24-feb-12

Yesterday, I saw few things that made me feel that the whole environment of surveillance of me, which has been there with the teachers in discipline committee (Tanuja ma’am, and I don’t even if the rest are also a part of DISCO), and those with whom I had eventually slipped (Anshu ma’am).

Tanuja ma’am came to invigilate yesterday. Before the exam Tarang Mahajan (the famous fat-boy T2 student) had pushed himself into the four of us (Nitish, Keshav, and me) and he didn’t shake hand with me unlike he did with others, also he had intrigued like what we were talking about, or like doing. After the exam, I was leaving the room and I saw out of slowness when the first semester Physics teacher was bent to the ground to pick up something. I guess she had looked up right next and caught the slight glimpse of me.

Later, I saw Saurabh Banga (the other T2 freak, sports a beard and thick-frame glasses) closely watching me up, and it wasn’t the first time, it had happened once earlier also that I saw him watching me up as I watch the most famous Sakshi Sharma’s back from behind.

Then, the time when we were getting free sports magazines, I saw the man who was photographing the distributor, but at the time, he was like watching me and his mobile phone camera just straight in my direction. Because even the distributor was just by my side, his back faced me, I was clearly captured in the video as, I guess, only the third or second person in the scene.

That was okay, as it didn’t look as formal as I have always found it on other days.

Today, there didn’t happen anything so serious but it smelled foul to me, I seriously need to tell myself that it wasn’t as foul as it had smelled. At the bus stop in the morning, I didn’t find Akshay, so I thought to make it other way by bus. I was seeing that a guy was there waiting for some bus just as I was doing. Obviously, there’s nothing wrong with that. The bus I took, the driver looked closely onto my face when I had 347 and got near front-gate on Mother Dairy. The time at college was actually fine as the subject (DWDM) was easy, course was less, and paper that came was expected.

After the exam, I met Anurag for a minute on my way; we only said ‘hi’ and then we went on to our path, our friends. It was a matter of coincidence. I want to think about it in a negative way, I want to think that a plot is going on and I am being looked at for behavior, personality, traits, etc, and all. Shruti Barahpuri was squinting on us 7, or 8 guys who go to Laxmi Nagar, or around. Then before that at college, I saw Surabh Banga’s face from a distance, it was very serious as he looked away into the deep past us. I want to think that he was cross-noticing me in the scene.

The girl with awesome big boobs, but a deformed face, whom I would sometimes find coming while I am on my way back to the bus stop. I see her on the main road, but today, I was on a different route, a short cut from which Shukla, Akash, and I were going to the stop. She was heading for the college, and as I see her and her bosom, I notice that her face muscles were not relaxed. The tilt of her face was absent and she had stiff expression, whatever it meant. I want to think that she was a test. HOLYSHIT

The time when I went out to go to café, I saw a very new tea shop right on the entry of the joint-park next to Maitri Appt. What was interesting was that the old owner was egging me, and I just looked him back, and he just didn’t look away until making sure we both have stared enough into each other’s face. Along with him were two men sitting, seemed like drivers, who came by for tea, but one was staring. I WANT TO BELIEVE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG AND THEY WERE HERE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE ROAD. It is not right; I just looked into the eyes of a barber on the road side later in the market and felt like stupid while thinking of him as one of the actor.

It is 1600 now, I better go study Multimedia. I really need to study Multimedia off, or either Electrical Science for re-appear exam, which I may or may not give, depending on today.

I went to café and deleted both, the BLOGGER account named ‘NIEC.LITERARY SPACE’, and the Facebook group ‘NIEC.LITERARYSPACE’. The BLOGGER account was shared by Aditya Gupta and me, but because it had five (5 out of 6) blogs of mine so I had a right to do whatever I wanted. I deleted them to break off the virtual connection between NIEC and me. It is really feeling better. I also cleaned up the Facebook account off of any incomplete, unpublished notes.

-OK