5-3-12

I had woken up early and had tried my level best to make it to the college for the 8am class, but shit didn’t happen. At 0845, I entered the class without taking the permission and I think it messed right after this. She asked me ‘who let me in’, I just got into a cross-conversation with her but it was just a conversation. Tanvi ma’am was adamant, I was not going to give up but then Nishant nodded at me to leave. I listened to him, but right now, I wish I didn’t, fuck-hole. I got 10 and a half in CN, which is Tanvi (hyper fatso, fluffy lipped woman) madam’s subject.

The periods went on, Preety ma’am called some kids (like Apurva, Sati) from the class. It just swallowed some saliva down the throat for some reason I myself don’t know. She is a fucking slut, I feel these days.

It was a day not going very good, it was just that I had unfulfilled wishes as always. I got my mark sheets though. It was in the break that Rizwan came to the circle of us (the Laxmi Nagar, and Kalyanpuri boys), and pushed me like I am some furniture. I got him and punched him in his rear, it was not even a hit, but was enough to shatter down his pride there. He got angry and held my collar, I didn’t want to lose anything, so I just let it lose to not do anything until when he took the chance and slapped me. My specs fell off and I had to get them. I just said (I think I acted like Srishti, my sister, at that moment), ‘you are just a road rodent’. He blamed me for boiling up first on his jovial nature, and I just said, ‘I told you the truth, accept it’. I didn’t want him to hit, the classmates there just prevented a fight. Faizan was taking Rizwan’s side specially, and Nitin was providing fuel to the fire by trying to incite each of us, fucker. I would never find another creep like Nishant ever again in my whole fucking life; he actually looks like a fucking insect, which he actually is.

In the DWDM lecture, the earthquake came and all the buildings were evacuated. OOSE lecture didn’t happen therefore. I noticed that Gareema-the-slut went around showing herself to me in the crowd (but not match the eyes). I almost felt like something was unnatural about her.

The time when I was at the bus stop near college, there came two children beggars. *It maybe a coincidence but I wasn’t to think that it was a part of the skit that has been going on around me.* I offered them food, but they didn’t take it. When I was walking, back to society, there came bike from behind and the man stopped to ask me for metro station. He almost offered me lift up to where I was heading in the same path. He was like anticipating me to be going on the same path. I sat and he asked me quick three questions. There was very less time for me to think, but I just didn’t give him what he wanted. He asked me ‘where do I go for college’, “I go to Northern India”. I try to tell him the location of it, I forget the name of the road (it is UP Link Road). I didn’t say NIEC, so his next question is ‘is it commerce that I study’. I said, ‘it is engineering, computer science’. Next, he asks me ‘where do I live’. Well, he didn’t have anything to do with that. Erstwhile, whenever I got a gap, or to think, I was thinking of two things, one was his answer, the other was ‘whether I should get with him to the society gate’. I decided that I should not, midway, and to let him go straight on the road, otherwise I take a turn down the bridge. I replied to his unnecessary question, ‘it is in the apartments there.’ I didn’t indicate which one. I tell him to stop at the turn, and I tell him to stop at the next bus stop, which is the metro station.

Shit is getting extremely crazy; first, they were only following, and then started putting surveillance, they were listening to what I do, seeing to what I see, and now the time has come that they have started talking. They ask me path ways of the vicinity, it is pathetic. Seriously, man, it is going crazy through the roof. Before that, in the bus today (469) at the time of return trip, the conductor sees my bus pass. That was unusual, I would say.

I was bathing and cleaning my undergarments after coming back home. In the evening, I decided to go to Laxmi Nagar and get print-outs for DWDM file. I saw that there was a cop on the bus stand falling before Mother Dairy. It didn’t feel odd; he was not behaving oddly. On the bus (347), the behavior of a woman was odd; she was short and wore black, opened hair, outlined eyes, approximately of my age, and dark complexion. I was wearing shorts so it felt like the shorts were catching attention, but then *I thought maybe she was trying to play a bait in the skit.* Police patrolling with sirens on is fine, but I see cops patrolling with sirens off today, wow.

On the days, I have this shit going around me, the number of words increases to 700 to 800, which is about three to four times of 250, the usual number of words that I use.

I got the print-outs and it was a fine evening with Shukla. I was on the FB and I saw that I was added to the group of CS1E, yesterday Faizan had made a request for me and Shruti Barapuria accepted it. It felt nice, but important thing is whether I’d retain it or lose it. I don’t know what is good; at the moment it strongly feels that retaining it is good. I also noticed that overtime FB policing must have begun; I got a friend-request of a girl, which seems to be a fucking spook to me.

I have always learned from mistakes, but at this moment of time if I’d make one, I’ll never be able to make another.

-OK

*I deleted these two notes from the Facebook profile of mine for college. I needed the profile to be clean, because the ‘actors of the skit’ might come over to look for something of their interest here so as to choke me.*



