25-2-12

I had sent text message on Preety madam’s number which I have from a poster of tech-fest poster of the college. I asked if it was her, but I never got a reply. I was worried what reply I would receive and kept the phone in the phone until evening so that I don’t ask ‘who is it’ when I get a message.

Amid all the increased noticing of my actions through new people, to be specific, it is the students these days; I found that it is people who roam the college campus the most. Like Tarang Mahajan, Saurabh Banga, and two new names I could have taken it I knew them both, one is Nidhi Garg, and the other is her fat friend of the same height as her but it seems like she took all the fat from Nidhi leaving her thin, and making herself a fat-ass. She was looking at me the other day when I was just beholding Nidhi for a split second while passing. She would look at me from a distance on one or two days of gone exams, not the first time but I always took it lightly because the two girls always watching and meeting boys outside the canteen. I thought I was just a passerby for them. Day before yesterday, I noticed that Nidhi was looking here as I turn my neck for only a split second and I saw her with hair opened. It was the first time that I saw her like that, and even before a second, she drowned her face into her book. Yesterday, I came little late and simply mixed with Akash and Shukla. I remember I was abusing a whole lot with Akash, Shukla, Manoj, and whoever came around or went. What was worth noticing was that Nidhi was roaming and studying right at the distance of like two meters from us, and it is damn obvious that my voice was too high to be ignored in about that distance. She was there for a purpose I would never exactly know.

The police was patrolling too much on just a few days ago on an exam day evening. As I had once seen and heard from the top of the terrace as to how loud is police car’s siren. It was on the over-bridge near the ‘Delhi Police appt.’ bus stand about 600 meters away, and the siren sounded like I was hearing from somewhere near the society. They still patrol but it seems more like a routine, most of the times around in the midnight, or in the evening when it is dark.

Almost a week before today when I had gone to buy the message card at night around 2000 and I think I incidentally caught deep eyes of the ice-cream vendor who seemed to be egging my face to take a notice.

Early in the February, Nitin had told me that he would have to get his form attested by the Principle according to the new rule; god only knows when that formed. I want to think that it was a part of some sort of plan.

I remember, in the fourth semester, one afternoon I was in the library on the day when the day was off for our class and I was in the bad mood as always it used to be. I was impressed by the movie ‘Social Network’ and wanted to do something after getting inspired by the story of Facebook. I thought of ‘fuck-truck’ from the movie, it happens in Harvard that they send a bus around to pick up girls t party with the next club chairman. I thought of only implementing it online for normal, regular people from opposite sexes to meet up randomly and do what they want with them. I had jumped at the idea of it and wrote it on a paper, in quite a detail as to how it will be linked with Google and Facebook accounts of the people. There came a guy on my shoulder and started with that he knew from somewhere and that I had told him about the ‘year-back’ I had got and that was then lifted. I even today sometimes think that it must have started with that one small talk about ‘Fuck-Truck’ which made everyone think that was some sort of sex racket I was going to initiate soon.

At the time when Akash, Shukla, and I were waiting for the bus at the bus stop, there was a man, a street rag, he was old, out of energy, and, to be very true, he was not mentally stable. He was uttering things to the family that was standing on the road, and it was like ‘he was calling them’. He lay at angle with the bench with his head under, and from neck whole body outside. The legs were all hovered by flies.

It has nothing to do with but I tried and connected. It may be related with what has been happening in my life at college these days. They put him there so that I can see how terrible life can be, and that I could realize all the mistakes which they think I have ever made.

Rakhi, and Apurva had watched me and I had watched them too. Rakhi was at a distance, while Apurva was just at about 1 meter. I think it was because I had got a shave, after centimeter long beard going since a month. They were just catching the glimpse of the difference that was there, probably nothing else.

When after the Multimedia exam, Akash, Shukla, and I were sitting in the park to study. There passed that teacher (the Preety Dhaka look-alike, she had weight, and sort of the same eyes as far as I had noticed) whom I had seen sticking to the window of the door of that class. She had stared into me, and I was panting, and just casually stared back, no big deal, but it was odd to see her noticing me from that petty door glass, like the way she did. I was saying ‘that teaching is the best job, you don’t have to teach, take salary, and the tension of studying is on the heads of the students’. She had moved her head, but jerked and held it down, when she heard something about ‘teacher’. The man walking behind her was never seen before but he wore suit, and stared into my eyes, and I stared him back in confidence of what I had just said.

I want to think that it has something to incite me off, well should really be incited by seeing someone in suit.

I noticed that the new Sikh guard also knows my face as he was trying to keep a check that nothing should be mysterious around when I was in the accounts office.

In the morning, the mini bus I had taken, there was a CISF policeman sitting right on my left with our faces at right angles. I didn’t feel anything odd, but I want to note it down as well.

At the time when Akash, Shukla, and I were in the bus, there was a man sitting right before Shukla, who was in between. I want to think that he was listening to us and just now, I got the idea that he must be recording our talk.

I won’t do anything, no research, no nothing related to girls, no shit for this limited period of time that I have to spend at college.

Last night I thought about giving the Electrical Science and English paper next morning, but then I thought of when they should happen. Akash and Shukla told me that Multimedia, English, and Electrical were going to happen back to back with a break of half-an-hour after each. I felt like an elephant cock up in my ass. I was really moved, and I went to put my head under running water, and let some dandruff and tension go. I felt fucked. As I open my drawer to put down my specs, I see Steve Jobs on the cover of his biography. Last words I went down with after the day on discovering the difficulty I just led me into, 'no matter what, I have to fight back, and never ever back down'.

Today multimedia exam went fine, but what I discover after that was that English and electrical Science paper were going to happen together. ‘How was I supposed to right two exams at the same time?’ What was more surprising was that there were students who were actually doing it, and it wasn’t just me. I had no idea of what they asked in English, or electrical paper. I had been trying to make the two fucking idiots sit and study but Akash was more fucking interested in watching the girls who were passing by, fucker. I think I am fucked in the electrical paper, and obviously, I wrote nothing but the name on the answer sheet of English, this shouldn’t be news, I hope. The invigilator who had come was a fucking cock-sucker; he just didn’t want me to keep the question paper like it was going to cost him a fucking fortune.

In the evening, I watched Roadies audition and I liked this one. I have been only working on this entry every now and then since I so started.

Even today, Saurabh Banga was there on the deep right near the washroom to watch up what was happening here I was closely standing next to Faizan and Akash to hear them and revise Multimedia.

-OK