6-Jul-12

The day was pretty different. It was class and things were normal, on the return ride on the bus back to home, something crazy happened. I have to keep a check on the bus-stands that there don’t happen to be ticket-checker there, I have know how often they are there, the timings, the vulnerability of defaulters on the bus, etc. Since it is summers and I have to travel in the morning, it reduces the chances of checkers to be there every morning, but they are often on the stands to check those who get down there. They don’t climb the bus as there passes a DTC bus every twenty seconds, one after other, they can’t climb the bus, but they may. Once you are on the bus, it is possible to give the conductor a miss, depending upon how busy he is; whether he is old or young, he is tired or active, doing a fine job or is busy with his own mental processes. Quick evaluation of these factors may help you miss buying a ticket. As a part of the dress-up, I wear a bag to show that I am a student and increase the possibility that I maybe holding a bus-pass. At max, it could cost you R5 for one ride, if the conductor points out and specifically asks one to buy ticket, hand out the coin to him; chances are that conductor might ask for the next-stop, it is ‘Laxmi Nagar’, that’s where a R5 ticket will take one the farthest. It is even easier to miss taking a ticket around 1000, when it is generally crowded, and I don’t have worry to about getting down on the intermediate stops before and after Laxmi-Nagar. I was there at the front, and on one stop, the checker appeared to check for ticket with those who had got down, to extreme horror, he climbed the bus when driver asked if he should drive. Holy-fucking-shit, I was just next to the front-door with the rail-rod. He climbed up the bus and asked for ticket to those who were on the door to get down on the coming stops. He seemed in fine mood, and even the weather was pretty pleasant with cloudy sky and wind blowing. I stood with my arms folded across my chest and as he was seeing the tickets of those who got to be the first-ones, I only acted to check the left-breast-pocket of my t-shirt, while my hands still stiff due to fear and crossed against the chest for the show of confidence. He somehow missed me, WTF. I didn’t look back and stood there looking out from the front-glass. Wow, I just escaped a fine of R200.

I was back at home and Anushka was there, Prachi was in Anu’s room. I just sat on internet for a while. Prachi would watch this stupid program on television in which alien like creatures fight with a group of 5 or 6 super-powered teenagers. Though I know how it feels when somebody stays on your head to keep telling to do or not-do something. I only wanted her to watch something better that at least makes a distant sense. Yesterday, I was saying things to her for reminding her to not shake the table as we’d work on it together on our PCs. I shouldn’t have done that, I personally feel now.

It was around 1300 that I was feeling hungry and then amma told me that buaji was going to bring chhole-kulche, so I went to bed for a while, Prachi woke me up in about 30 minutes, as amma was saying she’d prepare chapatti for me. I woke, and ate one with the tomato-mix. I was not in the mood to eat. I refused eating more and she gave me DAHI-PAPDI to eat. I ate it and went back to bed. It was around 1530 that I felt hungry in sleep and woke up to the thoughts of chhole-kulche. I came near dining table and amma told me that buaji forgot to bring them. What was that, I needed to eat something. Buaji was sitting in the living room, she hadn’t seen me. I went back to sleep, and buaji came over to give me lemon-water, she sounded high as she asked me if I was awake and that I had just been to the dining table. I was in sleep; I thought it was better to get back to bed again. I slept until 1700, she had left just then.

I sat to log on to the internet and then it became windy. I had put the Notebook back, so that it doesn’t catch dust. It turned terrible outside. It turned dark and rained to flood everywhere. I was reading this book on SERVLETS, in the living room. Babaji was also sitting here. I went out around 1930 when the weather became less violent. It was a little better. Water everywhere, talked to Ojas, Amrit and Appu for a minute and then came back home.

I had dinner on time. I have been surfing the internet, no socializing, it has proven to be difficult for me, and it always gets messy with girls and me whenever I went social.

I, kind of, missed Mahima today, almost as if I just had break-up with her. I am sure, it will be fine tomorrow.

-OK (0211)