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| 28-December-2012  I had in mind to not put on specs today as I have been pretty much feeling heavy in my head from the following.   * Rickshaw puller who had carried me to the clinic during jaundice (in ninth) and tenth class exams sees me outside the Maitri Apartment but I only get a faded glimpse of his eyeballs and it doesn’t grab my attention. * I used a winter head-cap to prevent both cold and my sight from catching attention. |
| Morning metro – Mandi House station – I got down as I knew that this train was filled with followers to form the crowd around me   * A man in black leather-jacket (a man in sand-brown sweater and black pants was already standing here in front of me in the divider-space (DS) had got in it from the exit of the ladies-coach I had got off from – poor take, I can bet he was then going to stand just on my head in the divider-space * He went in and then came out – like in almost the time that he was going to take in doing the round-trip to his friend in the divider-space – pussies * Chin with jawed face - twice, a nosy girl sitting on the two-seater, a reminder of Preety Dhaka, * Sand brown sweater, black pants before me in the Metro * Tanuja N Randy (TBS), GTS (Garima Nangi) reminder (distant lookalike, in terms of the features that are specific to them. Like, cheeks with dark-circled eyes (for Tanuja N Randy), a jawed face in either length or width for Anshu Randy), * These four people on the support bars in the divider space * Anulekha’s (XII) lookalike, Tanuja Randy (TBS) again, on the metro with white light, sand brown overcoat with black pants, her face had visible nose-bridge. |
| Morning Metro: the last metro that came and I got on:   * Different style metro-coach * White-light in it – change from yellow * No bars coming out – otherwise I put my shoulder in it and stand tilted * So I sat – next to this couple – stupidly talking into each other * A little into ladies’ coach – next to the two-seater |
| Two metro coaches reserved for your set-up  The ugly dark south-Indian woman sat on the two-seater  The watcher-man stood alone on the divider AT THE END OF THIS COMMON COACH  The women and kids sat here - the empty seats before where snack girls sat - |
| Wafers eating girls in the common-coach - on the first two-seater to the side I had my back too - the smell of the wafers reached straight here when they had opened the packet - it was some cheap snack with poor quality oil used in it |
| Empty seats in the common coach – specially left empty because I travel while sitting on the floor in the ladies coach |
| * Women with the kids were sitting in it * I walked here to check the metro-route-plate for my next coming stop * as I turned casually to stand by the door behind - I then raised my neck to this little girl's stare here * a 3-4 yr girl standing by her mother looking at me with curiosity and the accompanying dumbness on the cute face * I didn't act or send any signal whatsoever now and simply walked to the door while noticing this girl's face as stared at me |
| * Morning Metro: Tanuja Nautiyal Randy (TBS) in the last metro. A woman enters to draw the attention of mine and the women in the front row here. * I whizzed my fazed and faded eyesight from the women in the front row (on my left) then there was one woman sitting in the row on my side – she too was looking at me – I looked at her – her faded face features resembled Tanuja Nautiyal Randy – what made the shit messy was when she looked into my face and took two seconds before jerking her neck off to the left – that just blew the cover, so this one was real – okay * Her hair were tied to the back – like she used to tie them back during the first-semester days – in the faded view, I realized that she had put on some weight after looking thin lately and now she healthier seeming to be like of her age ‘36’, not ‘45’. |
| Seven Metro were changed today:  Four Metro(s) in the morning:  1) the one I got on - one man SBS, BT - TBS-LA hairy face sitting in it - I left it  a man had got on it - but then he got down - he had entered from the ladies-coach - probably to stand just next to me and disturb - fucker - maybe these guys just got tripped by my changing trains thing  2) I got on the second one - four people had stood in this one on the four bars - I stood with my back to the ladies and the pose and posture was so that I can stand still comfortable without holding anything - I got down from this one too  in this one - the ladies on the two sweaters next to divider space had kids - 12-13 year old boys with them in their lap - WTF - to show off the population  3) I missed this one - I was sitting on the bench with a girl sitting on it, she was waiting for her friend - the woman in the deep had come closer here to see if there was something going between me and this girl, if she was a part with me - the train came - on the window a woman looked out, eye-balling, I just saw her faded but knew she was eye-balling - I just skidded my sight off of whatever I saw - never hit focus - I DON'T KNOW IF I HAD MISSED ANOTHER TRAIN IN BETWEEN  4) the last train I took - it had white-lights in it - it had a lot of space in it - a couple stood in the divider space - the divider space was differently engineered from the last trains I have seen so far - about two and a half coaches on it were set-up for me, huh, DISCONET  Three Metro in the evening:  1) the wrong one I got on - simply to hurry up into the first train (Vaishali)  2) then I had to take train back to Yamuna Bank - chinky girl in black sweater near the door  3) On the last train from Yamuna Bank to Mayur Vihar-1 , a Sardar (black turban, sand brown sweater) stood just on my left |
| Health problems during the exam:   * Because of sick health and bleeding from nose along with mucus due to excessive forced sneezing had caused headache, severe headache. * I had asked Shukla for a headache pill but he had denied for it in the first place before the exam started. Then when I had asked the invigilator for some aid, he had then passed on this cough pill after a while. * The teacher didn’t provide me with any medicine until late in time. * It was extremely crazy even during this simple stupid exam. She provided me with ‘CROCINE’ around the half time. * Invigilator had crooked-nose, but the bone didn’t reflect, in Sand-brown sweater buttoned and with threaded design-work, black pants. * I did for some 40 marks, there was nothing in the paper to use the brain for or about, the question required writing a lot and in length on the core topics * I got the pill around an hour before and its effect started in its time (15 to 20 minutes) |
| After the exam:   * Scooter behind my rickshaw was a follower – I had sat bent forward so he had come too close to see what was happening and got caught as he moved his eye straight to the road and pretended being just somebody normal * Evening-metro station – people (in jackets) standing still in the corners, turns of the path I was to take. These were to check my vision and eye-focus without specs. |
| * In the Evening Metro, it was even worse. I thought I was going to get rid of these pigs, I had earphones in my ears and I wasn’t listening to music at all times. I was keeping them so as to look busy and consumed. * I sit in the squat position while resting on my ankles and so that my knees come out and don’t touch the floor. This position prevents my pants from touching the floor and getting dirty. It is in the divider-space between the women’s coach and the common coach. * I got a call Amrit at 0620, and he asks of me when I was going to reach the apartment. I told him I would reach there in twenty minutes at ‘0640’, he missed that so again ‘six-fucking-forty’. * As I was sitting with my legs squatted, a tall young woman (middle aged) in black body hugging top and red skinny pants, walked from here. Then another in the same pair of clothes and colors. It was to draw my attention, and they had done their job of leaving the impression of colors on me. That gait with that ass so tight in those fitted clothes, I simply had to give the piece a look as she left. * Then black sandals with red front on the foot of this thin lean chinky (Mongolian) girl in black top and plain light blue skinny denims with chinky guy with her. Nosy girl (nose bone), short, standing next to me, I have been shown girls with similar features or remarkable signs many times, the victim. * I had earphones in my ears and I was listening to the rap music, 50 Cent (My Toy Soldiers). The movement of crowd out on Yamuna Nagar station gave an indication of the station. The train I was on was heading for Vaishali to the left track, not towards Noida on the right track. It was crazy; I should have given that notice. There was an unusual movement around here now, curiosity in the environment. On the Laxmi Nagar station, that chinky girl in black top kicks on the bag to make me get up. * On Nirman Vihar, two stops after Yamuna Bank, I got up; now she had turned her back to see here at me once, looked at me as if I had suffered with something, which was a sorry look for me-plain look. No smile. No wrinkle. Eyes open normal but stuck and held like lifeless, * I got down on Nirman-Vihar-station, which comes two stations after Yamuna Bank. I was now better watching and looking at the direction boards, changed the platform and took the train back to Yamuna Bank. * Got back to the Yamuna Bank, on the platform I see Anubhav Kohli approach here from a distance, meeting him was a relief * His company was a relief in the last part of the days travel. We stood on the right door in the direction of the train; I put my head on the window pane to avoid these followers on left and right, and behind. * Sardar black turban, Sand-brown sweater standing next to me on my left shoulder, Kohli on right**.** |
| In the apartments:   * I can bet they showed me men with the face-match of the culprits-the man on the metro station behind me on ACN exam day, the driver behind me Ojas and Anje on December-27. * The day was crazy with M, her over inciting acts of M, bringing her face too close to mine as she needed to see into the phone of Amrit now in my hands. Her hitting me with hand, kicking me, looking at me with those puppy dog eyes and expression, she is cute. I keep buttering her in a very nice way so much that she tells me not to do that. * The result of M’s behavior in the evening was her in my nightfall dreams, filthy awesome. I got her in the side-fuck position with our legs crossing each other’s and our bodies facing the others. In the later part of the dream, she had switched to come and sit over me with her hands on my chest. * Now around 1900, it was only M and me on the bench. M says she is getting bored and now I wanted her to stay here. I had to tell her something so that she stays. I had got a break of five days as the next exam of Organizational behavior will be on the third Jan. I felt she was lost in her mind and couldn’t relate to what she did last, so I thought of making track what she had been through her day. In order to make it look interesting I told M to give me 7.5 minutes and that I will turn her mood up. I was asking for 15 minutes but she was just not ready to listen so it was a 7.5 minutes deal then in the words. She was leaving but then *Appu came, an entry that was scripted that way.* Appu had come so I was able to pull of shit or I was going from A2-exit and she was going from the exactly opposite C-block-exit. With Appu and M, I was continuing the same talk, she was telling and then I questioned as why didn’t she come back home straight and went to KFC eatery, so in her words she answered ‘how does it bother your father’, wow. Then Amogh came and there was serious verbal fits as he comes out to insult, I couldn’t have stood there any longer. I tell M to go get back home and study with abusive words (CHAL BHEN KI LODI) and in a manner like ‘Go, fucking leave, if you want to leave, fucking get lost’. This brings her back to react and respond, except for the fact that she was coming back with bricks and stones every time she would return. This was funny, but she could have hurt with the stones she was hurtling. Appu was noticing this, and he jokes about it that she would be already half way gone, then I would tell her to leave and she would come back. |