22-1-12

The day was pretty busy, and mind boggling. I went to buy books in the afternoon at 1300. The book market, which would be opened on streets of Daryaganj, was closed today. The reason was Republic Day preparation; soldiers would march on this main road of Daryaganj, it is not new, it was always this way. I just not in my mind that 22 is four short of 26 and that ‘New Street’ will be closed due to security reasons.

I came back home and I hear from amma that Manju buaji wanted to take me to buy a jacket for me. I was eating food and the call came again. I ran. The whole time starting from 1500 to 2100 was spent outside, all of it in the mall, subtracting the little time spent in the car. We purchased three jackets, and two books, and we had to buy USB cable for buaji’s phone but we couldn’t find it. It is the same USB cable through which she would charge her phone and since the cable stopped working, she couldn’t charge it. We bought one jacket for me, one for fufaji, and one for Prachi. Buaji wanted to buy shawl for herself but she asked fufaji and he refused saying that she don’t like what he brings for her, so it was a stay for her.

At the mall, I couldn’t refrain from my habit of looking staring at girls. I wasn’t going to do but it became inevitable when I saw Munira Khan there at the place where others and I were looking for jackets. I only doubted it in the first place but there were certain things in this girl which just made me see her again and over again. The exotic skin color, the golden hair with brownish tint, the contour of the face, and particularly and specially the small scar on the left cheek just below where the dimples would occur if she had smiled. It was rude of me to watch her the way I tried to affirm to myself that it indeed was Munira Khan. She was with two other people, a girl and a guy, who looked to me like partners of each other and friends of Munira. The other reason was obviously that she looked as hot as I had last time seen her some 4-5 years back in the school; she was one year senior to Anu. The major change that I saw was in her physique, the Munira from school was definitely skinny almost like size zero, but Munira of today has a perfectly shaped back. We matched eyes here twice. It wasn’t accidental but because I was literally eyeing her. She had look up to me once to see what was wrong. I got busy in buying jacket and she wasn’t there. It didn’t bother me; no, definitely not. After some time, meaning after an hour or so, we were about to take escalators to the upper floor and what I see is Munira and her two friends. The first time when I saw this guy in the clothes store I thought I had seen him somewhere at the college (his face contour, body, hair and French beard reminded me of one senior from the college). If it was Munira then this guy isn’t from NIEC, I doubted both of my assertions for both of these thinking that maybe I am seeing someone whose is Munira-like. I hadn’t got too dug into noticing and staring to find if it actually was her, though I got very high temptations of asking her out if her name was indeed Munira, it never happened because of poor timing. She had climbed the escalator almost 30 seconds before us and I had got a glimpse of her. I had to look up again as we climbed the escalators and she looked back down from the top to see if she was being watched. I looked away and didn’t think of her. It was to both ours surprise that we got into the same ‘Lifestyle’ outlet, the one they had gone into. It was the first one on the right. I can’t imagine why they would come here because it was only kids’ things here. They must have come here to check if what Munira doubted was true. I think they got what they were looking for. They had gone left to the door and we had come straight to the place where slippers were hanging. Three of them were sort of returning from the deep left to the door when I noticed that she was also here. The guy pointed to slippers and three of them came here next to us. They confronted Anushka because it was buaji and Anushka seeing the slippers. Fufaji and I were just standing and watching. Munira and her friend bent to admire Anushka cuteness before taking on the slippers that they never meant to see actually. Munira had bent and she had looked up into my face to see me. I saw her face clearly and damn, it was definitely Munira Khan, the scar on the left cheek was telling the whole fucking truth. My eyes could lie to me but her exotic brown eyes cannot.

I never saw her again though I had tried to look deep as possible wherever we went. She was on totally my mind. I didn’t want to think of her but it was not in my control. We had stopped to eat a little when buaji found that Anushka needed to eat. We headed back for our car after this. As a matter of fact, Munira wasn’t the only person whom I knew there, there was this girl whom I knew because she was same as old as me and was also from the school and used to write the names of defaulters when I was in fifth. I was a regular defaulter either for belt, I-card, or for any other thing on the other day. I can’t remember the first name correctly but her last name is Jain for sure.

In the car, there was some exchange of money so that fufaji could pay the parking tax. He needed R10 so I gave him. Then there were some more minute exchanges and Manju also got in to make sure she return the R100 note and take the change. I thought if I returned her ten rupees less and also that, I lost 10R when counted my sum of money. I was just on my mind; I didn’t want to think of it. I did some calculations and it was a little better.

I ate dinner and went for bath. Right now, I am teaching Boolean circuits to Srishti.

-OK