29-2-12

I was accompanied by Akash and Shukla to college in the morning in the bus that never comes (YAMU, YAMUNA MUDRIKA, it has a 45 minutes cycle so if you miss one, you’ll probably have to wait there for next 45 minutes or so).

Nothing happened as usual, it was because students are going to be paying more attention to their interests in FNORD (the annual fest of our college). Shukla, Akash, and I were with Kohli who was playing guitar because he wishes to perform in the FNORD. It was just his guitar that helped all the time pass until 1300; Shukla, Akash, Dinesh, Arun, and I leave the college gate. At the bus stand, I almost got into asking Akash if he was doing anything interesting, particularly asking him about his website. In the bus, the conversation got rough and I was abusing on very high tone just as I did the other with Nitin. People were watching us into our talk. Akash then got angry and I had to shut up to not get him into off-mood completely. He was thinking about Sati, who is making website for FNORD on Tanuja madam’s call; he actually got a fucking call from her right before us.

I had night-fall last night and I just went back to bed simply without even worrying about the partially wet underwear. I had to clean it after coming back home.

The check was on even today, there were there three men (in there 20's) standing in like a circle of about 2m wide around us and smoking it into the circle. That was to check my reaction to smoking, which is negative. There was this girl who had sort of a pig face and she stood before me, at a distance of about a forearm, in my view as look for buses coming. There was this other girl who was at a distance of about a meter at an angle of 45 degrees with me and the pig forming the base line. She was actually reading me. Then I saw two persons spit right after we get into close vicinity, twice, what the hell are looking for. Also, Gareema was there in the lawn with two other sluts as Shukla and group pass time at about 50 meters from there. The sluts were not even in our view but were to our right where the lawn was. Not to mention, this regular sound of siren of the patrolling police in this area, fuckers.  
At the stop in the morning, a broad man in white shirt got down from a bus with two other men with their colors in his two hands. He got the public to beat one, as the other one manages to escape. The broad man claimed that this man and his friend are thieves picking his pocket. The man was ruffled up until traffic cop comes and get him. Shukla and I showed little interest in it just bothered to parse the headline.  
I doubt as it comes to my mind that the 5 (or 11) men (from UP) who said they wanted to see AKSHARDHAM might actually be some kind of actors in the play that has been going around me, simply because they were to take the same root and buses as mine until my last stop of NOIDA crossing.  
Right in the there was this kid sitting upstairs on the stairs to the over bridge near the appt, he was a fucking actor, he wore black goggles so that one cannot see his eyes. He had earphones in his ears which were a mere distraction. His phone had a camera on the backside from which I guess he must have taken a shot of me as I reach the bottom of the stairs.

-OK