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| 22-Dec-2012 | |
| * Morning – metro, ladies-coach, divider-space - The two stupid looking poor-woman sat cross-legged on the seats while I was on the floor sitting to study * Surbhi-Verma-IX-classmate-LA in Rickshaw * Chinky, Anulekha-Look alike – going on bike * Rickshaw - Jhalli Girl - MVPH1 – cute like M * nose-bridge-Bf-Gf; Crying baby for disturbance; man on my head to see into my book -Sand-Brown sweater - Black pants (SBB), person with music phone, crazy ppl, Sikh in SBB old * three friendly students studying multimedia – sat cross-legged like groupies on the floor – I sat with them, then I too spread my legs – now they got down as one of them wanted to go to piss - Assholes * Old-Sikh-man – on the two-seater in the front, in my view at an angle of about 45-degrees – he too had looked into the ladies-coach then at me – *WTF was he supposed to remind me – about the fact that I don’t consider Sikhism a religion but fake-shit* * He was tall about over 6 feet * In sand-brown sweater – he looked sick in his long grown full length facial-hair –WTF do they do | |
| Evening Metro | |
| * Change from bus with Laxmi-Nagar-boys, took metro to relax mind, also to save time * I got off of the bus to get back home fast and also because I wanted to meet M and also because I was tired. * They might think I didn’t try yesterday, but I had already tried twice on M and was on the way to get the results that were already indicated to me by actions. * I sat in a corner all quiet and to myself. It was just before the divider to the ladies-coach. * But then BS started to pour in with a forty-naughty-couple that came and stood just next to me over my head to talk BS. * Doves- 40 naughty, tall, Punjabi, * Man - nosy, specs, stupid, nerdy face, sissy pussy * Woman- pink cheeks, white jacket, bulky, big, stout, nosy in her nature and with the big beautiful nose too * Couple talked of protest - India gate * Nose-bridge, dark brown girl – sitting and simply showing off her big Note-2 phone hoping that I would say something. It was bullshit; I had M on my mind. I was tired of the BS of these ppl. Chocolate-brown, nose crooked, puppy eyes – soberly sitting with Note-2 – gave me glance as I stood tired to the bar. There were a number of glances, but it was almost like she never spoke and I only looked at her to feel okay. | |
| THEY SHOWED ME INSTANCES TO SHOW OFF THAT I AM TOO MUCH FOR M AND I SHOULDN’T BE THINKING OF HER, AND THAT I CAN DO BETTER, I HAVE DONE BETTER.   * Ameya-face (Anu’s school friend) – with that nosy-pussy-specs-short, oily, brown and bony boyfriend * Shorty boy tall girl specs Champu big Nose dark | |
| They threw in damn good LA of Anshu and Dhaka – together – wow. This was because they didn’t want me to do M. I was not so impressed though to see either one.   * Anshu’s LA had this dark-brown wide-line plastic-frame – that were like big wide chinky-cat-eyes * Anshu was telling a story, 1st, 2nd kids were on phone while they go phone in 12th. Then she looked here on her left at me. I was not in a very good mood, I was only able press my lips. * 3, 4 eye-contacts * Anshu stood with her back to me and for a second I almost thought that I should talk to her but then I only stood. Dhaka front to me. * Anshu-LA got down on LN – she had said bye and as I looked at her, she had also threw off a look. | * The story was a made-up bcs first class kids can't read so they can't operate smartphones. * Men staring me from behind – as I looked after seeing these two LA of Dhaka and Anshu * SRS- English ATA – I thought, from April * After Anshu had gone, after a few minutes, Dhaka stood here at the pole and looked straight at me, hoping I was going to say something. But no, I was not even moved by this act, though it was impressive, very impressive rather. * Anshu-LA was cute in her specs and reminded too much of Anshu. |
| * I had let out 'fuck' in still low voice with lip-sync on the somewhat face that chinky, after this the girl-guy came over to cover around me, and also that management. Swati-cousin-lookalike - black sweater and pants. She stood next to me to avoid any trouble for me from passengers * Also when I was leaving the exit-MVPH1 I had let out fuck for letting go Anshu-LA – the girl(mid 20s) was a set-up – a psyche-reader probably * How did I let Anshu-Dhaka go – The realization was more intensified on the next day that I had done something very wrong | |
| * Eve – metro, ladies-coach divider-space – two little girls – Astha-and-Aditi face girls (the two girls I am talking about were my ninth-grade classmates) – the girl had round specs and books in her hand, she was studying, copying something (it was cute to see that little girl) * The girl who was supposed to remind me of Astha-Agarwal was not with any such characteristic thing as the glasses and books with the other girl – it was just the girly-friendship between them, their studios looks and their natural cuteness * I have seen a number of Sony phones, some of them very cool. * **It was totally a made-up surrounding around me – to at least every person that formed the first-neighbor-space for me – *not to mention those in the deep and with me in their visual-perception (a woman on the glass-support by the second door from here)*** | |
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| Thinking of going over to see M:  It’s like going over for signing the divorce papers, or like going over to the doctor to only open the report for the disease doctor is sure you have after seeing the symptoms. Sign the divorce-papers for being friends with her; open the report to get acquainted with the disease. | |
| * In the first place, she was leaving when she saw me, then as I turned too and didn’t follow; she turned and stopped me to have a word. She was coming back from tuition. * She said I should say sorry to Ojas or else he won’t be talking to her. * Okay, so Ojas said that to her and what is there right now was this crazy bitch was saying that to me, wow. * She was not so much interested in talking; this was going to be a very tough-last-good-bye for me. * She was on rounds. * Ammo came – he took me for rounds – he told me to come over and not speak to M – I had told him of the BS that M said to me – he called OJ and shouted on him – then on rounds as M was coming from the front – he spitted before her - he was jealous too | |

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| 21-December-2012 |
| I had been studying and thinking about the conversation I had with M’s mom. I was thinking what if she tries to call me any time between 1100 and 1700 and I find myself unable to take her call.  Then in the evening, a message from Amogh came. M was trying to connect with me through Amogh. |
| 2122: "BHAI KAL Mahima ne bola HAI MILNE KO USSE MILLIO..."   * Two calls to M - FW and my no - no pick up * It should be 'no', what message might have to be sent me through her. She could have called to show of the positivity in the situation, but its okay now. |