in form.   * As I was heading for M’s house – Ojas running like a mad cow in the park *(check my entries in summers)* |
| * I called M from Uni’s phone; I didn’t want to call her from my phone as it was under surveillance. I requested her to come down using ‘please’ and it was two to three times. * On knowing that I was from the first flat, she responded ‘you related to Seema’, and called me in. * She told me for socks and shoes, I was checking the socks for any smell; it was crazy I was literally holding my foot in the hands and then trying to get any smell if that was there. She stood near the curtains and then she had come back a step to see where I was stuck. * Uncle was sitting in his bedroom and he ordered from there for food to ‘Kumud’. (Kumud is the lily flower.) * I told her that I had spoken to uncle and M’s grandparents were there when I had come the last time. It was about me taking M’s tuition. * She was speaking of how M did at studies, I shared that I knew that she teaches M science and that she was a science student by herself. Me:“I know that she is…” She finished it by making “zero using fingers” * Here my phone rang to Amogh’s call. I silenced it. Then I went forth in the conversation to discuss the fee. I was frank to ask her of how much she was willing to pay as I was only doing a first time and was only amateur. She smiled and told me say what I wished and to not bring a break in the conversation. I said R1000 for a month and 25 days a month. For a moment, she was stuck as if the figures were a little high. I cleared and elaborated more ‘2 hours a day, 25 days a month and that’d be for R1000’. She questioned, ‘for one subject’ then along with my “no” old man cleared that it was for both the subjects. He sounded amused. * She said she would think and tell. Now I cut in ‘Do you want me to give you my number’, because I couldn’t have asked for her number, nor that would have helped as I was not in the mood to pull it further. After giving my number, “when do you think you will be able to reply like within a week or so?” She said two days, which was cool, except I had exam on 22December. * I got up and she said ‘it was nice talking to me’. My response, “i mean, yes” and then 'bye'. * Ojas, M, Amogh were in the park. Ojas had told that I had gone over to M’s house. The jokes came, “had tea at her house”, my answer “I had food with uncle”. She called me frustrated while speaking to Amogh. * Later I thought of 2 hours a day and charging only R1000, I thought figures were absurd. |