27-2-12

I woke up around 0740 when Shukla’s call came to ask me if I was coming to the college today. Last night I had promised him that I would steal a book for him from library today, he had committed to the senior Vishal, whom I also know as a person since second year. At the Laxmi Nagar bus stop, a man comes and faces me and stares right into my eyes. I wasn’t thinking anything, then I looked behind me if there was something, there wasn’t and even the man now turns away his fucking face, nothing serious.

There wasn’t going to be any class today. We were roaming the college whole day. In the morning, I stole the book, it was by Shukla’s help, though Nitin and Mukesh were there, but they didn’t really help in any way. At the time when Shukla and I were standing on the turn to the next room, the lady-librarian was squinting at us from her position while talking to somebody. I was checking my sweater for appropriate space and setting and she saw I was fiddling with my sweater with book in one hand. It should have made her doubt my actions. I took a fine step back and pushed the book at my back in the sweater. I simply passed as Shukla leaded me, and I fiddle out issue-card to keep up myself and hands busy. As I reach near the exit, I lift my eyes to see the lady and she was looking at me only. I don’t know but the face was pretty much expression less, she should be looking to answer what was going on her mind, I can’t exactly tell what that might be, but I was thinking about her and was feeling a little uncomfortable.

We played leg-cricket and little bit volley-ball. Then the teacher who roams the college (handles a post in examination cell, and seems like the principle’s left hand at work) came to send the all the thirty-forty students from the field into the class rooms. We were on the edge so we just got to run with our ball and without getting to smell his shit. Mukesh dropped the ball from his hand and began to run, earlier he was trying to dissuade us from stealing a book. What in the fucking world is he; I named him ‘cow-calf’. They (Shukla, Nitin, Nitish, and I) made awful lot of fun of him, pussy.

There was this man who had given the free magazines earlier and had got me shot in the video of his. He just came by to sit with Shukla, Nitin, Love, Mukesh and me as we come to the bike stand. What the hell was he there for?

While coming back from KG with Nitin and Love, I tried to teach Nitin that rape isn’t really a bad thing. He already believes that corruption is not a bad thing, so I only tried to teach him and Love that rape is not as much a serious crime as it is taken. Then later the talk turned to god and space, Nitin had some wrong facts in his mind about space and this made it very difficult to deal with him as he laughed off whatever I said, but eventually I got him down and he wanted me to explain at the end why I was so much against his facts.

Fat-whore took me to Greater Noida to show the new flat. At the time of return, whore told me how the house in Tri-Nagar could be brought down and it could be utilized by bringing the house down and constructing new building on the plot and could be used make earnings out of nowhere as she told me. It was kind of interesting and was also boiling my blood a little bit. I thought I have nothing to do with anything that relates me to this family; I am not just a part so I took the conversation like somebody was telling me what she wished to do with her property, nothing fucking else.

-OK