27-Jul-12

In the morning, the bus was two stop away from HCL center and four ticket-checker climbed on it. They were noisy and they told the driver to close the doors and drive the bus as they would check it to the next stop. There was noise on the back-door and there was noise on the front door. The three to four men checked the crowd of men and women standing in the bus. I wasn’t expecting the front-man to reach me; it was the checker at the back whom I thought would get to me. I was on the window-seat of the second last seats in right column at the front, being close to the back door I was expecting to be checked as this man would pierce through the crowd around him at the back on the door to my left. He was getting through with every second that went. Soon as they had got on the bus and there was hush around, my breath had stopped and I had dug into my bag to take out money to buy a ticket fast if that could be possible. It wasn’t, I was thinking of the excuse that I was going to give to these checkers on getting caught, I was going to show them the R10 note in my hand and act like I was waiting for someone to take it and purchase the ticket for me and then return that to me as well. My hand was shaking; I was very nervous all of a sudden. I had to act smart while showing off me as innocent but this quivering hand could make it got all wrong. The checker behind me was got busy by this young man who stood in the space between last rows of the columns at the front. The checker had already checked for people at the back and had sent them up the two steps in the crowd behind the conductor’s seat where the third checker had climbed to do the checking. So now, this man had checked the last row behind mine, while I prepared my mind, got the body relaxed and in a posture with elbow on the back-rest, neck turned behind to the checker to fool the second-checker getting closer from the front. I held the note in the left-hand which I had rested on the back-rest to look wide-open in the chest and relaxed, it didn’t shake now. The checker from behind was now around here in the middle, checked the row next to us in the other column but didn’t turn here, and the second-checker had also got to us now. He called out to ask if my partner and I had been checked, he asked it like two-three times in the fuzzy environment while he still checked my partner for the ticket, but then the other checker who was just behind called out that he had checked here already. Wow, I just escaped a fine of R200! My stop had come just few seconds that I needed to spare to make my moving out not look like escaping. I got up, got to the front door and got down, cut.

When I reach the class, the security-person tells me that sir was going to come late today around 1000. I sat in the class to rest a little and think of what to do next and what the situation in depth was. Hemanshu had called on my phone twice and he had also left a message, it said that the class today was cancelled, message was sent at 0745. I was confused a little, whether I should enquire about what was going on here, why sir hadn’t come, what was the plan, whether he would take regular classes from Monday or not, or he was thinking of quitting out in the middle all of a sudden. I sat there in the fan, later around 0845, the other helper-person helped me turn on the computer, I didn’t know of the main-switch. It was around this time that I decided to drill down in the hard-drives of this computer to look for something important, who knows what I might find. There was a lot, sir came around 0930, and he said he had got some “nerve-dislocation in the abdomen” so he came late. He said we would soon start with Struts when the time will allow, and very soon, there are more students to come and continue with us, Hemanshu, Gaurav and me. I left the place around as students for the 1000 started to come.

I had a bad nose, I was sneezing badly a few times in the class while sitting alone, and it happened again at home. Due to sneezing, my nose was hurting, then I let the air out from mouth and so my throat was also soar. I sat to eat breakfast, I was able to eat but not drink the cold lemon-water; it soured in the throat badly. I was sick; my nose was feeling closed, heavy and flowing. I went to bed. On waking up after two hours, I took medicine. Srishti and fat-whore had gone to the IP-university campus for getting Srishti enrolled for admission, so she was coming to IPU and to my college, as her rank in the entrance-exam allowed her to do best. Around 1500, I was on internet to find more about Munira Khan, the 2007-batch-passout from Ahlcon School. I needed to write about her in my autobiographical note as I had known her in the middle-school. I took an awful lot of time since she wasn’t my friend on FB and her name wouldn’t appear in the search results. I had a snapshot of her profile taken from Anu’s profile and from it, I was trying to find some mutual friends, and then know about them so as to learn something about Munira in turn. It was crazy. I was able find something only around 1930. I saw that I was able to view photos of Sonal Singh while browsing my old FB profile. I downloaded some and uploaded to my Sky-Drive (free online storage) account with Microsoft. The time I spent on internet today indeed turned out to be fruitful. I got up around 2000, and even fat-whore and Srishti came back around then, after I put off the internet.

Erstwhile, my nose was still running, it leaked liquid at all times while I sat on the sofa outside to work. It was not improving as I was expecting it to, it wasn’t improving at all, just that after the sleep and medicine in the afternoon, my throat was a little better, but my nose was worse. It takes only one spell of about 4-5 sneezes together to undo all the improvement from rest and medicine. Fat-whore was asking me about the means of transport to the college, as Srishti would start off from 1-Aug at NIEC in Civil engineering. I had dinner after 2100. I would take for my health to get better, I couldn’t have seated and worked so I was watching a movie about a woman-boxer who starts from scratch and reaches international-level bouts in just one-and-a-half year at the age of 32. She had her major fight for a belt with a brawler who landed a punch on her head after a time-out call and she falls with head hitting the chair, damaging her neck and spinal cord, and paralyzed in vegetative state for life. Then the movie shows how her father-figure like coach helps her free from the situation to wishful-death by dismantling her permanent medical-aids one night.

-OK [0407]